# BRAITHWAITE'S ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1926 YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

SESQUI-CENTENNIAL EDITION

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# ANTHOLOGY
OF
# MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1926

AND YEARBOOK OF
AMERICAN POETRY

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OF
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FOR 1926

## AND YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

*(Sesqui-Centennial Edition)*

EDITED BY
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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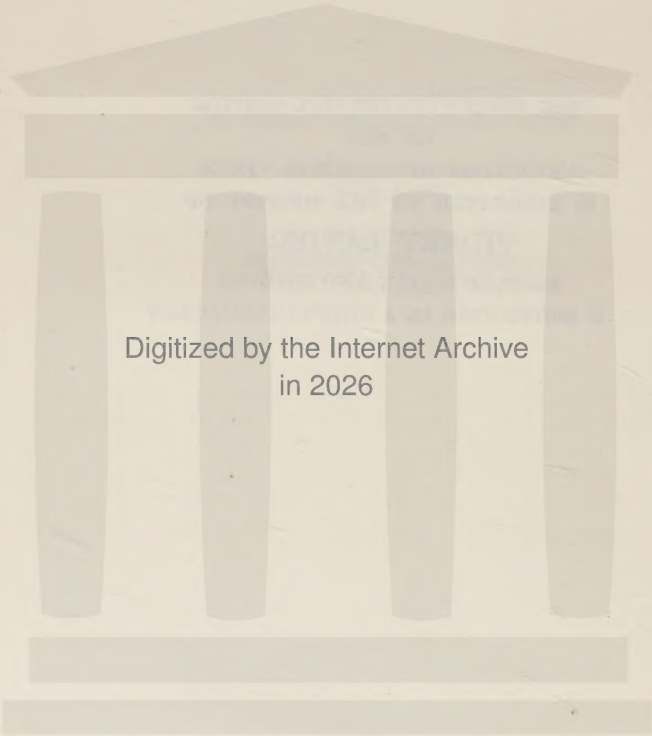
THIS SESQUI-CENTENNIAL EDITION
OF THE
ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE
IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

SIDNEY LANIER

POET, MUSICIAN AND SOLDIER
A WHITE STAR IN A STORMY FIRMAMENT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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TO the American poets, and to the editors and proprietors of the magazines from which I have selected the poems included in the ANTHOLOGY I wish to express my thanks for the courteous permissions given to make use of copyright material in the preparation of this volume. I wish, also, to thank the Boston Evening Transcript Company for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry, printed in the columns of the *Boston Transcript*.

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using the poems named, from the volumes in which they have been included, and which have been published before the appearance of this ANTHOLOGY:

Boni & Liveright: "Again," from *White Buildings*, by Hart Crane; "Gipsy Confession," from *Words for a Chisel*, by Genevieve Taggard; "Birds," "Haunted Country," "Fog," and "Boats in a Fog," from *Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems*, by Robinson Jeffers.

B. J. Brimmer & Co.; "John's Mary," "Quills," "Clem's Fool," "Fear Flame," "Monday, Wash-Day," "On Meeting Father Goose," "A Witch's Daughter and a Cobbler's Son," "Scuffled Dust," "Weights," and "On Ellen Going Wrong," from *Backroads — Maine Narratives, With Lyrics*, by Winifred Virginia Jackson.

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Arthur Stockwell: "A Woman Grown," "Feud" and "Voices," from *Sanctuary*, by Virginia Stait (Winifred Russell).

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Harold Vinal: "A Friend," from *Pilgrimages*, by Sydney King Russell; "Indianapolis Market" and "Acceptance," from *Quest and Acceptance*, by Ethel Arnold Tilden; "Vigil" and "Prayer," from *Poems*, by Mabel Simpson; "Consecrated Ground," from *Flesh and Spirit*, by Kate L. Dickinson; "Children of Grace Asleep," from *These People*, by Howard McKinley Corning; "Voodoo," from *Voodoo*, by Annice Calland; "A City Piper," "The Moon," "Poets," "Piety" and "Achievement," from *Street Lamps*, by Morris Abel Beer.

J. F. Wilson, Covington, Ky.: "The Burning Bush," from *Just from Kentucky*, by H. H. Fuson.

# INTRODUCTION

*HE fourteenth annual volume of the* ANTHOLOGY *falls within the same year which marks the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. To give this* 1926 *issue something of a character reflecting the historical significance of the year, I have called it the Sesqui-Centennial Edition.*

*The first among the most important features characterizing the Sesqui-Centennial significance of the* ANTHOLOGY *is the summary of* POETRY IN THE UNITED STATES, *written by a group of well-known authorities. The method has been to follow the geographic sections of the nation determined by settlement and growth into State groups, and to have the poetry of these State groups dealt with as an artistic unit. The results give, I believe, the first poetic summary of the entire country ever offered, and with particular attention the divergent backgrounds out of which the contrasting qualities of American poetry have developed. These essays are tremendously significant both as an appraisal of cultural forces and an appreciation of individual excellence and accomplishment.*

*In addition to the account of the art as representative of sectional character and national achievement, there are essays on the contributions by various racial stocks whose inner life, in the mass, has been just outside the main current of the American literary stream. These stocks, with the exception of the Indian — a declining race — are now merging with, and broadening, the main stream of American literature. The essays dealing with them in this book have an historical value in tracing their course of development, while their differentiations are still plainly discernible. A little later what they will contribute of vigor and character to the main stream, will have lost much of their differences,— and strangeness — to the common nature of the American experience as this experience through longer development, will form the American character of the future. Before, however, this fusion has been realized, these essays help to record something of the spiritual and emotional qualities of the races dealt with, and which have contributed to the artistic character of American poetry.*

*The* ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS *for this Sesqui-Centennial Edition has been chosen to represent broadly the character and quality*

*of verse produced by writers in every section of the country. The collection offers the best and the most interesting achievements of the year. The diversity of moods, of themes, of mental and emotional expressions, of imaginative and spiritual reactions to experience and environment, is as various as is Maine from California, as is Oregon from Alabama, in tradition and landscape and in social temper and economic interests. A study of the poems in the* ANTHOLOGY, *with a careful reference to the essays on the poetry of the different sections of the country, will reveal with stimulating conviction this unity of embodiment and expression with the features and mind of the local background. As an example, one may study with immense profit the brilliant example of this analysis in Mr. Root's paper on the poetry of the Mid-West. Here Mr. Root studies the art of Masters, Lindsay and Sandburg, as products of that environment composed of the Mid-Western group of States whose character and significance he so revealingly describes, — and as products only of that particular background. No other part of America could have produced these poets. The other essays with varying degree of emphasis, show that in their most conspicuous poets, this relationship of soil and poet is becoming the dominant development in the art of poetry in America.*

*The Yearbook of poetic activities contains the usual record of publications which as a feature of the* ANTHOLOGY *for many years, has proved its great value as a reference work. In addition, this Sesqui-Centennial Edition presents a summary of certain important facts covering the period from 1912 to 1926; the period of the re-awakened activity and interest in American poetry. In response to a questionnaire, a number of authorities among editors, critics and English professors, have determined by their votes the best volumes of poems, the best books of criticism and theory dealing with poetry, and the best biographies of an American poet that have been published since 1912. It is hoped that these lists will be of practical help both to individuals, institutions, and organizations seeking guidance and information. Another feature, is the list of the important prize awards that have been made since the notable* LYRIC YEAR PRIZES *of 1912. I had also hoped to give a directory of the Poetry Societies which have come into being all over the country, and which have had so potent an influence in both the practice and appreciation of poetry, since the organization of the Poetry Society of America in 1909; but it was impossible to collect the data in time for publication in this edition of the* ANTHOLOGY, *there being no available record of the numberless societies in the possession of the parent organization, the Poetry Society of America.*

*Another much needed service to poetry, which those who have*

*in a number of capacities been interested, has been a source book of information concerning the poets. Countless inquiries are constantly being addressed to one for information, which as one well-known critic said, would take the time of a secretary to answer. To supply this need I have attempted here the beginning of a* DICTIONARY OF POETS *in the United States which I hope to expand more fully as time and opportunity permits. Here, at any rate, is a beginning. The purpose of this* DICTIONARY *is not to single out the fewer number of the best poets but to include all the writers of verse with whom the public, whether nationally or locally, is acquainted. Many a fugitive poem has made a local poet famous over the country, and there are a number of most highly gifted poets who are not known outside of the literary circles which foster certain modes and tempers of form and emotion. The reference work I have started will serve to acquaint the public with the necessary facts about both, and if it is expected that the public should support with its appreciation and encouragement the art of poetry, then it is entitled to have at hand the information it may desire concerning poets. The next edition of the* BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY *will be in the* 1928 *volume.*

*WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.*

*Arlington Heights, Massachusetts,*
*October 10, 1926.*

# CONTENTS


PAGE

INTRODUCTION ix

PART I. POETRY IN THE UNITED STATES

The Poetry of New England *Jessie B. Rittenhouse* . . . 1
The Poetry of the Middle Atlantic States *William Rose Benét* 28
The Poetry of the Mid-West *E. Merrill Root* . . . . 38
The Poetry of the Northwest *Glenn Hughes* . . . . . 51
The Poetry of the South *James Southall Wilson* . . . . 58
The Poetry of the Southwest I *Dawson Powell* . . . . 67
The Poetry of the Southwest II *Willard Johnson* . . . 75
The Poetry of the Pacific Coast (California) *George Sterling* 84
Amerindian Verse *Mary Austin* . . . . . 104
The Catholic Poets of the United States *Thomas Walsh* . 116
The Jewish Poets of the United States *Henry Harrison* . . 120
The Negro Poets of the United States *Alain Locke* . . . 141
The Pacific-Asian Influence on the Poets of the United States *Josef Washington Hall* . . . . . 150
The "New" Poetry Since 1912 *Marianne Moore* . . . . 170
On Poetry *E. Merrill Root* . . . . . 178

PART II. ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS

Anthology of Poems . . . . . 1–496

PART III. YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

Index of Poets and Poems Published in American Magazines, August 1, 1925 to July 31, 1926 . . . . . 3
Articles and Reviews of Poets and Poetry Published between August 1, 1925 and July 31, 1926 . . . . . 107
A Select List of Books about Poets and Poetry During 1925–1926 . . . . . 123
Volumes of Poems Published During 1925–1926 . . . . 126
Ten Best Books of Poems, 1912–1926 . . . . . 134
Five Best Books of Criticism and Theory, 1912–1926 . . 135
Five Best Biographies of an American Poet, 1912–1926 . . 136
Poetry Prizes, 1912–1926. . . . . 137
List of Magazines, Publishing Poetry with Addresses. . . 141
Index of First Lines . . . . . 149

PART IV. A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF POETS IN THE UNITED STATES (*First Series*)

A Biographical Dictionary of Poets . . . . . 1–43

Batchelor, Jean M.
The Balloon Man ..... 32
Beeler, Florence Ashley
Nightfall ..... 33
Beer, Morris Abel
A City Piper ..... 33
The Moon ..... 34
Poets ..... 34
Piety ..... 34
Achievement ..... 35
Bellamann, Henry
The Wind ..... 35
Benet, Stephen Vincent
Archimedes' Last Foray ..... 36
Benet, William Rose
Harlem ..... 40
Bennett, Gwendolyn B.
Hatred ..... 44
Lines Written at the Grave of Alexander Dumas ..... 44
Berry, William
White Spiritual ..... 45
Blake, Marie
Heritage ..... 47
Blunt, Hugh F.
The Dreamer ..... 48
Bontemps, Arna
Golgotha Is a Mountain ..... 48
Homing ..... 50
Blight ..... 51
Bradford, Gamaliel
A Porcelain Vase ..... 51
Deeds Undone ..... 51
Briggs, Margaret Perkins
Winter Trees ..... 52
Pastures ..... 52
Harvesters ..... 52
Old House ..... 53
Brinkley, May
The Secret ..... 53
Brody, Alter
Portrait of the Artist as a Ghost ..... 54
Bruncken, Gerhard
Now Comes the Night ..... 59
Burnshaw, Stanley
Sceptic ..... 59
Waiting in Winter ..... 59
Bynner, Witter
El Gallo ..... 60
To American Flyers in Morocco ..... 61
A Dance for Rain ..... 61
Even the Bats ..... 63
Calland, Annice
Voodoo ..... 64
Cane, Melville
Fog, the Magician ..... 67
Clouds ..... 68
Lying in Grass ..... 68

Cane, Melville — *Continued*
West 58th Street ..... 69
Carlin, Francis
The Greenhorn Yank ..... 69
Folding Time ..... 70
Carroll, Ellen M.
Outcry ..... 70
Body and Spirit ..... 71
Bitter Choice ..... 71
Cary, Robert
The Winds of Luxor ..... 71
Retrospection ..... 72
Cassidy, Ina Sizer
The Red Man's Altar ..... 73
Chapman, Kate Muller
In a Zaguan ..... 73
Chase, Polly
Suburban Idyl ..... 76
Married ..... 78
Cheyney, E. Ralph
A Lover for Death ..... 77
The Ineluctable ..... 78
Lazarus ..... 78
Of a Certain Generous Lady ..... 78
Complaint ..... 78
Pity Don Juan! ..... 79
Cynic ..... 79
Vain Wooing ..... 79
The World Will Not Fail for Lovers ..... 79
Cheyney, Louise Ouida
Of Papa Al (*Her Grandfather, Who Is Dead*) ..... 80
Walnuts ..... 80
Chipp, Elinor
Tea Party ..... 80
Clapp, Mary Brennan
Parasols, Fifty-Nine Cents ..... 83
Corybantiast! ..... 84
Coates, Grace Stone
Fruit ..... 84
A Medic Gathers Mushrooms for His Lady ..... 85
Child-Heart ..... 86
Coatsworth, Elizabeth J.
A Lady Comes to an Inn ..... 86
On a Portrait of Mary Tudor in Prado ..... 87
Pirates ..... 87
Announcement ..... 88
Silver ..... 88
Cobb, Ann
"The Knittin'est Woman" ..... 89
To a Thoughtless Guest ..... 89
Coblentz, Catherine Cate
Combinations ..... 90
Stone Walls of New England ..... 90
Coffin, Robert P. Tristram
Iffley ..... 91

FIELD, SARA BARD — *Continued*
The Pale Woman ..... 143
Witch Wife and I ..... 144
The Icy One ..... 145
FIELD, WRIGHT
Autumn Whimsies ..... 146
FILLMORE, HILDEGARDE
Fool's Burial ..... 146
FLEXNER, HORTENSE
Moment in Marble ..... 147
FOLEY, VIRGINIA
The Invalid ..... 147
FORBES, EDITH W. L.
Her Garden ..... 147
FRANK, FLORENCE KIPER
December: A Sonnet Sequence ..... 149
FRANT-WALSH, JOSEPH
Air for Viola da Gamba ..... 152
Attitude for A Duse ..... 152
FROST, BARBARA
Possession ..... 153
FROST, ROBERT
The Passing Glimpse ..... 153
FULLER, ETHEL ROMIG
The Cowboy ..... 154
FURNAS, MARTHEDITH
A Dual Personality ..... 154
FUSON, H. H.
The Burning Bush ..... 155
GARNETT, LOUISE AYRES
Ballad of the Door-Stone ..... 156
GAW, ETHELEAN TYSON
The Voice of Francis Drake ..... 160
Summer Storm in Los Angeles ..... 161
GESSLER, CLIFFORD
Dark Wisdom ..... 163
Hawaiian Serenade ..... 163
The Missionary's Son Writes in His Diary ..... 164
GILCHRIST, MARIE EMILIE
Chance-Fallen Seed ..... 165
Part of Autumn ..... 165
GILTINAN, CAROLINE
Duality ..... 166
The Secret ..... 166
Sacrifice ..... 167
GINSBERG, LOUIS
Reasons ..... 167
GLINES, ELLEN
No Roses ..... 168
GODDARD, GLORIA
Song to Myself ..... 171
Speed ..... 171
Pruned Trees ..... 173
GRAY, AGNES KENDRICK
The Spotted Horse ..... 173
Siyaka to His Horse ..... 174
Lament for Kímimila-Ska (*White Butterfly*) ..... 174

GRAY, AGNES KENDRICK — *Continued*
Harvest ..... 175
Rocks ..... 175
The Battle ..... 175
The Cemetery ..... 176
GRAY, DAVID
To a Young Poet ..... 176
GRAY, PHILIP
To a Good Woman ..... 176
Quarter-Mile ..... 177
GUE, BELLE WILLEY
Juan Cabrillo ..... 178
HAGER, ALICE ROGERS
On a Japanese No Dance ..... 179
HAINES, M. RAINSFORD
Telegraph Operators ..... 180
HALEY, MARGARET
To Death ..... 181
HALL, JOSEF WASHINGTON (*Upton Close*)
The Lute-Player (A Woman) ..... 181
When I Was Born ..... 182
HALL, LENA
Shore Line ..... 182
Inner History (April 19, 1775) ..... 182
HARDING, RUTH GUTHRIE
The Bell-Buoy Off Manana ..... 183
February Nocturne ..... 183
HARRISON, HENRY
To a Relation of Abraham Lincoln ..... 184
Epitaph for a Real Estate Dealer ..... 184
Epitaph for a Woman Hater ..... 184
Amantes, Amentes ..... 185
A Lunatic Has an Idea ..... 185
Wan Lo Tanka ..... 186
Tanka of the Wise ..... 186
HARRISS, R. P.
April from a Hospital Window ..... 187
September Transient ..... 188
Sonnets from a Forester's Notebook ..... 188
HARTMAN, JO
Shelley in Our House ..... 189
HARTMUS, LAURENCE
City ..... 191
Shards ..... 192
HARTSOCK, ERNEST
To a Friend ..... 193
HASTE, GWENDOLEN
Borgia ..... 193
HEDGES, ADA HASTINGS
Alien ..... 195
HELTON, ROY
Old Christmas Morning, A Kentucky Mountain Ballad .. 195
HEYWARD, DUBOSE
Prodigal ..... 197
HENDERSON, DANIEL
Scorn Now the Sonnet ..... 197
The Mormon Trail ..... 197

LEITCH, MARY SINTON — *Continued*
On Reading the Poetry of a Mystic ..... 255
My Neighbor Compares Her House With Mine ..... 255
Webs ..... 256
LEWIS, MAY
Beauty Is Change ..... 257
Snow Change ..... 257
LIEBERMAN, ELIAS
An Abandoned Tow-Path ..... 258
LINTON, RALPH
Fish of the Gods ..... 258
Two Towns ..... 259
LISTER, QUEENE B.
Miranda Morgan ..... 260
LONG, HANIEL
Indians ..... 261
Plumage of Flowers ..... 261
On Being Made a Present of an Ancient Chinese Stirrup 263
First Spring ..... 264
LONGLEY, SNOW
A Song for Rosetime ..... 264
LUHAN, MABEL DODGE
False Start ..... 265
LULL, THELMA LUCILE
Dryad of the Peanut Tree ..... 265
Love Song ..... 266
Goin' Shootin' ..... 266
The Ghostling ..... 267
A Song for April First ..... 268
I Sing While I Wash the Dishes ..... 268
LYMAN, FLORENCE VAN FLEET
Hidden ..... 269
MACKAYE, ARVIA
The Lute of Life ..... 270
Fides ..... 270
Nocturne ..... 270
To a Moment ..... 271
A Cathedral ..... 271
Etching ..... 272
Adsum ..... 272
MACKAYE, PERCY
April Fire ..... 273
MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD
Ars Poetica ..... 275
Nocturne ..... 275
MACMILLAN, ELEANOR T.
The Curtain ..... 276
MCCORD, DAVID
Floodgate ..... 277
MCCORMICK, VIRGINIA
The Dead Painter ..... 277
Ministering Bees ..... 278
Companions ..... 279
MCCREARY, FREDERICK R.
Out of Earth ..... 281
And the Rivers Run South ..... 281
White Hen ..... 284

McGuire, Harry
Sing My Poet ... 285
Phantoms ... 286
McLeod, LeRoy
Winter Burial ... 287
The Wild Duck ... 288
Adolescence ... 288
Madeleva, Sister M.
Penelope ... 289
On This Condition ... 290
Maring, Helen Emma
The Street Masher ... 291
Marlatt, Earl
May Morning ... 291
Icarus ... 293
Maxwell, Ruth
Moon-Maiden ... 294
Meadowcroft, Clara Platt
Time ... 297
Space ... 297
Motion ... 298
Change ... 298
Meeker, Marjorie
Late Autumn, Early Winter ... 299
Song ... 299
The Unwary Heart ... 300
Merryman, Mildred Plew
Night ... 300
To a Certain Rich Man In a Castle ... 301
Night Ride ... 301
Meuttman, Margaret Moore
Noel ... 301
Mirick, Edith
Flame ... 302
Mish, Charlotte
When Graziella Sings ... 303
Montgomery, Roselle Mercier
In the Louvre ... 303
"I Saw Three Temples" ... 304
On the Daring of Man ... 305
Moore, Virginia
An Invitation ... 306
Mumblin' Mott ... 307
Sleep ... 308
Moreland, John Richard
Seen and Unseen ... 308
When I Am Dead ... 309
"I Love All Things that Cluster Round the Sea" ... 310
Morrill, Jane
Comforter and Cover ... 310
Morrow, Elizabeth
An Old Map ... 310
Lot's Wife ... 311
Cheek of June ... 311
Morton, David
Autumn Nocturne ... 312
Summer Sky ... 312

ROBINSON, ANNE MATHILDE
A Healer ..... 357
Adventure ..... 358
ROBINSON, CORINNE ROOSEVELT
From the Castello ..... 358
ROBINSON, HENRY MORTON
Desideratus Mercier ..... 358
Suburban Dawn ..... 359
ROMIG, EDNA DAVIS
Ubi Literæ Ibi Lux ..... 360
In the Garden ..... 360
ROOT, E. MERRILL
Cloudland ..... 360
Restless ..... 362
RORTY, JAMES
The Walls of Jericho ..... 362
ROSENBAUM, BENJAMIN
Futile ..... 364
The Wish ..... 364
O Pity Our Small Size ..... 365
RUTLEDGE, ARCHIBALD
John Everyman ..... 365
RUSSELL, SYDNEY KING
A Friend ..... 366
SAMPSON, HARRIET
Tithes ..... 367
SANDOZ, PAUL
The Unknown Earth ..... 367
SAPIR, EDWARD
The Youth, Girolamo Savonarola, Prophesies ..... 368
Three Hags Come Visiting ..... 368
She Went To Sleep Below ..... 370
SARETT, LEW
Tamarack Blue ..... 370
SAUNDERS, WHITELAW
The Beggar ..... 378
SAWYER, FRANCES
Jungle Pool ..... 379
Leached ..... 379
SCHACHT, MARSHALL W.
"When I Was a Child" ..... 380
SCHULTZ, LULU MINERVA
Suds ..... 381
SCOLLARD, CLINTON
As I Went Up Toward Lebanon ..... 382
A Place I Know ..... 383
SEIFFERT, MARJORIE ALLEN
Black Kitchen ..... 384
Ballad of a Man-Made Woman ..... 386
Ballad of the Wistful Lady ..... 388
Thread For a Needle ..... 389
SHIPLEY, JOSEPH
After Aeschylus ..... 392
Godiva Moon ..... 392
SIGMUND, JAY G.
Sunday ..... 392
Scourge ..... 393

SILVAY, CHALLISS
Rivers ..... 394
SIMPSON, MABEL
Vigil ..... 394
Prayer ..... 394
SITTIG, SIGRID
Spring ..... 396
SMITH, CHARD POWERS
November ..... 396
Seeds ..... 397
One-Hundred-Per-Cent French ..... 398
Tears ..... 401
SMITH, PAUL
John Remembers ..... 401
SPENCER, JAMES HARVEY
I Know It Is June ..... 402
SPENCER, LILIAN WHITE
The Dryads ..... 402
Pueblo Legend ..... 408
Stars ..... 408
SPEYER, LEONORA
King's Garden ..... 409
Ballad of Old Doc Higgins ..... 409
Fiddler's Farewell ..... 413
Indians ..... 418
SPINGARN, J. E.
Nordic ..... 419
STAIT, VIRGINIA
A Woman-Grown ..... 419
Feud ..... 420
Voices ..... 420
STEWART, IRENE
The Little Queen's Sleep ..... 421
STILES, ROBERTA
Eos ..... 422
STILLMAN, MILDRED WHITNEY
Lunch In Town ..... 422
Presence ..... 423
Embers ..... 423
Saw Dust ..... 423
STOREY, VIOLET ALLEYN
A Prayer For a Very New Angel ..... 424
Adequate ..... 424
Adolescent ..... 425
STORK, CHARLES WHARTON
Sesqui-centennial Ode ..... 425
In Earthen Vessels ..... 427
STUART, HENRY LONGAN
Perpetua ..... 427
Vestigia ..... 428
SULLIVAN, A. M.
The Steam Shovel ..... 428
SWETT, MARGERY
Corpus Christi ..... 429
TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE
Gipsy Confession ..... 433

TAYLOR, ELKANAH EAST
Day's End ... 434
TAYLOR, MARY ATWATER
Cross Roads' Burial ... 434
Old Ending ... 435
TEASDALE, SARA
Mountain Water ... 435
Midsummer Night ... 435
Winter Night Song ... 435
August Night ... 436
TILDEN, ETHEL ARNOLD
Indianapolis Market ... 437
Acceptance ... 437
THAYER, SCOFIELD
A Poem ... 438
On the Mask of a Painter Recently Young ... 438
Dawn From a Railway Day-Coach ... 440
On a Crucifix ... 440
Chanson Gaie ... 445
Des Choses Qu'il Convient De Lancer Au Printemps ... 446
Jesus Again ... 448
On An Old Painting of Portsmouth Harbor ... 449
THORN, PHILIP RHODES
Retrospect ... 452
THURMAN, WALLACE
God's Edict ... 452
TODAHL, MARGERY ATWOOD
In Spring ... 453
October ... 454
TRENT, LUCIA
Unrevealed ... 454
Gray Aftermath ... 454
TROTTER, ELIZABETH STANLEY
Any Woman To Any Man ... 455
TUNSTALL, VIRGINIA LYNE
To Your Heart ... 456
February Twilight ... 456
"Brother" ... 457
TURBYFILL, MARK
The Wave ... 460
TYSON, ANNE ARRINGTON
Ode To a Mocking-bird ... 460
UNTERMEYER, LOUIS
Autumn Dialogue ... 461
VAN DOREN, MARK
Night-Lilac ... 462
VINAL, HAROLD
Recluse ... 463
This Spinning Earth ... 463
Sea Thunder ... 463
Adventurer ... 464
WAGSTAFF, BLANCHE SHOEMAKER
Heritage ... 464
WALSH, THOMAS
A Ballad of Old Pope John ... 465
Lyra Mystica ... 467

WALTON, EDA LOU
African Moon Song ..... 467
Conception ..... 468
WARD, MAY WILLIAMS
The Twinge ..... 468
The Nickname ..... 469
WATTLES, WILLARD
Mother ..... 470
WEAVER, BENNETT
Wind ..... 470
The Bridge ..... 471
Swallow ..... 471
WEBER, LEE ANDREW
Lullaby For a Prairie Town ..... 472
WELLES, WINIFRED
Defence of Desolation ..... 472
Herd-Girl ..... 473
Busy Flame ..... 473
WHEELOCK, JOHN HALL
The Holy Earth ..... 474
Tumult ..... 476
Once In a Lonely Hour ..... 476
WHITESIDE, MARY BRENT
Doors ..... 477
Lost — An April ..... 477
The Beach of Acre ..... 478
WHITCOMB, SELDEN LINCOLN
A Host of the Arkansas Valley ..... 478
WILEY, ALMA ADAMS
A Lincoln Memorial ..... 481
WILLIAMS, B. Y.
Forgotten ..... 482
WILLIAMS, LUCY ARIEL
Northboun' ..... 482
WILSON, IRENE H.
The Senior ..... 483
WOLF, ROBERT
Lullaby For a Tired Lady ..... 484
WOOD, CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT
Eden ..... 485
Give All ..... 485
Goats ..... 486
WOOD, CLEMENT
Autobiography ..... 487
The Eagle Flies (*Sonnets*) ..... 490
Sappho ..... 488
WOOD, FRANKLIN N.
Florida Memories ..... 493
Tampa ..... 494
Beauty ..... 494
WORTH, KATHRYN
A New England Portrait ..... 495
White Hunger ..... 495
The Poet ..... 495

# Part I

# INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS
# POETRY IN THE UNITED STATES

# POETRY OF NEW ENGLAND

By Jessie B. Rittenhouse

The soil of New England has been a fruitful ground for poets because it has been a fruitful ground for ideas and ideals. The very heritage of the maligned Puritan, a stern and strict devotion to what he knew as the highest, has bred a certain fiber in the poets who succeed him that would unmistakably localize them as of New England.

This is especially true of the work of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost and Anna Hempstead Branch, though none of these may have had direct Puritan lineage. It is absurd to apply the term *Puritan* in its narrow modern sense, a squeamishness in matters of sex, whereas in its wider sense it is of the very essence of character, a gallantry of living, of cleaving wholly to essentials as one sees them, however forbidding they may seem to another; in short, the Puritan element is the iron in the blood of a race that without it might well be growing anemic. Further than this, it is the differentiating strain, that which primarily gives its distinctive character to New England.

That this section did not exhaust its fecundity with the group which comprised its Augustan age, is shown in the fact that the four poets who have most influenced their time, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Amy Lowell and Edna St. Vincent Millay, are all of its boundaries.

Any study of the contemporaneous group must serve chiefly to emphasize its departure from the preceding one. Longfellow was a cosmopolite, a man whose inspiration derived from a wide culture, from familiarity with several literatures, and whose direct and intimate tradition was English. Despite the fact that Lowell wrote the "Bigelow Papers" and interpreted so racily the "yankee" character, and the still more important fact that in the "Commemoration Ode" we have the apotheosis of the American character, — he too was a cosmopolitan, a man more at home in the Court of St. James than in his study at "Elmwood." In the last assize, particularly as a critic and man of letters, he will come under the English tradition.

Whittier, gentle and exquisite spirit, keeping the Quaker calm of his declining years, had yet at his prime the zeal of the reformer, the New England conscience and consciousness both alive in him. The man who wrote "Ichabod" had surely the courage of the Puritan to barb his words with such splendid scorn. He is more essentially of New England than either Longfellow or Lowell with their broader culture, but his work was not of a character to influence succeeding poets.

As far as any trace of influence is concerned, one may dismiss Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier — and surely Holmes — from the consideration of present-day poetry in New England. The work of Bryant we do not include in this resume, for, although born in Massachusetts, his affiliations are of New York.

When it comes to Emerson, we are at once on different ground, for one cannot dismiss the supreme nor the universal. It is inexplicable that a poet

of such individuality in art, regardless, for the moment, of his philosophy, should not have left a more perceptible influence upon poets at large in this country. Emerson was unique in style, compact, epigrammatic, full of surprises, able to freight a line with tremendous content and yet give it some strange and arresting phrase which lifted it from the realm of philosophy into that of art. It is a narrow criticism that places Emerson the essayist above Emerson the poet, for all that he elaborated in his essays he distilled in his poetry until the essence of his philosophy is there, the one volume outweighing the many and holding perhaps his final contribution to thought.

Emerson was the high reach of the New England soul and while his thought was universal, when passed through the medium of his temperament it came out a distinct product, savoring of that austerity which gathered up in itself all that was best of the Puritan heritage while discarding its intolerance and bigotry. Emerson was a strange duality, a man whose temperament was unmistakably Puritan while his mind was Greek, Brahmin, Pagan, Christian — what you will. The point at issue is that despite his challenging thought and style he has left no trace upon the poets of his own sectional descent save upon that most native of them all, Emily Dickinson.

Open her poems at random and Emerson looks over her shoulder:

> The Soul's superior instants
> Occur to Her alone,
> When friends and earth's occasions
> Have infinite withdrawn.

Packed even more tightly with pungent thought than Emerson could pack his lines, more epigram-

matic, more paradoxical, constrained by a reticence without parallel, one can yet detect the great mystic, the emancipator of his century, informing her work. If informing is not the word, let us say corroborating her own daring.

She who had nine generations of New England behind her, had put them so literally behind her in matters of opinion that, as Mrs. Bianchi phrases it, "the form and substance of her religion were hardly on speaking terms." She was born into a period when the sad and dreary business of saving one's soul was paramount and when the means to this end necessitated long hours of doctrinal sermonizing. She was present in the flesh but, like Keats at his medical lectures, she escaped on a sunbeam.

Emily Dickinson was not only the miracle of New England but the paradox of poetry, one whose expression was dependent upon repression, one who emerged to the degree that she was self-cloistered. The more the world was shut out, the more the universe came in. No voice so original speaks in our poetry and, save for the Emerson influence apparent here and there, one could not declare her day and generation. She has made a unique contribution to the poetry of New England, and her effect is apparent in modern verse, being traceable in the compact and clearly chiselled style now widely employed in the lyric.

While of a racial, religious, and literary descent wholly distinct from that of Emily Dickinson, there is something in the poetry of Louise Imogen Guiney which makes them spiritually akin. A Celt, a Catholic, a Cavalier — if women could have embraced "a sword, a horse, a shield" — she has the pungence, the taut phrase, the unexpected

word, as Emily Dickinson had them, but essentially her own and recording experiences in all respects opposite.

If I were to name the poet, after Emily Dickinson, who seems to me most unmistakably to possess that individual genius which differentiates the work of one from that of another, I should say Louise Imogen Guiney.

An estray not only in New England but in America; an estray, indeed, in a period removed from that in which her soul delighted, — she was the witness to an earlier and more spontaneous beauty, born to bring back something of the gayety, the abandon, which made life such a delightful encounter to the Cavalier and the Elisabethan. She could not fit into the scheme of a commercialized, competitive world, willing to let yesterday be forgotten, willing to forego its heritage of beauty. She could not choose but be the champion of those fine spirits of any age, but particularly of her well-loved seventeenth century, for whom the trumpets were no longer blown or whose echoes were dying away. She spent years in rescuing the work of Henry Vaughn, years also in editing the verse of the "Recusant Poets," and died before either of these scholarly and loving labors had reached the finality of print.

As a letter writer she was scarcely second to Charles Lamb, and no more delectable reading could be found than in the two-volume edition of her "Letters" lately brought out by Harper and Bros. Her style in prose was witty and piquant, smacking of an earlier and quainter phraseology but flashing with the swift brilliance of her mind. She is one of those who will be known better fifty years hence, one who had the good fortune from an

art standpoint — but the sad fortune from a practical standpoint — to be ahead of her generation. Already the acknowledgment of her quality is coming; two biographies of her have been published in the six years since her death as well as the recent edition of her "Letters." She will become a classic, but one hopes that her gallant spirit will break free of the scholar's study and be known for what it was — the most joyous thing that ever conquered a dull, unseeing world.

While we have taken up the work of Louise Imogen Guiney after that of Emily Dickinson because of a certain kinship in style between them, in point of chronology one should first have mentioned that charming artist, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The least New Englandish of the singing clan, Aldrich supplies a note that could not well be spared from the full choir. Certainly nothing drear or dour, unless in dramatic presentation, ever issued from those singing lips; himself the Cavalier in spirit, chivalrous and blithe and witty, born to show how good life is and how much to be enjoyed. If any drop of the Puritan flowed in his veins, it was never allowed to tincture his pen. Aldrich as a poet and Aldrich as a man were wholly at one. He would not weight his words with dull philosophy when life had brought him no occasion for such moralizing:

"I vex me not with brooding on the years,"

he declares in one of the most exquisite of his sonnets. Yet he was much more than the "Enamored architect of airy rhyme," he was the poet in love with his craft, the "Wonder-smith" who wrought with words as another with precious metals. Aldrich had charm and temperament and

while not a deep thinker, he was always the artist, whether in the lyric, sonnet, narrative or drama. He will live as a singer and a sonneteer and will have many to enjoy him, for his contribution to the poetry of New England is a happy leaven to its more serious product.

Indeed the greatest interest in surveying the poetry of any section is to note its diversity, the individual reaction of each poet to much the same environment and tradition, and the work is richer for being the expression of many personalities. It is easy also to label a poet and place him in a category where he does not belong. This has happened to a degree to George Edward Woodberry, who, because he is a profound scholar, has come to be regarded almost wholly as a literary poet, whereas he has done some of the most impassioned and personal verse of his day.

Thomas William Parsons was the true classicist, a man whose inspiration derived from purely classic sources as in his noble and austere lines upon Dante and his admirable renderings from him, but Mr. Woodberry submerges the scholar in the poet and, while his form is traditional, he mounts now and then to a pure ecstasy, particularly in "Wild Eden," which is of the essence of poetry. He has done certain lyrics, too, such as "Once I Came to Siena," which remain in one's mind with the store of lovely things gathered on the way of song. In the simplest words he touches the deepest springs,

> "As lovers, when love is over,
> Remembering seem men dead,"

or

> "To the branch that cannot blossom
> How cold doth April pass!"

He has put into our literature also two of its finest sonnets, "At Gibraltar," and for these we are deeply his debtor.

Much the same fate has befallen Alice Brown, who, had she not been so definitely labeled in the public mind as a novelist, might have taken an equal, or higher, place as a poet. Certainly "The Road to Castaly" when it appeared in the mid-nineties with the imprint of those young enthusiasts, Copeland and Day, was a book of verse to set the blood tingling, and as it was almost the first book reviewed by the present writer, its most characteristic lyrics keep the freshness of yesterday. One remembers, too, those fine lines, "Sunrise on Mansfield Mountain" and many others which made this first book both an achievement and a foretoken.

Of her contemporaries, Katherine Lee Bates still sends out at intervals a volume of thoughtful and well-wrought verse, and Wellesley with which she is associated brings to mind the early-quenched talent of Sophie Jewett, who, while not of New England by birth, was of it by adoption, having served several years as a colleague of Miss Bates. She has left a sheaf of songs of marked refinement and not without pathos, since the best of them foreshadow her own passing.

If I mistake not, Sophie Jewett was still at Wellesley when Josephine Preston Peabody, young and beautiful and fresh from her first successes in poetry, was also an assistant in the English department there. No such darling of the muses had come out of staid New England as this creature made of fire and dew, and her appearance in the late 'Nineties, under the sponsorship also of Copeland and Day, was an event in the poetic world of Boston.

Her singing gift, as pure and spontaneous as that of an Elisabethan, was balanced by a dramatic gift and as this was the period when poetic drama was greatly to the fore and engaging the attention of the best poets of the day, such as Moody and Hovey, her earliest dramas, "Fortune and Men's Eyes," and "Marlowe" were warmly acclaimed. It was some years later that she won the Stratford Prize with "The Piper," which ran so successfully on the stage in New York. She had the rare faculty of writing actable rather than closet drama, and if the twentieth century had remained hospitable to this form of art, she would unquestionably have won a high place in it. Judged from the standpoint of enduring literature her plays cannot rank with the Greek dramas of Moody nor with the Arthurian cycle of Hovey, but they are admirable in their field and grow more psychological with the later ones such as the "Portrait of Mrs. W."

It is for "The Singing Leaves," however, and other lyric work that Josephine Peabody will be longest remembered, for she was a singer and did violence to her art when she was drawn away into sociological channels, as in "The Singing Man," or into war verse as in "The Harvest Moon." Her beauty, which had in it something of an etherial quality, and her personality which seemed also to belong to a less palpable world than ours, made one feel as if Shelley had come again in the spirit of a woman. When one thinks of another poet in Boston of the group to which Josephine Preston Peabody belonged, and remembers how much earlier than hers a remarkable gift was quenched, — one cannot cease to grieve over the loss of Frederick Lawrence Knowles. Were his two volumes, "On Life's Stairway" and "Love

Triumphant," to be combined and reissued, it would surprise those who have no knowledge of these books nor of the poet behind them.

In the five years following 1900 when it was my happy lot to be a part of the still-characteristic life of Boston, Knowles was one of the spiritual *arditi*, the flaming souls of song. His only fellow in temperament, though widely removed from him in miles, was Arthur Upson of Minnesota, a poet of an even rarer gift, whose pen was tipped with magic, that ineffable something which has fled our self-conscious and strained verse. Though Knowles commanded it less often, it was his in miraculous visitations such as that which has given us the line,

"Helen's lips are drifting dust,"

a line of pure magic, holding all the evanescence of life, beauty and love. Had Knowles lived to develop his talent he would, I am sure, have been among the elect.

It was through Frederick Lawrence Knowles that I was first brought into personal touch with a poet than whom New England in recent years has produced no greater — Anna Hempstead Branch, whose work was appearing at more or less frequent intervals during the decade following 1900. She was of the group which comprised Knowles and Josephine Preston Peabody, though the latter had published earlier than she. Miss Branch first drew attention by winning a prize offered by the *Century Magazine* for the best poem by a graduate of a woman's college. This poem, "The Road 'Twixt Heaven and Hell," was published in *The Century* for December, 1898, and followed three years later by her first volume, "The Heart of the

Road." It is in her two later volumes, however, that one must look for the work which justifies this estimate.

Miss Branch has preëminently a gift which belongs to none of her contemporaries in the same measure, the gift of imagination. There is no reason to qualify this statement, as imagination in the Miltonic sense, or in the sense in which Keats displayed it in "Hyperion," or in which Francis Thompson alone of recent Englishmen has displayed it, is practically absent from modern poetry. But why, one will say, expect the twentieth century, with its focus upon immediate concerns, to hark back to Miltonic themes? We are of a practical age, we reflect life as it is lived today, we work in the medium we know. True, but we work in miniature. The modern poet compasses the world his eyes can see, whereas the essential poet, he who touches sublimity, wings farther than he can see and his visions are truer than any report of the senses.

Such a poet is Anna Hempstead Branch as shown primarily in her "Nimrod" and "The Wedding Feast," perhaps the two most imaginative poems produced in America in the twentieth century. While this may seem extravagant, there is no reason to place a ban upon the human spirit nor to declare that it is more confined in this century than in a previous one. Why should not a poet of today wing free as Keats winged free, or Milton? Imagination is a divine gift, whenever vouchsafed, and in our own day Miss Branch is one of the few to whom it has been given. Nor does one mean by imagination merely the pictorial quality of the mind, for this might belong to an inferior poet, but the conception which is vision,

the flight into other worlds of the spirit, of which great music and word and picture form an inevitable part. Louise Guiney said of the "Orient Ode" by Francis Thompson, that it had "an inebriating beauty not of earth," which is equivalent to saying that it had the pure ecstasy of the imagination. Now and then in "The Wedding Feast" Anna Hempstead Branch lifts one to the same intoxicating plane, and while the poem is too long, so that toward the end one is exhausted by the emotional effect, it is a lyrical ballad which Coleridge would not have disdained.

"Nimrod," perhaps the greater piece of art, written in superb blank verse, is a poem of scope, beauty and mastery which have not been reached elsewhere since Francis Thompson fell silent. Miss Branch is a mystic, as her work throughout attests, and never more than in her exquisite "Monk In The Kitchen." One can only regret that a poet whose lips were touched with such a fire should not have gone on singing, but Miss Branch, who has been absorbed for several years past with social work in New York, may out of this experience give us something equally fine, if in another manner.

Through Miss Branch, Connecticut makes her chief contribution to the later poetry of New England, and, through Sarah Cleghorn, Vermont has found a characteristic, if wholly different, utterance. Miss Cleghorn is of the very fiber of New England, Puritan to the bone both in principle and expression, but she is an admirable poet and knows the inner spirit of the dwellers in her hills, as her delicate "Emilia" shows.

In point of chronology, Edwin Arlington Robinson belongs before Josephine Preston

Peabody, Anna Hempstead Branch or Sarah Cleghorn, having published his first book, "The Torrent and the Night Before," in the mid-nineties while still in Maine, but as Robinson is the chief figure in the poetry of our immediate day, his recent years having been his most productive, and much of his finest work falling within the period of the poetic renaissance in America, — we have held him for consideration with this group.

Robinson presents the paradox of a major poet wholly commended during his lifetime. As a usual thing, the poet who wins the full suffrage of his generation has little for the future. Nothing is more dangerous to a poet's final renown than to be too early appreciated, but in the case of Robinson this would seem not to hold good, as his work is of a character to yield more and more, the more deeply one studies it. Robinson demands much of the reader, demands, indeed, a certain order of reader, one with a probing and analytical mind to meet that of the poet. Only a small group, comparatively, in each period will have this particular equipment and this in itself will insure the permanency of the work.

Even in our own time, while the critics universally acclaim his work, it is safe to say that the laity does not understand it and that its adherents are among a limited circle. This is quite as it should be, if one is to take the future into account, and it needs no peculiar foresight to predict that Robinson will become one of the few classics of this generation.

Although he has spent his most productive years in New York, following his boyhood in Maine and his education at Harvard, he is the quintessence of New England, intellectual New

England, highly subtilized and sublimated New England, not that of Frost, though no less important in its own field.

If ever the lineal descendants of the Puritan appear in literature it is in the types which Robinson singles out for interpretation, the men — for he is primarily a poet of men — whose warped or baffled or stifled natures come to their scanty harvest. Such a field for psychology is not afforded elsewhere in American life and if one would realize more fully how typical of New England Robinson's characters are, let him imagine them functioning today in the Middle West! Let him, for fuller contrast, compare them with the types portrayed by Masters in "Spoon River." One must believe that Mr. Masters observed these people, that they were his fellow townsmen walking the familiar streets, and one must equally believe that Robinson has observed his people, that many of them were his fellow townsmen on the streets of Gardiner, Maine.

Because Robinson is drawn with an almost uncanny fascination to certain aborted lives, seeking to know what peculiar complex was in the nature that it should have left this inhibition, it must not be inferred that only these types interest him. Where else can one find such affectionate penetration into the life that failed by only a pulse beat, into the soul of Leffingwell who "seemed as one asleep" until he aroused, in a last "vehement valediction," to explain

> "Why we were not to wonder or to weep
> Or ever dare to wish him back again";

or into the soul of Clavering, gentlest of visionaries,

"who sees
Too far for guidance of to-day,
Too near for the eternities."

These are elementary types as compared to the tortured soul who reaped the fruit of hate in "Avon's Harvest," or the thwarted artist in "The Man Who Died Twice," or many another bound spirit whom Robinson discovers and whose way of release he shows. Yet the fact that these half-shades of personality, lovable but ineffectual, live under his hand with a life that they never externalized, — shows what an artist Edwin Arlington Robinson is. In "Flammonde" he gathers up into one character, of utter charm, all that was unrealized in these natures and shows how ineffectiveness may become the highest effectiveness, viewed from another standpoint. Flammonde had every grace save that of the practical, but with these graces he could command his one need. He is the reconciler, not only of immediate concerns but of the larger disparities of living. He is the revealer, too, seeing the essential self in everyone. His love resolves all differences and creates an atmosphere for all fulfillments. In him Robinson embodies not only the spirit of Flammonde but the desire of his own soul:

"We've each a darkening hill to climb,
And this is why, from time to time
In Tilbury Town, we look beyond
Horizons for the man Flammonde."

Robinson has the genius of the exact word, when it comes to delineation, and many of his people will live in an epithet:

"Withal a meagre man was Aaron Stark" —

and there stands Aaron for all time! While Robinson is philosophical he is not abstract. He must deduce his conclusions upon life from lives. The human soul in action, this is what interests him. All of the work by which he will live, save a few sonnets, is a concrete study of motive and its woven web of deeds. Viewed superficially, there is a certain sameness to his characters, one might make of them a composite type and still have the main characteristic, frustration, and its constant recoil upon the spirit; but when one examines each personality he finds it distinct in the impulses which govern it and in the outcome, so that his characters are vital and not merely created for exposition.

Of late there is a tendency, which grows upon a psychologist, toward hair-splitting distinctions and a consequent use of the cryptic phrase. There is, too, the danger that the poet's own personality will be lost in that of his characters, the creator be lost in the analyst. A poet must not take all of his emotions vicariously, lest they be smothered at their source, and this is the one artistic limitation of Edwin Arlington Robinson, that one feels he has merged himself into his characters until his own passion for life is gone. One longs to see him break away from other men and speak out wholly from himself, although in saying this one realizes that in certain of his characters are his own springs and that he has merely given them dramatic outlet. He is too great a poet, however, to cavil at what he has not done and one can only be grateful for the actual enrichment which he has given to American poetry.

Robert Frost, though born in San Francisco, is

as native to New England as the bouldered hillsides of the New Hampshire which nurtured him, but it is not the New England of Robinson, not the urban, sophisticated world. There are no Richard Corys in it nor Flammondes. It is the world of those whose limitations are primarily of environment, of those upon whom isolation has wrought and solitude taken its toll. It is "North of Boston" as Frost knew it as a boy, and as a young man in his successive attempts to domesticate himself upon the soil and wrest a living from it.

No one could have had a better knowledge of conditions in the remote life of New Hampshire before the motor made isolation a thing of the past; but even the motor does not make the winter-bound hills more companionable nor lessen the summer toil of the farm wife. It is notable that Frost depicts women with the same mastery that Robinson depicts men, as it is the woman who reacts most markedly to her environment. Frost has an insight into the lives of women not to be matched by any poet of our day. It is the woman in "The Death of the Hired Man" whose gentle understanding makes the poem memorable; the woman in "Home Burial" whose spiritual recoil against the man who could dig his own child's grave, is more than a specific thing, it is a typical thing, showing the essential gulf between the nature of a man and that of a woman when it comes to the finest distinctions of feeling. This has always been to me one of Frost's greatest poems, an elemental thing and tragic to the core, since the man cannot understand in what his offense consists nor why it should bring such consequences. Here is just as subtle psychology as Robinson has

ever given us, with a dramatic situation and vividly realized characters to enforce it.

In the lyric group, "The Hill-Wife," Frost again shows how completely he understands women and how, by almost imperceptible degrees, a barren environment will throw the mind back upon itself until, as happened so often in the early days in New England, it becomes unsettled.

Frost has humor and whimsicality and mellowness; not the polished, ironical humor of Robinson in "Miniver Cheevy," that little masterpiece of wit, not crystallized into specific poems, but warm in his work as a whole, giving it a human, friendly character. He has great charm, due largely to the casual atmosphere with which he invests his verse. It is as if he had met a friend in a chance encounter and stopped to tell him a local tale. It is only later when one reverts to the story and notes its fine shadings that he sees the careful artist back of the colloquial raconteur. The illusion of direct contact with the poet, is due to the idiom which he employs, to the speech quality with which he manages to imbue even the lyric. Rather than a formal metre, he follows the gradations of the human voice and thus achieves a natural and varied rhythm and an effect of improvisation which constantly keeps his work fresh and interesting.

All this of Frost's technique, the more perfect for its apparent lack of technique, but it is in the vision of the poet, one seeing below all surfaces and through all appearances the essential beauty at the heart of things, that his greatness lies. There is nothing negative in Frost's nature, and while he knows the pity and the tragedy of life, he never pronounces it futile. One feels that

he regards it as richly worth while, that he has never lost his sense of its wonder. One is conscious of the full man in Frost, of one who has personally lived through much that he depicts, who has never shunned experience nor scanted his cup however bitter it might be, but found even in its bitterness a certain intoxication. Has he not in his exquisite lyric, "Earthward," said it all — how one goes from the sharp joy of beauty to the sharp need of pain?

Love at the lips was touch
As sweet as I could bear;
And once that seemed too much;
I lived on air

That crossed me from sweet things,
The flow of — was it musk
From hidden grapevine springs
Down hill at dusk?

I had the swirl and ache
From sprays of honeysuckle
That when they're gathered shake
Dew on the knuckle.

I craved strong sweets, but those
Seemed strong when I was young;
The petal of the rose
It was that stung.

Now no joy but lacks salt
That is not dashed with pain
And weariness and fault;
I crave the stain

Of tears, the aftermark
Of almost too much love,
The sweet of bitter bark
And burning clove.

When stiff and sore and scarred
I take away my hand
From leaning on it hard
In grass and sand,

The hurt is not enough:
I long for weight and strength
To feel the earth as rough
To all my length.

It is more than a question, despite his fresh approach to narrative and other forms, and the peculiar savor of personality which they hold, whether Frost is not ultimately destined to a higher place as a lyric poet. Certainly "Earthward" and "Stopping by Woods on A Snowy Evening," carry the future's warrant. With two such men as Robinson and Frost in New England, each concerned with a different phase of its life, the land of the Pilgrim and Puritan is rarely interpreted.

While Amy Lowell was a much older woman than Edna St. Vincent Millay, she was several years later in coming upon the horizon and belongs specifically to a more modern movement, or rather to a later development of it, as one may say that the appearance of "The Lyric Year," in 1912, which brought Edna St. Vincent Millay forward, was the first signal of all that was to follow. This in the face of the fact that it held not a line of free verse, but its competitive character focused attention again upon poetry. If one doubts it, hearken to this note from the Preface: "Ten thousand poems by nearly two thousand writers of verse have been personally examined by the editor for this competition." Not even in this year of grace would a similar offer provoke a greater inundation.

The fact that Miss Millay did not get the prize

for her "Renascence" was, of course, the first good fortune in a charmed career. The storm of protest evoked turned all eyes to the poem, and the romantic fact (for facts connected with Miss Millay are always romantic) that it was written by a young girl whose only idea of the world, let alone the cosmos, had come through the imagination as she walked the sands of Camden, Maine, — made the work seem almost miraculous. But genius is a miracle, most of all, no doubt, to its possessor, and the girl whose companion was the eternal sea had evidently the environment which nature needed to reveal her to herself.

No sharper reversal of temperament can be conceived than that of Miss Millay after she came to New York, as compared with the mystical moods of "Renascence." Once only, in "God's World," she strikes the same ecstatic note as in the final stanzas of that poem, though she has always a feeling for beauty, and particularly for the sea, which carries a sharp poignancy; but in general one may say that she was acted upon by the world to a complete reversal of her personality as indicated by "Renascence."

Not that one deplores this fact nor wishes her back under the tutorage of the mountains and the sea. Life is the supreme concern and the poet who lives it most fully has most to give, but the early years in New York brought to Miss Millay a sudden sophistication, touched with that superficial cynicism affected in Greenwich Village, so that the trail of disillusion is over her work. It is not for us, however, to cavil at this when she can touch disillusion to such magic. No one in American poetry today has this quality to the degree that Miss Millay has it. It is in her finger-

tips and imparts itself to every theme that she touches. Even in a bit of bravado like "Figs from Thistles" it runs like quicksilver through the lines, distinguishing them from the merely clever and casual. No matter what Miss Millay says, she charms you, and this is rarer in poetry and more difficult to come by than all the philosophies.

As a sonneteer she is at home as if in native speech. Where could such unstriving beauty be found as in these lines:

> Pity me not because the light of day
> At close of day no longer walks the sky;
> Pity me not for beauties passed away
> From field and thicket as the year goes by;
> Pity me not the waning of the moon,
> Nor that the ebbing tide goes out to sea,
> Nor that a man's desire is hushed so soon,
> And you no longer look with love on me.
> This have I known always: Love is no more
> Than the wide blossom which the wind assails,
> Than the great tide that treads the shifting shore,
> Strewing fresh wreckage gathered in the gales;
> Pity me that the heart is slow to learn
> What the swift mind beholds at every turn.

To be sure, the Shakespearian sonnet admits of the lyric note, but Miss Millay is equally adept in the nobler forms, as in her memorable,

> Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare.

Still a young woman, Edna St. Vincent Millay may give us poetry informed with a deeper affirmation, while losing none of the charm which now distinguishes her.

Amy Lowell is still too near us and her personality still too dominant for one to attempt an appraisal of her work. We have had no one like her in the power to dramatize events, to infuse into everything with which she was connected that

magnetic spirit which gave it vitality and made it appear more significant than perhaps it really was. One cannot tell until "the tumult and the shouting dies" what any movement has accomplished, but we are sufficiently removed now from the erratic stage of free verse to know that it has been a most salutary influence upon poetry. The periodic revolts to which any art is subjected and the consequent freshening and revitalizing through new form, is essential to the very life of the art, and while it was none of the lesser poets of this school, but Whitman himself who was the revolutionist and liberator, each of the poets of the so-called New Movement individualized on his own lines and added that personality which makes work creative, however it may derive.

Since Amy Lowell became the chief protagonist of the movement, having inborn leadership and the gift of exposition, it was upon her as a personality and a leader more, perhaps, than as a poet that attention was focused during her lifetime. Gradually this must be reversed and the poetry emerge from its associations and stand alone. This will hardly happen during our own generation, as the radiation of Amy Lowell was so wide and her friendships so many that those who knew her will not be dispassionate judges. Indeed a legend may grow up about her so that her vivid personality will continue to overshadow the work, or take precedence of it, as it has always done with Byron.

However that may be, there are highly individual characteristics of her verse that will make it an important field for examination in the future, whatever its ultimate appraisal as poetry. Although she did not originally break the new

ground, she opened up fresh paths in many directions and enlarged the field of poetry. She was both creative and adaptive. Borrowing from Paul Fort the form of "polyphonic prose," she used it so effectively in "Bronze Horses" and many other of her longer narratives as to make it seem original. To be sure it lured Miss Lowell into her besetting sin, prolixity, and it is almost certain that the future will view with impatience work in which every synonymous adjective in the language is at times used in a rapid-fire bombardment to intensify a description. Miss Lowell did this deliberately, with an artistic purpose; but will not the future say that one perfect adjective would have been more effective? It took Miss Lowell two hours to read aloud the "Bronze Horses," yet I have seen an audience sit spellbound during the period, held by the magnetic presence and the splendidly interpretative rendering. This has little, however, to do with the value of the poem as literature. How many of the auditors would be enthralled by it in a personal reading? How many would persevere to the end? Saying this, one turns again to the poem, and is lost in fresh amazement at the vivid life to which he seems as a spectator. It is a marvel that one can recreate a scene with such atmosphere that the temperament of the people is alive in it and one sees and hears them as on the very spot. This is genius, but is the medium poetry or is it heightened prose? Is not the attempt to make it conform to a rhythmic scheme and the occasional dropping into rhyme, rather an intrusion than otherwise? The genuine poetry is in the conception, in the changing and turbulent life which the impassive Bronze Horses have witnessed. To revivify one epoch after another,

is an achievement, in whatever form it is done, and "Bronze Horses," of all Miss Lowell's essays in polyphonic prose, seems most likely to endure as literature.

Of her work in other forms, it is equally certain that "Patterns" will take precedence, since it combines the use of free and metrical verse, and of rhymed and unrhymed, in an artistic whole rarely achieved elsewhere. Again, it has dramatic and emotional qualities not met to the same degree in other poems of Miss Lowell. While it is a superficial view of Amy Lowell's work that it lacked feeling, since it is all fire beneath the brilliant and corruscating surface, it does not burn through in other poems as it does in "Patterns."

She lacked, in general, the concentration, the clear-cut, decisive theme. Her poems are seldom individually memorable because they do not crystallize into a definite subject. They are rather parts of a symphonic whole than unities in themselves. Each has the colorful, prismatic flash of phrase; the fresh, keen observation; but there is rarely an organic conception, a complete and rounded creation, such as enduring poetry demands. In her work in the New England *genre*, to which she had turned a good deal in the year or two before her death, she had, of course, the definite narrative to unfold, but she was out of her element in this field and her work in it will speedily fall away. As an artist she will live in vers libre, as one who saw with a quicker perception than most of us, and could flash her vision before us in a radiant series of pictures. Personally she crowded into ten years what might well have been the creative activity of a lifetime. She was splendid

in courage, and the memory of her gallant nature will long remain a heartening one.

Of the poets immediately in the public eye whose nativity is of New England, E. E. Cummings is undoubtedly the most important. No more exasperating instance could be adduced of a poet who, having gifts of the gods, descends to the tricks of the mountebank to bring them to attention. Evidently Mr. Cummings thinks the case is desperate and that he must exceed the bounds of all of his predecessors to awaken a lethargic world. But although he discards capitals, scorns punctuation, splits his words so that three letters may serve for a line and scatters his lines themselves over the pages at random, — none of these antics can hide the fact that he is a poet.

It is a thousand pities that one who is at times so exquisite, who has words that belong by foreordination to their places, who can say unforgettably such things as he says in "Puella Mea," or in "Orientale," or in many another poem, should think it necessary to put on the fool's cap to draw the gaze of the vulgar. Certainly he would draw the public that is worth while, the public that he really seeks, much more quickly in his own proper person. It would be difficult to match in recent poetry the loveliness of some of the passages in Mr. Cummings' work, when divested of their freakish setting.

Of the others we must make briefer mention, for is not our space exceeded? We have not overlooked Fannie Stearns Davis, a poet whose beautiful work has been done in New England, but reluctantly forego a fuller comment upon her, since she is native to Ohio. Isabel Fiske Conant has of late been doing fine verse in a certain terse

style, and Connecticut has contributed two young women, Amanda Benjamin Hall and Winifred Welles, both near of an age and with definite promise. Harold Vinal of Maine, who has done a service to poetry by his efficient editing of *Voices*, has written some excellent sonnets inspired by his youth at Vinal Haven under the nurture of that "Mother and lover of men, the sea." From Maine, too, comes the verse of the young writer, Winifred Virginia Jackson, who has drawn the attention of excellent critics by her stark and tragic ballads of life in the lumber camps of her native state.

Thus New England, in greater and lesser voices, carries on its high tradition of poetry.

# POETRY OF THE MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

By William Rose Benet

The Middle Atlantic States are, accurately, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, — just as we used to gabble in school that the New England States consisted of "Mainooamshurr-vermonmassachusettsrodileanconnetticutt!" Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia are properly to be included in the South Atlantic group. But the editor has advised me that he is considering the District of Columbia as one of the Middle Atlantic States. Is he then allotting me also Delaware and Maryland?

I should be glad if he were, because one of the best of our older women poets, Lizette Woodworth Reese, hails from Waverly, Baltimore County, Maryland. As for the District of Columbia, there Elinor Wylie spent a large part of her girlhood, though she is Pennsylvanian by descent, and there both Leonora Speyer and Roy Helton were born. Delaware seems to content itself with raising fine peaches rather than fine poets, though (by the bye) Georgia has encouraged both, with true Southern generosity.

When we approach the larger states, New York and Pennsylvania, we encounter several puzzles in this matter of poetic birthplaces. What is one to do when George Sterling, obviously a poet of California and the Coast, took the whim to be

born at Sag Harbor and to be educated in the East? Well, that would seem to cancel out the fact that Robert Frost, just as obviously a purely New England poet, first saw the light of day in San Francisco. Henry Herbert Knibbs, whose songs are all of the cowboy West, is a New-York-stater by birth. Nor would you guess that the poetry of Sarah Cleghorn, so closely associated with Vermont, is the utterance of one bo'n an' raise' in old Virginny. Charles Erskine Scott Wood, whose "The Poet in the Desert" and later poems are undeniably Western in atmosphere, began his life in Erie, Pennsylvania. James Oppenheim's earliest poetry vividly celebrated New York City. And indeed we must claim him for the East, even though his family moved to Manhattan after his birth in Minnesota.

It is more difficult to think of T. S. Eliot and Marianne Moore, one so long a resident of England, the other so long associated with *The Egoist* in London and now with *The Dial* in New York City, as both being born in St. Louis, Missouri, which also claims Sara Teasdale and Orrick Johns. But what am I, with my own particular problem, going to do about Lola Ridge, who was born in Dublin, raised in Australia, and has sung intensively New York's Ghetto, its skyscrapers, and so many aspects of its fevered economic life? It is my decision to claim her for New York, with Oppenheim, with Arturo Giovannitti, who was born in Italy, and with Alter Brody, who was born in Russia. For I shall certainly have to allow Sterling and C. E. S. Wood to the Coast and Knibbs to the West. Padraic Colum, of course, is also with us from Ireland, but the major part of his poetry concerns his native coun-

try, and, unfortunately, the United States can claim but a very small part in stimulating his genius. Otherwise I should like to snatch him for New York, even though he has lately been residing in Connecticut!

The New England group, as we all know, dominated the past of American poetry. Yet Joseph Rodman Drake was a New Yorker, though Nathaniel P. Willis, that assiduous metropolitan and cosmopolitan, actually came from Maine. William Cullen Bryant, famous editor-in-chief and part proprietor of the *New York Evening Post* was, natally, of Massachusetts. Long Island, of course, yields me the great Walt Whitman, but Bayard Taylor seems the best I can do for Pennsylvania. Frank Dempster Sherman, now deceased, and Clinton Scollard come to mind as of the old guard of New York State, and his long poem, "Manhattan" should surely give Charles Hanson Towne the keys of the City.

Notable poets born in New York City include the late Josephine Preston Peabody (though her work, more properly, belongs to New England), Louis Untermeyer, Grace Hazard Conkling, Hermann Hagedorn, Alfred Kreymborg, Gladys Cromwell, Babette Deutsch, the late Alan Seeger, John Erskine, Amelia J. Burr, Robert Nathan, Raymond Holden, Countée Cullen, and young Nathalia Crane. Witter Bynner's birthplace was Brooklyn, as it was that of Léonie Adams, one of the most distinguished of our younger women poets. Roberta Teale Swartz, a young lady now twenty-three, who has already done some interesting work, is also of the Borough. And from other parts of New York State came the late Adelaide Crapsey, Florence Wilkinson, Francis Carlin,

Max Eastman, John Hall Wheelock, Louis Driscoll, Elizabeth J. Coatsworth and the famous Hilda Conkling, now sixteen. New Jersey reminds us that the late Stephen Crane was born there, whose "The Black Riders" and "War is Kind" foreran by some fifteen or twenty years much later poetic experimentation. The same state may also claim the late Joyce Kilmer, William Carlos Williams and Louis Ginsberg.

And here arises another problem, for William Ellery Leonard was born in New Jersey, though he has been for so long associated with Wisconsin. Admiring as I do his remarkable narrative poem, "Two Lives" I hope, however, that he may be allowed to the East.

Pennsylvania's quota is notable. The late Donald Evans, an eccentric with what was very nearly a touch of genius, was born in Philadelphia, as was Joseph Auslander, one of the most brilliant of our younger poets, and Thomas Augustin Daly, one of the most charming of our veterans. Lloyd Mifflin, an older poet, now deceased, who wrote with some distinction in his day, was a Pennsylvanian. Lee Wilson Dodd, Christopher Morley, Margaret Widdemer, Hervey Allen and Mahlon Leonard Fisher are of the state. "H. D." (Hilda Doolittle), was born at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Stephen Vincent Benét at South Bethlehem.

On those we have mentioned we must rest our case, and hope that we have not omitted too many geniuses. But when one comes to further classifications —! It is not like naming the characteristic and staple products of a certain area! Likewise one cannot remark that Pennsylvania, for instance, is bounded on the north by Lee Wilson

Dodd and on the south by Hilda Doolittle; that its area is Lloyd Mifflin times Joseph Auslander; or that the 1923 census reported its free verse output to be ninety-five million, five hundred thousand tons. It may lead the Middle Atlantic group in variety of versification, and its sonnet mileage may be estimated at fifteen thousand, three hundred sixty-five, but poetry will not modestly submit itself to statistics, as do fruit, forage crops, and cereals.

No, in any audit of a state's or of a group of states' poetry-assets, one is bound to gather together a most miscellaneous lot of data. Characteristics of poets are not assignable to influences of climate or geographical chance. If we examine those before us, we shall find much disturbing variety. Even had we within our province the whole Eastern seaboard, we should not be able to draw up any set of hard and fast rules distinguishing the work of their poetic inhabitants from that of Southern poets or the Middle Western poets, according to qualities typical of environment.

Let us first consider the ladies of our group. Lizette Woodworth Reese is entitled to first mention by right of seniority. Her "A Branch of May," her first book of poems, was published in 1887. This year her "Selected Poems" has appeared, a winnowing from half a dozen previous volumes. Her lyric gift was notable from the beginning. "A serviceable thing," she sings, "is fennel, mint, or balm." Her songs, indeed, are herbs to the spirit. Her keen emotional quality is like "the strict scent of box." She has proved that she can fashion an enduring sonnet.

The late Josephine Preston Peabody was an

accomplished poet and dramatist. The spectacle of social injustice inspired her now and again to striking lyrical protest, as it has Florence Wilkinson. Her earlier poems relating to childhood, the nobility and beauty of her longer work in the poetic drama, will also be remembered. Florence Wilkinson herself is the author of a number of volumes. She has travelled both in Italy and Spain and studied in Paris. Her cultivated mind has poetically reported varied scenes; her talent, though diffuse, has often manifested itself saliently. Grace Hazard Conkling's poetic power has steadily strengthened and enriched itself through experiment, and her daughter, Hilda, is a poetic phenomenon. The alertness of Mrs. Conkling's mind, the vitality of her imagination lead us to expect much.

In the front rank of our women poets stands Elinor Wylie, who, with her first slender book of poems published in 1921, achieved an enviable reputation. Her second volume of poetry marked an advance even on this and demonstrated an even greater versatility. In both books the exquisite precision of her phraseology, the flawless form of her verse, the proud grace, the strict irony, the jewelled beauty all guard and armour a white flame of intense emotion. The Roman austerity is often hers, the bitterness that medicines; and again an elaboration of beautiful design decorating a psychological parable. In a poem with the *verve* of "Peregrine" there appears also an almost masculine vigor and fantastic brilliance. Since "Black Armour" her energies have been almost entirely devoted to her remarkable novels, the latest of which, "The Orphan Angel," published this fall will be of particular interest to all poets.

Last year appeared the collected poems of "H. D." She is another of the most distinguished women poets of our time. Ten or fifteen years ago she aided in the organization of the Imagists. Her poetry seems to approach the purely Hellenic in spirit more nearly than that of any other poet we have. Her free verse is always lyrical, clear, swift and lucent. She too manages a fine reticence. She has reworked certain fragments of Sappho and translated from Euripides. A new fragrance from ancient flowers is scattered through her pages, of the crocus, the cyclamen, the hyacinth, the cornel-bud; and the salt sea and the black earth and the "sea iris, brittle flower."

Lola Ridge is a fiery singer. Her two volumes, "The Ghetto" and "Sun-Up" are as provocative and dynamic as any verse that has been written in America. Her figurative language is often startlingly original, she follows flame through the grime and the iron, the soilure and brutality of this age of demoniac energy. She cleaves to "those ruined ones, where Liberty has lodged an hour and passed like flame." "Sons of Belial" demonstrates her grip on a terrible theme. Her free verse clothes a genuinely impassioned utterance. She is one of the most gallant spirits of our time. And her psychological insight is often extraordinarily keen.

The unusual talents of Adelaide Crapsey and Gladys Cromwell were never to flower fully. But they left us proof of rare ability. Leonora Speyer's new book of poems, "Fiddler's Farewell" (1926) is a considerable advance over her earlier volume, "A Canopic Jar." Her versatility is full of vitality. Her poems are of two kinds: sophisticated and subtle, or intensely wistful, charged with

emotion. There are wayward charm, shrewd insight, recognition of irony, a quality solely feminine in all she writes. Babette Deutsch's best work is more firmly knit, but she is less the adept. Her own particular personality does not emerge so strongly. But her nature is keenly sensitive and brooding, and her phrase often striking. Léonie Adams and Elizabeth J. Coatsworth are both brilliant newcomers. The former's work is the more delicate and strange. Donne has been suggested as a seventeenth-century exemplar, and he and other early metaphysical poets *are* suggested by this work, though by no means always. The beauty of this verse is never clamorous, and sometimes the meaning is almost too elusive, but there are always rarity of emotion, felicity of language, the true Hippocrene welling up in lovely words.

Margaret Widdemer has accomplished much. Her later work is more incisive than most of her earlier poetry. The efflorescence of that, though sometimes engaging, did not interest me as much as the greater succinctness and directness that is now her strength. Amelia Burr and Louise Driscoll have both done excellent things after their kind. Hilda Conkling is, of course, one of poetry's true prodigies, and the phraseology of some of Nathalia Crane's early poems was nothing less than astonishing.

To turn now to the men, — William Ellery Leonard, James Oppenheim, Louis Untermeyer, Witter Bynner, Alfred Kreymborg and Francis Carlin, of the veteran poets, together with Wheelock, Hagedorn and Morley, have all developed distinct styles and have achievement behind them. Wheelock is, perhaps, the most purely

lyrical of all, Untermeyer the cleverest technician. Leonard has wrung one amazing long poem out of almost unbearably poignant experience. Bynner is extremely versatile, stimulating thought, often pungently epigrammatic in his latest work, untetherable as a faun. Morley can sometimes achieve a quality almost worthy of Herrick. And then we have William Carlos Williams, who is one of the most interesting of our experimentalists, a brilliant exotic, a strange protean poet who has yet impressed his personality strongly upon this generation.

The work of Stephen Vincent Benét has steadily strengthened and ripened his particular talents as a vigorous and original fashioner of ballads, a writer of trenchant sonnets full of flashing imagery and of beautifully fantastic lyrics. Joseph Auslander's second book, "Cyclops' Eye" is even more arresting than his first. It is hardier, with his gift for imagery as positive as ever. Hervey Allen has displayed splendid imagination in certain of his poems. He is hampered only by an occasional weightiness of theme too imminent with "message." This his natural energy and intelligence will work off. Countée Cullen, the Negro poet, marches in the first files of the Negro poets who are now beginning to write in the north. Langston Hughes and others are his rivals. This recent development of Negro poetry is most interesting to watch. The poetry contests held by the magazine *Opportunity* have been fruitful of much notable work.

Such must be our casual survey, of the poets and of the poetry of the particular section of the country allotted us. To recapitulate, at least three of the women poets mentioned are among

the few first-rate poets of America irrespective of sex. And perhaps as many of the men deserve a premier classification among their contemporaries. From any viewpoint it is a creditable showing. Not that it proves anything implicating geography! Poets have to be born somewhere, in common with other human beings! I consider it merely a fortunate accident that so many good ones have glanced into my own net in this matter of categories. And I suppose a number that I should have caught, have escaped.

So be it. The practice of poetry goes forward steadily in these States and the average of technical accomplishment (at least) has been higher in this first quarter of the twentieth century than ever before. The South, by the way, is beginning to furnish a considerable quota of reckonable poets. The development of the art seems still to be in its heyday, despite the fact that there is now not nearly so much talk of a "renaissance" as there was a few years ago. It may be that this age is turning more to prose, that prose with poetic rhythms will be the medium of the future, — yet, look about you! Such prophecies have been ere now. Meanwhile there is poetry enough and to spare, and there are plenty of aspects of our unconscionable epoch to engender more.

# POETRY OF THE MID-WEST

By E. Merrill Root

## I

The Middle West has (in Whitman's phrase) a "wide-flung sky." It is a land of generous space and monotonous level. Its roads run straight from sky's end to sky's end, through a giant's checkerboard of corn. Towns huddle or straggle along its roads, lost in an immensity of level, separated by monotonous and incredible miles. Its rivers are like Dreiser's style — broad, without subtlety of shore or surface, often muddy, but mighty with a slow sweep. Great winds stamp over it, great thunderheads of heat brood above it . . . and, beneath, the corn grows, the hogs fatten. For it is a land not of corn and wine — but of corn and hogs. It is a land, too, of immense and roaring cities — cities like beehives of disturbed giants — cities shaking like dinosaurs with appendicitis — cities waking, nightly, fantastic Hells of suns. There Chicago is set "like a slugger amid the little cities" — Chicago, "wheat-stacker, tool-maker, hog-butcher for the nation, dusty with the toil of piling job on job."

And what of the people who inhabit this behemoth and bewildering welter, this mighty and mournful calm? They have not the quick nerves of the New Yorker, the phosphorescent brains of the Bostonian, the grace of the Virginian; but they

have something better (or at least more promising): the healthy full-blooded life of a Whitman . . . a Whitman in the Mesozoic stage. They have not yet achieved a culture; they have not yet adopted an Alexandrine mosaic of cultures, like New York: that is why they are interesting. One recalls Nietzsche: "Only he who has chaos in him can give birth to a dancing star."

The Middle West lies there, monstrous and monotonous, like the broad forehead of a giant, a forehead wrinkled as yet chiefly by corn. What are the dreams beneath this brown forehead of earth? What is — or what is to be — the Poetry of the Middle West?

## II

The background of Middle Western poetry belongs to that yesterday which is already a legend. Its earliest poetry (and so far its greatest poetry) was prose. Mark Twain was its Homer: he transfused its romance into a Yankee Iliad: he was the Mississippi put into print. Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are immortal symbols not only of our youth and of Mark Twain's youth, but also of that youth of the Middle West which has now left its sleepy villages, its rafts and steamboats, for the offices and movie palaces and garages of St. Louis and Indianapolis. The lazy, lovely, humorous, violent life of the old Mississippi is gone; but if the Middle West is ever to have a great poet, he must be as elemental as Mark Twain: the Mississippi must flow through the rhythm of his pages.

The poetic background (in the narrower sense) was more meagre. Eugene Field wrote his dainty pathos, his cap-and-bells humor, from the grim

beginning of Chicago. He was a graceful poet — or sometimes a Rabalesian Horace — but he had no more of the true vast quality of the Middle West than Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was never the breath and tocsin of the prairie wind. John Hay casually turned from "Poetry" to the stirring blasphemies of Pike County, and achieved an almost unwilling immortality in *Jim Bludso.* Riley, close to the easy early Indiana life, before the frost had fallen on the prices of the pumpkin, made a folk poetry full of a humor like the golden twilight of an Indiana autumn or of an earthy pungence like cider. It was true to its world — but its world is no longer true. It was good — but it is gone. In an age of world wars and revolution, of Cabal and Mencken and Babbitt, of *The New Masses* and *The American Magazine*, Riley is as antique as the old gold of Vergil. The homely folk poetry of Riley has become the dollar-a-yard shoddy of Eddie Guest . . . and the shoddy-mills of the Syndicate (unlike the Mills of God) do *not* turn slowly! There was, also, William Vaughn Moody. As the years show him and his contemporaries — and our contemporaries — in cruel perspective, Moody stands up and will stand up more and more clearly as a poet: after Whitman and Poe, Emerson and Emily Dickinson, one of our few American poets. But Moody was not local. He lived, to be sure, where

> "Gigantic, willful, young
> Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates . . . "

But he was not locality-conscious. His name suggests Gloucester moors and the Philippines; he was a national poet — a poet, like Milton, politically-minded; he brought us America —

"Mewing its mighty youth,
Soon to possess the mountain winds of Truth,
And be the swift familiar of the sun."

He makes us (in the pageantry of the tremendous *Ode*) see the map of America come alive and march and mix, from the live-oaks to the arbutus of Cape Ann, from Sault St. Marie and the Pictured Rocks to the Sierras "sounding their windy cedars as for shawms."

Such was the early poetry of the Middle West. The Middle West had had singers — but not singers of the Middle West. It had sung — it had not been sung. But already the broad forehead of the brown giant, wrinkled with corn, began to wrinkle with thought . . . crude thought yet . . . inarticulate thought yet . . . thought that seemed to surge up out of the clay like some uncouth masterpiece of Rodin's . . . but at last — thought.

There was earthquake. And there was the seismograph called Harriet Monroe.

## III

"Only he who has chaos in him can give birth to a dancing star." The Middle West had chaos. Cornfields brooding under thunderheads of heat; prairies where the cyclones run, smashing towns like toothpick houses; flame-and-steel factories and reeking slaughter-houses; men devoting the immortal energies of mortal bodies to hogs and wheat — and beginning to wonder why; the dumb but mighty stirrings of the soul that, asking Heaven, was given hogs; all these (to quote Emerson) "must be sung . . . would sing themselves." Man shall not live by corn and hogs

alone, but by Beethoven, the lightning's tocsin . . . Corot, Eden seen through a golden mist . . . or if life is still too raw for such reach of spirit, such loveliness of finish, at least by some translation of uproar into art, some expression of the tyranny (and splendid pomp) of Matter. Chaos gathered into nebulae. If it could not as yet cast off dancing stars, at least it would cast off dancing Mazdas.

The first period of the New Poetry in the Middle West was an explosion — and had the unity of an explosion. There are two tendencies in Middle Western life — and poetry: one, the "booster's" optimism — our contemporary form of looking upon the world and (like Walt Whitman or a lilac bush) finding it good; the other, the "knocker's" criticism — our contemporary form of looking upon the world and (like Hamlet or Byron in *Don Juan*) finding it out of joint. Both are great when greatly done; but they are opposite as ale and acid. The first was Vachel Lindsay and (less fully) Carl Sandburg; the second, Edgar Lee Masters.

These three poets belonged to that versified state, Illinois. But they were larger than any state; they suggested, also, the wheat-fields and cyclones of Kansas, the rich levels of Ohio. Their glory is that they were poets of the whole Middle West.

In the beginning there was Vachel Lindsay. It was both his fortune and misfortune that Harriet Monroe looked upon him and saw that he was good. From the first he had foolish censure, extravagant praise, and little creative criticism. He had the easy eulogy of those who could swallow flesh-and-blubber whales . . . from California; he

had the easy arrogance of Mencken, who could not appreciate democracy surging into art with the fine sincerity of *Eagle Forgotten*, *Factory Windows*, *General Booth*. Thus Lindsay's eager sense for life, his intriguing noise, his feeling for the worth of the people, have come to far less than they should — have dimmed from the jungle dawn into a fog of words.

His poetry brought us two things: a democracy that was sometimes reminiscent of Bryan or the Progressive Party . . . and sometimes restrained and noble; and a full-throated rush of noise that was now a jubilant swing . . . and now a star-spangled jazz. It was always oral poetry: records to be played on the orthophonic Victrola of Vachel himself. He was not merely a poet; he was also a phonograph.

One remembers him, on the whole, as Booth Tarkington's Penrod who tried to blow — and indeed blew three or four notes — on Roland's horn.

Carl Sandburg was Lindsay with a slower — and bigger — mind. He looked upon the world and saw that it was good, but with less rhapsody and more criticism. He was the poet of men and women — not dramatically, like Browning, of fifty men and women, but socially, like Whitman, of men and women in the lump: of humanity. America's flame-and-steel factories, her sky-roofed cornfields, her cities where men live and love and move and congregate, these were the material of his mind. He loved people: the red-haired cash girl in the restaurant, the people who inhabit Kalamazoo and queerly love that queer city, the men in the street buying groceries or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns, the road side hobo,

the lovers, the bohunks . . . all the motley people of our motley America. More than any other contemporary American poet he felt the tragedy of the war: ten million young men chosen for white teeth, straight backs, clear eyes, sent out to be the food of hungry grass. Sandburg was, in Whitman's tremendous phrase, the poet of "the dear love of comrades."

He was at his best when sad, or angry, or in love with some small, sudden, beautiful thing. He was most uncertain in his large psalms of Babbittry and boosting of a civilization more dinosaurian than dynamic. In them he was the man who supposes that because a sky-scraper is nearer the sky it is nearer Heaven . . . a forty horse-power auto with the throttle half way open and a blind man at the wheel . . . the undismayed democrat of easy uncritical years before Mencken and the deluge . . . a poetic Teddy, wielding a big pen.

Sandburg's style, strangely enough, is best described by a phrase of the decadent, Beaudelaire: "Formless and multiform water." It reminds me of a great, friendly, half-inspired, somewhat bewildered amoeba, thrusting out formless and multiform pseudopodia. He never sang — he spoke; sometimes from sheer exuberant eagerness he stammered; but often he had the power of a Kansas cyclone — at least of a baby Kansas cyclone.

The captain of the second tendency was Masters. He was, of course, a man of one book. If in his best book he seemed a swan of snowy plumage, he has in his subsequent books seemed dangerously like an ugly duckling. His eventual reputation will certainly depend upon the fact that he was the human ouija-board for the dead men of a village.

Masters' power in *Spoon River* was the power of the observor's senses and the social critic's mind. His satire upon what he had seen, whether incisive or wistful, was excellent. But unhappily he wished also to be metaphysical, patriotic, optimistic; therefore a third of his characters talk mystically and mistily about some Heavens, some Nirvana, some final flame that is to purge the human spirit. Now Masters, while a shrewd observer, was neither a philosopher nor a mystic — a great mind and soul like Shelley and Blake. He tried to be a philosopher, but despair was always breaking in — or, if not despair, some remembered philosophy that he put on like a garment rather than grew like his own flesh on his own bones. His observation was excellent — his creation was unsure. He was a reporter through the senses, not a creator through the soul. This explains the factual truth and actual falsity of *Spoon River*, for (as Blake warned)

> "We are led to believe a lie
> When we see *with* not *thru* the eye."

Masters' philosophy was a blend of Tom Paine, Darwin, and Rabindranath Tagore, with a dash of Mary Baker Eddy. His *power* was the power of an animated kodak running around on its own legs and photographing Main Street from every conceivable angle. *Spoon River* was shredded Main Street.

And Masters had a use beyond the power of his poetry. His destiny was to be the shock troops for the prose realists. He was John the Baptist for Sherwood Anderson, crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way for Winesburg, Ohio!"

The period in which these poets were dancing

Mazdas is now evidently ended. Lindsay is already a literary Babe Ruth who no longer makes home runs. Sandburg and Masters have turned openly to prose.

## IV

It is not at all certain that these three largest poets of the Middle West are the greatest poets of the Middle West.

There are others — notably Sara Teasdale (originally, at least, a Missourian). She is a singer of level sweetness: a vireo of the summer's afternoon, rippling in the green hush of leaves like a tree-top brook. She has finesse of feeling, sincerity of sensation, decorum in delight and despair. She is a fine poet: not a great poet. One misses what one finds in Edna Millay — what makes Millay, indeed, one of our two contemporary poets: the lightning's tocsin, the bright burning of the tiger. Millay writes from the Valley of the Shadow; Sara Teasdale from the Parlor of the Shadow. But Sara Teasdale's poetry shines like a shaded lamp in the blue evening, sings like a fountain in a garden at twilight.

John Neihardt (of Illinois and Nebraska) is the final installment of the prairie troubadors. He has written Homeresque (rather than Homeric) cantos in the epic of the West. He has the distinction of being one of the few Americans who in this period of nay-saying nihilism and gargoyle-camouflaged Calvinism find gusto and even gaiety in life. His spirit is excellent. His art is less admirable. It is not yet the wind in the pines; rather, an electric fan in the pines. But he is promising: as an oak is more promising than a rocket.

William Ellory Leonard is the poet of Wisconsin

— a worthy representative of the most modern of Middle Western states. A free spirit, a heart sensitive to social wrong, a mind that (in Meredith's phrase) "has travelled," Leonard is intellectually the most civilized of Middle Western poets. He has been the poet who is like a snowball that boys roll into the dimensions of a snow man; his power was not so much early and sudden (like Lindsay's) as gradual and growing (like Frost's). Some of his poems seemed conventional; others seemed strained; his experience and philosophy *ripened* into art. But "Two Lives" is the greatest poem written in the Middle West since Moody died. It has a wealth of cultural background, a restraint in gorgeous imagery, a majesty of music, a terrible sincerity of spirit ("Life that cuts into itself," as Nietzsche said). The first two sections are almost flawless. The third weakens the work: partly because the pessimism is too personal; chiefly because the final stanzas (*Indian Summer*) do not rise to the height of the great argument. But the book is white-hot life; though Emerson would not have accepted it as philosophy, he would have been proud to sign it as poetry. Leonard is, without doubt, the most powerful living poet in the Middle West; indeed, one of the most powerful in America.

## V

Of the remaining poets, several group themselves around Chicago. Of these Harriet Monroe is most influential. Dorothy Dow is a more colorful and cogent poet. Her poems read well, but do not remain: they come from sentiment rather than spirit: they are a clever honey. There is also Lew Sarett, whose Indian poems are interesting in that

they are Indian. In Chicago (at least for a time) was Maxwell Bodenheim — in his development a poetic chameleon. At times he has seemed like the famous chameleon that went to pieces trying to imitate at the same moment all the colors of a Scotch plaid . . . but he has found his own restless brilliance, and is usually exciting though not excelling.

From Dakota — sometimes uncouth as the howl of the coyote, sometimes full-throated like a chorus of camp-fire cowboys — came the swinging measures and starry blasphemies of Badger Clark. Nebraska has been represented by another poet of the same galloping school, Edwin Ford Piper. In Kansas happened the happy quaintness called Willard Wattles. Ohio produced the colorful sincerity of Edwin Curran. In Ohio, too, originated Ridgely Torrence, who combines the milk of human kindness with the apple-tart of a somewhat bare technique. He — like many Middle Western poets — escaped from the Middle West; indeed it is one of the difficulties of Middle Western poetry that many of its best poets take refuge elsewhere. Iowa originally gave us, in place of raucous rhapsodies, the mellow and musical art of Arthur Davidson Ficke — as surprising as if we had asked for corn and been given a garnet; Ficke's work is indubitable poetry that has not yet received its full acclaim.

## VI

Of the younger stars that swim into our ken it is difficult to speak, for they are less clearly poets of the Middle West. The wheel has swung full cycle: we began with personal poets rather than poets of locality, and we end with personal poets.

Among the younger stars, technique is sharper, content smaller. They write more about the human heart than about hog butchers for the nation. They have more lyricism and less locality. They are poets not of the Middle West but of themselves. Around Chicago, there is the supple lyricism of George Dillon and the humor and vital feeling of Walter Hendricks; in Illinois and Ohio, the fine work of Marjorie Allen Seiffert and the promise and achievement of Marjorie Meeker; from Missouri, the piquance of Virginia Moore; in Kansas, Margaret Perkins Briggs, May Williams Ward, and Nelson Antrim Crawford; and from Indiana the shining work — lovely as New England arbutus — of Josephine Pollitt.

## VII

The final word? The result of the New Poetry in the Middle West has been bigger than (and not so great as) poetry. Probably the Middle West is still too young, too crude, too close to the tumult and the shouting, too far from recollections in tranquillity. It experiences the world with eager and innocent senses; it has not chewed the world like a cud and assimilated it into blood and body. It tries to do by consciousness what can be done only by unconsciousness. The greatest result of the New Poetry in the Middle West has been the New Prose: Anderson is greater than Masters; Dreiser is more epic than Sandburg. There have been no Middle Western poets to be even remotely compared with the "wide-flung sky" called Whitman, the "star-light on a pall" called Poe. There have been no Middle Western poets to be compared with our two contemporary American poets,

Frost and Millay. There have been no dancing stars — only dancing Mazdas.

But the Middle West has chaos still. Thoreau closed Walden with memorable poetry: "There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."

# POETRY OF THE NORTHWEST

By Glenn Hughes

The real poetry of the Northwest is yet to be uttered. That it will soon be given voice I firmly believe, for the period of transition is at hand. Pioneering is almost done, the third generation is growing up, and the grace of civilization is entering the lives of the people. It has often been said that real art does not arise until nature is subdued. And nature has held the upper hand in the Northwest until very recently. Her vast, unbroken prairies, her raging, unbridled rivers, her taunting mountain peaks, her overwhelming forests, her uncharted seas, all have thrown challenges to man that forced him to his uttermost. Face to face with such vital physical realities, a human being flings himself into action, and his desires, poetic or unpoetic, find consummation.

There will always be some, of course, whose energies seek outlet through aesthetic channels. Even in the fiercest battle, it may be presumed, will be one who divides his attention between fighting and poeticizing. But in such an instance the physical conflict is uppermost. Cyrano may compose a perfect ballade as he fights a duel, but Cyrano is a theatrical invention. Men are seldom, if ever, like him. The presence of a physical phenomenon of magnitude is a menace to the mind. The instinct of man is to conquer his environment.



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Until that is accomplished he cannot attend to subjective matters.

When the pioneer does attempt art in the midst of untamed nature his product is apt to be strained and over-colored. In an heroic effort to match his environment, which fills him with awe, he has recourse to rhetoric and melodrama. His subject masters him. Paradoxically, when he tries to express the strength of mountains he does so, not by creating a strong poem, but by creating a weak one. Mt. Rainier has not inspired a good poem as yet, for the men who live near it have not escaped from the pioneer attitude toward it. To them it is still a subject for exploration. Fujiyama, on the other hand, has passed into the realm of poetic objects, for it has been mastered by centuries of men. It has evolved from a physical reality to a poetic symbol.

Consider a pioneer poet — Joaquin Miller. He was a man who did his best to give expression to the magnitude of the West. He dressed like the West and wrote like the West. But actually he failed. His picturesqueness gained him notoriety, but his art was weak with grandiloquence. He was a slave to external loftiness; he was mastered by the mountains. He reached no pinnacles of thought, partly because he had his eye on pinnacles of rock. Shakespeare and Hardy come to mind — dwelling among low hills and quiet meadows, climbing to high heavens of poetry.

There is, however, one kind of poetry that grows naturally out of savage life. I mean folk poetry. And to this type of literature, human, racy, emotional, the Northwest has made some contributions. First, there are the cowboy songs. Although the geographical origin of these cannot,

in most cases, be traced, it is indisputable that the Northwestern ranges, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, and the eastern portions of Oregon and Washington, gave rise to a fair share of them. The cowboy was a roving poet, as much at home in Texas as in Montana, and he cannot, therefore, be claimed by any locality. In the past few years his songs have been given the interest they deserve.

Then there is the poetry of the lumberjack. Oregon and Washington, especially in the western regions, have gradually grown aware of the rich store of poetic legend buried in their lumber-camps, and only recently has this store begun to be exploited. Most of the legends center about the mythical hero, Paul Bunyan, whose titanic deeds prove a never-ending source of delight to lonely woodsmen. This whimsical Gargantua, a combination of Norse grandeur, Gallic wit and Yankee ingenuity, has already been captured in prose by two Northwest writers. When he will appear in his true medium, poetry, is a question, but that he will appear thus cannot be doubted. Robert Frost has cast an eye in his direction, with one poem "Paul's Wife," as the result.

It should not be gathered from these general remarks that no poetry worth consideration has been written by men and women of the Northwest. A young country, burdened by an excess of nature, the Northwest has still managed to make some distinctive contributions to American poetry, and these I shall mention briefly, limiting myself to five states: Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington.

The first of these has, I fear, little poetic accomplishment to her credit. No Wyoming poet has attained nation-wide fame. There are at the

present time, however, several residents of that state who are doing creditable work. Chief among these is Ted Olson, whose poems appear regularly in magazines and in some of the anthologies. Some students at the University of Wyoming show promise as poets, and it is likely that from this group will come the first collection of authentic Wyoming poetry.

Idaho appears almost as barren. She has, however, one remarkable claim to make — she gave Ezra Pound to the world. At least the records agree that the famous ex-patriate was born there, though just when he left for the East is in doubt. Recently in conversation with an English poet who knew Pound well, I asked him if he knew that Pound was born in Idaho. "No," he said, "and I don't believe it." I asked, "Why not?" "Because," he replied, "it sounds too much like the sort of place Pound would enjoy saying he was born in."

In spite of her paucity of poets, however, Idaho does have a poet-laureate — Irene Welch Grissom, appointed June, 1923, by Governor C. C. Moore. Two collections of her poems have been published, "The Passing of the Sagebrush," 1916, and "The Passing of the Desert," 1924.

Montana can point to at least three residents who have gained more than local recognition. These are Mable Earle, Howard Mumford Jones, and Gwendolen Haste. Mr. Jones has a large number of publications to his credit, and Miss Haste has made her name familiar to all readers of poetry magazines. Then, of course, there is a very active group of young writers at the State University at Missoula.

Oregon has always prided herself on her

writers, and particularly on her poets. And indeed this pride is not without foundation. Of the older generation, the pioneers, there are Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, Ella Higginson, Sam L. Simpson, and James G. Clarke. Miller may truthfully be called an Oregonian, for, although he was twelve years of age when he reached the Far West, via the covered wagon, it was in Oregon that he received his education, grew to manhood, and wrote his first ringing poems. The state has a slenderer claim on Markham, however, for that dean of Western poets spent only the first five years of his life within its borders. His youth and early manhood belong to California, his maturity to the East. But the fact that he was born in Oregon City makes him, to all Oregon residents, a native son, and the poet himself appears to acquiesce in this opinion, for in 1921 he allowed himself to be crowned the poet-laureate of Oregon.

Simpson and Clarke I include in the present list because of the place they hold in the affections of Oregonians. Great poets they were not, but they sang with vigor and a good deal of charm, and their praises of the Oregon country have lived in the hearts of the people. Mrs. Higginson, one of the most finished poets of the West, belongs equally to Oregon and Washington. The fact that her girlhood was spent in the former state gives it, perhaps, first claim to her, but she has been a resident of Washington since 1882, and most of her books were written after that date. Her best known volumes of poetry are, "When the Birds Go North Again," 1898, and "The Voice of April-Land," 1903. No one has succeeded better than she has in expressing the beauties of the

Northwest. Her sense of color is exquisite, her appreciation of fragile loveliness is remarkable, and her style is that of the pure lyricist.

Two other Oregon poets have gained more recent fame: Charles Erskine Scott Wood, author of "The Poet in the Desert," an elaborate rhapsody; and Hazel Hall, author of two volumes of verse, "Curtains," 1921, and "Walkers," 1923. Miss Hall's death in 1924 was widely lamented, for her poetry had begun to take hold on the entire country.

The young generation of Oregon poets, with their headquarters in Portland, are extremely alive, and several of them are on the verge of fame. Among those whose signatures are becoming familiar may be mentioned Howard McKinley Corning, Ethel Romig Fuller, Ada Hastings Hedges, and Borghild Lundberg Lee.

There remains Washington. Writing as a resident of this state I find myself inclined to exaggerate its poetic possibilities. Its accomplishments, have, I fear, been rather meagre. The state has had its share of pioneer poets, but most of them have not been heard beyond the limits of the state. Agnes Lockhart Hughes, Herbert Bashford, Edmond S. Meany, Charles Eugene Banks, and Alice Rollit Coe are perhaps the outstanding members of this group.

Within the past few years, however, Washington has taken an almost startling turn toward poetry. In Spokane, the presence of Vachel Lindsay and Stoddard King, (guest poets), has been very stimulating, and in Seattle the State University has excited unusual interest in verse-writing. Two volumes of poems by undergraduates have been published, and a third will

appear soon. Besides the University group there is another in Seattle which publishes *Muse and Mirror*, a monthly poetry magazine now in its third flourishing year. Most of the contributors to *Muse and Mirror* are Northwest poets, though writers from all parts of the country are represented. Helen Maring Samsel, herself a skillful poet, edits the magazine. Among the Washington contributors are Edna Johns, Ivy Jean Richards, Jane L. Colwell, May Folwell Hoisington, and Janet Fairleigh-Stone. Of the University group the best known are Anabel MacKinnon, Louise Anderson, Kathryn Shephard, Margaret Graefe, Berenice DuRae, and Babette Hughes.

The forests have been thinned, the mountains scaled, the prairies broken and fenced. From this time on the best energies of the sons and daughters of the Northwest will go into channels of civilized thought and feeling. Poetry of great power and beauty will spring from the children of the lusty pioneers.

# POETRY OF THE SOUTH

By James Southall Wilson

The first English poetry written on the soil which was to be the United States is, I suppose, George Sandys' translation of Ovid, and I am convinced for my own part that the most perfect poems so far produced by America are certain few verses by Edgar Poe. So much by way of boasting I must, as a Southerner and a Virginian, put down at the beginning or I shall disappoint those who should never be disappointed. Moreover when one undertakes to judge one's compatriots one should pass to the impassivity of the Land of Shades and there is owing no less a sop to the Three-Headed Dog; for there must be plain speaking to come. Having said so much it is necessary in honesty to complete the statement above by adding that Sandys returned with his manuscript to England whence he had come and that Poe, almost the child of immigrants, and taught first in English schools, tarried briefly in Virginia after he reached maturity. Still the illustrations will serve: the South has sufficiently striven for poetry, and nowhere more than in South Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia.

The background was good enough. Despite recent iconoclasts, I will still contend that a considerable and not to be regretted mixture of "gentle" blood brought with it in nearly every

one of the Southern colonies a guarantee of polite traditions and a modicum at least of intelligence. And the early historic settings, as well as the circumstances of life in each of these settlements, were touched with romantic color. Nature united with tradition and conditions of life to form a setting the most poetic, for the South; the mountains and waterways of the Carolinas and Virginia, sand dunes and leaning live-oaks, swamps like those of Florida and Louisiana, the delta of the Santee in South Carolina and the great Dismal Swamp farther northward, the magnolias and laurel, flat and fertile forests, and natural parks of superlative beauty. In the far South the purple water hyacinths stir as the grotesque alligator makes his way under festoons of yellow jasmine beneath moss-hung trees. This is a land from which one might expect rich and luxuriant things; — poetry certainly.

From the beginning the Southerner affected — or inherited — a courtly manner. He quoted Shakespeare and the Latin poets but he imitated Addison and Pope. The early poetasters of the *Virginia Gazette* were typical; they wrote "Lines to Belinda" or "Typographia, an Ode to Printing," which begins "Ye Nymphs who o'er Castalian springs with joint command preside." They signed themselves by courtly or Latin pseudonyms. As late as Henry Timrod and James Barron Hope the pen name was still to the Southern writer of verse the appropriate mask for the Southern gentleman. And this love for the wig, the sword, and the silken hose affected the manner of the poet no less than the romancer. He was afflicted with a cult of the past as seriously as the New Englander was with the blight of morality.

He cramped himself with the poetic fashions of the older time and with all his culture, beautiful in the drawing-room where it matched the delicate lines of the Hepplewhite chairs and the silver candlesticks, he let his mind become a gallery of echoes from Augustan days in Rome to Augustan days in England. The Southerner kept his muse as he kept his ladies sheltered from the stark realities or the deeper solemnities of a life that had its sharper edges. There developed, therefore, no fresh or enlivening poetic traditions. Poe had no influence of consequence upon the South until recent times. Until the decade before the Civil War the cultured Southerner gave his serious thoughts to public affairs; the writing of graceful verses was for him a social grace. Even St. George Tucker, fresh from English Bermuda, did not sign his novel, "George Balcome," or "The Partisan Leader," and wrote verse somewhat in the spirit of a "patron of letters." Professors at the University of Virginia — chiefly Englishmen it is true — were scandalized when their colleague, George Tucker, undertook to write fiction.

A new day seemed breaking for poetry just as a war came to lay waste the land and the lives of men for a generation and a half. Henry Timrod, Paul Hayne, and Sidney Lanier were genuine poets, but they were starvelings of an heroic but desolated country. For the first time the poets began to see vividly the human and nature scenes about them. But times after the war were out of joint. The old social and economic order was in chaos; there were no magazines in the South, and no reading public. Lanier himself, wrecked in health by the war, struggling for a livelihood, is a symbol of the South; and a prophecy of the newer

time. Yet once more the eyes of the South were turned backward. In its poverty and struggle it had only its past splendors to think about. A generation had forfeited its birthright of education, and living was a scuffle. The old private schools almost gone, there were as yet no adequate public school systems for the generation that came just after the war. With one party fixed upon the section, political discussion was stifled, and religious conservatism grew, through the isolation of its life, more strait-laced. It was suspicious of the North, nor were the problems of the North its problems; it became more than ever cut off from the great publishing centers and the currents of thought and the literary influences that they represented. The religious, political, social, and moral ideas of the leading groups in the wrecked but spiritually unbeaten South, for a generation after the Civil War, were so uniform that discussion lost its intellectual stimulus and conformity became a social requirement. Literary traditions were more than ever academic; stagnation threatened. There are those who would have us believe that Mr. Mencken was the angel by whose approach the waters were troubled. He has done no harm to the South — except to make a few "young intellectuals" complaisantly condescending in their superiority to their birthland. But the growing prosperity, the rush of the young generation to college, the wider distribution of new educational influences through magazines, books, and easier modes of travel; — all these were both causes and symptoms. The old Shibboleths were losing ground in the South. Much that was fine, much that was beautiful, was going with them; but there was a harkening to the voices of the

present everywhere. Romance was giving place to realism.

There were many writers throughout the South in the half century that followed its defeat and most of them wrote verse, — sometimes good verse. But few of these writers looked to literature for a living and when they did it was by their prose that they lived. As a consequence their poetry was almost the chance product of circumstances. It is significant that out of the fifty odd poets born in Southern states, included by Stedman in his American *Anthology*, prepared in 1900, thirteen were living out of those states when they died and many of the best known are remembered for their work in other fields. Thomas Nelson Page, George W. Cable, John Esten Cooke, Joel Chandler Harris, Brander Matthews and William Gilmore Simms are scarcely known as poets at all. Some of the poets best known in their own states were not included by Mr. Stedman in his *Anthology* at all. For example in Virginia in 1900 the verse of James Barron Hope and James Lindsay Gordon was better known than that of at least eight of the dozen Virginia poets that he listed. But their popularity reflected a taste that Mr. Stedman would perhaps not have shared; Hope wrote "occasional" poems of Southern patriotism and Lindsay Gordon's lyrics were born of a romantic sentimentality. There were twin blights upon the Southern poets: they turned to the past for themes and inspiration and they associated verse with sentimentalism. So they missed life and failed of reality. It was not the romantic temperament that was at fault; it was the unwillingness to look at life without drapery. When as one publisher phrased it, "realism crossed the

Potomac," it was in the form of fiction. But before that claim was made for Miss Ellen Glasgow, James Branch Cabell had shown that a sardonic realism could underlie the extravagant forms of the romantic novel. They, too, are poets, by the way; as are Mary Johnston, Armistead C. Gordon and the Princess Troubetzkoy, — all born in Virginia and all known chiefly for their fiction.

The freedom of the intellect in the South from old superstitions, taboos, and prejudiced restrictions is not complete: but a new birth of poetry has certainly come in the last two decades. It is the result in part of the impact upon poetic minds of the nation-wide interest in contemporary poetry; in part of a group of enthusiastic leaders; but chiefly, I think, as distinguished from the rest of the country, of more liberal thinking and a generally quickened intellectual life. Groups like the Poetry Societies of South Carolina and Virginia and the coteries that were behind *The Fugitive* at Nashville, and *The Double Dealer* in New Orleans stimulated the movement, but as always individuals were more important than organizations. The presence of poets in Charleston and Columbus like DuBose Heyward, Hervey Allen; Beatrice Ravenel and Henry Bellamann, in Norfolk, like Virginia McCormick, Mary Sinton Leitch, Virginia Tunstall, and John R. Moreland; in Nashville, like John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, and Donald Davidson, explain the poetic movements of those centers more than the poetic movements explain them.

There are somewhat singly scattered over the South a few poets of widely recognized attainment. The poems of William Alexander Percy of Missis-

sippi have a swift and delicate beauty that has increased in sureness and strength since his earliest volume. DuBose Heyward has the power of even finer poetry than he has yet achieved if the success of his exquisitely poetic-prose study, "*Porgy*" does not deflect his interest from verse. Lizette Woodworth Reese was writing poems perfect in phrasing, and rich and true in feeling, long before the term "new poetry" was recoined; and her latest verse, now gathered for a new volume, is no less lovely or sincere. Olive Tilford Dargan in North Carolina has often written with passionate beauty, and Benjamin Sledd of the same state, though his reminiscent tone associates him definitely with the older generation of the South, has given a distinctive quality of poetic charm, particularly his own, to his best verses. Georgia, in spite of vibrant memories of Sidney Lanier and the great city of Atlanta, has shown as yet little awakening to a changed poetic impulse. Frank L. Stanton, who has long been associated with the *Atlanta Constitution*, possesses a real sense of beauty and melody, but he belongs unreservedly to the earlier era. The long residence in Georgia of Robert Loveman properly identifies his exquisite lyrics with the State, but his poems, as charming as cavalier songs, are independent of the poetic tendencies of the times.

The work of Cale Young Rice in Kentucky has been recognized more fully in England than in America. Mr. Rice has written so much and in such a variety of moods that his most successful shorter poems have not received the attention they merit. The interesting centers of poetic activity in New Orleans or in Texas lie outside of the limits of this paper but the influences of the poets

in the Southwest and far South have been felt throughout the whole Southern region. Geographic limits are at most but conveniences for the ends of discussion. New York simply swarms with young poets whose temperaments and points of view will never escape their Southern origins. Lawrence Lee from Montgomery, Alabama, and Anne Blackwell Payne of North Carolina have written lyrics of such exquisite beauty as to prove them real poets before they became New Yorkers. Allen Tate, Laura Riding Gottschalk, Clement Wood, Nancy Byrd Turner, John Gould Fletcher, Conrad Aiken, David Morton are examples of Southerners no longer in the South. Hervey Allen was but a temporary resident of South Carolina, but the South acted upon him and he upon the South. Willa Cather and Sarah Cleghorn, both born in Virginia and both poets, seem to have escaped all native influences. So at last even New Yorkers and Southerners themselves may come to see that the South is most significant because it is indistinguishably an integral part of the nation and yet most vitally and vividly individual. And that suggests to me the promise of the present poetic movement in the South. Its achievements have not as yet been great, but its younger writers have been caught up by the franker realistic sincerity of the poetic spirit of their own generation; they are touched by its influences and their poetic future will be part — a colorful part I believe — of the larger poetic future of America. Whatever may remain true of the South politically, the Solid South of sentimentality in literature remains only in the cobwebbed minds of certain dull critics. The important fact is not so much that "Realism has crossed the Potomac"; for the

South will perhaps always be chiefly romantic. It was the tinsel romance that blighted, with its timid fear of critical truth, its standards of cheap prettiness. It is not Romance but false romanticism that is dying in the South.

# POETRY OF THE SOUTHWEST I

By Dawson Powell

Mention of the Southwest, even among groups of college-educated persons, in states a few hundred miles distant and beyond, brings out a lamentably weak set of concepts as to what exists in that famed but rather mythical country. One gets an impression similar to that received when looking at some of the earliest maps of the world, in which unexplored seas were pictured as inhabited by great whales and sea monsters, and unexplored land as overrun by lions, dragons and other terrible beasts. In the middle of the Southwest, the educated, but untravelled, place the figure of a cowboy and in the background are Indians. Let us start with this impression and modify it to bring about a corrected impression of the country and people whose poetry commands our interest.

Sombrero swinging idly from a bronzed hand a new Southwesterner stands before the literary public. The boots and spurs are put aside with the jewelled bridle, and the saddle whose ornate trappings proclaimed the dignity of their owner. The lariat is coiled and the dust of the roundup removed. An easy grace expresses itself in the tall figure and bearing of this newcomer and gives some intimation of the richness and dignity of the experience from which he will speak to us. His face is tanned, accentuating the firm proportions of his head. There is a quizzical twist to his rather

full but severe lips which enlivens the friendly good-humor showing in his faded blue eyes. The eyes are deep set within wrinkled borders cut with a myriad fine lines by the desert light which reflects from a glare-bitten horizon. He is dressed as Americans dress with modifications to meet the climatic conditions of his home. With him are not saddle horses and pack-ponies, but his wife and children. In the background is a typical American home sponsored by Edward Bok.

The Southwesterner who was long ago found by the sculptor and painter has accepted his fame and given way to a new, educated, city-dwelling, business-like American. Outwardly he is like any other American, but a glance at the poetry which he has recently begun to produce shows that he is looking for a medium in which to express the age-old mysteries lying close to his heart.

You may think, "But, the Southwest is new," and we can agree in this. There is a new Southwest which is in line with or ahead of the rest of the country in adopting the outward symbols of our civilization. It has its air-mail, auto-clogged highways, thirty-story buildings, industrial centers, oil fields, cosmopolitan newspapers, magazines, radios and what not. But there is also a Southwest that is new as Karnak is new and as old, maybe older. The newer Southwest sings on the street corners and its brassy voice is lost in the jazz medley of hammered steel girders and shrieking, baffled traffic. You may hear the same calls and the same laments in Times Square or the Loop. It is not local, but American.

This newer Southwest is geographic, but the older Southwest overruns the present borders, mingling together the cultural streams of several

distinct groups, the roaming Indians of the plains and Southern Rockies, the agricultural Pueblo Indians, the Aztecs and Spaniards from Mexico and the White Americanos. A smaller influence is exerted by the proximity of the French tradition in Louisiana and a slight effect can be seen to come from the restricted residence of American Negroes in the Southwest.

The lore of the ranchman, border outlaw, cowboy and ranger have found their way into literature through the novel, short story, and autobiography, although many heroic tales remain untold. But the great store of poetic material contained in the folk lore, mythology and hero tales of the plains Indians, Pueblos and that gathered about the exploits of the early Spanish and American invaders remains practically untouched.

Poetic literature can justly expect the Southwest to make a distinctive indigenous contribution to its treasures. Poetry making is a romantic business and nowhere in the United States has the spirit of romance a more fertile soil than here. In Santa Fe three centuries of romantic history crowd about the Palacio Real, or Governor's Palace, which housed successively the authorities of five governments — Spanish, Pueblo Indian, Spanish again, Mexican, and most recently American. There also is the church of San Miguel, claimed to be the oldest existing building for Christian worship in the United States. Back of these entrances to the past is a Pueblo civilization rooted many centuries deep. About the Mission of Antonio de Valero in San Antonio, Texas, clings the romantic story of the Texans' fight for independence from Mexico. In this connection the Mission is remembered as the Alamo, remembered

with its defenders, Davie Crockett, James Bowie and others of the two hundred slaughtered there. Out in the Navajo country of Western New Mexico and Arizona one may visit the spot where Estsán-atlehi, wife of the Sun God, once camped with her attendant divinities for a great ceremony and foot race. Covering and preserving all of this poetic treasure, everywhere in the Southwest is the brooding spirit of vast spaces, the desert and loneliness that bids the human heart watch carefully over the treasures of memory.

The spirit and practice of poetic expression has been present in the Southwest since the first entrance of American white settlers into the territory. The Alamo and the Battle of San Jacinto had their contemporary poet-historians. Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, who served gallantly in the battle of San Jacinto, when the Mexican authority was overthrown, and who later served as Secretary of State, Vice President and President of the Republic of Texas, was a poet as well as a soldier and executive. His better verses were colored by his environment and in a number of poems he celebrates the beauty of the Spanish maidens whose families were then, as now, dominant in the affairs of Mexico, his enemy. The Hymn of The Alamo by Col. Reuben M. Potter commemorating the bravery of the Texans in that battle is a notable example of early Southwestern verse.

The war between the states wasa stimulus which brought out considerable stirring verse voicing the feelings of the people during that time. The next notable mark stamped upon Southwestern verse was placed there by the development of the great cattle industry after the Civil War.

The wandering life of the cowboys drifting with their herds across the open prairies, the roundups, the brandings, skirmishes with cattle thieves, and the long, tiresome drives when the steers went to market furnished themes for a great mass of genuine poetry. The cowboy rhymesters wrought mostly sad, sweet songs and rollicking ballads. A poem to them was a changing thing, revised by each singer but keeping throughout the tender, doleful note that marks their authors as men accustomed to loneliness. An excellent lot of human verses they are, and many of the best of them have been preserved for us in a collection edited by John Lomax. The cowboy songs have inspired a thousand imitations. Drifting pen-pushers and Eastern journalists have borrowed their language and missed their spirit, giving us a mass of homeless verses in broken English.

Within recent years a number of poets have developed in the Southwest whose work is presented with conscious attention to literary and artistic standards. The group includes native-born writers in considerable number and many practicing poets from other parts who have answered the call of the spirit of the country and have come to work with its poetic materials.

Among the more notable work with a Southwestern spirit should be mentioned two volumes of verse by Mrs. Karle Wilson Baker, "Blue Smoke" and "Burning Bush." Mrs. Baker has done some very expressive things mirroring her environment in a woman's heart. Glenn Ward Dresbach has attuned himself to the Southwest and given us a volume "In Colors of the West." "Gargoyles" by Howard Mumford Jones and "Prairie Flowers" by Margaret Belle Houston,

granddaughter of Gen. Sam Houston, reflect a genuine feeling. The newer Southwest which sees itself undergoing a surface revolution overnight under the attack of oil booms and a slogan for "More Cotton On Fewer Acres" is carefully represented by Mrs. Therese Lindsay in her volume "Blue Norther." In "White Fire" the 1925 prize volume published by the Poetry Society of Texas, Mrs. Grace Noll Crowell has given us a volume of Home-Songs which are highly treasured in a country safely remote from Reno and Hollywood.

The greater mass of Southwestern poetry has been written by authors whose occupation was not literary. For this reason we do not have complete volumes from them. And in the case of others their main work of writing has been done in other fields. A search through the magazines and anthologies will reveal some fine work from the following writers: John P. Sjolander, Leonard Doughty, who has done some spirited verse for the magazines and now regrets, from his home in Austin, the seeming spiritlessness of the present-day poets; Dr. Edward A. Blount, Whitney Montgomery, a rancher-poet; Hilton Ross Greer, President of the Poetry Society of Texas and a capable poet whose gift has been smothered under the routine on newspaper editorial writing; Dorothy Scarborough, who has abandoned verse for the short story and novel; Stark Young; Mrs. Jan Isbelle Fortune, a singer with a wanderer's heart and a need of sky; Stanley E. Babb, Galveston poet; William Russell Clark, founder of *The Buccaneer, A Journal of Poetry;* and Clyde Walton Hill.

In addition to these there is an active group of younger poets who are connected with the growth of poetic interest in the colleges and universities

of the Southwest. George D. Bond, author of "Sketches of the Texas Prairie" and editor of the *Southwest Review*, is a bearer of a remarkable gift for poesy which is endangered by practical journalism; Sylvia MacLane Lewis, a recent graduate of Arizona University; Isaac W. Wade, author of the 1925 national prize poem, "Blue Norther"; Ottys E. Sanders, author of the 1924 national prize poem; Prof. Walter Stanley Campbell of Oklahoma University, who has done some excellent ballads of Kit Carson under the name "Stanley Vestal"; Cherie Foreman Spencer; and Ruth Maxwell, author of the 1926 Texas state prize poem.

In addition to the volumes previously referred to the reader can get a comprehensive survey of Southwestern verse by referring to "Voices of the Southwest" edited by Hilton Ross Greer; "Prairie Pegasus" Hemke, Bond and Hubbell (The Makers); and in the files of "The Bard"; the *Laughing Horse*, and *The Buccaneer, A Journal of Poetry.*

Special mention should be made of "Dawn Boy" by Eda Lou Walton, in which a collection of Southwestern Indian songs have been adapted for English verse. Literary attention is also directed toward Santa Fe, New Mexico, where Witter Bynner is writing and studying the lore and customs of the Pueblos. The poetic treasure of these people has not yet been assimilated. "How Came the Sighing of the Pines" by Jacob Hayne Harrison is one of a few adaptations of their mythology to poetic treatment. It can be found in "Voices of the Southwest."

Surveying the field for what is possible in Southwestern poetry and taking note of what

has already been done, one is immediately convinced that the poetry of the Southwest is largely unwritten at the present time. The American craze for standardization, efficiency and commercial development has already changed the face of the country. But the climate is strong and will not be denied. It modifies those who live there. The speech of the people is softened, their manner is quiet and their spirits become attuned to the country. When man has worked his miracles much of the desert will always remain. Always there will be great space, great silence and an awful loneliness beyond the borders of the commercial centers. Always there will be the mesquite and the cactus, sultry winds and the desert mirage. The Mexican peons will remain and with them snatches of colorful atmosphere learned from their Spanish masters. The Indians will be there for a long time until they die out or are assimilated. The sudden sun will burn the earth by day and the incandescent moon will call to the spirit of romantic passion by night. We shall have a great and greater Southwestern poetry formed by voices that sing because they must express the richness and mystery that is in and about them.

# POETRY OF THE SOUTHWEST II

By Willard Johnson

It is not easy to discuss the poetry of an entire region in a limited space, especially when its origins are prehistoric and when even its first published expression in a European language antedates the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers by a decade.

Personally, I believe that the most important poetry of the Southwest is that of the Indians and I am not sure but that the next in importance is the work of moderns who have been influenced by Indian art — although perhaps next in interest is the other folk poetry of that section, which includes the Spanish and Mexican as well as the cowboy songs. But since practically all of this wealth of material has been unearthed and made available to English readers through the work (not entirely of course) of contemporary poets, it can be appropriately mentioned in its entirety through a discussion of the modern group.

Capitan Gaspar Perez de Villagra, was the poet to whom I referred as having preceded Plymouth Rock. He was one of the first of the Spanish adventurers and was with Onate in the settlement of Santa Fe, later publishing his rhymed narrative in thirty-two cantos entitled *Historia de Nueva Mexico* in the year 1610. However, I cannot vouch for the artistic merits of this work, although without being familiar with its

text, I doubt its interest except as a historic fact. He does not tell, as Alice Corbin Henderson laments in her introduction to Mrs. Mary Van Stone's recent collection of Spanish ballads, "what love songs the soldiers sang in Coronado's camp at Bernalillo in the winter of 1541." So that the Spanish folk songs of New Mexico and Arizona that are known and sung, are in reality modern verses, some of them extremely recent — such as the ballad *La Realera*, which is that of a bootlegger whose life is declared to be "no better than if he were living underneath a train."

Besides these songs, new verses of which are constantly being written, the old custom of improvising "coplas" still prevails, but these are not yet available in English translation, although Mrs. Henderson and Maurice Lesemann have both collected them for some years and may eventually publish the best of them.

The cowboy ballads, on the other hand, have appeared frequently in collections. John A. Lomax' *Cowboy Songs and Ballads* and the anthology made by Jack Thorpe (himself a cowboy and the composer of some of the ballads) in collaboration with Mrs. Henderson, are representative. *The Old Chisholm Trail*, with its hundreds of verses, many of them obscene, is a typical example, Like so many of the cowboy songs, it contains a refrain of meaningless syllables which reminds one startlingly of the Indian songs:

> "With my knees in the saddle and my seat in the sky,
> I'll quit punchin' cows in the sweet by and by.
> Coma ti yi youpa ya, youpa ya;
> Coma ti yi youpa ya!"

Then there is *The Boozer* type:

"He's a killer and a hater,
He's the great annihilator,
He's a snorter and a snoozer,
He's the great trunk line abuser . . ."

And *Git Along Little Dogies* is one of the best of them, augmented by a haunting tune:

"Cloudy in the west and lookin' like rain,
Damned old slicker's in the wagon again.
Whoopee ti yi ho, git along little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home."

But as I mentioned before, next in importance to the Indians themselves, are those poets who have very definitely been influenced by the Indians and by the Southwest landscape and life as the Indians are. Alice Corbin, former editor of *Poetry*, is not only indefatigable in sponsoring all sorts of Indian causes and studies, and a collector of Spanish and cowboy verse, but is perhaps the most representative poet of the Southwest, and is probably more responsible than any other one person for Santa Fe's present reputation as one of America's literary capitals. She is the author of several books of which the most important is *Red Earth* — a slim volume, but full of the charm and beauty and wisdom of the deserts and mountains. She has made few attempts to actually "translate" Indian verse, but on the other hand, I think that she has been as successful as any in catching the spirit of it and presenting in English form its rhythms and ideas. She sees, far into the past,

"In the place where the fight was,
Across the river:

The women go wailing
To gather the wounded,
The women go wailing
To pick up the dead . . ."

And hears,

"The noise of passing feet
On the prairie —
Is it men or gods
Who come out of the silence?"

And again:

"Far in the east
The gods retreat
As the thunder drums
Grow small and sweet.

The dancers' feet
Echo the sound
As the drums grow faint
And the rain comes down."

Finding at last,

"After the roar, after the fierce modern music
Of rivets and hammers and trams,
After the shout of the giant,
Youthful and brawling and strong
Building the cities of men,
Here is the desert of silence,
Blinking and blind in the sun —
An old, old woman who mumbles her beads
And crumbles to stone."

Mary Austin, who disclaims her reputation as "an authority on things Indian, which I am not; as a translator, which I never pretended to be; and as a poet, which I am only occasionally and by induction," has nevertheless contributed an important essay on the subject: *The American Rhythm*, which I think is based on sound theories. At the same time, I do not consider that her

own "re-expressions" prove her point, even though many of them are very good poetry. But comparisons of the more stark translations of Natalie Curtis Burlin (in *The Indian's Book*) and of Washington Matthews with the original verse of distinctly American poets, prove the premise that there is some relation between the purely physical life-rhythms of a race and its poetic meters.

"Lo, the flint youth, he am I, the flint youth . . .
Clearest, purest flint the heart
Living strong within me — heart of flint:
Lo, the flint youth, he am I, the flint youth . . ."

And again:

"He, the blackbird, he am I,
Bird beloved of the wild deer.
Comes the deer to my singing."

The insistent reiteration of I; the identification of self with animals and things, is reminiscent of Whitman — and in the original is probably much more similar. The translations I offer are those of female anthropologists. The repetitions which are continually used in Indian songs, and which of course are found in all poetry, nevertheless recall similar recurrences in Lindsay and Sandburg — who, incidentally, have both been influenced by the southwestern country, visited it often and written about it, Sandburg in *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, and Lindsay in his humoresque, *The Santa Fe Trail* in which he sings of "the cattle on the thousand hills" and "in which many autos pass westward" —

"While I sit by the milestone
And watch the sky,
The United States
Goes by."

And in which the trains,

> "Screaming to the west coast, screaming to the east,
> Carry off a harvest, bring back a feast. . ."

I like, too, to note these Indian lines:

> "Newborn on the naked sand,
> Nakedly lay it . . ."

in comparison with Margaret Larkin's,

> "I am a sun child.
> When I first crept out of the darkness
> They laid me in the sun . . ."

Very little of Miss Larkin's verse, however, deals with the Southwest, despite the fact that she is one of the few poets of that section who can be considered a native. Influenced more by the Spanish than by the Indian, she is one of the truest poets to come out of New Mexico, especially of the younger group, and sings her own songs along with the old Spanish and cowboy ballads to the accompaniment of her guitar in genuine troubadour fashion. But certainly she gets her love of snakes — about which she writes so frequently and so well — from the desert.

Eda Lou Walton is another native New Mexican, I believe, and her volume, *Dawn Boy* shows how intimately and thoroughly she has studied the Indian and his poetry. Perhaps they are not translations; like Mary Austin's they are probably "re-expressions," but they are lovely renderings of authentic Indian themes and an important contribution to our knowledge of aboriginal American verse. Her activities have by no means been limited to these translations, but they are her

only poems which are available in book form. Here is one, however, which was not included in the book, unfortunately:

"Pity me and I will pity you.

Because of my sadness
This world is covered with feathers,
Because of my brother's death
The mountains are covered with soft feathers.
The sun comes over them
But it gives me no light,
Night comes over them
And has no darkness for my rest.

Pity me, pity me —
And I will pity you!

When I thought I was holding all sadness
There was yet a stronger sadness,
For my brother came and stood upon my breast,
His tears fell down on my body.
I tried to hug him,
And hugged only myself!

Pity me.

From the shadows of trees
I have learned it could be done:
Now I will gird on my bowels for belt,
Make sandals of my scalp,
I will fill my skull with blood
And talk like a drunkard.
Out of my own bones
I will make a great fire:

It shall light me to the Land of Death!"

Miss Nellie Barnes' recent *Indian Love Lyrics* covers the same ground less successfully and restates the American rhythm theory with still less actual proof, although it contains a few

lovely lyrics and will doubtless prove one of the "documents" of American poetry along with George Cronyn's *Path on the Rainbow* and other anthologies of Indian verse.

Of the eastern poets who have been influenced by the southwestern country and whose work shows their adopted if not native allegiance to its hills, Witter Bynner is probably the best known. His *Dance for Rain at Cochiti* seems to me an admirable adaptation of the tom-tom dance rhythm to an English verse metre, and what is more important, it captures the religious magic of an Indian dance. Others of his western verses on Indian and Mexican subjects seem to bear out his theory that the similarity of southwest landscape to that in Chinese painting and of the Indians themselves to Orientals, creates a similarity of verse structure and treatment. Of course this may be due only to the influence of his Chinese translations which have occupied him for so many years.

But where does one draw the line? Mabel Dodge Luhan, more of a "native" than most of the colonists, has sporadically turned poet in a few surprising verses, which, however, have seldom reflected the influence of her adopted landscape and might have been written in Buffalo. Haniel Long, on the other hand, is only an infrequent visitor in that region, but has been profoundly influenced by the desert and by the Indians. The same can be said of Maurice Lesemann and Janet Lewis, of the younger group — and of Ivor Winters, perhaps the only "modern" southwesterner.

And where, too, is one to draw the geographical line? Is Lynn Riggs, the Oklahoma lyricist, a

southwesterner by virtue of a New Mexican sojourn, or are he and Stanley Vestal from the South (West)?

There are two others of the younger group, however, not yet much known, who may be considered authentic natives: and they are Peggy Pond Church and Loren Mozley. Both of them have published poems of distinction and will undoubtedly make themselves more clearly heard within the next few years.

The list is not complete; my survey is scattered and my comments are slight. But I have tried to view a rather large and uneven field without being either exhaustive or exhausting. I have, with rare modesty, failed even to mention myself.

## POETRY OF THE PACIFIC COAST—CALIFORNIA

By George Sterling

Let it modestly be said that poetry has had a varied and not undistinguished existence in California, for among the authentic poets of the nation there is a significant number of those who are Californians either by birth or conversion. The attachment that the poet once establishes with this romantic state is never lost from the spectrum of his emotions. Once a Californian always a Californian — that is a psychological truism more poignantly applicable to the artist than to the Philistine hankering for gold, oil or sun-kist oranges.

As I write this, my mind leaps to New York and other distant places, where Genevieve Taggard, James Rorty and others are engaged in shaping a new "poetic renaissance" of America; and I wonder why San Francisco could not keep them. But the exodus from California of her most gifted artists, painters, sculptors and poets has been an old and wistful story. Yet no matter where they go, they make an enviable mark, and retain a flavor of, and a nostalgia for, their native state.

The seed of poetry was sown in California early in her history.

There is a scarce copy in the State Library of "Idealina and Other Poems," printed in San Francisco in 1853. Its author was one E. J. C.

Kewen, "educator, orator, legislator, and attorney-general of the state in 1849 and '50."

Such pioneering in poetry was not confined to the masculine soul. In 1854 a woman poet, who described herself as a resident of California, published a volume entitled "Buds, Blossoms, and Leaves." She was known as Eulalie, being Mary Eulalie Shannon. Nor was the distinct California consciousness absent even from these nascent attempts. One of the poets of the fifties was John Rollin Ridge, who wrote:

> "Behold the dread Mount Shasta, where it stands
> Imperial midst the lesser heights, and like
> Some mighty unimpassioned mind, companionless
> And cold — "

In a few years enough verse had been written to warrant the publication of an anthology. May Wentworth, herself a poet, issued in 1885 a collection of poems called "The Poetry of The Pacific." The leading rank is assigned here to Edward Pollock, whose poem "Falcon" was in the manner of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and was widely read and discussed. The other poets who figure here are Lyman Goodman, W. S. Kendall, James F. Bowman, Joseph T. Goodman (the author of a patriotic poem upon Abraham Lincoln), Charles H. Webb, Ralph Keeler, John Swett, Clara G. Dollivan, Clarence Urmy, Madge Morris, Lucius H. Foote, Carrie Stevens Walters, James Linen, Charles Warren Stoddard and others.

Some interest is attached to the name of a woman poet of this early "Golden Era" period who was an actress, Ada Isaacs Menken. It was conceded by the experts in prosody in those days that she had a truly imaginative gift and rhythmic

sense; but her verses were not regarded as legitimate poetry, being "free" or Whitmanesque in form! She had an incandescent "affair" with Swinburne, and it was even alleged by many that it was he who wrote her poems.

Pollock published his verse mostly in *The Pioneer Monthly*, established in 1854. The other magazines of those days were *The Golden Era*, which had a considerable vogue among the miners, and which published some of the earliest verses of Bret Harte; *The Hutching's California Magazine*, *The Sunday Mercury* and *Weekly California*. In 1868 a noteworthy magazine was established, which fostered the literary talent of California decisively. It was the *Overland Monthly*, edited by Bret Harte. Then came *The Argonaut*, in 1876. They are both still good and going, and belong as much to the new as to the old order in the history of California writing, in prose or poetry.

*The Argonaut* of the 70's published the poems of a frail and incredibly shy woman, Emma Frances Dawson. She had a vigorous style, employed forceful alliterative and onomatopoetic effects in her verses, and was reputed to have an excellent musical training that had some relationship to her poetry. The writing of a patriotic poem brought to her a prize of one hundred dollars from the Boston *Pilot*, and nation-wide fame. She was acclaimed as a second Francis Scott Key. This excitement was caused by her "Old Glory," written most deftly in "Chant Royal." In a similar vein she wrote an address to the "Ghosts" for Decoration Day.

A more authentic poet, and certainly a most romantic adventurer, was another contributor to the *San Francisco Argonaut*. He was Richard

Realf, who was born in England in 1834, and wrote his first verses there while hardly yet fifteen. He was a favorite of the poet Rogers, and of Lady Byron, who made him the steward of one of her estates. His first book of poetry was issued in London in 1852, under the caption, "Guesses at the Beautiful." But he was a restless soul and came to this country. Here he cast his lot with the cause of abolition, assisted John Brown in propaganda and action, and actually fought in the Civil War for the Union. Finally he came to California, and, driven by his ill-fated matrimonial entanglement to suicidal frenzy, ended his career in 1878, at Oakland, by drinking a mortal dose of chloral. His sensational life no doubt gave an additional interest to his name as a poet, but he was a worthy craftsman in any case, and his poem "Indirection" has justly earned the praise of finicky critics. Even finer are his three majestic sonnets, written on the eve of his death.

All this is no more than a phosphorescent background against which glow abidingly certain literary names known all over the English speaking world. They are Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Ina Donna Coolbrith, Edwin Markham, Ambrose Bierce, and, in a more subdued manner, perhaps, Charles Warren Stoddard and Edward Rowland Sill.

Bret Harte is remembered mostly by his "Heathen Chinee," but his best poem is by long odds a narrative one which should find a place among the classics. It is a tribute to Dickens, whom Harte called his "Master." "Dickens In Camp" recounts how the story of "Little Nell" was recited, mesmerizing the listeners, before a roaring camp fire in the foothills of the Sierras.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting;
The river sang below —
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

Bret Harte published a book of poems in 1871, and another, "Echoes of the Foothills," three years later. His service to poetry was more important still, for he lent generous encouragement to many younger poets, and published their first verses in the magazines that he edited successively, *The Golden Era*, *The Californian* and *The Overland Monthly*. One of his protégés was Charles Warren Stoddard, who resided sometimes in the Hawaiian Islands, and traveled widely in the South Seas as the special correspondent of a San Francisco newspaper, later publishing a collection of his verse, as well as volumes of his exquisite prose, actually more poetic than his poems: "South Sea Idyls," "Mashallah," "Summer Cruising in the South Seas," "Love Life in a Lanai," and others. One of his poems is well remembered in the literary circles of San Francisco. It was written for the occasion, when the Bohemian Club received a royal Egyptian mummy, subsequently burnt in the great fire. "The Royal Mummy to Bohemia" purports to be the poetic musing of the Egyptian at her vicissitudes:

"My sire was monarch of a mighty race:
Daughter of a Pharaoh, I! — "

"And where am I at last?
With gay Bohemia is my portion cast!

Born of the oldest East, I seek my rest
In the fair city of the youngest West."

Edward Rowland Sill (1841–'87) was professor of English literature at the University of Cali-

fornia, and wrote fine and charming poems that were published in collected forms as "Hermione," "The Venus of Milo" and several others.

Among his individual pieces may be mentioned his famous "The Fool's Prayer."

As in the case of Bret Harte, international recognition is accorded that most picturesque figure, Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, better known by the first name he borrowed from a Mexican brigand, Joaquin. What is called "western color," in the sense of adventure and melodramatic setting, can be found especially lavished in his many volumes of poetry: "Songs of the Sunlands," "Songs of the Mexican Seas," "By the Pacific Ocean," and others. For a time, Miller was the rage in London, and in those Victorian days the verdict of London in literary estimates was charged with the highest prestige. No other poet has written so vividly and truthfully of the West, and his poems are like fragments of lost sunsets, weirdly preserved between the covers of his books.

A poet of purer fire, who is most fortunately still with us, is Ina Donna Coolbrith. Her first poems were published in Bret Harte's *Overland Monthly* (1868), and were these two, "Longing" and "Blossom Time." She then resided in Los Angeles, but in 1874 moved to San Francisco, where she took up some public position and continued to write poetry of distinction. England soon perceived the high quality of her art, and when her book of poems, "Songs of the Golden Gate," was published, an English editor announced that a great lyric poet had appeared in America. George Meredith, the great novelist, was most enthusiastic about her rare craftsmanship, and expressed his wonder that she did not leave

California and make her home in London. During the Panama Pacific Exposition (1915), the title of Poet Laureate of California was justly accorded her. Her finest poem is, perhaps, that one entitled "Beside the Dead."

Eminent as he was as a critic, narrator and satirist, Ambrose Bierce was equally distinguished in the writing of poetry, although his output in this field was relatively meagre, and was addressed to the luminous and witty intellect, rather than to the elemental emotions. His "Invocation to Liberty" is one of the noblest and most thoughtful poems in English literature, even as "Another Way" is one of the tenderest.

A man of different stamp, a socialistically inclined champion of democracy, is the revered poet, Edwin Markham. The author of "The Man with the Hoe" is too well known to require detailed comment here. He stands at the threshold of the present century, one of those in whom the new and the old forces of civilization have found a spiritual synthesis and fervent expression. Of delightful vitality for one of his years, he is one of the most stimulating and companionable of men. There is a saying that "forty is fatal to the lyric gift," but in no case has such an error been more fully confuted than in that of Edwin Markham. He is our best-loved of poets, even as his "Man with the Hoe" is the most famous of American poems.

Turn to a major poet and prophet who combines a forthright revolutionary thought with an esthetic sensibility which in its brilliance and fecundity is classical in the old Renaissance sense. He is now a San Franciscan, but he has been an Oregonian and was born in the East. I have in

mind my friend Col. Charles Erskine Scott Wood. His "Poet in the Desert," written in the manner of Walt Whitman, soars high above the latter's work in cosmic scope, and is loaded with even more emancipating power. When he turns his hand to the traditional styles, his craftsmanship has equal distinction, as is demonstrated by his lyrics. Like Markham, he still lives and writes with the verve and resilience of youth, and is greatly beloved by all our Californians.

The majority of contemporary poets pertinently identified with California are of the new dispensation, and practice in one way or another what is known as the "new poetry."

There is an astonishingly large number of them, too. How well, numerically speaking at any rate, poetry is thriving in California was borne in upon me when, two years ago, I was collaborating with Genevieve Taggard and James Rorty in compiling an anthology of the contemporary poets of this State, finally published by the Book Club of California as "Continent's End" (1925). After dismissing from too serious consideration scores and scores whose manuscripts were submitted for inclusion, there still remained over a hundred to be dutifully presented as representative poets!

From this list it would not be practicable nor pertinent to select for especial mention here more than ten per cent; and yet, they are all worthy of esthetic attention.

The first poet to claim reference is Robinson Jeffers, who lives in Carmel, one hundred and thirty miles south of San Francisco. His manner is new. He has the inevitable qualifications of a poet of the first rank. The reputation of his "Tamar" has already been wafted far and wide

and he is rapidly gaining ground among the poetically minded intelligentia.

If modern poetry were sustained by such work as Jeffers', it would be classical in the highest sense. Here is a lavish emotional surge that moves in dynamic cycles palpitating with surprising power and beauty, altogether a synthesis betokening the genuine touch of talent at its ecstatic pitch, of true genius. Jeffers has aroused the critically minded in the country with his "Tamar," which is very modernistic, neo-pagan, and a sheer example of virtuosity. In the "Invocation" from "Tamar," one may select a line or two that serve well to describe the quality of the poet's own heart and artistry:

"O swiftness of the swallow and strength
Of the stone shore, brave beauty of falcons,

* * * * *

O beauty of the fountains of the sun —"

Another word before leaving Robinson Jeffers: while his language is scrupulously pure, and could be written anywhere, he is never fully to be understood apart from the Carmel shore, sea and hills, the eternal Hellenist again. Listen to his love of the Carmel beach:

"Moon-white dunes and the water like violets.
The days of sun or like a dove's breast the dark ones: each year one bather
Dies in the violet beauty of the water,
Keeps the bay young. How did you fast when men were few and not playful?"

How must Carmel have fasted when there were no artists playing — sporting even with death — upon its wave-trampled sands?

Genevieve Taggard, one of the founders of "The Measure," belongs to both the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts, not only by the extensive compass of her artistic accomplishments, but also by the circumstance of her residence. She is at present in New York, but San Francisco has warm recollections of her sojourn here, when her sheer presence perceptibly vivified the poetic pulses of this city.

Miss Taggard is a very different kind of artist from Jeffers. It is as natural to think of the academic campus, the University of California, in her background, as in Edna St. Vincent Millay's Vassar College. Both the impeccable prosody and the sophisticated contents appear to be academically modernistic. Yet is there little of the academic in her living and significant poems. The expression that they would "bleed if cut" seems highly applicable here. Nevertheless, it is poetry for the poets, a feast for the elite, although her "Eager Lovers" has evoked a very general response in this country. In her "Ice Age" there is more of the analyst and the seer, the artist as a spectator gripped by the vast, indifferent moods of the cosmos:

"Not to give in,
Men will go on
Making vague love, kissing wan
Faces. Trying to make
Children with women,
Trying to wake
Hints of old hunger — bitterly break
Flesh that turns marble-hard — trying to take
Life in their arms for their brief comfort's sake."

What cadences! What white crystals of thought! What burning and universal imagery!

Her soft and humanistic sophisms have less of Miss Millay's vibrant pertness, but they are emotionally more profound, and chiseled more closely to the perspective of life. As in "Everyday Alchemy," she writes:

> "Men go to women mutely for their peace;
> And they, who lack it most, create it when
> They make — because they must, loving their men —
> A solace for the sad bosom — bended heads."

Like Genevieve Taggard, the poet and critic James Rorty is a former San Franciscan and present New Yorker. He won nation-wide recognition a few years ago, when its first prize for poetry was awarded to him by *The Nation*. There are affinities in his work to the poetry of the Middle Western modernists, such as Carl Sandburg. But his Celtic-American lyre has a music and insurgency all his own. For one thing, he is fearless in his views about the disconcerting phenomena of American society, which he is disposed to appraise from the point of view of the high artist eager to see a great national culture emerge from the manifest material affluence around us. In a very amusing poem, "California Dissonance," Rorty pictures a pewee bird that cries: "La, sol, me — La, sol, me!" This bird, like the poet, "Is the only thing that sighs beside the western sea." The artist restless among the prosperous Babbits, the never ending duel between the creative worker and the powers that be, satirized with local color and reference to California.

Among those brave souls who have attempted to proclaim a message of freedom, sanity or revolt, through the vehicle of verse, Sara Bard Field is eminent.

In both her public and artistic work she has been closely associated with Col. Charles Erskine Scott Wood,— a noble companionship. It may be adding, in passing, that her San Francisco residence, on the eastern acclivity of Russian Hill, is a focus of literary workers and reformers who reside in or visit San Francisco — all of which is tangible service to the arts, including poetry.

A delicate, perhaps a southern and somewhat European aroma, clings to the poems of Hildegarde Flanner, who resides in Pasadena. Her work is intense and highly spiritualized, yet has the innate quality of pure marble.

Some charming poems have been written by the San Francisco women writers, Ethel Turner and Evelyn Wells, the latter being associated with the daily press. Their moods seem to hover between "nature" and "home" and the new Eros.

William C. Aberle, a young poet, published with the assistance of Mrs. Turner, for some two years, a magazine of verse, *The Wanderer*, which brought out some hidden, new talent. One of these poets was young Bert Cooksley. Born in England, still in his early twenties, Cooksley has already written and published, in all of the most prominent of our magazines, poems of a high order of artistry. He is a poet of splendid promise, and now that he too has gone to New York, will be writing for a wider field.

I must revert to some poets who still adhere to the fashions of the time before modern verse took the arena. On the way back we meet Raine Bennett, who has written lyrics, sonnets and didactic poems published in the *Smart Set* (when Mencken edited it) and several other magazines.

With him are Harry Noyes Pratt, rapidly coming into his own; Margaret Smith Cobb, unknown and hence unappreciated, but a poet of deep imagination and rich humanity; Maynard Dixon, who writes nearly as well as he paints; William Foster Elliott, whose wings have not yet spread to their full breadth; Ames Peterson, of whom the same thing may be said; May Greenwood, some of whose love poems glow with sincerity; Ruth Comfort Mitchell, as finely sincere as the younger singer; Mrs. Upton Sinclair, who sometimes succeeds in making poetry out of social indignation; William J. Neidig, who turns all too seldom, what of his true talent, to the Muse; and Herbert Bashford, who wrote that ringing lyric, "The Wolves of the Sea."

And among those who have used their talents in the fashion of the day, let me mention the powerful and humanistic poems of Miriam Allen de Ford; Maxwell Anderson, now as famous for his plays as he may one day be for his verse; R. L. Burgess, whose trilogy delighted, not so long ago, the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly;* Robert L. Wolf, whose future greatness begins already to show hints of its stature; Eda Lou Walton, of penetrating vision; Constance Lindsay Skinner, who does more for the Indian singer than he can do for himself; Hazel Havermale, with too much beauty in her lines for a modern; the highly imaginative Frank Ernest Hill; Roberta Holloway, finding yearly a surer touch; Helen Hoyt, a singer fine enough to merit a paragraph for herself; W. W. Lyman, her talented husband; Vernon Patterson, who is soon to soar high; Nancy Barr Mavity, in intimate touch with life; Austin Lewis, who, also, writes all too seldom; Xavier Martinez,

who would be a great poet if he wrote as he paints; Ted Olson; Frank Mitvalsky; Grace Wallace; Doris Estcourt; Stella Benson; Esther Lowell; Neeta Marquis; Anna Spero; Winnifred Stuart; Mildred Stillman; Mary Underhill; Martha Webster, a poet of great promise; Stella Wynne; the singing sisters, Claire and Joy Gerbault; Herbert Heron, who has handled with sincere feeling the many moods of Carmel scenery; and Gobind Behari Lal, the most intellectual of our poets.

From time to time the professors in our universities, California and Stanford, have essayed poetry, not without decent achievement. Dr. David Starr Jordan's versatility is astonishing, on all scores. The great naturalist and reformer is a writer of some vital poems. Prof. Leonard Bacon, who is on the faculty of the University of California, is also well known for his satirical and whimsical verses, many finely imaginative. And Dr. Arthur William Ryder combines the fullest scholarship in classical languages with a cunning artistry in English verse; renowned as one of the foremost scholars of Sanskrit, he has translated into delightful stanzas some of the masterpieces of Sanskrit poetry and drama. His English translation of Kalidasa's "Sakuntala," "The Cloud Messenger" and "The Seasons" have enriched our literature. And most significant of all this group is the senior Professor of Architecture in the University of California, John Galen Howard, whose noble epic, "Pheidias," will commend itself, when once known, to all lovers of the thoughtful and humanistic in art, while his shorter poems hold, in miniature, the same precious elements. In Professor Howard's natural modesty is accruing a loss to our American literature.

When I speak of Herman George Scheffauer, Henry Anderson Lafler, Bruce Porter and Porter Garnett, not to mention others, my recollection conjures up again the twilight period of the last and the present century, those days of San Francisco's old Bohemian repute, "before the fire and earthquake" (1906). We were then the new voices, as Bierce and Markham and Miller stood as the representatives of the past century and order. And now, there are newer voices who in turn will become "classics."

Lafler edited for a time the *Argonaut*, when also he showed a strong esthetic craving that partially expressed itself in poetry. Though he has written but few poems, they are without exception excellent ones. His "White Feet of Atthis" and "The Pearl" rank with anything that California has produced. As he now has leisure for writing, even finer things may be expected of him.

Bruce Porter is the artist who is best known in San Francisco as the designer of the R. L. Stevenson monument in this city. He has written highly vital poems, but a natural shyness seems to have deterred him from bringing them to public attention. In earlier days, he was associated for some time with Gelett Burgess in the publication of that magazine which had so short and vivid a career, the *Lark*.

Charles Keeler, who lives in Berkeley, has been called a "troubadour tourist," having carried his laurels around the globe, weaving and singing "Elfin Songs of Sunlands."

Another poet of the "earthquake group" is Herman George Scheffauer, who, born in San Francisco in 1876, studied architecture and other arts and practised them successfully. But the

philosopher and the poet in his nature forbade him quasi-pragmatic occupations, and he turned himself with full gusto to literary work. He introduced Nietzsche in attractive verses and wrote many highly poetic works, among which are, "The Hollow Head of Ares," "Drake in California," and "The Masque of the Elements." His poems, as two of these titles indicate, have not escaped the tumult with which his comprehensive mind grappled in its vivid response to human destiny, enclosed in history — at best a difficult and at times a tragic concern. It is a deep pity that he has been lost to America.

And first in memory of those days that already begin to take on the royal purple of distance, comes the magical one of the beautiful Nora May French. She was born in western New York, but came to Los Angeles when still a child. Not long after our great fire she came to San Francisco, and was the most charming personage of the group of Bohemians that forgathered at Coppa's restaurant, then in San Francisco's most romantic building, the Montgomery Block. She died in the following year (November 13, 1907), leaving behind her poems (published later by her fiancé, Henry Anderson Lafler), of singularly limpid beauty. She had been influenced mainly by Tennyson and Housman: hence the blending in her poetry of a fine simplicity, sincere emotion and crystalline workmanship. She would, had she lived, have been perhaps the first woman poet of America. Her sonnet, "The Outer Gate," is one of the most quietly terrible ones in our literature.

And it is little more than a year ago since she was joined in the shadows by one who might in time have sung as sweetly, as she indeed sang as

sincerely, as she. I refer to the late painter, Anne Brimer, whose death was a poignant tragedy to the many that knew her, and knowing, could but love her.

A younger and immensely imaginative singer is Clark Ashton Smith, the story of whose triumph with his neighbors, when hundreds of copies of his first book of verses were promptly bought up in a small California hill town, is a romance in itself. He is the author of "The Star-Treader," "Odes and Sonnets," "Ebony and Crystal," and "Sandalwood." His mood and writing are in sharp contrast to the realism of Sandburgian atmosphere. No idealization, in his woodland music, of the great machine of today, rather a turning away from industrialism and, as Max Nordau would say, the lies of civilization. He sings:

> Let us leave the hateful town
> With its stale, forgotten lies;
> Far beneath renewing skies,
> Where the piny slope goes down,
> All with April love and laughter —
> None to leer and none to frown —
> We shall pass and follow after
> Shattered lace of water spun
> On a steep and stony loom
> Down the paths of laurel-gloom.

A disciple of Poe and Baudelaire, he has gone as far into the regions of the weird and terrible as either of the elder poets. For what is called "pure" poetry, one shall search for his equal in vain among contemporary poets.

Now and then we have in California some birds of passage who, even in a brief and half-hearted sojourn, become Californian enough to warrant their mention here. Among these are some

prominent names: Mary Carolyn Davies, Witter Bynner, Lydia Gibson, Michael Gold, Arturo Giovannitti, Yone Nogouchi, Robert Nathan, and the half Japanese, half German poet, Sadakichi Hartmann. William Rose Benét and his younger brother, Stephen, were residents of California in their glorious youth, but it is long since they have breathed the air that would welcome them.

A paradox of poetical biography is presented in the case of Robert Frost, who is a San Franciscan by birth; but he is unanimously accorded the distinction of wearing the laurels of New England. And I shall nominate myself for the opposite aspect of the paradox, for I was born and brought up in early youth at Sag Harbor, New York, and came to California in 1890, but have been here ever since.

Among remaining singers to whom especial, even if inadequate, reference must be made, I must first mention Mrs. Mary Austin, whose poems, few though admirable as they are, compare but slenderly with those two volumes of great poetry, "The Land of Little Rain" and "The Flock." There, as in Job and Isaiah, the proof lies patent that poetry does not depend on metre, and both books abound in passages of pure lyricism. They are among the glories of American literature.

And another singer of vast vitality and harshly challenging vision is Rolfe Humphries, one of the editors of *The Measure*. Modern to the core, he writes with a candor, penetration and brilliance that displace cynicism in favor of truth, portending a future as famous as it is likely to be filled with joyous antagonisms. He is potentially the most significant of the poets that have forsaken California for the dust and the heat of eastern battlefields.

A third poet of intense modernity, who combines in his work all that is admirable in the new style, is Frederick Mortimer Clapp. He resides for the most part in Florence, but visits California at intervals. He sees deeply, being sensitized beyond most poets, is highly intellectual, and esthetic to his finger tips. His reticence as to publication is one more grave loss to our literature, for I am not sure that we have another poet whose work is at once so delicate yet so revealing.

The sketch presented here of the poets of California is but imperfect, and several names that I wish to mention have been omitted, from consideration of economy of space. But I trust that one thing has been established here, and that is the abundant presence of artistic ability, of specifically poetic energy, in California. If I have mentioned but few of the singers of the southern part of the State, it is because I find but few, whatever their total number, that have distinct and significant voices. Why this should be so is a mystery, unless it be on account of the general but distinct and undeniable blight that Los Angeles casts within and beyond her borders.

I have sometimes wondered if this State is essentially different from the rest of America, concerning which a warning note has been recently sounded by that astute and cosmopolitan observer, Frank Harris. "If the American democracy," he says, "does much to level up the lowest class, it is still more successful in leveling down the highest and the best. No land is so friendly to the poor illiterate toilers, no land so contemptuous-cold to the thinkers and the artists." However, it seems to me that the lot of the poet, and that of any other artist, in California, is certainly not worse

than anywhere else in the country. Perhaps it is better, at least in the sense that here he can help himself freely to the purest gold of the beauty of nature, as well as of human companionship. Nevertheless, the poet in California is as much a path-finder as in any other state, and it is but a few that understand his soaring ambition to build an edifice of art that will have august permanency. There is no dearth of soaring spirits. I meet them every day, young fledglings of poets — so many have gone before them, but still they come!

California will maintain its quota at the poet's hall of destiny, and let me wish that her tomorrows may be more shining than have been even her yesterdays, and this today of which I have written.

# AMERINDIAN VERSE

## By Mary Austin

Only within the last quarter of a century has literary scholarship in America awakened to our possession of a body of aboriginal poetry, more accessible as well as more varied and complete than anything of the kind in the literature of Europe. Not for lack of material has such knowledge lagged, as it has for the generality, until the past half dozen years. What has really lacked has been a sufficiently informed and genuine feeling for Americanness, to enable the literary intelligence of the first two naïve decades of the present century to take in and appraise any contribution to our national culture not made by themselves. Already, by the opening of 1900 the most, and perhaps the best, of what has appeared by way of collection and translation had been made accessible in the work of Harriet Convers, Frank Hamilton Cushing, Washington Mathews, Alice Fletcher and others, in various ethnological papers and reports. But how could a tribe of scholars and critics, whose dream it was that an adequate American culture should spring all cap-a-pie from the fountain head of Europe, suppose that the songs of the conquered and contemned aboriginal could be judged literary or accepted as American. Scholars who might be counted upon to portion out the mingled strains contributed by little dark Picts, shaggy Scots, blue painted Britons and

incomprehensible Welsh to the splendor of English poetry, and hear with rapturous ears the overlapping of Peleponnesian tribal lays in the Greek chorus at its best, appeared to be unable to realize that the historic incidence which causes the roots of far derived peoples to meet and mingle deep in the soil from which their existence is derived, would inevitably happen in America. Even yet so tacit is the scholastic resistance to such a possibility that the best study of Amerindian verse which has yet been published,* based upon work done chiefly as part of the author's course of instruction in Poetics in the University of Kansas, was permitted to appear without the University imprint or any scholastic recognition. It had to depend for its deserved acclaim on that unspecialized audience who first discovered that poets credited with being most American, such as Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg and Sherwood Anderson were writing in much the same manner as the first Americans, and in genetically related patterns. Of the three, probably Miss Lowell, the most highly rationalized in her processes, alone deliberately experimented in the aboriginal method, doing best at it when least constrained by imitative realism and versifying freely as Amy Lowell would have done had she happened to be born an Indian. On the last occasion of my seeing her about a year before her death it was agreed between us that as soon as I had my house completed so that she could be comfortable she was to join me here† for a direct study of the great choral rhythms of the Pueblo dance-dramas.

But recognition of the pertinence of primitive American verse to the normal evolution of poetic

*American Indian Love Lyrics, Nellie Barnes, Macmillan Co.
†Santa Fé, New Mexico.

expression in the United States did not wait upon the necessity of justifying the variations of the American poet in his metrical departures from the European tradition. Such justification sprang spontaneously from a score of sources at once, wherever, in fact, it was seen that the studiously sincere poet of whatever degree, naturally approximated effects and evolved formulas within which both the sophistications of Alfred Kreymborg and the rudeness of Carl Sandburg could be accommodated along with the nameless creators of the Pawnee Hako and the Medicine songs of the Midi Wiwan.

Twenty-five years is not a long time in which to admit such a relation between the extremes of poetic expression in the United States, especially when we consider how many centuries went to the mingling and maturing of aboriginal Helot and intrusive Nordic elements in the perfection of the Greek lyric. In such long perspectives, to say that American poetry promises to prove more a matter of localé than of mixed blood streams and societies does not appear extravagant.

To say, however, that a quarter of a century has sufficed to bring Amerindian verse within the scope of scholarly attention, so that it can no longer be overlooked in any serious consideration of our literary resources in the United States, is to say very little of interest to the unspecialized lover of poetry for its own sake. So far as our merely cursory inspection of the whole body of aboriginal literature goes, we are in a position to extend the world's knowledge of poetic origins backward from the point of its European emergence for some centuries. By analogy, the best of tribal poetry within what is now the United States, touches the

mark at which the best of Old Testament writing issued, the point from which the original Homeric lays began to be welded into an epic, receding by well defined stages into the "barbaric yawp" by which the surcharged savage heart eased itself of the pressure of unrealized urges. Although a vast amount of material of the utmost value is running rapidly to waste among the vanishing tribes, owing to our failure to provide the means of recording it, we are still able to say more, and more affirmatively, about the beginnings of poetry than could have been said anywhere in the world previously.

What we are not yet able to put in appreciable form is the poetic values of Amerind poetry. There is almost nothing to be said refuting those readers who, affirming that the chief worth of any poetic work is its power of poetic evocation, insist that such Amerind verse as they have been able to discover bores them. It is probable that such readers would be equally bored with the fragments of verse of even cultural date which can be collected out of ancient Egyptian, Greek and Nordic literatures; or with the best of Wordsworth or Byron, or Ben Johnson. There are many people so completely creatures of their own age that response to esthetic values of any other is completely inhibited. Probably a prime necessity for effective appreciation of primitive poetry is, in any case, a capacity to respond throughout the full length of that umbilical cord of being which binds us to our human past, whatever that may prove to be. A poet who cannot trace his own most sophisticated utterance to the barbaric yawp of his own interior savagery will probably miss the poetry of the Pawnee warrior who, on setting out for war, made himself a song saying —

Let us see,
Is it real
This life that I am living,

or that more primitive Sioux who came proudly home from the war singing—

Something red I am wearing!

Not all Amerind lyrics are so economical of expression as the above examples, but there are several reasons why the best of them, in the form now available, often fail of their lawful effect. Some of these reasons, inhering in the minds of a public not yet accustomed to react esthetically to poetry shorn of the familiar forms, are passing as rapidly as modern poetic perception justifies its complete disregard of these traditional hall-marks. Others are not so easily done away. The natural difficulties which arise in the translation of poetry in any degree, from one speech to another, are perhaps not greater for the three hundred odd variations of the fifty-eight root tongues of the Amerind tribes, than for the dead languages from which poetry has already been successfully decanted into our own. Nor are differences in the modes of thought between American and Amerind, once they are apprehended, unsurmountable.

There are, in fact, certain amazing, even amusing, alikenesses in the thought processes of early and late United Statesers, which come home to us as we realize that the most characteristically American humorist of the hour is Will Rogers, who has still the right to be reckoned legally, if he so chooses, a Cherokee Indian. It should be easier, on the whole, to secure adequate rendering into American of a Pawnee hymn or a Zuñi creation myth than of the Chinese *Ku-shi* and *Lu-shi* such

as Mrs. Lowell and Mr. Bynner and Arthur Waley have so valorously undertaken.

Much more difficult than any of these is the disentangling of all the elements of what, to the Amerind, constitute the complete poem, for reëxpression in one comparatively meagre medium of the printed word. The true primitive, in his poetic expression of himself, suffered no such limitation. There is, in fact, no Amerind word for poetry, meaning the words as apart from the dance, the gesture, drum beat, even the dress and face painting by which the poet's idea is completely elucidated. It is probable that in the normal evolution of an Amerindian esthetic by the inevitable splitting off of poetry from music and dancing, no attempt would be made to translate all these elements into words. But a nice discrimination is required for the modern translator to select from this composite medium just those items which would give the precise esthetic value of the original and at the same time reëxpress it only in the devices permissible to print. The problem is comparatively simple when it is desired to reduce to English reading a lullaby or a bit of exquisite child nonsense—

> The poor little *bee*
> O, the *poor* little bee
> Has only one arrow
> In his quiver
> The poor little bee-ee-ee!

or an occupational ditty such as the grinding song that the young men of Zuñi gather at the door of the milling room to sing for their maidens, busy within its cool dimness. Here there is little to take into account beyond the whimsical turn of

aboriginal fancy, the characteristic rhythm and melodic pattern.

When, however, one of the songs of healing or magical evocation is undertaken, the matter is much more complicated. One cannot even begin such a task without first seriously accepting the song of evocation as a true, instinctive, though empirically sustained, attempt of primitive man to make use of the mystical life-forces; all the more intuitively felt for being least rationalized. Here the movement of the poet's mind sets the pattern, and the translator will have need for all the modern psychology he can command, to disentangle that movement from the local application of sacred numbers and the secondary movement, or modification of the thought pattern by the particular rite of which the song is an accompaniment. He who cannot believe that healing may be actually achieved through rhythmic motion, melody, and the evoked emotional passages, or that bounty and protection may be similarly arrived at, would better leave the rendering of ritualistic and evocative verse to others. After such an attempt the believing translator may have a new realization of the primary function of poetry as an evocative power, but he will rarely be sufficiently pleased with his translation to be willing to publish it. Only Alice Fletcher and Natalie Curtis have, thus far, really succeeded with this type of Amerindian verse, and only Miss Curtis attained — as for example in the Deer's Song*— the full poetic content of the original.

Light on some of these difficulties has been thrown on the translator's path by Miss Barnes' studies of the evolution of stanzaic form, in which

*American Indian Love Lyrics, Nellie Barnes, Macmillan Co.

what she calls the "thought rhythm" is clearly seen controlling the word pattern. A more comprehensive term would have been more explicit, since, as every practising poet knows, the poem does not actually take its rise in what might be called the thought region, but somewhere deeper among the primary urges, which have their own systole and diastole, intake and outgo of essential being. Something of this, so naïvely actual to the primitive poet, must be experientially understood before he can hope to get into an English version of the evocative poems what the aboriginal author released in the song-dance-and-rite original.

When we contemplate a modern rendering of the dance-drama chorals, the problem is still more deeply involved by superimposed rhythms, the number and temporal relations of which, even in the most observed Corn and Snake dance-dramas, have never yet been accounted for, much less representatively notated. Probably they never can be. Don Knowlton in his Anatomy of Jazz,* acknowledges the primitive derivation of superimposed rhythms by his quotation of Krehbert's reference to the Dahoman war dances.

It is this "wealth of detail — achieved by means of exchange of rhythms, syncopations of both simultaneously, and dynamic devices," which the prospective translator of the dance-drama chorals must in some fashion reduce to the printed word. Nor can he entirely disregard the further, explicatory enrichment of color in costume and body-paint, symbolic ornament and a score of delicate nuances of indescribable grace of movement. If, toward the end of the day's ceremonial when the double lines of dancers (summer and

*Harper's Magazine, April, 1926.

winter clans) begin to overlap, reduplicating without simultaneousness the infinite variety of effect, the baffled translator does not wholly faint from his enterprise, he is likely to conclude that mere verbal literalness is the most he can expect of himself. Yet as Mr. Knowlton shows, in respect to the words and music of jazz songs, how they cannot be composed separately but must spring twin born of identic creative impulses, so the true appreciator of the Amerind choral realizes that the words cannot be handled entirely apart from the intricate warp of rhythm by which they are sustained.

Numerous scholarly attempts have been made to base translations upon mathematically correct studies of the underlying rhythm structure of the chorals, notably in Alice Fletcher's study of the Pawnee Hako, with every aid that absolute knowledge of tribal speech and thought can afford. One does not mean to say that these are not excellent in their way, leading us far on the road to understanding. Their fault is not that they are not good translations, but that like so many of the lyrics translated by Franz Boaz and Pliny E. Goddard, Herbert Spinden and other ethnologists they are a little too good. Lacking that last indescribable touch which makes them poetry, they are yet so near to the mark that no one feels at liberty to give that necessary turn to their precise phrasing. Although the present writer has had permission from both Miss Fletcher and Dr. Goddard to attempt such a transmutation of their translations the attempt has not been made. Nor has the translator, who, more than any other, has been exposed to the possibility of successful reëxpression of the chorals of the great Pueblo dance-

dramas, ever satisfied herself except for occasional short passages such as this fragment from the rain-prayer of the Corn Dance.

People of the Middle Heaven
*Come to us, come to us!*
People of the rainbow,
COME, COME, COME, COME,
People of the thunder,
COME . . . O COME!
People of the lightning,
*Send your serpent darting arrows!*
COME, COME, COME, COME,
People of the white clouds,
*White blossom clouds of the Middle Heaven Meadows*
Come to us, come to us!
People of the dark clouds,
COME, COME, COME, COME,
*Level lying clouds of the straight stretched mesas*
*Moving to and fro, to make the earth more fruitful*
Pour down, Pour down
RAIN, RAIN, RAIN!

Variations of type have been used here to indicate three of the sustaining rhythms, created by the drums, the dancers and the old men's chorus. Those who have been privileged to be present at a Corn Dance know how much has been left out. Probably we will have to wait for a native translator with all those rhythms in his blood and enough of the white strain to enable him to understand our own rhythm limitations. At present the nearest approach to an English realization of a primitive dance-drama choral may be found in Gilbert Murray's translations of the chorus of Greek Tragedy.

So much of the difficulty and the inadequacy of existing translations is admitted, by way of justifying the reader who finds himself bored with American Indian poetry, without at the same

time making room for a general contention that our native tribal verse is not in the highest degree poetic.

Nor must the reader, on the ground of immediate lack of interest, run away with the assumption that the whole subject belongs to the past, matter suitable only for academic exhuming. Song-making is as much a living art among American Indians as are weaving and pottery-making. Many collectors have failed to state whether the lyric recorded was new or traditional, but the best of Miss Curtis's collection, "Korosta Katzina Song," was sung for her by its author-composer, as were several of Burton's lyrics and Miss Fletcher's hymns. In my own collection, *The Green Ribbon* and the first of the *Papago Love songs* were original with the singers. *The Lament of a Man for His Son* was a spontaneous variation of an older funeral hymn of the Piutes that occurred in my presence about thirty years ago. Most of the ceremonial songs are ancient, but the most distinctive of all the Navajo songs, *The Turquoise Horse*, cannot be older than two or three generations, since it is only within that time that the horse has become a general utility of the Navajos. Two or three years ago an Indian friend of mine, who has married a white woman, sang me a touchingly beautiful song that he had made about her, without, however, conceding the privilege of translation, for it is the way of all primitives to esteem a song a particularly personal possession.

No Indian to my knowledge is making songs in English; nor are any of the popular versions of Indian songs, outside of the work of Natalie Curtis, worthy of consideration either as reëxpression of Amerindian themes or as markers on the way to a final Indian-American achievement.

Why this is so, when the negro, admittedly of a less developed aboriginality, is filling our streets with his primitive and yet satisfactorily modern words and melodies, is difficult to say. Possibly the fact that the Indian has not yet arrived at appreciation of or a capacity for harmony may have something to do with it. Quite certainly our own failure to provide an audience for the Amerind poet has contributed to keep him solitary and uncommunicative in his poetic modes. It is only when we realize how the readiness with which the painting world has responded to and made a place for artists like Fred Kabotie and Awa' Tsireh has influenced the character and quality of the work of these gifted pueblenos, that we wonder if a like reception of Indian poetry would not be met with a similar result.

When we see collectors eagerly buying up the work of men who ten years ago did not know that such a medium as water-color and pressed paper existed, it seems plausible that, could the existence of poetry magazines and societies as mediums for securing appreciation be brought to the attention of Amerind poets, there might originate a new stage in the evolution in aboriginal poetics. Every Indian is a potential poet, but the old occasions for singing pass: wars cease,the necessity for adopting the ghosts of fallen foes forever into the conquering tribe is no longer operative, the agency doctor and the government farmer supersede the rites of evocation. Unless, within a generation or two, new channels can be made or found in which the song energy of the Amerind may spontaneously flow his poetry will, like the primitive verse of Europe, be with us only as notations in dull books, profitable chiefly to the intellectually curious.

# CATHOLIC POETS OF THE UNITED STATES

By Thomas Walsh

Catholic poetry is the expression of a culture as old as the days of Christ; it is the expression of Christian civilization developed after the destruction of paganism. Therefore it should not be necessary to lay down the proviso that, when one speaks of Catholic culture or Catholic poetry, he does not use the adjective in any sectarian sense, such as one would employ in speaking of Baptist or Methodist poetry; but rather wishes to be understood as speaking of the universality which the word Catholic really denotes.

English poetry so far as it is definitely Catholic, and I think it may be shown to be so to a very large degree, is for the most part of a highly traditional character. Chaucer shows this in every line of his poetry; with the great medieval predecessors as his inspirations and guides it could hardly be otherwise. Through Crashaw may be traced the same continental character of Catholic culture and thought. The Church had played so large a part in men's lives and thought that it was inevitably alive even under the cloak of mundane literature.

This preliminary may enlighten some of our critics regarding the questions they touch upon when they handle the works of modern Catholic writers. The late Mr. Hutton in his fine work on

Ravenna traces the great conflicts of declining paganism and uprising Christianity and reaches the definite conclusion that the resistance of Italy and the Byzantine Empire was provoked almost entirely by the fact that the beseiging Goths were followers of the Arian heresy and could not be compromised with under the religious conditions of the time. He points out the readiness with which the Lombards, pure pagans, were absorbed into the Italian civilization, as a contrast with the experience of the Goths who encountered this uncompromising opposition. Catholicism, even in these early ages, showed the indomitable force of the modern *non possumus.* Religion was not only the belief, it was the very life of the people. Sr. Menendez in his essay on Spanish Mystical Poetry develops this same idea, in differentiating the mysticism of the pagans, Jews and Mohammedans from what he calls the pure Christian mysticism. This is an important point in the discussion of mystical literature, which takes on more and more importance as our modern poetry assumes the mystical attitudes.

Our contemporary English Catholic poetry may be traced back as far as the two De Veres, father and son; for Thomas Moore as a Catholic poet is quite negligible and the fame of James Clarence Mangan has only recently been carried outside the realms of Irish literature. Coventry Patmore is a next great poetical figure who is followed by Francis Thompson in whom the full, universal form of the Catholic imagination is clearly revealed. The place of Catholicism in England had been validated by Cardinal Newman, Robert Stephen Hawker and Father Frederick William Faber, so the ground was made ready for the

Jesuit singer Gerard Hopkins, one of the finest Catholic spirits in modern poetry, and the rapturous refinements of Alice Meynell.

In America the first distinctly Catholic poet was Father Charles Constantine Pise, a native of Annapolis and Chaplain of Congress in the early years of 1832 and 1833. He was succeeded by Jedediah Vincent Huntington, a convert Protestant clergyman, who was the first Catholic poet in a purely esthetic sense. His "Poems and Translations" appeared in 1843. Father Abram J. Ryan of Norfolk gained considerable reputation as the "Poet of the Confederacy" and had as a compeer James Ryder Randall of Georgetown College, famous for his "Maryland, My Maryland."

From the West there came Charles Warren Stoddard, "Poet of the South Seas," while Boston provided the Irish American John Boyle O'Reilly, to be joined later by Father John Bannister Tabb, whose merits were first to be recognized in England. Next in order appeared George Parsons Lathrop and his wife, the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who recently passed away as Mother Alphonsa of the New York Cancer Hospital. Maurice Francis Egan held an important place in poetry as well as in American diplomacy, when the finest point in Catholic achievement in poetry was reached in Louise Imogen Guiney.

Today the field stretches out on broader horizons. It seems that our poets, like the Indians, must wait till their death to be called good ones. Meanwhile Catholic critics take heart in the fine work of such young singers as Father Charles L. O'Donnell, Eleanor Rogers Cox, Father James J. Daly, Aline Kilmer and Sister M. Madeleva.

There is a long roll of distinctively Catholic poets of our day: Charles Phillips, Blanche M. Kelly, Speer Strahan, Father Michael Earls, Father Edward Garesché, Katherine White Ryan, Lilian White Spencer, Dorothy Haight, Francis Carlin, Morton Zabel, Mary Dixon Thayer, Gertrude Callaghan, Anne Ryan, Power Dalton, Helene Mullins, Anna McClure Sholl, J. Corson Miller and John Bunker.

Catholic poetry in England and France has produced some remarkable figures; G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc stand at the head of a solid phalanx representing the Catholic traditions of Europe, among the ranks of which we may distinguish such poets as Henry Longan Stuart, Eric Gill and Theodore Maynard now residing in America, Michael Field, Enid Dinnis, Helen Parry Eden, Shane Leslie, and Maurice Baring. From Ireland we have enlisted Padraic Colum and Joseph Campbell, while at home Katherine Tynan Hinkson and Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) rule on the thrones left vacant at the deaths of Alice Meynall and Louise Imogen Guiney — the "Golden Guiney" of New England and Oxford.

There are many poets in England and the United States who give voice to the Catholic spirit even though they may not be conscious of it, or may through personal circumstances desire not to be aligned with their Catholic brethren. It will be seen, however, by him who runs even among the fleetest, that the old Reformation reproach of *Catholicus ergo non legatur* is losing some of its force, particularly as regards poetry. The finer thinkers of our day are realizing that the weakness and futility of much of our modern poetry are to be directly traced to the lack of

belief and reverence for spiritual things that are the ear-marks of all too many of our budding bards. There is more, be it remarked here, in the true mystical spirit than the Swan Song of Saint-Saens; there is more to the soul than a fancy for vestments and imported incense. Religion has its *mise-en scene*, but it is vulgar and theatrical where there is no heart or mind on the heights beyond.

The striking events in American poetry of the past year have been the publication of the poems of Sister M. Madeleva of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. "Her Knights Errant and Other Poems" (Appleton and Company) is a book that would win distinction in the finest periods and centres of poetry. Her songs are in the full voice of modern singing and are cloistral only in their undertones and the recoils of the poet's inner life.

Another figure in Catholic poetry whose work has won recent and wide recognition is Mary Dixon Thayer; her "Songs of Youth," and "New York and Other Poems" carry over a convent education and express a spirit at once active and contemplative, young and guarded with ancient visions. Miss Thayer reveals most unusual promise and has attained to remarkable powers in sacred poetry in several volumes of prose and verse.

In Miss Katherine Brégy, also of Philadelphia, one finds a critical genius of remarkable sureness and interpretative keenness. Her "Poets and Pilgrims, From Chaucer to Paul Claudel" follows, after some years of silence, a striking book of poetry-essays "The Poet's Chantry," with an advance in power and breadth of judgment and an enthusiasm for beauty in word and thought that are unusual with so much critical acumen. Her norms are Catholic as well as most of the

figures she selects for discussion. Her chapter on Claudel is particularly valuable for any evaluation of that poet.

The subject of our paper would tempt one to limitless discussions on the questions of religion and its place in poetry — necessary and essential as Catholic writers must insist, leaving its demonstration and the forms of its development to the genius and culture of the poet. The spectacle of literary France reverting from its pagan and materialist excesses along the lines of a merely sensuous mysticism toward the real mystical spirit of Christian letters, the work of Verlaine, Jammes, Mercier, Peguy, Coppée, Valery, Verhaeren, Claudel and Cocteau, showing the great revival of the Catholic soul in French letters, is an indication of the future bent of literature in the United States and the British Empire that may well cause some of our professors and belated reviewers to rub their eyes and prepare for that day when God will be fashionable — the Day of the Lord, that is at hand.

# THE JEWISH POETS OF THE UNITED STATES

By Henry Harrison

In these grand and especially glorious United States there are actually thousands of publications that publish poetry: all kinds of poetry. And in these thousands of publications, I have come across the poems of young and not so young American Jews (or Jewish Americans) that merit delectable mention. Witness, for example, the names of Samuel Heller, Emanuel Eisenberg, Charles Norman, Louis Ginsberg, Abel Meeropol, Sidney Wallach, Kate Herman, Samuel A. deWitt, Elias Lieberman, Morris Abel Beer, Joseph Auslander, Eli Siegel, Abraham Fink, Harry Alan Potamkin, A. B. Shiffrin, Sophie Solow, Gustav Davidson, Henry Harrison, Philip Gray, Lew Sarett, Minna Feibleman, Israel Newman, Gremin Zorn, Arthur Guiterman, Arthur L. Lippmann, Newman Levy, Frederick Herbert Adler, David Arkin, Israel Citkowitz, David P. Berenberg, Josef Berger, Maxwell Bodenheim, Walter Hart Blumenthal, Minnie Edith Blumenthal, Babette Deutsch, Paul Eldridge, James Feibleman, Florence Kiper Frank, Yossef Gaer, David N. Grokowsky, Louis Grudin, Joseph Kling, Edgar Daniel Kramer, Alfred Kreymborg, Leo Markun, Frank Mitalsky, David Novak, Milton S. Rose, Siegfried Rosen, Benjamin Rosenbaum, Julius Rosenthal, Mary Rosenberg, Morrie Ryskind, Isidor

Schneider, Joseph T. Shipley, Alter Brody, Louis Untermeyer, Samuel Roth, James Oppenheim, Edgar Speyer, Irwin Edman, David George Plotkin, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Milton Raison, Franklin P. Adams, Robert Wolf, Martin Feinstein, Alter Abelson, Maurice Samuel, Charles Reznikoff, Philip M. Raskin, Louis Israel Newman, George Alexander Kohut and others.

Before I proceed to the contemporary poets, I should like to say a word about their predecessors. To begin with, there weren't many. The two most prominent names are Emma Lazarus and Adah Isaacs Menken, the latter engaging Clement Wood to the extent of one chapter in his "Poets of America."

But more than a generation before Adah Isaacs Menken came Penina Morse, author of "Fancy's Sketch Book" (published in 1833) and "Poems." Her life was a tragic one, and her poems could scarcely help revealing that tragedy. They were poems of invocation; hymns of Israel and the deity; and always the shadow of God clung to her pen. Her work is typical of the school of her day: awkward, marked with inversions, mannerisms, professedly poetic phrases and unconvincing passages. But here indeed was a brave soul. She was forced to leave school at twelve to help support a large family; and twenty-five years of her life were spent in utter blindness. The story of herself is far more absorbing than her poetry.

Adah Isaacs Menken was the favorite actress of six countries on two continents. And she was the author of two volumes of verse, both worthy of attention. A contemporary of Walt Whitman, she wrote in a manner reminiscent of the Long Island bard. But that is not to say that Mrs.

Menken was an imitator. Walt Whitman was slightly heard of in her time. Whitman was universal, cosmic, vast; Mrs. Menken was subjective, feminine, plaintive. She was not, as is sometimes believed, actually of Jewish origin. She married a Yiddish musician, and changed her faith to her husband's, and her name to Adah; it had been Dolores Adios Fuertes. She had been married at seventeen to an unknown who abandoned her; and she had been divorced; and before long, she was married again, this time to, of all persons, John C. Heenan, the famous pugilist. Her books, "Memoirs," and "Infelicia," along with Whitman's, are responsible for the subsequent movement of free-verse technique that includes Horace Traubel, Stephen Crane and the moderns like Amy Lowell, Masters, Oppenheim, Sandburg, etc.

A little after Adah Isaacs Menken came Emma Lazarus. *The American Hebrew* was the first of the magazines to feature her poetry; *Century* and *Lippincott's* also published her work. Unquestionably, Emerson was her greatest literary influence. At seventeen she read his work; and in her poetry can be gleamed the spiritual presence of the famous essayist and poet.

Emma Lazarus's poetry was very much like herself: wistful and lovely. Her eyes were as soft and tender as her verse; and her lips were as rich and strong. Her lyric, narrative and dramatic poems had in them the quality of grace, the grace of breakers rolling steadily on to shore. She loved music, and there was music in her work. One of her long poems was "Tannhauser"; others were poetic plays like "The Spagnoletto" and "The Dance to Death." Many of her themes were Hebraic in tendency and theme; her translations

from the Hebrew poets of medieval Spain are certainly well done. And she translated from Petrarch and Alfred De Musset, too.

Emma Lazarus was the author of "Songs of a Semite," "Poems," and "Alide," and "Heinrich Heine" a biography. While many of her poems are conventional, there is a calmness and a plaintiveness about them, mixed with that compelling Hebraic intonation, that places them in a class with the best work of her American contemporaries.

One might include Bret Harte in a list of Jewish-American poets. Harte was of Jewish descent; but his poems, as is well known, had nothing of the Jew in them.

And it might be wise to include also Rabbi Henry Iliowizi, who was born in Russia, lived in the United States for twenty years, and died in England. Iliowizi's work was in the main on Jewish and Oriental subjects.

There is a literary society in New York called the Grub Street Club, of which this writer is president. As such he is familiar with the work of most of its members, many of whom are Jewish. Sophie Solow, Nicholas Moskowitz, Kate Herman, Louis Ginsberg, William Sigmund Goldmann, Marie B. Lear, Gremin Zorn, Goldie Becker, Jemis Ghent and H. Jay Altshuler are young poets who are members of this club. The best known of these is Louis Ginsberg. His work has appeared in the leading publications: *The Forum*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *Contemporary Verse*, the *Lyric West*, the *Minaret*, *Voices* and a host of others. He is one of the leading minor poets. Some years ago his first collection of verse was published: "The Attic of the Past." He hopes to have a second collection published shortly.

Ginsberg's poetry has been well represented in the anthologies. Louis Untermeyer and others have included his work in their collections. He recently took the first prize offered by the Poetry Society of America for the best poem read at one of their meetings. His work has taken on a steady improvement that may mark him later as one of the more important of American poets.

Perhaps the most promising of the younger Grub Street poets is Kate Herman. Her verse has appeared chiefly in *The New Leader's* "Chatterbox." She has a whimsical humor that fairly warms the reader to her lyrics. To be sure, she has not yet acquired the grace and finesse that are essential to all good poetry; but these will, no doubt, come with time and experience. She is very young; and for one so young she has done remarkably fine work.

Gremin Zorn's verse has appeared in various publications. It is the kind of verse that can find a ready market in the *Worker's Monthly*, the old *Liberator* (which published some of his work) *The New Leader*, etc. There is a biting irony, a chuckling-up-the-sleeve viewpoint about his poetry that makes it compelling.

Sophie Solow's first volume of verse was recently published by the Blue Faun Publications. It was called "A Reed for Pan"; and in my review of the book in the *Brooklyn Eagle* I wrote: "Unfortunately, there are no few commonplaces in this book; but the emotion, the spirit and the poignance are always present and always felt . . . knowing her latest poems intimately well, I am bound to say that she is a vastly improved poet."

But let us turn to poets who are not members of the Grub Street Club. There are Louis Unter-

meyer, Joseph T. Shipley, Isidor Schneider, Morrie Ryskind, Joseph Kling and many others. Apparently, Untermeyer is not writing poetry any more; he is specializing in criticism, translations and jewelry. But Untermeyer has made his name as a poet, and he has certainly made his name as a critic. Shipley, too, is doing critical work; but occasionally a new poem of his appears in a place or two. Greenberg recently published in book form Shipley's translations of modern French poems. Schneider's first novel, "Doctor Transit," was lately issued by Boni and Liveright. The book was signed only I. S. But I. S., evidently, has been neglecting his muse of late. I do not see his verse in the magazines. But one, perhaps, cannot be writing novels and poems and everything. Certainly Schneider's poetry enjoyed a most original quality. His work has appeared mainly in *Poetry*; he was also a contributor to the old *Rhythmus*. Morrie Ryskind, too, has turned from poetry to other fields. I hear that he is engaged in the theatrical business; that up to recent date he dealt in the publicity phase, and is now bearing down upon the producing problem. Joseph Kling is running a bookstore on Christopher Street. He was the editor of *The Pagan* (olav hasholem!). His muse has also gone on a vacation.

But the younger poets are still wooing the muse earnestly and fervently. Charles Norman (now in Paris) is perhaps the most promising of the group. His work has already appeared in the *Bookman*, the *Quill*, the *Nation*, the *Measure*, and other magazines. Each succeeding poem seems to be better than its predecessor. No poet can hope for more.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that

Norman, like Abel Meeropol, Elias Lieberman, Sidney Wallach, Henry Harrison, and Emanuel Eisenberg, is a graduate of DeWitt Clinton High School, ninety per cent of whose students are Jewish. Doubtless the most promising of this group, in a pretentious way, is Emanuel Eisenberg. Despite his straining for startling effect, despite his pedantry, which he is dropping in an evolutionary manner, Eisenberg has succeeded in producing not a few notable poems. Once he drops his unnatural approach to poetry, and he is doing that slowly, Eisenberg will achieve wonders. Most of his verse has appeared in F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" in the *New York World*, much of which was signed, Simonetta, E. E. and Mignon. His work has appeared in various influential magazines. I don't believe that he is more than twenty-two. Certainly one who has done such promising work at so early an age deserves a highly honorable mention. And in passing, I should like to say that Eisenberg's light, whimsical verse is as good as a caustic critic could ask for.

When not acting as principal of Thomas Jefferson High School (in Brooklyn) and when not teaching poetry appreciation at Hunter College, and when not compiling anthologies for high school use, Dr. Elias Lieberman writes good light verse. Years ago his first volume of verse was published. It was called "Paved Streets" and contained many a serious poem. Today, too, Dr. Lieberman occasionally produces a poem that is not so light. The April *Century* published one in that category. But generally, the doctor turns his pen to more whimsical things; and one can find his verse frequently in the Office Dog section of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the Short Turns and

Encores department of *The Saturday Evening Post, Life,* etc.

Columbia University, like City College and New York University, has produced some notable Jewish poets. Gustav Davidson, Babette Deutsch and Irwin Edman are Columbia graduates. The names Joseph M. Proskauer, H. G. Alsberg, Isabel Estelle Isaacs, Lilian Soskin, Mortimer J. Adler, Charles A. Wagner, Louis Zukofsky, David P. Sentner, and Jo Felshin deserve attention. Of these Wagner and Felshin are best known. The first, an athlete of no mean ability, has appeared frequently in " The Conning Tower" and in *The Lantern.* His work reveals a gentleness and feeling that command respect. A certain solemnity, a certain ease and a fine restraint mark his poetry.

Jo Felshin had his first collection of poems published by Seltzer. Like Wagner, he is an athlete; and it is curious to note how many good poets are also good athletes. Felshin's poetry rings with music and plaintiveness. A line like "And a dreaming is come over me, falling with the leaves" surely vouches for his ability to strike a musical line.

The assistant editor of the *Jewish Tribune,* Sidney Wallach, a very young man, was the best of the poets at Clinton; and that takes in Countee Cullen, Meeropol, Norman, Harrison, Lieberman, Eisenberg and others. But young Wallach is not on writing terms with his muse of late. If he is, it's a secret, because I do not come across his work in the various publications. And young Wallach has published some first-rate verse in the *Measure,* the *Double Dealer,* and elsewhere. While at City College, New York, he took the first prize of fifty dollars awarded for the best poem in the

college competition. Much of his whimsical verse has appeared in the college monthly magazine; and very good whimsical verse it is. Wallach has a pointed perception in his work that is strong and inviting. There is an earnestness, a certain charm and vigor about his poems that make them especially appealing to me. Both Eisenberg and Norman sometimes leave me cool and indifferent because of the noticeable straining and groping for effect. Wallach's verse is natural, quiet and polished. It is usually a finished product — if one may say that of a poem.

The other two Clintonites are Abel Meeropol and Henry Harrison. Mr. Meeropol's work has appeared in the *American Hebrew*; he has a praisable voice. Three hundred of Harrison's poems have been published in more than three score publications in the United States, Canada and England. His first book, "Infunitive and Other Moods," was issued in May, 1923; a plethora of tolerable tales, tolerable essays; and intolerable verse. He has become a book publisher, and will publish among other volumes of verse three of his own: "Mother of Men" (sea poems), "Here You Have Your Epitaph" (epitaphs), and "Words of a Feather" (light verse); also a book of whimsical essays: "Have It My Way."

It is with distinct pleasure that I come now to my friend, A. B. Shiffrin, called by Don Marquis the American Milne. Young Shiffrin's first book, published by Harold Vinal, was "Blind Men"; and I quote from my review of the book: " . . . as whimsical, satirical, original and other favorable 'als' as any I can think of. And Mr. Shiffrin's work is also simple, humorous and delicate. . . . He makes me think of Charles Chaplin. Mr.

Chaplin covers tragedy with comedy. Mr. Shiffrin clothes his bitterness, his irony, his sly contempt with tapestries of rich, delightful workmanship . . . A. B. Shiffrin's work is strong," etc.

And young Shiffrin is not only a poet. He is a short story writer, too. O'Brien has included several of his tales in his collection of the best short stories of the year. And I wonder how many know that the Robin Christopher of the "Conning Tower" is none other than A. B. Shiffrin himself?

Among the most prominent American poets are Babette Deutsch, Benjamin Rosenbaum, Alfred Kreymborg, Florence Kiper Frank, Paul Eldridge, Maxwell Bodenheim, Lew Sarett, and Joseph Auslander. Of these, Kreymborg, Bodenheim, and Auslander enjoy the greatest reputations, with Babette Deutsch and Sarett next. In this critic's opinion, Auslander is the best of the group. No one knows better (in all likelihood) than Auslander himself that he has done some poor and feeble things. But every excellent poet has done unworthy stuff. And Auslander is an excellent poet. His work has appeared in *Harper's*, the *Bookman*, *Voices*, the *Buccaneer*, the *Nation*, *Independent*, *New Republic*, *Measure*, *Commonweal*, *Southwest Review*, etc. His latest book of verse is "Cyclops' Eye," and is, of course, a notable collection.

Kreymborg and Bodenheim are not, in my far from humble opinion, genuine poets. I quote from my review of Kreymborg's latest book, "Scarlet and Mellow": "I do not care overmuch for what he has to say, and especially for how he says it . . . Mr. Kreymborg is occasionally whimsical, epigrammatic and clever. But he is rarely the exponent of true poetry." And I don't like the

way Bodenheim says what he has to say — which is at most times of a vigorous and consequential nature. But there are those, of course, who place Bodenheim in the first rank of poets; and he has appeared in the "best" magazines. He is not only the author of five books of verse, but of three novels; and he has just sold a play. In leaving Mr. Bodenheim, I must say that a number of his poems have impressed me appreciably.

Babette Deutsch is the author of two books of verse, her second recently having been published. She had the honor of capturing the first prize of one hundred dollars offered by the *Nation* in its last poetry contest, winning out from a field of four thousand contestants. Her prize poem, "Thoughts at the Year's End," was to me an incoherent, vague and inconsequential outpouring. Miss Deutsch (Mrs. Avrim Yarmolinsky) has appeared in the leading magazines, among them the *New Republic*, *Bookman*, *Nation*, *Forum*, *Yale Review*, etc. She is recognized by distinguished critics as one of the foremost of our women poets.

Benjamin Rosenbaum's name is not so well known as it should be. That is doubtless because he has not appeared in the most influential publications, and at that, appears only occasionally in the less important magazines. He writes quietly and smoothly. His book, "Hill Solitudes," published by the Brimmer Company, is marked by a tenderness that is compelling. There is nothing pretentious about his work. Just quiet and smooth. Joseph Auslander, Charles Wharton Stork, Harriet Monroe and William Stanley Braithwaite are among those who have praised his work highly.

Paul Eldridge is a philosophical poet who is responsible for a number of ineffective imitators. Eldridge writes in free verse; and sometimes takes advantage of the fact, in that he permits his free verse to ignore the cadence and rhythm that all poetry must have. Here are some of the titles of his observatory poems: "Fung Ku Tchi Tells How He is Outwitting Fate, the Silent God," "Fung Lu, Politician, Explains Himself," and "The Young Empress Is Bored." He is a wise and cynical observer.

Florence Kiper Frank and Lew Sarett both hail from Chicago. Sarett's career, as told to me by Arthur Guiterman, in itself would make a splendid article, but I shall refrain from telling you his story. He is a college professor who has written a good deal of American Indian poetry. His last book, "Slow Smoke," came off the press several months ago. His verse has been published by the *Stratford Magazine*, *Voices*, *Poetry*, *Century*, *Lyric West*, *Southwest Review*, *Step Ladder*, etc. He is one of America's notable poets. Mrs. Frank's verses have appeared in the *Double Dealer*, *Voices*, *World To-Morrow*, *Menorah Journal*, etc.

Sometimes it is inadvisable to use the adjective "promising." Take the case of Milton Raison. When young Raison's first book of verse, "Spindrift," was published by George H. Doran & Co., about three years ago, the most important critics hailed him as a promising poet. "Spindrift" had between its covers poems that were indeed a credit to an author not yet twenty. But Milton Raison celebrated the success of "Spindrift" by becoming married; and his verse since then has been seen in publications very very rarely. He told me some

time ago that he was working on a novel of his own story called "Meander." I learned recently that it was to be issued by the Doran Company. I have not yet seen it on the lists. Raison is a press agent of some sort; he was connected with the New York Hippodrome; it is likely that he will wind up in motion picture publicity. At any rate, he is making money; and those who make poems don't make money, or very little, anyway. Maybe some day Milton will return to his muse. I, for one, as a lover of poetry, will be grateful.

One of those who used to publish young Raison's verse is Franklin P. Adams, conductor of "The Conning Tower" in the *New York World*. Mr. Adams is the author of a few volumes of light verse, all fairly good. He is well known for his translations from Horace; and he is better known as a commentator on the day's events. It is true that F. P. A. is a better critic than poet.

F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" has published the work of a goodly number of Jewish poets. Martha L. Wilchinski and Albert Silverman are among these. Both are satirists, and both use their satire in a different manner. Silverman employs the John Kendrick Bangs method with a clever effect. Miss Wilchinski is the more lyrical. But each is successful in his and her own way.

One of the many Greenwich Village bards is Robert Wolf, now turned novelist. His work has appeared in many of the poetry publications; and is in most ways commendable. Bold, vigorous, he lashes out with a pen as rich as a post-office pen is poor. Despite the obvious flaws, there is sufficient meat in his poetry to give its reader a hearty meal.

Some years ago five Socialist assemblymen

were ousted from the New York State legislature, thanks to the efficiency of a man named Mr. Sweet. One of these Socialists was, and is, S. A. deWitt. He runs a column, "The Chatterbox," weekly in *The New Leader*, which has encouraged the work of a good number of young Jewish poets. DeWitt is the author of three books of verse, and will shortly have his fourth published. He was included in Clement Wood's "Poets of America," and his verse has appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. While his mediums (chiefly the sonnet and lyric) are apt to stint him at times, he has been able to produce no few first-rate sonnets and lyrics. Blessed with a mischievous sense of humor, he has imbued some of his work with a whimsical quality that makes it delightful.

Gustav Davidson's latest collection: "Twenty Sonnets," has just been published. So far as I know, Davidson has specialized only in sonnets. There is a ripeness in his work, a tang and peace that get beneath your skin. He is at most times a sweet singer. *Poetry*, *Voices*, *Commonweal*, and *Minaret* are among the magazines that have printed his sonnets.

Two other sweet singers who instantly come to mind are Samuel Heller, a young Providence high school teacher; and Philip Gray, a New York business man. Both of these poets write with a sensitive hand. The ink they use is frequently made of their hearts' blood. Heller's themes are generally of death. He is a sad young man in person; and his poems are sad. He has written very many poems; and very many of them are good. It is rather unfortunate, however, that his themes are, as I have said, generally of death.

Philip Gray has also written a great deal; and

has also published frequently. His verse has appeared in many of the magazines, among them *Lyric*, *Voices*, *Minaret*, *Overland*, and *Contemporary Verse*. He has done some good work, even if I did recently take him to task for spoiling a group of his sonnets with unoriginal phrases.

One of the most prolific of American poets is Edgar Daniel Kramer of Baltimore. Most of his verse is of a humorous nature, and has been published in the *Fun Shop*, *Life*, *Judge*, and other funny places. But Kramer has written serious verse, and has had it published in *Verse*, the *Double Dealer*, and other outstanding magazines.

When one mentions activity, one thinks immediately of Arthur Guiterman, Newman Levy and Arthur L. Lippmann, all of whom are constant contributors to the *Saturday Evening Post*. Of the three, only Guiterman has done serious poetry. It is interesting to note that they all write often in a similar manner. Guiterman is the innovator of that particular school of light verse.

Morris Abel Beer, head of the dramatic department at the High School of Commerce, New York City, and instructor in poetry at the College of the City of New York, has appeared mainly in the newspapers: *The New York Herald-Tribune*, *New York Telegram*, *New York Sun*, and others. His first book, "Songs of Manhattan," was published in 1918. His lyrics, when not sentimental and hyperbolic, are worthy of attention. Clement Wood believes that Beer is at his best in his free verse; I feel that his lyrics are much better. Le Gallienne has pointed out that Beer ends his poems superbly; and it is true that his last lines are commanding. His verse has appeared in several anthologies; and his next book, "Street

Lamps," will be published in November by the editor and publisher of *The Greenwich Village Quill.*

Eli Siegel, with a single poem, gained national fame. "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana" took the *Nation's* poetry prize in 1925; and ever since young Siegel has been reciting the poem in Greenwich Village, much to this writer's distraction. This Baltimore poet has written a number of poems since 1925; some have appeared in *The Minaret* and in *The Greenwich Village Quill*; but nearly all of his poems contain the same vast, but inconsequential, theme; and are written in a very like manner. There is no doubt that Siegel is a groper for beauty and effect; he echoes life, but some echoes are feeble and hollow; and I feel that his poetry needs not a little editing. Eli Siegel's verse is, in the main, insanity on a spree. A critique of young Siegel himself would be far more interesting than one of his amazing poetry.

Abraham Fink's verse has appeared mainly in S. Jay Kaufman's column in the *New York Telegram*, under the pseudonym "Cap and Bells." His verse is generally free; and freedom can be the greatest of tyrannies. His first book, "Flowers in a Hospital," was recently published. It is pretty bad.

Samuel Roth, editor of the *Two Worlds Monthly*, is the author of a book of war poems published by Boni and Liveright. Naturally enough, they cry bitterly of the outrages that war necessarily perpetrates. To me it seemed that Roth was echoing the manner of other poets; and Clement Wood tells me that his work sounds like imitation, too, adding in that whimsical Woodian manner: "An imitation of Samuel Roth!"

A Greenwich Village poet whose muse has for the time deserted him is James Oppenheim, an important name among the prominent names of a few years back. "Songs for the New Age," "The Solitary," "The Sea," "The Golden Bird," "War and Laughter," "The Pioneers," "The Book of Self" and "Monday Morning" are books under the signature of James Oppenheim. His work is noteworthy. His wistful, passionate, frustrated outcries have in them the movements of old Hebraic poems. His verse is smooth and regular, as regular as the chanting and the swaying of venerable men in a synagogue.

Edgar Speyer, not a very well-known name, is the author of a number of poetic plays, all performed by his family and relatives, and produced privately. Mr. Wood tells me that they are amusing.

Another fairly unknown name is that of David George Plotkin, of whom I dare predict splendid things. Young Plotkin is the author of "Ghetto Gutters," recently published by Thomas Seltzer. It has a great many poems in it, many of which might have been deleted. But Plotkin has a vital and a singing voice. Like others of his background, the East Side of New York, he falls into sentimentality that is not quite engaging because of its falsity and silliness. But "Ghetto Gutters" shows remarkable promise. As soon as Plotkin pulls himself away from poetic conventions and ostensibly poetic phrases, he will go far. He sees life with intelligent eyes; and that is the first requisite of the poet.

A young man who is making a fine reputation for himself is Irwin Edman, featured frequently by *Harper's Magazine*. Simon and Schuster pub-

lished his second book, "Poems." His first was "Measures of the Moment." He has done credible work.

Of Jean Starr Untermeyer's work I know so little that I dare not comment on it. Her work can be found in Louis Untermeyer's anthologies.

Of Harry Alan Potamkin's verse I know little; he was the editor of *The Guardian*, issued from Philadelphia; like Philadelphia is supposed to be, *The Guardian* is dead. Of Minna Feibleman's verse I know little, too, excepting that it has appeared in *The Gypsy*. Of Joseph Berger's I know nothing; and of James Feibleman's: that it has been published in the *Double Dealer*, and enjoys a sardonic effect. Of Louis Grudin's: that Maxwell Bodenheim considers it vital and important; that when it was published in book form, I heard it sold only six copies; and that the *New York Herald-Tribune* critic reviewed it favorably, as did other critics.

Yossef Gaer and David N. Grokowsky appear generally in *Four, the Los Angeles Quarterly*. If I recall their work well, they are of the realistic school, free and bitter. Dr. Israel Newman, formerly editor of *The Harp*, the Kansas poetry monthly, has appeared in various publications with poems marked by no outstanding quality. They are acceptable, but not notable. Frederick Herbert Adler, of Cleveland, has been published in many of the verse journals; he is improving tremendously. Walter Hart Blumenthal, associate editor of *The American Hebrew*, writes verse very occasionally. His second book, "Winepress," published some months ago, is typical of the old-fashioned school of poetry-writing: the grandiloquent, forced and unnatural way of revealing

one's thoughts. He is one of the several Jewish-American poets who have specialized in the main with verse on Jewish themes, generally telling of the prejudice and agony the Jew has gone through.

Two Brooklyn youngsters, who are fast friends, David Arkin and Israel Citkowitz, are among the most promising of the younger generation. Neither has reached twenty; Citkowitz is not yet eighteen, and is music editor of *The Greenwich Village Quill*. His knowledge of music is extensive; his piano playing is remarkable; and I hear he plays the violin equally well. Young Israel is undeniably a genius; and to be a genius is sometimes to be deplored. What sonnets of his that I have read were not gracefully written. His music is obviously in his poetry, lending it a lovely effect. I do not doubt that he will fare well. Arkin's verse has appeared in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse; The Quill*, and elsewhere. He writes well and ironically.

David P. Berenberg, an instructor at the Rand School, had his first volume of Biblical poems published by S4N last year. To me, he writes either appreciably or badly. Many of his sonnets fairly reek with popular-song movements and phrases. On the other hand, he can produce a poem marked by a loveliness that makes one wonder how his other poems got that way. Minnie Edith Blumenthal's work I am not well enough acquainted with; nor do I know familiarly the poetry of Siegfried Rosen, Julius Rosenthal, Mary Rosenberg, David Novak and Frank Mitalsky. Milton S. Rose, of Colorado College, has appeared mainly in *The Echo*; he has done nice work. Leo Markun has been published in a number of periodicals; and his verse is commendable.

Other names like Martin Feinstein, Alter Abelson, Maurice Samuel, Charles Reznikoff, Philip M. Raskin, Louis Israel Newman and George Alexander Kohut are well known in their own circles. Feinstein took the *Nation's* prize some years ago; his first (and only volume, I believe) was produced by Seltzer; it was called "In Memoriam." Abelson contributes frequently to the *Menorah Journal*; his poetry is of the Hebrew. Maurice Samuel astounded the literary and religious world by writing "You Gentiles," a book of essays that raised no little furore among his associates. He has translated the poetry of the best Hebrew poets, and has done so creditably. Of his own verse I can say nothing; his essays I know to be charmingly written. Reznikoff is the author of "Uriel Acosta"; Raskin of "Poems for Young Israel"; Newman, a San Francisco rabbi, of "Songs of Jewish Rebirth"; Kohut of "Legends, Lyrics and Elegies," privately printed. There are also John D. Nussbaum and Jessie E. Sampter. The former wrote "My Lady Muse"; the latter has appeared in various publications.

I do not doubt that I have omitted many Jewish-American poets; but I have done so unwittingly. Perhaps one may call Nathalia Crane Jewish. Her mother is, at any rate. But if little Nathalia is actually the author of all of her poems (and one can't help suspecting Mr. William Rose Benét) she deserves mention here.

It is plausible to presume that Yiddish verse in America is on the decline. And with the melting pot at boiling point, it is more plausible to presume that Yiddish themes are constantly being dropped from the repertoire of Jewish-American poets. Alter Brody still holds to his Yiddish flavor; his

work appears frequently in *The Menorah Journal* where the verse of other Jewish poets can be read. And Mr. Brody still clings to translations. Sidney Wallach, too, has been doing translations; and A. B. Shiffrin, David P. Berenberg, Walter Hart Blumenthal, S. A. deWitt, Abel Meeropol and one or two others occasionally place a Jewish theme under treatment. But it is safe to say that the American-Jewish poet gradually is getting away from the Old World; he is writing now on themes that his Christian brothers are writing on: universal themes.

Certainly the American Jew is forging ahead rapidly in this realm of poetry. And it is to the youngsters we look forward: Morris Morrison, Max Press, Harry Philip, Israel Citkowitz, Joseph Reznick, David Arkin, and others. Before long there will be no need to use the Jew and his problem for a theme in poetry. The Jewish-American poet will not be concerned with prejudice and torture; he will know only the eternal search for eternal beauty, — beauty that has inspired and taunted the poets of all time, no matter what their race.

# THE NEGRO POETS OF THE UNITED STATES

By Alain Locke

Negro poets and Negro poetry are two quite different things. Of the one, since Phyllis Wheatley, we have had a century and a half; of the other, since Dunbar, scarcely a generation. But the significance of the work of Negro poets will more and more be seen and valued retrospectively as the medium through which a poetry of Negro life and experience has gradually become possible. Just such retrospective value and importance mainly has the entire earlier period of American literature itself, which for so considerable a time even after 1776, remained a provincial body of tradition and culture. America's cultural autonomy can as yet claim no sesqui-centennial, — the ink is still damp on our spiritual Declaration of Independence. By still slower but not unrelated processes have the various secondary bodies of the American tradition and experience come to cultural maturity and representative expression; but as they do, it becomes all the more apparent that the scheme of our culture is a confederation of minority traditions, a constellation of provinces, and not a national sun concentrated in one blazing, focal position. And among these, inevitably distinct by virtue of its peculiar social and cultural focus, whirls the gradually incandescent orb of the Negro's group thought and experience.

In the context of an established literature of New England and a metropolitan East, of a semi-established literature of the South and Middle West, and of an insurgent poetry of the Far West, and the Southwest, a Negro poetry and literature is no anomaly or exception. Even more distinctly (and in time we hope as proudly exclusive) of this area has American life been set apart and intensified as a group experience; social isolations and pressure have welded it into more than a local or sectional unity, and a cultural focus of peculiar range and dignity has thus been generated. It is out of the peculiarity of the experience rather than any uniqueness of inherent nature that this world of Negro thought and emotion has been created, but it needs only the glowing combustion of genius moving through it to reveal a new star in the American firmament, — a body of the first cultural magnitude.

Therefore I maintain that the work of Negro poets in the past has its chief significance in what it has led up to; through work of admittedly minor and secondary significance and power a folk-consciousness has slowly come into being and a folk-tradition has been started on the way to independent expression and development. Phyllis Wheatley chirping however significantly in the dawn of the American Revolution about

> The muse inspire each future song!
> Still, with the sweets of contemplation bless'd,
> May peace with balmy wings your soul invest!
> But when these shadows of time are chas'd away,
> And darkness ends in everlasting day,
> On what seraphic pinions shall we move,
> And view the landscapes in the realms above?
> There shall thy tongue in heav'nly murmur flow,
> And there my muse with heav'nly transports glow —

has only a distant promise. She was race-conscious but not race-minded. And later when for two generations or more Negro poets rhymed out their "moral numbers" and pleaded for freedom, sometimes in creditable, sometimes in puerile quatrains that echoed Whittier and Mrs. Hemans, although the acceptance of race was passionate, it was abstract and rhetorical. Theirs was the opposite excess of being so race-minded that they were race-bound. That verse of any treasurable value at all was produced under these conditions is an evidence of a musical and imaginative endowment beyond the ordinary. George Horton, Albery Whitman, Frances Watkins Harper at least established our poetic literacy, and nourished the ambition of a singing people to master the provinces of language. They were well-recognized in their day, perhaps as exceptions, but at least not as Phyllis Wheatley was, as a controversial prodigy. Further they compared not unfavorably with all but their greatest contemporaries, in outlook, theme and diction so similar as to have incurred from many quarters the charge of "sheer unoriginal imitativeness." Be that as it may, except for their preoccupation with the topic of freedom and the notes of sentimental appeal and moral protest, — both popular enough in American poetry at large in their day, one cannot say that there was anything inherently racial about their poetry either in the derogatory or the favorable sense. The second step up Parnassus had simply been from the foothold by Negroes to the half-way lodging of a poetry about the Negro cause and question.

Poetry of Negro life itself, poetry that was in any true sense racially expressive, was still unat-

tained at the time of emancipation and for at least three decades after. Later the causes of this may stand out more clearly. But this much is certainly clear; — no such social satisfaction and stimulus came into Negro life with emancipation as accompanies normal political freedom; the concrete realities of reconstruction could by no means fill in and vivify the abstract Abolitionist hopes or realize the roseate anti-slavery dream. The poetic impulse was checked by steep social disillusionment, by the dint of moral momentum it plodded on in hortatory moods and accents, fifing platitudes "to cheer the weary traveller." Tracts in verse and sermons in couplets were the typical result. Then eventually came the time when the hectic rhetoric and dogged moralism had to fall back in sheer exhaustion on the original basis of cultural supply. Through Dunbar, — part of whose poetry nevertheless, reflects the last stand of this rhetorical advance, Negro poetry came penitently back to the folk-tradition, and humbled itself to dialect for fresh spiritual food and raiment. It is for this reason, as Stanley Braithwaite has so discerningly put it, that Dunbar's poetry closes one age and begins another. Paul Laurence Dunbar definitely accomplished three significant things. The first was to have brought the work of a Negro in poetry to general public attention and acceptance; and thus to have emancipated the Negro artist from his special reading clientele of pet friends and sympathizers. His second was to have established the idea of folk-expression; a priceless boon even at the great cost of having shackled Negro poets for over a generation to the limitations and handicaps of dialect. The third accomplishment was to have given fresh impetus

to lyric expression; free singing from a free heart. This makes Dunbar the Robert Burns of our race tradition.

Dunbar had scores of imitators, some of them like Holloway, Carmichael, Daniel Webster Davis, and Ernest Shackleford, poets of some real talent and inspiration. But they were as handicapped as their predecessors, though in a different way. They plead in dialect; the peasant became a moral stalking-horse for their generation just as for the previous generation the ideals of freedom and humanity had been. They were thus hopelessly minor and secondary in outlook and accomplishment, befogged again by the mists of the Negro problem. Almost contemporaneously however, isolated individuals were manœuvring towards the main roads of poetry: Carruthers, McClellan, Joseph Cotter, Sr., held back somewhat by the dilemma of dialect,—wishing not to desert the race spiritually but at the same time not to be hampered by the Dunbar tradition, which was gradually deteriorating from minstrelsy, to buffoonery. Significant in title and accomplishment, there came, in 1917, James Weldon Johnson's "Fifty Years and Other Poems." Cultural perspective had come, and with it the depth and articulateness of major poetry; Negro poetry in the year of America's entry into the Great War, through the work of Roscoe Jameson, Claude McKay and James Weldon Johnson was linked up with the main stream and tradition of English poetry, and on an esthetic rather than a moral basis began to attain universality and by right to claim general attention.

In the very act of discarding dialect and the hectic rhetorical assertion of race, Negro poetry

became at one and the same time more universal and more racial, finding a strange peace and ease in what had given it most inquietude. For in becoming less self-conscious, it became more naïvely and beautifully expressive, like music.

> Blown by black players on a picnic day.

The poetry of protest and social analysis still continued, as the vibrant verses of the same poet, Claude McKay, so often attest, but even in this vein contemporary Negro poetry has achieved the dignity of self-esteem and the poise of self-confidence. Of the race spirit, as of McKay's dancer, it can be said —

> To me she seemed a proudly swaying palm
> Grown lovelier through passing through a storm—

To the freedom of heart, freedom of mind and spirit had to be joined before conditions conducive to great poetry were achieved. Negro poets now began to accept race not as a duty but a privilege, and to find joy and inspiration not in the escape from handicaps, but in the mastery of experience. McKay can sing of America,

> Although she feeds me bread of bitterness
> I love this cultured hell that tests my youth,—

and Cullen, reaching out through the race experience to the sense of a group heritage and tradition, expresses this growing spiritual conquest still more positively: —

> Lord, not for what I saw in flesh or bone
> Of fairer men; not raised on faith alone;
> Lord, I will live persuaded by mine own.
> I cannot play the recreant to these;
> My spirit has come home, — that sailed the
> doubtful seas.

In the work of the younger Negro poets since 1918, though there is no unity of style or a school, there is this ever-increasing unity of spirit and sense of tradition. It has come about in spite of a startling increase in the numbers of our poets, and their varied affiliations with the richly differentiated technique of the modern schools of poetry. More than this, a comparable gain in technical competence and distinctive excellence of performance has come about in recent years. Readers of this *Anthology* and of the general and special magazines, familiar already with the names of McKay, Georgia Douglas Johnson, Anne Spencer, Angelina Grimke, Jean Toomer, Langston Hughes, and Countée Cullen, will know and concede that Negro genius has shared liberally in the renaissance of American poetry and made a substantial and distinctive contribution to it. Indeed, contemporary American poets, engaged in spite of all their diversities of outlook and technique in a fundamentally common effort to discover and release the national spirit in poetry, have sensed a kindred aim and motive in Negro poetry, and have turned with deep and unbiassed interest to Negro materials as themes and Negro idioms of speech and emotion as artistic inspiration. While not limiting themselves to the special province, which is peculiarly and intimately their own, the young Negro poets have become quite unanimous in spirit and purpose to develop this folk tradition into full artistic expression and cultural recognition. This gives their work the significance and impetus of a definite artistic movement. Special organs of journalistic and literary expression, specific prize-awards and contests as those now conducted annually under

the auspices of the Negro journals, *Opportunity* and *The Crisis*, feed the movement and to some extent give it critical direction. Of late a new crop of poets is hatched annually, and names of fresh promise constantly appear, — Gwendolyn Bennett, Arna Bontemps, Frank Horne, Helene Johnson, — to mention only a few. But the significance of this is not so much in the fact that more poetry has been produced in less than a decade than the yield of over a century and a half, but that better poetry and a philosophy of art have also come. From the bathos of sentimental appeal and the postures of moralizing protest, Negro poets have risen to the dignity and poise of self-expression. Freed from the limitations of dialect that made the technique of the nursery rhyme tolerable, they have not only achieved a modernism of expression, but are attempting to develop new characteristic idioms of style. In place of the persistent and oppressive race consciousness, they have in part acquired the dignity of race spokesmanship and in part re-achieved the enviable naïveté of the slave-singers. More than all else, especially in its promise for the future, they have won that artistic acceptance of life which makes great art possible.

Can it be doubted? At least the contemporary Negro poets have no hawk shadow of doubt over their attempts to sing and soar; they are writing today poetry of national distinction and value, but poetry none the less full of a vitally characteristic racial flow and feeling, inspired by the belief that a people that can give its sorrow enduring musical expression can make its soul powerfully articulate. There is more than subjective ecstasy in Cullen's,

This is my hour
To wax and climb,
Flaunt a red flower
In the face of time.

And the lyric sincerity and insight of her generation are in Helene Johnson's

Ah, little road all whirry in the breeze,
A leaping clay hill lost among the trees,
The bleeding note of rapture streaming thrush
Caught in a drowsy hush
And stretched out in a single singing line of dusky song.
Ah little road, brown as my race is brown,
Your trodden beauty like our trodden pride,
Dust of the dust, they must not bruise you down.
Rise to one brimming, golden, spilling cry!

# THE PACIFIC ASIAN INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN POETRY

By Josef Washington Hall (Upton Close)

First, let me explain my title. The editor asked me to write on "Oriental Influence." For Americans that really means China and Japan, just as to us the term "Far East" really means our near East. It is time that Americans became as independent in their nomenclature as in their literary spirit. Therefore allow me to declare independence in this Sesquicentennial Edition by using the term "Pacific Asia."

Most of us realize by now that there is as great a gulf between the Indo-Persian and Pacific Asian culture as there is between the latter and Euro-American culture and literature. Indo-Persian influence was strong in England during the Victorian era of poetry and thought, with which it proved to be in considerable natural sympathy. Its influence has been negligible in this country. Pacific Asian influence is, however, bulking in American poetry, and becoming evident in American thought. And with the unadorned, fearless and sincere, imagistic spirit of today's America it is in agreement to an arresting degree.

The discovery is most valuable. From the "ground and polished" — to use Confucius' phrase — poets of China and Japan, mature in method but as young in soul as Grace Hall, we are

learning poise and appropriating assurance. If the present school goes down in history as a "literary movement" rather than an "experiment" much of the credit will be due to the masters of this oldest civilization who are so unobtrusively "showing us how."

> I went away a western man
> But I'm coming back in a caravan
> Coming with wisdom in my hands
> Slowly, slowly over the sands.

When Witter Bynner, most accommodating of men, wrote this stanza he must have anticipated that I would need a verse to lead off this article. His experience summarizes the "Oriental Influence" in American poetry today. But let me submit that he did not go away altogether a "western man." Not a hundred per center, at least. Those kind come back in a stateroom with twin beds and a bath, not in a caravan. It is because our poets have already developed a natural attitude toward life and death, because they have already come to look on every phenomenon of conduct with a large sympathy, because they have already sensed the relativity of good and evil and abandoned the dogma of natural depravity, and have discovered that poetry is a normal muscular relaxation of the soul, not a hysteria nor a studied gesture, that they garner such delight and instruction from the Pacific Asian masters. A wonderful and comforting thing — a strengthener of faith to those who believe the development of the human family to be under benevolent watchcare — is the coincidence that just as America is forced into the vanguard of Eastern-Western political contact, a

spiritual and artistic sympathy should spring up between the oldest and newest branches of their cultures.

Caravans bearing treasure from the East move slowly indeed. It required three thousand five hundred years for the fundamental idea of democracy, that "the ruler exists for the people, not the people for the ruler," to get from Yao to Cromwell. Eight hundred years the art of printing was on its way, but process travels faster than product, and it was four centuries after Caxton that the literature for which the Chinese had invented their press was discovered by Europe.

Something of Chinese philosophy seems to have been brought back by East India Company traders: at least we find the Third Earl of Shaftesbury scandalizing orthodoxy about 1700 with the Confucian teaching that man is naturally good — in view of the "sense of sin" of his time to be explained only as an importation from the other side of the world. In 1735 a Chinese play was published in France by a returned Jesuit missionary. Voltaire made of it his drama "L'orphelin de la Chine," which did much to procure the revocation of his banishment. To show how a plot can travel (and that far from the best in Chinese drama) "l'orphelin" became "Turandot" for a great German author, and was being worked into an opera by Puccini, who honored the writer with correspondence regarding it, at the time the melodious Italian composer died.

Chinese poetry was discovered to the English-speaking world by Sir John Davis, first Governor of Hongkong, whose little brochure and translations, published in 1825, are still standard. His fiery successor, Sir John Bowring, whose reputation

is bound up with two things: his great hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," and the opium war, explored a bit further. They were regarded as curio collectors. Nor did the attitude change much after Legge, Soothill and Giles for China and Satow, Mitford, Chamberlain and Dickens for Japan put out their great works of translation forty to twenty years ago.

The renderings of Giles and Chamberlain in heavy Victorian verse served as literary curiosities and as opportunities for Western patronization. Now and again a figure crept uncredited into English verse, as Landor's: "I warmed both hands before the fire of life" — a fire that was originally a Chinese brazier, not an English fireplace. Cranmer-Byng paraphrased Chinese verses in long, singing lines, and Helen Waddell took inspiration from the learned old Scotch missionary Legge's stately prose versions of the ancient Chinese Odes.

But Pacific Asian poetry did not actually ripple the surface or deflect the current of Anglo-American production until the Imagist school, in revolt against Victorian conventions and philosophic word-spinning, and attracted by the kinship of spirit between themselves and the Chinese and Japanese masters, began to render them in free verse approximating the color and terseness of the original. Chinese and Japanese poetry met to an assuring degree the "Imagist" demand that poetry be concrete: consist in images designed objectively to reproduce emotion in the reader rather than subjectively to analyze emotion of the writer. It was not the initial inspiration of the Imagists but it contributed a propelling force and a mature understanding which assures and guides the new school.

Ezra Pound should be credited with the discovery of this kinship. Perhaps it is appropriate to recall that he is in origin an American, born in Idaho. He made his contact through Fenellossa, that explorer in esthetics who, returning laden with the gold of Japanese art, brought along for curiosity's sake a few red rubies from Li Po and a handful of the white sapphires of the Noh. Pound's efforts were vitiated by controversy. Although, mistaking British tolerance for willingness to experiment, he chose England as sympathetic environment, it is the contemporary poets of his own carping people who are exploiting his find. It is primarily through the Imagist and post-Imagist poets of this country that Pacific Asian literature is influencing English language verse.

It does not lack students in England, and that country it is which supports the prince of its present-day translators, Arthur Waley. Something of the spirit of it has, of course, permeated old-country production. Take this from Drinkwater, in his earlier period:

If all the carts were painted gay
And all the streets swept clean
And all the children came to play
By hollyhocks, with green
Grasses to grow between,

If all the houses looked as though
Some heart were in their stones
If all the people that we know
Were dressed in scarlet gowns
With feathers in their crowns,

I think this gaiety would make
A spiritual land.
I think that holiness would take
This laughter by the hand
Till both should understand.

Nothing more truly Chinese in philosophy was ever written. But, as its author informed the writer, the influence was unconscious; and English "duty" soon displaced Chinese "gaiety" as the burden of this prophet's voice.

Glancing over the production of contemporary American poets we find that Chinese-Japanese influence has inspired efforts falling into several distinct categories. A few writers experiment in the domestication of the oriental forms as well as methods, others pay heed to methods and ignore forms, some are interested rather in atmosphere, fresh figures and symbology, and yet others are influenced by the philosophy more than by the expression of Chinese thought. The most ardent students have, of course, played Stevenson's "sedulous ape" in all these phases. For this sketch I cannot do better than to exhibit concretely Pacific Asian influence on our poets by brief examples under a few various heads.

First should come translations pure and simple, considered not as exhibits from abroad but as contributions to our own literature. Scholarship in Chinese and Japanese being as yet so limited in this country, translations must be the fountain head of all "influence," and their quality is therefore of primary importance. The fact that all great translations are now being made in imagistic free verse, although in the case of the Chinese the original is rhymed, and of both Chinese and Japanese it is measured, is of itself significant. America cannot claim Arthur Waley, that cultural internationalist who is doing such versatile, voluminous, and yet consistently beautiful work with Chinese and Japanese prose and poetry, and whose rapidly proceeding translation of the great

Japanese novel, Genji (full of poetic interpolations) is arresting the attention of the literary world. His best collections of poetry translations were, however, commercially published in this country and their influence as well as popularity with our writers deserve notice. The second most influential translator of the new school is, I think, Obata, another internationalist of opposite experience — a very young Japanese who has accurately rendered Li Po, China's greatest lyricist, into exquisite English poetry, and is now doing the same for Tu Fu. America can lay some claim to Obata, for he did most of his work, and was published, in New York, although the Japanese Foreign Office must be given credit for his sustenance: a patronage not indulged in by many governments in the present age. For accuracy and *poetry* Obata's translations stand, to my idea, highest. (While China has produced fluent orators in the borrowed tongue, Japan has produced some great stylists in English. For example, Okakura-Kukazo.)

The American poet who has done most as translator is Amy Lowell, in "Fir-Flower Tablets." Obata, in his suave Japanese way, takes occasion to point out the mistakes of Miss Lowell and her language expert, Florence Ayscough. They have caught the spirit, which is much. If the old Chinese masters are made to speak in too shrill a tone or occasionally in a Yankee drawl we must forgive. Witter Bynner is the other American poet who has made serious study on the spot, using a Chinese scholar for language aid. No great amount of his Chinese work has been published: in that which we know he has effectively caught the leisure and peace of the original — an illusive

thing which only skill can combine with the "punch" of Chinese style. In pieces of quiet sadness he excells.

In the Japanese tanka and hokku (or haikai) Curtis Hidden Page has done the most notable work of any recent American translator. Paradoxically enough he finds rhymed translations as effective for these unrhymed "miniatures" as most translators find unrhymed verse for rendering the rhymed Chinese stanzas. Mrs. Stokes has done Noh dramas into a stately but tiresome pentameter, less appealing than the free verse renderings of Fenellossa-Pound and Arthur Waley. Charlotte Peake, an American long of Japan, has made exquisite verses out of the hokku in a series of little volumes published in Japan called "Sword and Blossom." Two I must quote:

Passionate music of the Nightingale
Not joy you bring me, but a strange regret,
A memory of nothingness, the pale
Face of a lover I have never met.

— *Sosei.*

---

Color and fragrance are the very same
As in the flush of other springs, but cold
The blood that kindled at the rosy flame
Of cherry blossom, for I have grown old.

—*Tomonori.*

More and more Americans will take up translation, properly equipping themselves for it. Pupils in my classes in the University of Washington are fascinated by the adventure of rendering the Chinese juxtaposed root ideas into effective English verse. It has somewhat the lure of a word puzzle, or a problem in algebra. In proof that such exercises are not all dilettantism I sub-

mit the following rendering of an "Ode on the Drought" from the Shih of about 1000 B. C. by Jean Haven, an undergraduate. Its only departure from literalness is the anacronism of "glass":

> Parched are the hills. The streams are dried.
> The burnt-off grass
> Crumbles and snaps beneath my feet like brown old glass
> What sacrifices have I not tried?
> What offerings have I not made?
> I've offered all the symbols of bright jade
> But still the Demon Drought
> Rides on the hills with open eyes
> Demanding human sacrifice. . . .
>
> The Milky Way revolves — so cool, so far away
> And bright. The earth is stilled and waits for day
> To drown in night.

America as likely will become the middleman between East and West in poetry as in commerce and international relations.

Hardly distinguishable from the translators are the adapters. The boundary is variable, depending upon literary conscience and critical tenets. Mention of names here would get us into controversies it is discreet to avoid. As a type, and an example unsurpassed in literary value, I mention Lafcadio Hearn, about whose work there is no dispute.

Method or manner of presentation and subject matter are so exquisitely mated in Pacific Asian verse that it is impossible clearly to separate them. They come through into our world largely together, with the emphasis, however, on one or the other. An outstanding quality of this poetry is, of course, its defiance of analysis. Our poets are more independent about Oriental stanza forms, some

adapting these also, some ignoring them. One form tradition that has come through unfailingly, and is inseparable from Oriental matter and manner is exceeding briefness of lyrics. We have Carl Sandburg doing a bit in the fundamentally Oriental suggestion method, and falling naturally into an excellent approximation of the Chinese four-line "stop-short," with its conventional surprise at the end:

> Let down your braids of hair, lady
> Cross your legs and sit before the looking glass
> And gaze long on lines under your eyes.
> Life writes; men dance . . .

Modern poets, states John Gould Fletcher, are becoming more and more indebted to the Japanese for a realization of the value of psychological suggestion. Another Sandburg piece, very Eastern in its use of imagistic figure to express psychology is done in the three-line trenchantness of the Japanese hokku:

> Wishes left on your lips
> The mark of their wings.
> Regrets fly kites in your eyes.

Richard Aldington supplies a "tanka" in four lines instead of the requisite five, but with the characterizing feature of "climactic personal application" in the last two lines:

> Like a gondola of green scented fruits
> Drifting along the dark canals of Venice
> You, O exquisite one,
> Have entered into my desolate city.

In another stanza by Sandburg we have the straight "pictorial," first regarded as a complete

accomplishment by Pacific Asian poets — just a sketch to hang on the wall of the mind, for no purpose other than pure decoration:

> The fog comes on little cat feet.
> It sits looking over harbor and city
> On silent haunches and then moves on.

Sandburg divides this into five lines; I take the above liberty to show that it is the essential spirit of the hokku form. Other pictorials follow no particular stanza convention — even as in their home lands. Take this from John Gould Fletcher:

> Black swallows, swooping or gliding
> In a flurry of entangled loops and curves
> The skaters swim over the frozen river.
> And the grinding clink of their skates as they impinge
> on the surface
> Is like the brushing together of their wing tips of silver.

Another from "Japanese Prints":

> Flickering of incessant rain on flashing pavements:
> Sudden scurry of umbrellas:
> Bending, recurved blossoms of the storm.

He publishes the first as two lines. Made rather into one, the triangle of the hokku form is preserved: an angling line up, one down, and a satisfactory base line binding them together.

Amy Lowell's "Lacquer Prints and Chinoiseries" consist of these pictorials, some with a more personal flavor than the Chinese poet, proud of the technique of his modesty, would allow. Some are practically paraphrases. They illustrate well the characteristic method of using phases of nature to indicate personal mood. For, while the western poet has been taught to talk about nothing else, the Chinese poet never overtly talks about himself.

Cold, wet leaves
Floating on moss-colored water
And the croaking of frogs —
Cracked bell-notes in the twilight.

———

Because the moonlight deceives
Therefore I love it.

An excellent pictorial of color is done in paraphrase by Helen Waddell:

Peach blossoms after rain
  Are deeper red;
The willow fresher green;
  Twittering overhead;
And fallen petals lie wind-blown
Unswept upon the courtyard stone.

There is, of course, an unobtrusive philosophical suggestion in this. The storm that freshens some kills others. But we fade the freshness of many pictorials if we hold the searchlight too closely looking for subtleties. The same pictorial quality runs through Amy Lowell's "Patterns." The original poem which, I believe, Miss Lowell herself felt came nearest true Chinese touch and fantasy is "Wind and Silver":

Greatly shining
The autumn moon floats in the thin sky;
And the fish-ponds shake their backs and flash
    their dragon scales
As she passes over them.

Probably her best approach to the Japanese hokku is "Ephemera":

Silver green lanterns tossing among windy branches
So an old man thinks
Of the loves of his youth.

Her "Free Fantasia on Japanese Themes" speaks for itself. "In Solitaire" and "Meeting-House

Hall" she uses Chinese atmosphere rather than thought or method, dreaming of "odd blue Chinese gardens and wrought dice cups in pagan temples," and remembering a tea clipper from Canton "with her hold full of green and blue porcelain, and a Chinese coolie leaning over the rail and gazing at the white spire with dull, sea-spent eyes."

Adelaide Crapsey has made the most studied effort of any American poet to naturalize oriental forms. She has taken the five-line Japanese tanka with its definite number of syllables in each line and "application" in the last two, and by use of monosyllables only, so as to obtain the equal syllabic stress that is a quality of Japanese, she has created a surprisingly effective stanza. Still, one must read carefully to preserve equal syllabic spacing and avoid falling into "feet." She has changed the Japanese lines of 5, 7, 5, 7, 7 to 2, 4, 6, 8, 2 syllables.

> Just now
> Out of the strange
> Still dusk . . . as strange, as still
> A white moth flew. Why am I cold?
> So cold?

I have endeavored to approximate the Chinese "stop-short" by somewhat the same methods, and offer as an experimental product this, entitled "Release" (Chinese titles are often as important as one of the lines):

> Grey sand . . . wet mist . . . an aching urge to fly
> Stars, singing of ethereal things
> But I could only gaze into the sky:
> Then you — and wings!

Sara Teasdale's poetry is, in its personal angle and passion, the antithesis of the Oriental. Yet

her "Water Lilies" seems to be an exception in the artistry with which the scene is described and made significant of human experience. The "shadow of mountains falling at dusk on closing water lilies" is a line fit for any Chinese pictorial. Edna St. Vincent Millay is another poet whose spirit has little kinship with the East, yet her "Wild Swans" seems to have much in common with Chinese and Japanese pieces of the same theme. Again, the symbology of her pear tree is very like the flowering plum of the Japanese poets.

Chinese symbology, and the Japanese which has added a few native touches to it, are still unused storehouses to our writers, as are their tremendous bulk of historical allusion and folklore. These must wait until our reading public becomes as familiar with Chinese legend and Japanese mythology as they are with the Greek, Roman and Norse lore: quite a while yet!

No western poet has yet mined gold from the deep strata of Asiatic life as did Browning in Italy, but several have availed of physical phenomena and social conditions as did Keats, Shelley and Byron. Eunice Tietjens in her "Profiles from China," observes well but through unmistakeably Western eyes, people, scenes and incidents. Alan Simms Lee, a British educator long resident in Asia, has used China in his "O Mei Moon" and two other volumes, some of which material has found currency and is exerting corresponding influence in America. Lee is tinged with a philosophy more Indian:

> . . . and a little mound
> Of earth makes in the endless tale of years
> A comma only.
> . . . knowing that stars and evening skies,

Those grotesque forms (famine victims), all things
fair and uncouth
Are but the perfect working of the law . . .
All works of Art are like sure tuning forks
Whose fundamental tone is found in God . . .
Where Beauty is, there God must be . . .

These are not lines easily forgotten.

Vachel Lindsay's evidence of Oriental influence are harder to lay fingers on. There must be something besides the names of his "Chinese Nightingale" and "Buddha." His utter unconventionality of form, his tendency to length, his rather involved figures and crowded pictures are not Asian. Yet he has been one of the most enthusiastic readers of translations, and one feels that there is a complacency of thought and abandon of style about him which is Chinese. This on the moon is almost Li Po-like:

O mirror on fair heaven's wall
We find there what we bring.
So let us smile in honest part
And deck our souls and sing.

Some examples of terse Chinese and Japanese stanzas adapted to predominantly Western thought and method are found. No oriental poet would race with the bees as Helga Doolittle:

I saw the first pear as it fell
the honey seekers, golden-banded;
the yellow swarm
was not more fleet than I.

Sandburg gives us rather just the East-West combination that we would expect somewhere, in "Peach Blossoms." Compare his with the more truly Chinese piece of the same title quoted previously:

What cry of peach blossoms
Let loose on the air today
I heard with my face thrown
in the pink-white of it all?
in the red whisper of it all?
What man I heard saying;
Christ, these are beautiful:
And Christ, and Christ was in his mouth
over the peach blossoms."

If Chinese influence, carried long ago to Japan, becomes widespread in America it means that poets will forego mounting a dais to impress us with the momentousness of the r experiences or visions, and rather that they will talk quietly on the street corners about the most ordinary things in the most ordinary language. Quietly out of the commonplace, poetry, which is the essence of the beauty actually lying in all life, will be made. It means that writers will ignore the mania for heightened "dramatic effect," and that editors will become less hide-bound in their demand for "climax." Poets will give attention not so much to their emotions as to the things which stirred them, which things they will sketch in clear-cut silhouettes or paint in contrasted coloring. They will address their verse always to the sympathetic imagination of their auditors, at the same time remembering that, as Curtis Hidden Page says, "vagueness is less than clarity but suggestion is clarity and more." They will maintain a sweet sincerity which would be unashamed to write, as Po Chu-i, a poem "On Being Alarmed at Entering the Gorges," and, like him, will del ght in places, people and experiences, finding wonder in the most tranquil life. They will learn a gentleness in irony and a humor in refutation which will help make our intellectual and artistic world more gentlemanly.

With Tu Fu they will expose the false glamor of martial life. They will write less of the joy and pain of love and more of the contentment of friendship. They will lose that desire to be what they are not which makes our poetry ugly and restless. While preserving their naivete they will emulate sensitiveness and mature esthetic discretion counteractive of tendencies to crudeness. They will bring poetry much nearer to music and painting.

The extent to which our poets can exploit Pacific Asian themes, methods and forms is, of course, limited. But through these we are learning the Chinese philosophy of life, which is destined to exert the most far-reaching influence of all, and eventually to bring about drastic re-evaluation of our ideals and cultural elements.

Some touches of the delightful whimsy and good-natured *reductio ad absurdam* of Chinese philosophical logic have been grasped in passing by our poets. "I dreamt," says old Chuang-tzu (B. C. 250) "that I was a butterfly. Now I do not know whether I am a butterfly dreaming that I am a man or a man occasionally dreaming that I am a butterfly." Winifred Welles avails herself of the parable:

> My thoughts are rose-like, beautiful and bright,
> Folded precise as petals are, and wings
> Uplift my dreaming suddenly in flight —
> How shall we know our real selves, he and I
> Which is the woman, which the butterfly?

The last words of the ancient poetical exponent of *Tao* were in protest to his disciples' plans for a grand funeral. "With heaven and earth as my coffin and shell, with the sun, moon and stars as my burial regalia and all creation to escort me to

the grave — are not my funeral preparations ready? Below ground I should be food for the worms and moles, above for the kites: why rob one to feed the other?" To which Witter Bynner responds in his "Nature Lover":

> Why in the world of things, O Nature lover,
> Should the butcher make you weep?
> The sheep is food to the man and the man to clover
> And clover to the sheep.

The fundamental of Chinese thought is the essential unity of all things and growing therefrom their essential dignity in the individual illusion or existence. The most striking outworking of this basic conception is the Chinese feeling of the relativity of all things, which exists in place of our Western sense of the struggle between things. "Viewed from the standpoint of Tao, a beam and a pillar are identical, so are ugliness and beauty, greatness, wickedness, perverseness and strangeness." And Chuang-tzu in a beautiful poetic figure, adds life and death to the list. "How do I know but that he who dreads to die is as a child who has lost the way and cannot find his home?" Contrast this with our conceptions of the unremitting controversy between good and evil, God and Satan, spirit and flesh, man and nature, male and female and you will understand the passivity of Chinese thought, its tranquillity, quiet sadness, innate contentment, conception of the worthwhileness of all things, depth of kinship between man and every animal, every landscape, every thing, every phenomenon of the universe. There is no tragedy in Chinese literature, for tragedy is the literary expression of our sense of the innate struggle in life which, be it between man and the

gods, between opposing tendencies within man himself or between man and society must eventually bring about his more or less heroic downfall. Instead there is that fascinating sense of oneness with nature which even Wordsworth only approximated; that sense whereby Li Po can hang his cap on a crag and blow wind through the pine trees or which can cause Po Chu-i to feel that he "is not worthy to be master of his pines." For to the Eastern poet nature is not made for man's conquest and exploitation, nor is man, as *per* Conrad, made to give a heroic exhibition of struggle against ruthless, eventually conquering nature. They are one, parts of one another and of the same whole; the tree no more exists for the man than the man for the tree; each has equal dignity in its own right. Their very attitude is poetry itself.

The impersonality of oriental poets, their emphasis on phenomena rather than emotion, their avoidance of violent passion, their mistrust of heroics, their evaluation of life neither by possession nor accomplishment but by the artistry with which the daily routine is performed, their calm attitude toward death are natural outgrowths of their basic conception of the universe.

> I love you, my friend Meng (says Li Po),
> To the honor of serving the emperor you preferred
> the rapture of cherry-blossoms.
> Who can approach to your nobility?

And again:

> The living is a passing traveller, the dead a man
> come home.

Po Chu-i adds, "A single grain of rice, falling into the Great Barn." Sandburg sees it, "In the Cool Tombs."

These are the things that must eventually influence American poetry, and which will count more than all the attempted "hokkus" and Chinese methods with which the editors of our magazines of verse are now flooded.

Were Pacific Asian culture as propagandistic and belligerent as ours, America, meeting up with that mature civilization, would be destined to be led by the nose, turned into a sort of cheap imitation of China just as some Americans hope to turn China into a cheap imitation of America. As matters are, we stand in little danger of becoming copyists and much likelihood of being inspired. There are deficiencies in East Asian poetry more or less innate in its philosophy: lack of profundity, intellectual appeal and the spirit of adventure. Perhaps it remains for American poets to point the way to such a wedding of Eastern contentment and Western dissatisfaction, Eastern tranquillity and Western progressiveism, Eastern respect for man and nature and Western uplift and material development as will yet prove the salvation of art and of civilization.

## "NEW" POETRY SINCE 1912

By Marianne Moore

In America what is often referred to as modern poetry received marked impetus in 1912. Converted from the manner of "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass" (1912) to the apparently new newness of Imagisme (1913), Amy Lowell became "the recognized spokesman of the Imagist group." Inaugurally arresting, however — that is to say really inaugural — Ezra Pound invented the term Imagisme; and A Few Don'ts by an Imagist presented by him in 1913 in the March issue of *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, advocated composing "in sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome; direct treatment of the thing, whether subjective or objective; the use of absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation"; and in 1914 with work of his own, appeared poems by Richard Aldington, F. S. Flint, H. D., Amy Lowell, Skipwith Cannéll, William Carlos Williams, James Joyce, John Cournos, F. M. "Hueffer," and Allan Upward.

Mr. Braithwaite felt in Imagisme, "an intensifying quality of mood," Richard Aldington felt in it "an accurate mystery," and in answer to the objection that Imagist poetry was "petty poetry, minutely small and intended to be so," Miss May Sinclair observed that the critic "is not justified in counting lines." Of image-making power as "common to all poets," she remarked, "When

Dante saw the souls of the damned falling like leaves down the banks of Acheron, it is an image, it is also imagery. It makes no difference whether he says *are* leaves or only *like* leaves. The flying leaves are the perfect image of the damned souls. But when Sir John Suckling says his lady's feet peep in and out like mice he is only using imagery." H. D.'s "Pines," *i.e.*, "Oread," which appeared first in Wyndham Lewis's *Blast* (1914), Richard Aldington's "The Poplar," and Ezra Pound's "The Garret" seem to one incontrovertibly illustrative of the Imagist doctrine.

In 1915 and 1916, under direction of Richard Aldington, "The Poets' Translation Series" was published by The Egoist Press, which was under the direction of Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver, and the starkness and purity of these translations is allied in one's mind with Imagism and Vorticism — Ezra Pound and certain of his Imagists being identical with certain of Wyndham Lewis's Vorticists.

The "new" poetry seemed to justify itself as a more robust form of Japanese poetry — that is perhaps to say, of Chinese poetry — although a specific and more lasting interest in Chinese poetry came later. In 1913, coincident with the translating into English of "Gitanjali," Rabindranath Tagore visited the United States, was termed by our press, "The creator of a new age in literature," and W. B. Yeats wrote in "The Athenæum," "A whole people, a whole civilization, immeasurably strange to us, seems to have been taken up into this imagination; and yet we are not moved because of its strangeness, but because we have met our own image; as though we had walked in Rossetti's willow wood, or heard, perhaps for the

first time in literature, our voice as in a dream." Felt by public and poets alike to be important, "North of Boston" by Robert Frost, appeared in 1914, "A Boy's Will" having been published the previous year.

*The Egoist*, *Poetry of Chicago*, and *The Little Review* of Chicago, were hospitable to "new" poetry, as was Alfred Kreymborg's *Others*. With a subsequently diverse and justifiable use of no rhyme, part rhyme, all rhyme, Alfred Kreymborg had to some, in his early practice of vers libre and his encouragement of the "vers libertine" as Louis Untermeyer denominates the writer of free verse — the aspect of a Cambodian devil-dancer. One recalls the emphatic work of William Carlos Williams whose book, "The Tempers" had appeared in 1913; a sliced and cylindrical, complicated yet simple use of words by Mina Loy; an enigmatically axiomatic Progression of the Verb "To Be" by Walter Arensberg, and a poem by him entitled "Ing" which corroborated the precisely perplexing verbal exactness of Gertrude Stein's "Tender Buttons" — a book which had already appeared.

ING

Ing? Is it possible to mean ing?
Suppose
for the termination in *g*
a disoriented
series
of the simple fractures
in sleep.
Soporific
has accordingly a value for soap
so present to
sew pieces.
And *p* says: Peace is.

And suppose the *i*
to be big in ing
as Beginning.
Then Ing is to ing
as aloud
accompanied by times
and the meaning is a possibility
of ralsis.

In Ezra Pound one recognized that precise explicit "positiveness" — felt in him by Wallace Stevens — and he was the "new" poetry's perhaps best apologist as he reiterated in articles contributed to Miss Monroe's magazine, his feeling that "there should be in America the '*gloire de cénacle.*'" "He is knowledge's lover," as Glenway Wescott has said, "speaking of it and to it an intimate idiom which is sometimes gibberish," and if his equivalents for that which is "dead" or foreign seem to some not always perspicuous, his contagiously enjoyable enjoyment of and his unpedantic rendering of "dead" language have done as much as have his own poems, one feels — to create an atmosphere in which poetry is likely to be written. Adelaide Crapsey's apartness and delicately differentiated footfalls, her pallor and color, were impressive. Wallace Stevens' sensory and technical virtuosity was perhaps the "new" poetry's greatest ornament and the almost imperceptibly modern, silver-chiming resonance of "Peter Quince at the Clavier" did much to ameliorate popular displeasure. One recalls in "Primordia," an insisted upon starkness:

The blunt ice flows down the Mississippi,
At night

and a complexity of apprehension:

> Compilation of the effects
> Of magenta blooming in the Judas-tree
> And of purple blooming in the eucalyptus —

As Kenneth Jewett remarked (in *The Transatlantic Review*, April, 1924) "his perfected, two-dimensional still lifes stand like rests or held chords in the progression of his complete harmony." T. S. Eliot's scrutiny of words and of behavior was apparent in his "Portrait of a Lady." Mr. Eliot "has not confined himself to genre nor to society portraiture," says Ezra Pound. "His

> lonely men in shirt sleeves leaning out of windows

are as real as his ladies who

> come and go
> Talking of Michelangelo."

Writers of free verse were, for the most part, regarded as having been influenced by Laforgue, Rimbaud, and other French poets. Alfred Kreymborg, Maxwell Bodenheim, Carl Sandburg, Marsden Hartley, Muna Lee, Wallace Gould, Man Ray, Adolf Wolff, Helen Hoyt, Orrick Johns, Conrad Aiken, Amy Lowell, Evelyn Scott, Lola Ridge, Marjorie Allen Seiffert, Donald Evans, Emanuel Carnevali, Arthur Davison Ficke, and Witter Bynner, contributed to making respectable as poetry, verse which was not rhymed. In 1916, certain of these, under the names Emanuel Morgan Anne Knish, Elijah Hay, purporting to be a new school, termed themselves Spectrists. Vachel Lindsay's declamatory and in some respects unesthetic pictorialism (1915–16), pleased, displeased, and pleased the public — his originality in

"trading rhymes for bread" having earlier made a good impression. Resisted and advertised, Edgar Lee Masters' "Spoon River Anthology" (1915) seemed a technical pronunciamento.

One associates with 1921 rather than with 1913, 1915, 1916, or 1917, the morosely imaginative and graphic work of D. H. Lawrence and recalls his introversive but in mood none the less emancipated poem, "Snake":

> He drank enough
> And lifted his head, dreamily as one who has drunken,
> And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air,
> so black,
> Seeming to lick his lips,
> And looked around like a god, unseeing into the air

In 1920 and 1921, readers of new poetry noted the work of E. E. Cummings—its sleights of motion and emotion. A great deal has been made of the small "i" as used by Mr. Cummings and of certain subsidiary characteristically intentional typographic revivals and innovations on his part. While "extreme," he is, however, "only superficially modern," as has been pointed out by Dr. W. C. Blum, and truly major aspects of his work are "feeling for American speech," "rapid unfailing lyrical invention," ability to convey the sense of speed, "of change of position," "the sensations of effective effort."

Various child poets received, in 1920, the respectful attention of the public. American Indian poetry has also, at intervals, been introduced to us, as has the Negro spiritual. Leon Srabian Herald, though as yet without full command of technique, Glenway Wescott, and Yvor Winters — the one somewhat delicately Persian, the other somewhat constricted—R. Ellsworth Larsson, Harold Monro,

Peter Quennell, Edith Sitwell, Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell, have produced work which is, if not purely modern, properly within the new movement. Catholic in using either rhyme or no rhyme, certain others, not modern, yet by no means old-fashioned, manifest vigor which predominates it would seem, over newness. In Joseph Auslander, for example, we find a centaur-like and entrenched individuality of this non-conforming variety.

One recognizes in Ralph Cheever Dunning's depth and sobriety of treatment, a phase of contemporary watchfulness against ineptness. Although not especially recent, Mr. Dunning evinces, as Ezra Pound has observed, "clarity of impact," "surety," "exact termination of expression," "originality" in being superior to current fashions in verse.

Categorically "formal," as are George Dillon and Archibald MacLeish, Scofield Thayer is a new Victorian — reflective, bi-visioned, and rather wilfully unconventional. We have a mixture, apparently, of reading and of asserted detachment from reading, emotion being expressed through literal use of detail:

> I agitate the gracile crescent
> Which calls itself a fern:

and through what seems a specific reviving of incident. Tension affords strength, as is felt in certain verbally opposed natural junctures of the unexpected—"a gentle keenness," "gradual flames," "concision of a flame gone stone"— the mechanics being that of resistance.

It is perhaps beside the point to examine novel aspects of successive phases of poetic expression,

inherited poetry having been at one time new, and new poetry even in its eccentricities seeming to have its counterpart in the poetry of the past — in Hebrew poetry, Greek poetry, Chinese poetry. That which is weak is soon gone; that which has value does, by some strange perpetuity, live as part of the serious continuation of literature.

# ON POETRY

*Being Some Reflections on Mr. Mencken's Errors Concerning the Nature of the Art.*

By E. Merrill Root

It is no more fair to judge Nietzsche by the Nietzscheans than to judge Christ by the Christians. And so we had best absolve Zarathustra at once, and come to his caricature. Nietzsche said that the poets lie too much: meaning that all the poets lie some of the time, and some of the poets lie all the time, but surely not that all the poets lie all the time. But Mr. Mencken, Zarathustra's contemporary ape, thinks that all the poets, all the time, are star-spangled liars.

Mr. Mencken's peculiar prejudices are written in Americanese of a racy bumptiousness so interesting that we overlook the fact that he has only about a dozen perpetually iterated ideas, half of which are platitudes, and the other half wrong. But in *Prejudices, Third Series* there is a strained effect, as though Mr. Mencken knew he never could recapture the first fine careless rapture. At its best, his style has the rumble of revolutionary tumbrils bearing hill-Billies to the guillotine. At his best, he is a literary pirate, hoisting the Jolly Roger, firing volleys of carronades with great sound and fury, putting the men spectacularly to the cutlass, and carousing hugely with the women and the rum. But in his *Third Series* he seems like an aristocrat with the headache; a tired pirate.

And particularly weak is his attack on poetry; he is merely George F. Babbitt masquerading as Captain Kidd.

What has Mr. Mencken to say about poetry? That it is a childish, or at best an adolescent, art. When men are savages (like Shelley?) they write poetry; when they are civilized adults (like Mr. George Jean Nathan?) they write prose.

"Poetry" (he says) "requires no discipline." A certain John Keats, who began with honeyed sonnets and disciplined himself into the organ music of *Hyperion,* must stir under the violets. It takes years to acquire a prose style, says Mr. Mencken; the poets from the cradle lisp in numbers for the numbers come. Mr. Mencken is as innocent as any sweet girl graduate. One would suppose that he had not only never written any poetry, but never even tried to write any. We who know about the writing of poetry, both because we have written it and because we have studied (say) a manuscript of Keats, realize that Mr. Mencken is simply what a Frenchman would call "saugrenu" or an Irishman "innocent." Has Mr. Mencken never read Shakespeare? Or is he too perverse to observe the growth of Shakespeare's style? Does he think the chords and cadences of *Lear* the undisciplined lisping of a babe and suckling?

> "Some good son
> Paint my two hundred pictures — let him try!"

The truth is that poetry (not verse, which anybody can write) requires a discipline, a "fundamental brain power," that are quite beyond the reach of a mere prose writer. The great poets, when they wished, could write a fine prose: Shakespeare,

Milton, Keats, Shelley, Poe. But imagine Thomas Huxley writing *Lear* or *The Dauber!*

"Poetry" (Mr. Mencken continues) "is emotional escape from the harsh realities of everyday." He agrees with the wits of the Comic Papers: "More Truth than Poetry." One turns to poetry as to opium. Poetry is a sort of inferior beer. It is "a comforting piece of fiction set to more or less lascivious music." Fearing death, we turn to spooks — or to poetry. Finding love a cheat, we turn to harlots — or to poetry. So far Mr. Mencken. The reply is easy: of course, if Mr. Mencken thinks that sort of stuff *poetry* . . .

Mr. Mencken says that poetry is either denial of objective facts or denial of subjective facts. As an example of the first, he cites:

> "God's in His Heaven,
> All's right with the world."

A singular obtuseness prevents Mr. Mencken from noticing that Browning himself is not speaking, but a dramatic creation, a young girl innocent of the world. Does Mr. Mencken really think it is a fact that young girls go around on a Spring holiday chanting:

> "God's in the discard,
> All's wrong with the Booboisie"?

Is he ignorant that Browning is a dramatic poet, among whose fifty men and women are those who damn as well as those who bless? As an example of the denial of subjective facts, Mr. Mencken cites:

> "I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul."

He would probably revise this to read:

> "I am one-legged and tubercular,
> My glands are captains of my anatomy."

That, he thinks, would be the prose truth. But maybe Henley was thinking of Whitman, or of Thoreau, or of Heine who jested on his mattress-grave, "Le Dieu me pardonera . . . c'est son métier." There have been men who were "captains of their souls" in Henley's sense — though Mr. Mencken may not be one of them. Whether true or false, moreover, Henley's statement is not peculiar to poetry: Mr. Mencken will find it, buttressed by every circumstance of logic, in Epictetus' prose. And in poetry, just as in prose, one can find the opposite idea if one wishes . . .

> "We are none other than a moving row
> Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go. . ."

Mr. Mencken doesn't believe an idea in a poem, so he calls *poetry* false, which is like calling Germany a nation of Huns because you don't like the Kaiser! — or pneumatic tires worthless because they are sometimes flat!

Mr. Mencken depreciates Browning and praises Darwin. "There are men who are so thoroughly civilized that even the most severe attack upon the emotions is not sufficient to dethrone their reason. Charles Darwin was such a man. There was never a moment in his life . . . when he turned to poetry; in fact he regarded all poetry as silly." Poor poetry! Or poor Darwin? We seem to hear Mr. M'Choakumchild, that resolute schoolmaster. . . . "In this life we want nothing but facts, sir, nothing but facts. . . ." Mr. Mencken will be telling us next that Euclid knew more than Jesus!

Mr. Mencken's great error is that, like all Calvinists, he thinks "fact" and "logic" synonymous with "truth." From his premises he draws

strange confusions. We cannot (he says) reduce Poe's poems to clear statements — like texts and illuminated wall mottoes — therefore they have no content, they have only music! As though a statement must be clear to the conscious reason, like the multiplication table, before it can have significance! Poe and Blake knew that the greatest and truest things are too real and too deep for the blind, lame reason. The poets know that "Much madness is divinest sense to a discerning eye." When Mr. Mencken says that Poe's poems have no content but music, we who know that they are darkness visible, that they are records of Poe's wanderings in the labyrinthine abysses of his own heart among horrors and hazards that pass the understanding, merely smile. Mr. Mencken, we know, like all schoolmasters, is just solemnly funny.

The truth, of course, is the opposite of Mr. Mencken's prejudices.

Poetry results from *intense awareness.* It tells, first of all, the truth of physical things. Keats' "Beaded bubbles winking at the brim" is actual truth: the truth had never been told before he said it; "Globules of $H_2O$ bursting suddenly because of gaseous expansion. . . ." or whatever scientific gabble would logically express breaking bubbles is factual truth and actual falsity. "And the ship of sunrise burning Strands upon the Eastern rims . . .," "Butterflies that ope and close their wings as babies work their toes . . .," "Sweet peas on tip-toe for a flight . . .," "Laughter holding both his sides . . .," "The death's-head infant coldly eyed The desert of her shrunken breast . . .," "Lantern-hanging pears," "Soft as a bubble sung Out of a linnet's lung . . .": these are truth —

truth that prose attains more seldom, and logic and science never.

And poetry brings us also truth of psychology and character. Mr. Mencken has small belief in Browning's veracity, but it would be difficult to paint certain phases of humanity more truly than Browning has painted his fifty men and women. We need only remember the humanism of *Fra Lippo Lippi:* or recall *The Bishop Orders His Tomb*, which Ruskin said outdid all the prose of his *Stones of Venice.* Or merely compare Shakespeare's (or Browning's) Caliban with Mr. Mencken's facile rumble-bumble about the Puritan and the Yahoo, and you will see how the truth of creation differs from the prose that "talks about" a thing. Caliban (or Boobus Universalis) is not only truer but also much more terrible than Mr. Mencken's analyzed Boobus Americanus.

In philosophy, too, poetry is the highest human truth. "Be still, my soul, be still, it is but for a season. Let us endure an hour and see injustice done," "Man is as a spark that flieth upward," "Mortality weighs on me like unwilling sleep," "If the sun and moon should doubt they'd immediately go out," " 'Tis we who lost in stormy visions keep With phantoms an unprofitable strife. . . . Strike with our spirit's knife Invulnerable nothings," "Lift not the painted veil which those who live Call life . . .," "The loathly bird Stationed always in the skies, Waiting for the flesh that dies," "Hell is a city much like London," "God's spies . . ." these are hardly "an emotional escape from the harsh realities of everyday." Indeed, whatever philosophy has been logically developed in prose has been intuitively surpassed in poetry. Prose is, at best, life

only red hot; poetry is life white hot. Poetry, unhampered by the letter of fact (which scribes and school-teachers love), seizes the spirit. Prose deals with the transient and illusory fact; poetry with the Platonic idea. That is what Aristotle meant when he said that poetry is more philosophic than history. What prose has ever touched the historical truth of Napoleon's fall like the simple line, "And Kings crept out again to feel the sun?"

That the philosophy of poetry is an "emotional escape from the harsh realities of everyday," is a silly statement. Mr. Mencken should know that the great poet is terrible as an army with banners; that the children of darkness hate him beyond all others because he faces and states the "harsh realities of everyday"; that they hound him into exile, bar him in prisons, starve him or crucify him not because he gives them "a comforting piece of fiction set to lascivious music," but because he doesn't. Often the great poet must show:

> "The bitter, old, and wrinkled truth
> Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles,
> False dreams, false hopes, false masks and modes
> of youth."

Always he must uphold the unknown, or the known and forgotten, Truth. The Philistines of America did not hate Whitman because he gave them "an emotional escape from the harsh realities of everyday," but because he noticed terrible truths — for example, that the sun does not refuse publicans and sinners. The English did not hate Shelley because he was an "ineffectual angel," but because he was a very effectual devil, "devil" to them being anyone who wrote terribly of the "harsh realities of everyday." Remember the *Mask of Anarchy*, and Castlereigh with his seven

bloodhounds, who were in "admirable plight" because he "Tossed them human hearts to chew." All Mr. Mencken's criticism of America, compared with Shelley's criticism of England, is like the antics of a eunuch after the ardors of a gladiator. And has Mr. Mencken never realized that the height of Nietzsche's spirit — *Thus Spake Zarathustra* — is pure poetry, and condemned as such by all the Dryasdusts of philosophy? "Mankind's profoundest book" was — Poetry!

In his whole discussion of poetry, Mr. Mencken is curiously the schoolmaster. Or one might call him a Quarterly Reviewer without the whiskers. Only the style suggests the great Mencken of the political essays. Here he is, Herbert Spencer, pedantic philosopher of the Unknowable, writing, in the style of a slightly inebriated Mark Twain, about Ariel. He is merely an Innocent Abroad. One may go farther, and call him a Zenith barber talking about the fine arts. . . .

What is Mr. Mencken, anyway? Simply John Calvin reincarnated: Calvin plus a little honey and dynamite, but still Calvin. There are a few gargoyles added to the square church — but it is still a church of logic, and of predestination, and of the elect, and of earth-a-Hell. Poetry is worthless, except as hymns which sing the proper dogmas. . . . Good pagans, whether of Epictetus or of Epicurus, or good Christians considering the lilies of the field and the many mansions of the world, will not listen to Mr. Mencken's church bell. We have no use for Calvin, whether religious or esthetic.

Mr. Mencken on poetry? The poet always writes the supreme word: "Sound and fury, signifying nothing."

# Part II

# ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1926

## THE RIVER IN THE MEADOWS

Crystal parting the meads,
  A boat drifted up it like a swan.
Tranquil, lovely, its bright front to the waters,
  A slow swan is gone.

Full waters, O flowing silver,
  Pure, level with the clover,
It will stain drowning a star,
  With the moon it will brim over.

Running through lands dewy and shorn,
  Cattle stoop at its brink,
And every fawny-colored throat
  Will sway its bells and drink.

I saw a boat sailing the river
  With a tranced gait. It seemed
Loosed by a spell from its moorings,
  Or a thing the helmsman dreamed.

They said it would carry no traveler,
  But the vessel would go down,
If a heart were heavy-winged,
  Or the bosom it dwelt in, stone.

*The Saturday Review of Literature* — *Léonie Adams*

## A BIT OF MULL

Today my little girl, behind a door,
Pulled out a sack which held old cloth and rags—
That dreams and memories may be found in bags,
When lost awhile, I never knew before.
A heap of scraps (silk, gingham, muslin, wool)
To me became the pages of a book
That told a story.—Then just one she took
And said: "O father, see how beautiful!"

A bit of mull!. . . (We sat beside a lake,
In April time, my love and I. The trees
Bent low and turned the shaded blue to gray.
We watched the sun and sky and waters make
The afterglow there weave a living frieze) . . .
"That mull? Your mother wore it yesterday!"

*The Harp* — *Frederick Herbert Adler*

## TONGUES

Be she big or be she little,
Tongues will wag
(They're hung in the middle),
And her reputation's brittle.

Poor hung tongues!
It seems they must
Wag until
Herself is dust.

I know a tongue
The wiser for
Years and years
Of battledore

And shuttlecock,
Up and down
The peeking streets
Of a certain town.

And that tongue is
Slow to speak —
It stays hidden
In a wise old cheek.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Dorothy Aldis*

## THE REASON

They asked me what ailed her
And why her brightness faded,
Why her singing thoughts became
Dull thoughts and jaded.

And I remembered long ago
Standing in long grass
And listening to our gardener tell
Of things that pass.

He spoke of two young apple-trees
That shriveled up one spring.
"They died," he said,
"Of too much blossoming."

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Dorothy Aldis*

## COME HOME

The crystal bed of agony,
The tile-white room,
Went spinning backward into space;
The tense and intent surgeon's face
That had forgotten mirth
Stayed longest — and then Richard moved
With time instead of watching it go by
As we do here on earth.

The cold river of the winds
Washed clean his mind,
And such a silence fell
He withered in the soundless hell
Of space; and then the sun's red face
Rimmed half the valley of the sky,
Where tongued heat-lilies bloomed,
And like an albatross at sea
A silent asteroid skimmed by.

Up, with a celestial stride
That passed the van of light,
Death's thought-swift horses ran
Into the sterile frontiers of the sky
Where starless night began,
A bound of eyeless light,
Where meteors like crystals
In their angled shapes blew by.

And then it seemed
A hawk-faced angel

Laid him on an island
That he dreamed to be,
And with a cold draught of pinions passed,
And he awoke beneath
The fending branches of a tree.

It was a winter's night,
And all around him lay a landscape stark,
But for one square-eyed window light —
Towards this he went,
And heard a frantic welcome in the bark
Of hounds he used to know,
Then their cool muzzles in his hands,
While a great door stood wide
And shed the blood of firelight on the snow.

"Richard," his father's voice cried,
"Come in! My son, my son!"
Then both his hands —
Then down a hall
With pictures of the past turned to the wall,
Into a long room, where by the fire
With love upon her eyes
Without desire.
And then a child that he had loved in youth,
Filled all his arms
With a delightful welcome, passionately mild,
And as a drowning man tied to a mast
Might see the little boat put off from shore,
His mother came and cried,
"Oh, Dick, come home at last!"
And thus he knew
That he need never leave them any more.

*The Outlook* *Hervey Allen*

## SOURCE

I know how poems spring up. Well water flows
From some prolific century of snows.
A meager distillation, hidden; found
By those who unlock darkness underground
And open doors of rock. And underneath

The visibilities of bone and breath
From some dark subterranean river of being
The singers lift their silver for man's seeing.

*Voices* *Kenneth Slade Alling*

## STARRY NIGHT

I followed in the unfathomable dark
Patterns of planets: saw the coasts of night
Strewn with strange phosphor; fantasies of light
In heaven's profound profusion; mistless; stark —
With mad imagination I could mark —
And printed on my inmost eye the sight
Of fiery, countless fruit hung from that height
On incandescent tree of blackest bark.

You took my hand — a finite act — we stood
Touching the silver infinite as one.
So children, lost, bewildered in a wood
Where the bright birds sing beautifully on
Forget awhile the adjacent solitude,
That of all things alone will not be gone.

*Voices* *Kenneth Slade Alling*

## MARSH MUSIC

A thread of sea is sewn in the green land —
Bright, narrow water winding through a low
Sea-marsh that smells of tidal overflow,
That pungent silver smell marsh-birds demand.
And there are many birds, snipe from the sand,
Blackbirds and bitterns, and the marsh reeds grow
And scrape against our boat as if a bow
Rubbed on a violin — some curious hand
Makes thus a music, vibrant, sweetly harsh —
A dim, hard tune — an almost elfin twang,
An eerie emanation from the marsh,
Inherent, hidden, moving in the maze;
Profound though thin as if there were a trace
Of the sea's sound — attenuated clang.

*Voices* *Kenneth Slade Alling*

## MOUNTAIN FROLIC

In working clothes with song and whoop and shout
The mountain gallants shuffling, laughing, come
As tuning banjos clack, then mildly strum,
While girls in gingham idly stand about.
Fiddles and banjos all in tune at last,
A surge of racing music stirs the blood,
And dancing couples start a mighty flood
Of sound as brogan shoes go thumping fast.

The music throbs for hours. The room grows hot.
The dancing rages jubilant and wild,
Each dancer seeming happy as a child.
Then sharp above it all a pistol shot —
A heavy body falls and stops the whirl,
Shot dead for dancing with his pal's best girl.

*Southwest Review* — *George Lawrence Andrews*

## THE ELF CHILD

Melissa was a strange, strange child;
Less human she appeared than elfin;
With thoughts as wild and eyes as dark
As dusky caves she hid herself in.

Shy chipmunks were at ease with her;
And squirrels poised upon her knee.
She loosed her sweet, self-fashioned songs
With tilted head against a tree.

She floated like a wisp of cloud
Up mountain trails too steep and high.
At night, her swiftness trapped in bed,
Her bright, caged eyes would find the sky.

With windy spaces her delight;
And wayward paths to roam at will —
Oh, now it must be hard for her
To be so mute and lie so still.

*The Commonweal* — *George Lawrence Andrews*

## THE BOX

A dozen times she washed her hands
And moved, frail-pink, across the hall,
And sat combing her pale-gold hair,
And sat staring against the wall.

Outside the sea would roar its blue
Against the plumeless white of her.
Along the sill a tawny cat
Would lie, and daintily stretch and purr.

Her eyes were green as icebergs are.
Carved she was of a marble shaft;
Pearly she was, with the luster gone.
She combed her hair, and she was daft.

And when her sister's child came home,
Crying out beyond the stair,
A look came on of a wild-cat thing
Brought to bay in a jungle lair.

A jade-green box, milky with light,
She loved to hold. A day she sits,
The child laughs out, she gets her up
And hurls it, and laughs at the sorry bits.

The child not hers; the box a well
Of the empty loves and the clapperless bell;
And of what sad reckoning she was born
Only a father and mother can tell.

*The Nation* — *Marguerite Arnold*

## IN AN OLD CEMETERY

A tree with feathery blossoms by the wall
Breathes a faint fragrance; from the iron fence
A robin calls, while shimmering over all
The haze of spring sheds its soft indolence.
Beauty has spread her shawl upon the grass —
A perfumed mantle woven faultlessly
O'er the forgotten dead, till none may pass
Unthinking by that silent company.

How long ago — what unremembered spring,
  Did Desolation, kneeling on the ground,
Plant the frail roots for this rich blossoming?
  Lilies, for hope, on one new sodded mound!
Now all the graves — would she be glad to know? —
  Are gay with little bells swung to and fro.

*The Step Ladder* — *Lillah A. Ashley*

## GHOST

The whole night long the lean wind whined,
  And pawed and sniffed at the window-panes,
While she lay and thought, "I mustn't mind;
  Old houses are always queer when it rains."

But Something, stepping up the stair,
  Came tiptoeing forward through the gloom,
And groped until It found her, where
  Her heart was shaking the bed in her room.
She felt It standing beside her head,
  As long ago she had dreamed It would stand,
And her skin grew stiff and chill with dread,
  And she shrank from the touch of a hand on her hand.
And then she thought, "The Poor Strayed Thing!
  It's lonely, perhaps, and Its grave is cold,
And maybe the rain made It think of Spring,
  And marshes starred with the cowslips' gold.
For if you have loved the brown brook's sound,
  And daffodils, and the thrush's song,
It must be tiresome to lie in the ground
  And wonder why Spring is away so long!"
And then she said, as loud as she could,
  (For the shake in her voice,) "Yes, April's come,
And the bloodroots are out in the lower wood,
  And my tulip buds are as big as your thumb!"

With that, she heard a sigh, quick-drawn,
  And footsteps pattered away down the hall, —
And turning, she saw the clear new dawn
  Come rippling along her bedroom wall.

*Ruth Aughiltree*

## AN EYE

In that pale hour taken
Only by the dense preliminary twitter
Of birds whose throats are shaken
As the dew's dust from the leaves
They shake or as the centaur heaves
His flank's dripping,
His hoof's glitter —
So I, slipping with the earth, slipping
Over the sleep-edge between sleep
And waking when the eyelids keep
The worn seams of their web from ripping,
Hung suspended in a dream
As the spider hangs, and in that station holds
Outstretched the groined arch that would seem
To hold him, held and was held in seven folds
Of a staring scheme.

I saw with the heart's throbbing centre (an Eye
That did not see so much as feel)
Tremendously the whirlpool stream
Of men and motors boiling by
Out of a cauldron of steam and steel
Into a cauldron of steel and steam;
I stood at the cross-roads of the world
And watched with my heart the street
Churn traffic like a black surf, beat
With shoes and sticks and hands and feet;
I heard the heat
And the horn's blare, the siren's scream,
The purr of rubber, the wrench of the wheel
Whistled from traffic tower to tower, hurled
Through short spasms of space, twirled
Like a spinning little top
From stop to stop.

I heard a thousand wheels wince
Under the throttle of brakes; I saw
Men and motors crash — the splints
Of wind-shield glass; the bleeding skull, the raw
Flesh torn by the Olympian claw:
I turned my head away in sick
Recoil, but my heart was rooted still

Against its will by a massive will
That made it stick;
And I cried, "Let me go!"
Something said, "No."

And I saw rain
Thudding and swirling down
Swarthily on the insane
And splendidly terrible town. . . .
And I heard again,
Fogged by distance, twinkling as through a sieve
Of silver, the cool and tentative
Twitter of sparrow and chaffinch and lark
Splashing from wet leaves; and I smelled the dark
Smell of the steaming bark,
Pungent and novel, and the smell
Of young twigs and the yearning earth; and I heard
Bird after bird
Spill silver into a silver bell;
And I knew cattle were standing under the line
Of the living thunder,
Standing under
All the yellow lightning and the fine
White fury of water because I could smell the kine,
And my nostrils dilated, drinking the beevish wine;
And somewhere near at hand the shrill
Exultant snuffle of horses on a hill
And the good grunt of swine;
And the odour of straw
Rain-soaked, warm with dove and owl. . . .
Then suddenly I saw, or my heart saw,
Machines and men churning in a black bowl

At the cross-roads of the world, and the howl
Of men and machines struck at my face like a claw,
And I cried, "Let me go!"
And heard, "Not so."
And I looked and saw a jungle mocking
The leopard lozenged with gold who had sprung
Into a barrel's pit —
And I fell down with it;
And I heard a trigger click like a death's hand clocking
The second, and I was flung
On the trumpets of assault unlocking

The lion's lung;
And I saw the beauty of the lioness rocking
Behind green coals, bitterly blocking
The last yard to her young;
And I saw the panther when there is no help
Rolling a blind gaze on her whelp
And licking it with her tongue;
And I saw the bengal tiger charted black,
With the blonde lightning on his back
Shot down and stripped, or slung
Over a shoulder, or in the track
Of his long plunge and lone attack
Left for dung!

And the Eye in my heart glowed:
And I saw a ship in a shouldering sea
Strain at her strength,
And shudder through her length,
And spark her doom through the sky;
And I heard the metallic cry:
"Women and children first! Stand by!"
And I saw the life-boats lowered — and smeared
Flat as you smear a fly;
And I saw some quick little fellow who feared
Shot down gurgling in his beard;
And I saw the decks cleared;
And I saw them try again and try
Again, but the seas were running high;
And I saw a-plenty jump — and die;
And I heard the ship's orchestra strike up brave
Brass — and the ship went down with her load
Of people and bottles and plates, leaving the wave
In that place,
Leaving the stillness to rewrite, the water to erase.

And I heard the murmuring of all the surfs on all the
beaches of the world
Boom in the ear's hollow cave, and I cried
"Let me loose now! I have seen how men
and ships in their pride
Have gone down and died;
I have heard their drums and seen their colours curled
Under like shells — and then heard nothing beside,
Seen nothing but water divide

Decently and close once more and abide." . . .
And my heart's Eye was turned
In on itself and eyed
Dirty corners there that burned
With many a horned lust, livid spots
That reeked of purple and flesh-pots,
Stamped with the hooves and chariots
Of the Assyrian treachery;
And on the wall a Hand that traced
In the dust and webs the words
"Thus Belshazzar was effaced —
Though not his accusation!" . . . And
All at once a clamour of birds
Filled my heart like a hand
Filling a hole or like a ghost's
Form flowing through a room:
And I heard a sound like doom
Moving, and I knew the Host's
Breath: "Behold your puny boasts
With the worm in his lodge!
Salute your garrison of hawks!" —
And I could not stir,
I could not stir. . . .
The Voice resumed: "Place-coveter,
Apparel-coveter, look upon
The hawk-thoughts of your garrison!
You that see and hear so plain
Others in their pride and pain,
What is it that lets you kiss
The icon of your cowardice?
Think you to escape the fault
By exalting me, exalt
Your own forehead, salve your soul
With my myrrh and aureole?
You have looked and you have seen
Man the tool of his machine;
Heard the valves and pistons groan
Mute, and leave their lord — alone
With his feeble blood and bone;
You have stared into your heart
And found your brother's counterpart:
For every stain on his head
You shall bleed as he has bled,
And the dead shall bury the dead;

Now I go — but I release
Your heart to desperate peace!" . . .
And I heard shouting in the street
Where men and motors meet;
And my eyes followed the tall
Blur of light from window-frame to wall —
And that was all.

*The Dial* *Joseph Auslander*

## WATER WOMAN

Having lived here so long, she,
  Being what she was, the daughter
Of a man who drowned at sea,
  Talked like water.

To her speech water gave
  Something that was not in words:
As you hear the lonely wave
  In sea-birds.

She, whom none could quite possess,
  Washed cool with salt and sun,
Took the sea like a caress
  When she was done.

*The Yale Review* *Joseph Auslander*

## ELEGY

Fled is the swiftness of all the white-footed ones
  Who had a great cry in them and the wrath of speed:
They are no more among us: they and their sons
  Are dead indeed.

So the river-mews twist in long loops over the river,
  Wheeling and shifting with the wind's and the tide's shift,
And pass in a black night — and nothing is left but a shiver
  To show they were swift.

Whenever I hear the gull's throat throb in a fog,
  Watch the owl's velvet swoop, the high hawk's lonely paces,

I think on the heels of him who lies like a log
And his friends under turf and the rain creeping down on
their faces.

And my heart goes sick and the hell in my heart could break
To the edge of my eyes for the mates I shall not be knowing
Anywhere now though the ice booms loud in the lake
And the geese honk north again and the heron's going.

*The Dial* *Joseph Auslander*

## STEEL

This man is dead.
Everything you can say
Is now quite definitely said:
This man held up his head
And had his day,
Then turned his head a little to one way
And slept instead.

Young horses give up their pride:
You break them in
By brief metallic discipline
And something else beside. . . .
So this man died.

While he lived I did not know
This man; I never heard
His name. Now that he lies as though
He were remembering some word
He had forgotten yesterday or so,
It seems a bit absurd
That his blank lids and matted hair should grow
Suddenly familiar. . . . Let him be interred.

Steady now. . . . That was his wife
Making that small queer inarticulate sound
Like a knife;
Steady there. . . . Let him slip easy into the ground;
Do not look at her,
She is fighting for breath. . . .
She is a foreigner . . .
Polak . . . like him . . . she cannot understand . . .
It is hard . . . leave her alone with death
And a shovelful of sand.

"O the pity of it, the pity of it, Iago!" . . .
Christ, what a hell
Is packed into that line! Each syllable
Bleeds when you say it. . . . No matter: Chicago
Is a far cry from Cracow;
And anyhow
What have Poles
To do with such extraneous things as hearts and souls?

There is nothing here to beat the breast over,
Nothing to relish the curious,
Not a smell of the romantic; this fellow
Was hardly your yearning lover
Frustrated; no punchinello;
But just a hunky in a steel mill. Why then fuss
Because his heavy Slavic face went yellow
With the roaring furnace dust? Now that he is in
The cool sweet crush of dirt, to hell with your sobbing violin,
Your sanctimonious cello!
Let the mill bellow!

If you have ever had to do with steel:
The open-hearth, the blooming-mill, the cranes
Howling under a fifty-ton load, trains
Yowling in the black pits where you reel
Groggily across a sluice of orange fire, a sheet
Tongued from the conduits that bubble blue green; if
Ever you have got a single whiff
Out of the Bessemer's belly, felt the drag
And drip and curdle of steel spit hissing against hot slag;
If ever you have had to eat
One hundred and thirty degrees of solid heat,
Then screwed the hose to the spigot, drowned in steam,
Darted back when the rods kicked up a stream
Of fluid steel and had to duck the ladle that slobbered over,
and scream
Your throat raw to get your "Goddam!" through —
Then I am talking to you.

Steve did that for ten years with quiet eyes
And body down to the belt caked wet
With hardening cinder splash and stiffening sweat
And whatever else there is that clots and never utterly dries;
He packed the mud and dolomite, made back-wall,

Herded the heat, and placed his throw in tall
Terrible arcs behind smoked glasses, and watched it fall
Heavy and straight and true,
While the blower kept the gas at a growl and the brew
Yelled red and the melter hollered "Heow!" and you raveled
Her out and the thick soup gargled and you traveled
Like the devil to get out from under. . . . Well, Steve
For ten years of abdominal heft and heave
Worked steel. So much for that. And after
Ten years of night shifts, fourteen hours each,
The Bessemers burn your nerves up, bleach
Rebellion out of your bones; and laughter
Sucked clean out of your guts becomes
More dead than yesterday's feet moving to yesterday's drums. . . .
And so they called him "Dummy." The whole gang
From pit boss down to the last mud-slinger cursed
And squirted tobacco juice in a hot and mixed harangue
Of Slovene, Serb, Dutch, Dago, Russian, and—worst—
English as hard and toothless as a skull.
And Steve stared straight ahead of him and his eyes were dull.

Anna was Steve's little woman
Who labored bitterly enough
Making children of stern and tragic stuff
And a rapture that was hammered rough,
Spilling steel into their spines, yet keeping them wistful and human. . . .

Anna had her work to do
With cooking and cleaning
And washing the window curtains white as new,
Washing them till they wore through:
For her the white curtains had a meaning—
And starching them white against the savage will
Of the grim dust belching incessantly out of the mill;
Soaking and scrubbing and ironing against that gritty reek
Until her head swam and her knees went weak
And she could hardly speak—
A terrible unbeaten purpose persisted:
Colour crying against a colourless world!
White against black at the windows flung up, unfurled!
Candles and candle light!
The flags of a lonely little woman twisted

Out of her hunger for cool clean beauty, her hunger for white!—
These were her banners and this was her fight!

No matter how tired she was, however she would ache
In every nerve, she must boil the meat and bake
The bread—and the curtains must go up white for Steve's sake
One thing was certain:
That John and Stanley and Helen and Mary and the baby
Steven
Must be kept out of the mills and the mill life, even
If it meant her man and she would break
Under the brunt of it: she had talked it through with him
A hundred times. . . . Let her eyeballs split, her head swim—
The window must have its curtains!

Lately Steve had stopped talking altogether
When he clumped in with his dinner pail and heavily
Hunched over his food—
So Anna and the children let him be;
She was afraid to ask him any why or whether
As he sat with his eyes glued
On vacancy—
So Anna and the children let him brood.
Only sometimes he would suddenly look at them and her
In a ghastly fixed blur
Till a vast nausea of terror and compassion stood
Blundering in her heart and swarming in her blood—
And she shivered and knew somehow that it was not good.

And then it happened: Spring had come
Like the silver needle-note of a fife,
Like a white plume and a green lance and a glittering knife
And a jubilant drum.
But Steve did not hear the earth hum:
Under the earth he could feel merely the fever
And the shock of roots of steel forever;
April had no business with the pit
Or the people—call them people—who breathed in it.
The mill was Steve's huge harlot and his head
Lay between breasts of steel on a steel bed,
Locked in a steel sleep and his hands were riveted.

And then it happened: nobody could tell whose
Fault it was, but a torrent of steel broke loose,

Trapped twenty men in the hot frothy mess. . . .
After a week, more or less,
The company, with appropriate finesse,
Having allowed the families time to move,
Expressed a swift proprietary love
By shoving the dump of metal and flesh and shoes
And cotton and cloth and felt
Back into the furnace to remelt.

And that was all, though a dispatch so neat,
So wholly admirable, so totally sweet,
Could not but stick in Steve's dulled brain:
And whether it was the stink or the noise or just plain
Inertia, combined with heat,
Steve, one forenoon, on stark deliberate feet
Let the charging-machine's long finger beat
The side of his skull in. . . . There was no pain.

For one fierce instant of unconsciousness
Steve tasted the incalculable caress;
For one entire day he slept between
Sheets that were white and cool, embalmed and clean;
For twenty-four hours he touched the hair of death,
Ran his fingers through it, and it was deep dark green—
And he held his breath.

This man is dead.
Everything you can say
Is now quite definitely said.

*The American Mercury* *Joseph Auslander*

## A STRANGER IN SCYTHOPOLIS

Eager he wandered the streets of Scythopolis,
A Hebrew youth, with the dust of twoscore miles
Staining his sandals, dark eyes dancing with bliss
Of beauty, — arches and pillars and peristyles,
Porticos, domes and many an edifice
Noble in line and color. And ever the passers-by turned
And spake with him till their hearts within them burned.

Simple his words, sounded with rustic burr
Of the Galilean, but he was himself the Word

Of God's own joy, and each leaf-crowned reveller
Moved on to a music in heart he had not heard
Since, a child, he ran with the wind. The sophister,
Even the cynic whose sneers had beaten on life like whips,
Marvelled to find sweet laughter on their lips.

Beggars that crouched in the streets of Scythopolis,
Lean hands plucking at togas that swept them by,
Let pass his scrip too humble for avarice,
But it fed them with fruits as in limitless supply,
Figs, dates, olives, that thrilled the paralysis
From spirit and nerve till, arising, the happy lame walked free,
Till the bewildered blind cried out, "I see!"

Before a sculptured Diana in Parian
Marble the prentice carpenter drew quick breath
Of rapture. From her litter a courtesan
Beheld him standing like one that worshippeth
And cowered back on her perfumed pillows, wan,
Smit by the silver shaft of chastity. Over him flew
Doves like a halo of wings against the blue.

Why were forbidden the streets of Scythopolis,
Wondered the young Nazarene as he lingered in them.
Were not Beauty and Mirth the angels of this
City more splendid than holy Jerusalem?
He knew by the Voice within him that not amiss
Had he done that day in seeking the glories of Roman and Greek,
Though he knew not yet that to him should the Gentiles seek.

*Unity* — *Katharine Lee Bates*

## LISTENING

Growing in wisdom and in stature, oft
Must He have wondered what life was to be,
What fruit would come of that slow blossoming
Among the working folk of Galilee.
Strange His replies to Mary, as aloft
On the roof He helped her spread the stalks of flax
While her wistful voice would tell the woes of Israel,
Mary believing she had borne a King.

He hearkened all His mother's words, but they
Were less and less in cadence with the tide
Of thought that pondered what the years would bring.
He sought the synagogue whose Rabbis tried
Vainly to answer Him, and day by day
He pored upon the parchment scrolls of the Law
And of the Prophets, stored in carven chest with hoard
Of robes and veils and many a precious thing.

Oft slept He on the hills, wrapt in the fold
Of His mantle, waking now and then to see
Grand constellations through the midnight swing,
Tracing upon the dark syllables He
Would half remember, scriptures all of gold.
Dreaming of David, He would hear the harp
Weaving its wayward charm with the shepherd's lonely psalm,
Not the pebble whistling from the champion's sling.

Loving all beauty from those meadow flowers
That taught their art to Oriental looms,
Iris, phlox, lily, tulip carpeting
Valley and hill with many-tinted blooms,
Up through the changing grace of sun and showers
To the soft gloaming with its homing flight
Of files of pelicans, the sky's plumed caravans,
Yet nature hurt Him with a secret sting.

At Passover He pitied lamb and kid,
Innocent victims of the solemn feast,
Torn from the life to which all creatures cling;
He felt the blows that bruised a plodding beast,
And tiny agonies green thickets hid,
Fierce claws and fangs that pounced on quivering flesh,
Struggles in cruel snares, bewildered, dumb despairs,
The flutter, flutter of a broken wing.

The groan of the creation smote His ear
Under all music of the wind and rain.
How could God see what man saw and not fling
Great arms of Fatherhood about the pain
Of this His world? So Jesus came to hear
The call as yet unworded, vague and far,
Yet ever as He grew in grace more clearly knew
That His adventure must be suffering.

*The Churchman* — *Katharine Lee Bates*

## BROADCAST

Aha! Oho!
Under the drifted snow
We bulbs are laughing, aha, oho,
At man's new toy of a radio,
The toy God gave to us long ago.

Haven't we always heard
Whenever an acorn stirred,
Or chilly hepatica, fuzzy-furred,
Azured or purpled or lavendered
Her buds to welcome the April bird?

Listen, listen in
To the cricket violin
Already tuning his minikin
Fiddlestick legs for the insect spin
On moonlight meadows when Junes begin.

Listen in for the whir
Of a million looms, the stir
Of each seed and bulb artificer
Weaving a carpet to spread for her,
Wayward Spring. Ah, loiterer!

While the white months pass,
We hear the roots of the grass
Tremble; already the iced morass
The catkins use as a looking-glass.
We hear sap run in the sassafras.

Spring, O come apace!
Shadblow launders her lace,
Violet and anemone race
To be first at the trysting-place,
And wild-rose rouges her piquant face.

Aha! Oho!
Under the melting snow
We bulbs are laughing, our hearts aglow,
As we listen in on the radio
To Spring's dear steps, so far, so slow!

*The Christian Science Monitor* *Katharine Lee Bates*

## STRUCTURAL IRON WORKERS

What love
Do these men give their women
That is like the love they spend
On this iron harlot
With the sky between her breasts?

What kisses
Like the red sting of rivets
Have they left on any lips?

You will not find
The full fruit of their loins
In any daughters, any sons —
But lift your gaze, and stare long
Toward the sky's edge.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *MacKnight Black*

## EN TOUR

*A Song Sequence*

### I. THE GARGOYLE

Who carved that little gargoyle?
What is it doing there
In that little crooked Breton Street
That leads into the square?

Who placed it on that tiny house
To be peering down —
The only little gargoyle,
The lost little gargoyle,
Not another little gargoyle
In all that little town?

Who placed it on that Breton house,
Hunched underneath the eaves,
To be in hiding half the year
Behind the poplar leaves?
And oh, why did he put it there,
Leaning on the summer air?

* * * * *

I want to carve a gargoyle —
You ought to have one too.

I'd carve it on your little house
The way these Frenchmen do,
Close set beside your window
For company for you.

If I carved it very neatly,
Might it ever chance to be
You would lean out and look at it
And sometimes think of me?

### II. TREASURE

My trunk brought home the silken shawl,
The buckles and the hose;
My trunk brought home the etchings
And the lovely silken rose;
It brought the wrought-iron book-ends
And the gilded leather frame
And the little silver statue
Of the Faun without a name.

My heart, all weighted down with bliss,
Came home close-packed with lists, like this: —

"Black barges on the Danube;
The swallows over Rome;
The yellow walls of Avignon,
The stone steps and the Dom;

"The beach at Scheveningen;
The castles on the Rhine;
The china shop at Derby;
The English eglantine;

"The little squares at Venice;
The bookstalls by the Seine
And the happy flower markets
Along the Madeleine —"

It's day and night
And dusk and dawn
That list goes on
And on and on —

### III. GENOA

And have you been to Genoa,
To Genoa, to Genoa,
Its shining marble palaces
In layers round the hills?
You've but to hear the name of it —
Oh, proud and lovely Genoa! —
To have it touch the heart of you
With glorifying thrills.

The little, crowded, crooked streets,
The endless stairs in Genoa,
The shipping and the harbors,
Both the old one and the new —
There's not a word about the ships
Crowding into Genoa
But you can safely listen to
And know that it is true.

* * * * *

I met the Flying Dutchman
Upon the streets of Genoa.
We chatted for a moment
Of the weather and the Horn;
And before we left — this happened once
In proud and shining Genoa —
He showed me a small picture
Of the place where he was born.

The Flying Dutchman, you could see,
Was quite at home in Genoa;
He said — and looking at him
I could scarce believe my eyes —
This was, he thought, the seventh time
He had put in to Genoa
To stock his little vessel
With a hundred years' supplies.

### IV. FOR FRANCES ANN

The little shop near Pére-la-Chaise
That held the little bed
That had two shelves — were they for books? —
Built straight across its head;

It was expressly made for you,
Expressly, Madame said —
    Do you remember?

The little shop at Rochefort,
Just off the market place,
With the high stone steps where Madame sat
Forever making lace;
She made me buy a copybook
You said was a disgrace,
A little oilcloth book —
    Do you remember?

The little shop at Croissic
With its window on the quay,
All crowded, full of Breton cups
Bepainted gaudily,
And the little ship we longed to buy
And couldn't; so we said
That just to please Madame we'd take
The little saint instead —
    Do you remember?
    Shut your eyes and think.
    And *please* remember.

### V. THE EXILE

Lovelier than jewels,
Or gold or argentry
Is the little pitcher
I bought upon the quay,
The little pewter pitcher
That lived in Brittany.

I have it here beside me
Upon the kitchen shelf
And it keeps forever whispering
And talking to itself:

"Concarneau and Croissic
And the clear, green seas;
And all the sails skimming in,
Canted in the breeze —"

Yes; I see them coming,
Yellow sails and blue,

Every rakish angle,
With the evening shining through,
Orange sail and raspberry
Sailing pert upon the sea.

Now, I'm asking what the kind
Of people these might be
Who make them sails of yellow
That steal the heart of me —
Sails of blue and yellow
That never had their fellow,
Of raspberry and orange,
To flaunt upon the sea?

But the little, sturdy pitcher
Answers not a word:
I doubt if it were listening
Or if it ever heard.

"Concarneau and Croissic,"
It whispers where it stands,
"Concarneau and Croissic
And the sweet, bare lands;
Concarneau and Croissic
And the long, long quay
And the steeple bells tolling
In the clear, green sea —"

Do I hear a ringing,
Silver, silver clear?
Do I see a spire arise
Out beyond the pier?
At any rate, I see a crowd
That's lounging on the quays —
And might I then be asking
What style of folk are these
Who keep them phantom cities
Tolling in their seas?

But the little pitcher
Standing on my shelf
Never heeds the question,
But whispers to itself:

"Concarneau and Croissic
And the long, long quays
And all the sails slanting
On the clear, green seas —"

*The Lyric West* *Alberta Bancroft*

## FACING AN HOUR-GLASS

I see your outline
Blotting the sun —

Slim-waisted,
Round-bosomed,
Full-skirted:

Your face in the clouds,
Your feet in the dust.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Elfrida De Renne Barrow*

## AN OLD BURYING-GROUND

Dust
Drifting hillward
Through speckled sunlight,
And below

Dust
Dulling the new green
Of upstart weeds,
Greying into earth shadows,
Aging into oblivion —
And below

Dust.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Elfrida De Renne Barrow*

## PENETRALIA

Blurred formations
Of uncentered thought,
Like slow-coursing clouds

In a moon-flecked night,
Move in my mind.

A faint force
Forever struggles here;
Intimately close
To that inexplicable core
Which, held tight together
By casual life-threads,
Is known to me,
All in all,
As that which is I.

Thus from within myself
Unwinds this mystery,
Drifting unceasingly
Into a sphere of motion.

A strange force
So well attuned to the day-glare
That it slips into strict precision
As it joins the rank and file
Of simple verities.

Then again,
Threading skywards
Toward some wandering procession,
It trails its dream-blown outline
Through the silence
Of shadow-stirring twilights.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Elfrida De Renne Barrow*

## COMFORT

I cannot bring you comfort — ask me not
  For smooth-pulled sheets and socks all neatly mended;
I cannot bring you biscuits brown and hot,
  If these you seek, why, then, our love is ended,
If love you call it — men do call it love —
  And women, too, who know no other kind,
Who patiently put household tasks above
  The trifling hungers of the flesh and mind.

But I can laugh with you at commonplaces,
And make a feast of moments men call cheap,
And I can go like snow and leave no traces,
When night means nothing more to us than sleep.
Oh! Is it not some comfort to believe
My heart will not grow dingy on your sleeve?

*Harper's Magazine* — *Ruth Fitch Bartlett*

## PORTRAIT IN THE HORIZONTAL

By apple trees let him be measured,
Not by pines.
He has no spiked ambitions
But inclines
To tangle gestures, leisured,
Leaf-broken lines.

By fields and horizontal places,
Not by hills,
Nor Gothic cities judge him;
He fulfils
The destiny of ponds, behind the races
Of old saw mills.

*The Nation* — *Ruth Fitch Bartlett*

## LOVE POSTPONED

I was a fool to put your love away,
As if it were a treasure I could save
For some inevitable rainy day.
Love does not ride on every seventh wave,
Nor burst with crocus-certainty each spring.
Why did the thrifty proverbs of my youth
Make me too cautious for this transient thing,
And set a spinster Prudence up for Truth?

Suppose we meet again and set the stage,
Dressing with care to speak our lovers' parts,
Will the old words still flash upon the page,
Will there be any laughter in our hearts?
I was a fool to think that love would linger
Until I beckoned with a tardy finger.

*Harper's Magazine* — *Ruth Fitch Bartlett*

## BLUEBEARD

Who has not been a Bluebeard to himself,
  Locked up one door and thrown the key away,
For fear of something hidden on a shelf
  That he might find if he returned some day,
And, finding it, not bother any more
  With what his friends were always running after,
Nor care if they *did* mock him and deplore
  His loss to their security, their laughter?

Who has not hung his dreams with shining hair
  Twisted to rafters of dark common sense,
And gone untroubled by the whole affair,
  Or, punished only by indifference,
Making achievement bitter on his tongue,
  Because he closed one door when he was young?

*Harper's Magazine* — *Ruth Fitch Bartlett*

## THE BALLOON MAN

How can he unenraptured stand
Who marvelously may command
Seven suns in either hand?
Turning on a twisted thread,
Constellations green and red
Float above his placid head,
And as he walks, each hollow ball,
A bobbing planet smooth and small,
Must with his motion rise and fall.

He who for silver would possess
Cheaply a private world, no less,
To satisfy his happiness,
Wholly his own to loose or bind,
May with this merchant quickly find
The bubble brightest to his mind;
Then, having bought, may watch it go
Slowly to nothing, and may know,
Seeing it shrink, all worlds are so.

*Harper's Magazine* — *Jean M. Batchelor*

## NIGHTFALL

The daylight passes swiftly and it seems
Unfinished labors that I love must lie. . . .
I see the fir-trees black against the sky,
The heavy drifted clouds, the danger-gleams
A distant lighthouse sends; I hear the streams
Of rain adown the dormered roof, the sigh
Of dripping alders as the winds rush by,
The roaring of the ocean, yet. . . .
My dreams
Reveal no portion of earth's pleasure gone;
The somberness of night-time brings no fears;
I know the gloom that greets my eyes and ears
Is prelude of a gladness farther on;
My faith is fixed upon a perfect dawn —
A dawn made fairer by this night of tears.

*The Harp* — *Florence Ashley Beeler*

## A CITY PIPER

Whenever I see him pass this way,
The blind, old piper who comes to play
  A few familiar faded tunes,
  That twinkled once in forgotten Junes,
I think of Homer, his sightless story,
  Who jeweled Greece with a minstrel's glory,
  And England's Milton, his darkened hours,
  Whose star-flung shaft of song still towers!

The numb wind droops on frozen wings,
But when he plays, the summer sings. . . .
  The pavements magically pass
  From dull, gray stones to dancing grass;
And houses, stereotyped and staid,
  Seem castles where romance has strayed!

And so this minstrel, blind and bent,
All day pipes youth and merriment,
  Until the shadows crawl and climb
  Across the roofs at twilight time.
Oh, what high music should we make,

Who still can watch the spring awake.
If they, without the gift of sight,
Can leave behind a trail of light!

*N. Y. Herald Tribune* — *Morris Abel Beer*

## THE MOON

A baby looks up at the moon,
And cries,
Because he cannot grasp
The big, silver balloon,
Tangled in the twisted branches,
Of tall trees.
To dreaming lovers,
Drifting down languorous, limpid lakes,
The moon is a white-flamed rose
Of romance,
Whose soft, shimmering petals
Flutter witchingly
Over the waters.
But the apathetic astronomer
Gazes through a long, black telescope,
And sees only a bleak, barren sphere,
Wheeling mathematically
Through charted space!

*N. Y. Evening Telegram* — *Morris Abel Beer*

## POETS

If a poet sings because he must,
Time cannot turn his song to dust;
But if he sings to fill his purse,
He should polish pans instead of verse!

*N. Y. Herald Tribune* — *Morris Abel Beer*

## PIETY

Who builds a church within his heart
And takes it with him everywhere,
Is holier far than he whose church
Is but a one-day house of prayer!

*N. Y. Herald Tribune* — *Morris Abel Beer*

## ACHIEVEMENT

The poet is a lazy man,
  Instead of building bridges, roads,
He sits back in his easy chair,
  And fashions odes.

The poet is a peaceful man,
  Who idly dreams from sun to sun;
And what has he accomplished when
  His dreams are spun?

Perhaps a book of slender songs
  To sweeten life with lilac rhyme,
That may, when roads and bridges crash,
  Still cling to time!

*N. Y. Herald Tribune* — *Morris Abel Beer*

## THE WIND

Only the wind is ageless

The sea was long since old;
Its tides more bitter
Than the bitterest tears,
Are hag-ridden of the moon —
The moon itself shrunken and blind
And mayhaps mad.

The once tumultuous earth lies mouldering,
Worm-eaten, oblivious, and black.
The rocks are rotting in the dark.
Thin scums of life
Creep with the seasons
Hunted by hungry suns
And stilled at last with snow.

Only the wind is ageless,
Restless, variable, and fresh
With all caprice.
The wind flows as a river,
Is still, or darts like a falcon
Through the changing zones.

All else is destined to its way:
Earth, moon and stars
Move on the unexploring feet
Of age.

Only the wind is young
And friend to youth.
Its wings are eager
Of discovery.
It mocks the moon,
It drives the sea,
And scorns the land.

Its beauty rides invisible
And all its ways are ways
Of gay disdain.

Only the clouds belong to it —
The lonely, lovely clouds
That are the trailing garments
Of its processional.

Only the clouds can be
So proud, remote and secret,
But they pass:
The wind returns —
Only the wind in all the universe
Is ageless.

*The Lyric* *Henry Bellamann*

## ARCHIMEDES' LAST FORAY

"*And . . . having sought for a lever wherewith to move the world . . . he was slain. . . .*"

Seven strewn earths my bones confound,
Seven deep seas have seen me drowned,
Seven fires burnt every bone,
Seven whirlwinds raged and blown;
The final dust is fine and frail
As dust upon a butterfly's scale.
Atom, atom, impalpable,
How shall I arise from hell?
Atom, atom, infinite,

How may I these Is unite?
How from water and peachbloom-fuzz
Resurrect the thing I was?
Which is I and which is wind?
How many atoms make a mind?

Then the atoms spoke and stirred,
Each with a dim, invisible word,
"Even we are never whole,
Even we are not your soul.
If you search for Unity,
You must sever us — even we."

And I saw, like things alive,
Strong electrons move and strive
In the atoms, till they too
Rent asunder, and were new
Pulses of unceasing forces,
Tiny men on tiny horses
Warring in a drop of water;
And the very soul of Matter
Soul no longer, self nor single,
But a battleground where mingle
Positive and Negative brother,
Each immortal as the other.
Each attracting, each repelling,
Even in their single celling
Till — electrons, atom, dust —
There was nothing one could trust.
Till all Solid split apart
Like the fragments of a heart,
Every speck a child at nurse,
Every cell a universe.
There were glittering planets there
In a single pinch of air,
And a cosmos, bright and fierce,
Smaller than the eye could pierce.
Twenty thousand Christs were born
In a single grain of corn.
And Napoleons managed well
Their artillery of hell
In a cell so minified
Microscopes have never pried
To its bottom.

All was flux,
As before the "*Fiat lux!*",
And no god to mold the sphere
Till the fragments should cohere.
Utter night and utter light
Each its own great opposite,
Co-repealed yet co-existent,
Dead-alive, inert-persistent.

I was suns, a gleaming host,
Yet I was not even a ghost.
I was worlds, and yet in me
Not one living thing could be
As we think of life and death;
Yet I lived with every breath
That was drawn — diffused, dispelled,
Myriad-heavened, myriad-helled,
And could never droop or cease
In a comfortable peace.

Then, ah then, I heard the cry,
Matter in its agony,
Nailed to Immortality.
And the cross it throbbed upon
Was itself — and we were one.
Past and future merged somehow
In the Everlasting Now
That existed ere man wrought
Time, the lying clock of Thought.
That exists past Time and Space
In a vacant dwelling-place
Where extended parallels meet
And Dimension's obsolete.

And I felt upon me press
Dreadful weights of Nothingness,
Till I was not and I was
Without reason or because,
Only pulped, excruciate Force —

Then — the clock resumed its course.
Slowly, slowly from that Void,
Uncreated, undestroyed,
Moved electron on electron,

Building up an atom-section,
And the atoms coalesced
In the shapes that served them best
Slow constructing, cell by cell,
Like a reef of coral-shell,
Visible flesh and blood and bone,
Grain on grain and stone by stone.
Till at last, the city whole
That the prophets call Mansoul,
Stood erect, a moving world,
With a life within it furled
Like a lily in the bud,
Supple flesh and racing blood.
And I felt my tongue unloosed,
And I felt my sinews juiced
With a new, immortal sap
Stolen from the thunderclap,
And I shouted,
"Oh my bones,
Though your ancestors were stones,
We have broken from the net,
And our pride is hardy yet.
Though there be no Space or Time,
You can make them with a rhyme.
Nothing Is, but while it Seems,
We can bridle it with dreams,
Fling the halter on the horn
Of the hunting-unicorn
That is Semblance — and so ride
Out beyond the vacant-eyed
Ether that is All and Nought,
With the saddle of a Thought
And the stirrup of a Wish.
And can swim like silver fish
Up the Milky Way of Space,
Till the vacant dwelling-place
That no Being can escape
Shrouds us in an empty cape.
Let it shroud us!
While it Seems,
We have life and flesh and dreams."

So I spoke, brave words and free,
And was stalwart as a tree.

But — I have not cared since then,
Much to talk to men of men.
And have vowed a solemn trust
To be careful with the dust.

*The Saturday Review of Literature* *Stephen Vincent Benét*

## HARLEM

I want to sing Harlem on an ebony flute
While trap-drums ruffle to a crash and blare,
With a clear note
From the sylvan throat
Of a clarinet — of a clarinet!
God and brute, black god and brute
Grinning, brooding in the murk air,
Moons of flame and suns of jet,
Hurricane joy and dumb despair.

Vermilion, black and peacock-blue,
Pink, plum-purple, zig-zag green,—
I want to sing Harlem with a paint-box, too,
Shaking out color like a tambourine, —
Want a red
Like furious fire;
Want a black
Like midnight mire;
Want a gold
Like golden wire;
Want a silver
Like Heaven entire
And God a-playing at His own front door
On a slide-trombone with a conical bore!

Those buildings lean, those buildings lean,
They sway and shuffle to the streets between!
Fly-drumming drones, and drums make trouble.
(Crushed ruffs, long rolls, single and double!)
Wild with the riot of wood and brass
The blues and the peart high yallers pass
While cow-bell, buzz-rattle, piccolo squeal
Clank and riot through a wild-eyed reel.

Xylophones, bells, and the weird kazoo
Drown the trumpets and the tubas, too,
Drown out the tuba with a field-hand song
Patting juba to a dinner-gong,
And the saxophone sets steel and stone
Jigging into tune with a grinding groan. . . .

O roll Jo'dan, Jo'dan roll!
Swing dat gal — O mah soul!
A-all up and down de whole Creation
Still dreamin' ob de ole plantation;
Young folks play in de sun all day, —
(Possum, pone, an' de cane, an' de cotton!)
Hey, mah rabbit's foot! Ghos's go 'way!
(Good times dah am not fo'gotten!)
Rozzum on de bow! Come seben, come 'leben!
Gwine ter fly
All ober God's hebben!

But I want to sing Harlem. . . .
I want to sing Harlem soft and south,
Her dusky day with a rose in its mouth,
Her noon of the Islands of the Seas,
Her flaunting fruits from the Caribbees
Where palm-leaves wave from stucco walls
And street and square hear mellow calls
And meridian sun is blazing down
On the chalk-white glare of a tropic town.
Orange and bougainvillea red
Flame from scarf and turbaned head,
Purple — paw-paw-yellow — vie
From basket-bearers swaying by;
A hot breeze blows,
Tossed water flows
From fountains white in the patios;
Like a flaming bloom each negress goes. . . .
What the Indies dream all Harlem knows.

Yet I want to tell of Harlem as a tale is told
By a bleary wizard mouldering-old
Mumbling his beard to a ruined moon,
Moaning along in a sing-song croon.
For noise and color in a hurricane
Pass to a drip of silvery rain;

The moon spills gold on Harlem River,
The ripples gleam like coins a-quiver;
Burnt on the night in Dahomey bronze
The moon is a god through banyan fronds
A-flutter in ghostly jungle-glades.
Flares and fades
All violence from this moon-filled mere;
Only grief and calm are here. . . .

No! Fetish, charm and exorcism
Float like smoke from a black abysm,
Thicken like smoke from eastward rolled.
Land of Ophir, Land of Gold,
Land of half the earth a-prowl,
Of mottled shield and assegai,
Kraals and jungles dark and foul,
Sluggish rivers half a stye,
Moon-dawn on that Afric night,
(All the country crazed with light)
Darkness breathing deep and dense
Thick with death and pestilence! . . .

Then fades, and flares, and fades once more
That black volcano on a haunted shore
Where writhing shadows wail and sob.
Faint, more faint, the war-drums throb,
Great Zulu Tshaka's war-drums spent
In the gloom of a lost dark continent. . . .

So I want to sing minor, wailing low
And full of all the grief I know,
The grief I know;
O, I want to sing Harlem quaint and sad
And full of all the trouble I've had,
The trouble I've had. . . .

But the buildings quiver and dance like mad.
Walls of windows, walls of doors,
Delicatessens, clothing-stores,
Drug-store, pool-room, turn them loose
On the Ringtail, Florida and Beal Street Blues;
Antillean flats take up the dance
In a crack-a-knuckle, crack-a-knuckle shuffling trance;
They reel,

They roll,
They sway across my soul;
They summon the shoes of the East to come,
The clown brass-band, the Indian drum,
The one-stringed bow, the antelope horn,
The bamboo whistle to wail forlorn,
The weird marimba of Zululand
To shudder and strum beneath my hand!

And I want to sing Harlem. . . .
O I want to sing Harlem wild alive
In Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Five;
The Negro City, the dream-book town,
Metropolis of black and brown;
Number-gambling round the clock,
Bones and razors on every block,
Coon-can raging, thirst assuaging,
Egypt-rouged and all-engaging,
Drinking, dancing on till day,
Swarming to church or *cabaret*,
Whirlwind-gay with leopard power,
Rolling eyes in a Holy Ghost shower,
Lazing, laughing 'long the street,
Stepping high, stepping high,
Shaken with the shuffles from head to feet, —
Mansions in the sky!

No, fold your wings, fantastical things!
For I want to sing Harlem. . . .
I want to sing Harlem as a dead man sings
Low in the mould, so low, so low
Only the nails of his coffin know;
Safe and sound, safe and sound,
Shovelled six foot underground,
Locked in the loam for strange rebirth,
Pressed to the breast of his Mammy Earth. . . .

O does she croon, "O dark delight,
O you my panther proud by night,
My lashing tiger painted bright,
My Paradise Bird, my Mournin' Dove,
Parading, moaning of your love;
O my sun-blind eagle sailing,
My harp of winds and seas a-wailing.

My groping mole-like slumberous soul,
My awful patience deep in dole, —
O you my quickening, you my birth
Of richest beauty, wildest mirth,
My pulse through whom my whole creation's
Swayed to the breathing of my breast,
Whipped up to the carol of the constellations,
On all my urges nourished best, —
O child of the wild, of the womb of night,
Rest, and dream, my dark delight!"

*Theatre Arts Monthly* — *William Rose Benét*

## HATRED

I shall hate you
Like a dart of singing steel
Shot through still air
At even-tide.
Or solemnly
As pines are sober
When they stand etched
Against the sky.
Hating you shall be a game
Played with cool hands
And slim fingers.
Your heart will yearn
For the lonely splendour
Of the pine tree;
While rekindled fires
In my eyes
Shall wound you like swift arrows.
Memory will lay its hands
Upon your breast
And you will understand
My hatred.

*Opportunity* — *Gwendolyn B. Bennett*

## LINES WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF ALEXANDER DUMAS

Cemeteries are places for departed souls
And bones interred,
Or hearts with shattered loves.

A woman with lips made warm for laughter
Would find grey stones and silent thoughts
Too chill for living, moving pulses . . .
And thou great soul, would shiver in thy granite
shroud,
Should idle mirth or empty talk
Disturb thy tranquil sleeping.

A cemetery is a place for shattered loves
And broken hearts . . .
Bowed before the crystal chalice of thy soul,
I find the multi-colored fragrance of thy mind
Has lost itself in Death's transparency.

Oh, stir the lucid waters of thy sleep
And coin for me a tale
Of happy loves and gems and joyous limbs
And hearts where love is sweet!

A cemetery is a place for broken hearts
And silent thoughts . . .
And silence never moves, nor speaks
Nor sings.

*Opportunity* *Gwendolyn B. Bennett*

## WHITE SPIRITUAL

In the dim old church
There were tall candles burning,
Tall candles burning for the burning souls;
On the altar stairs
There were fat priests chanting,
Fat priests were chanting for the burning souls;
Incense rose to the clouded dome,
Turned and crawled like soft, white foam,
And the golden bells
And the silver bells
Sang beautifully for the burning souls.

In the dim old church
There were people kneeling,
Wooden people with blank, white faces,
Men and women with identical faces;

People sitting and standing and kneeling —
One — two — three, one — two — three —
Striking their breasts mechanically.
Over and over and over again,
One — two — three —
Up and down stupidly,
Stupidly and endlessly.
While the sing-song chant rose higher and higher
And all the windows seemed on fire!

I left them all and came to God.

I was lifted up through the stained glass windows
By a cheap, wheezy organ
And a five-and-ten cent store tremolo baritone.
I leaned back and closed my eyes.
Great, loud sounds burst against my ears,
Pounded in my veins,
Entered into my belly —
*Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*
I let myself go,
I let the sudden music fondle me;
It pulled at my ribs,
And beat against my heart,
And throbbed in my head —
*Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*
And all the ivory candles crumpled up,
Faces blurred into nothing,
Priest and altar, bell and book faded and faded;
Columns of stone,
Spires of marble
Melted away —
And O the music beat in my ears,
Invaded my body,
Stabbed at my heart,
And there was a wild, sweet tumult in me.
The red and yellow saints in the stained glass windows
With long white beards and sandalled feet
Held out thin arms and smiled;
And the young blond saints laughed gloriously.
A thousand little wings
Rustled in the air —
*Sancta Maria! Sancta Maria!*
Straight, bright paths shot out

Into the mystical meadows
Beyond the windows;
*Sancta Maria! Mater Dei!*
The queer, suffocating music shouted to me —
*Sancta Maria! Mater Dei!*
Alone, with my hot body vaguely aching,
I hung between the music
And the lovely, lovely windows.

Then I came close to God.

The red heart in me
Leaped up to meet Him;
And He was nothing my eyes could see,
And He was nothing my mind could know —
For terribly blind was the mind in me —
But my fingers reached out convulsively,
And my body knew Him, O my body felt Him,
And all the love in me,
Like quick, eager flames,
Rose on the music confidently.
It lifted me up and up,
Through the colored windows,
Past the arms of the old men,
Into the white sky,
Up over the other side of the sky,
Close to God.

And huddled in the dim church,
Where I had left them,
Were the white faces
And the tired bodies
And the greasy candles burning.

*Verse* *William Berry*

## HERITAGE

Why should the mountains confuse me with rapture?
  Storm at my heart till I see them through tears?
Weigh me with wistfulness past all the telling?
  Sound the high bugles my errant soul hears?
Is it the magic of other hills calling,
  The hills of my fathers, across the long years?

Child of a race that knew stretching horizons,
Far-climbing headlands all misty with rain,
Slopes of soft emerald starred thick with primrose,
Vista and vision: half beauty, half pain —
Here's why the mountains confuse me with rapture:
The green hills of Ireland call me again!

*The Century Magazine* — *Marie Blake*

## THE DREAMER

He made but dreams; for this they laughed him down,
Those praters of Efficiency, who wrought
The more substantial things (or thus they thought)
That merited a place of sure renown.
He never made a shoe, a suit, a gown;
He paid no taxes on a house and lot;
He never sold a thing and rarely bought;
He was the Non-Producer of the town.

He made but dreams; such inefficient things!
And they who bought and sold and toiled and played
Could never guess the joke Eternity
Had played on them; for still the Dreamer sings
Long centuries since his deriders paid
God's tax of death on earth-idolatry.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Hugh F. Blunt*

## GOLGOTHA IS A MOUNTAIN

Golgotha is a mountain, a purple mound
Almost out of sight.
One night they hanged two thieves there,
And another man.
Some women wept heavily that night;
Their tears are flowing still. They have made a river;
Once it covered me.
Then the people went away and left Golgotha
Deserted.
Oh, I've seen many mountains:
Pale purple mountains melting in the evening mists and blurring on the borders of the sky.

I climbed old Shasta and chilled my hands in its summer snows.
I rested in the shadow of Popocatepetl and it whispered to me of daring prowess.
I looked upon the Pyrenees and felt the zest of warm exotic nights.
I slept at the foot of Fujiyama and dreamed of legend and of death.
And I've seen other mountains rising from the wistful moors like the breasts of a slender maiden.
Who knows the mystery of mountains!
Some of them are awful, others are just lonely.

Italy has its Rome and California has San Francisco,
All covered with mountains.
Some think these mountains grew
Like ant hills
Or sand dunes.
That might be so —
I wonder what started them all!
Babylon is a mountain
And so is Ninevah,
With grass growing on them;
Palaces and hanging gardens started them.
I wonder what is under the hills
In Mexico
And Japan!

There are mountains in Africa too.
Treasure is buried there:
Gold and precious stones
And moulded glory.
Lush grass is growing there
Sinking before the wind.
Black men are bowing.
Naked in that grass
Digging with their fingers.
I am one of them:
Those mountains should be ours.
It would be great
To touch the pieces of glory with our hands.
These mute unhappy hills,
Bowed down with broken backs,
Speak often one to another:

"A day is as a year," they cry,
"And a thousand years as one day.
We watched the caravan
That bore our queen to the courts of Solomon;
And when the first slave traders came
We bowed our heads.
Oh, Brothers, it is not long!
Dust shall yet devour the stones
But we shall be here when they are gone."

Mountains are rising all around me.
Some are so small they are not seen;
Others are large.
All of them get big in time and people forget
What started them at first.
Oh the world is covered with mountains!
Beneath each one there is something buried:
Some pile of wreckage that started it there.
Mountains are lonely and some are awful.

One day I will crumble.
They'll cover my heap with dirt and that will make a
mountain.
I think it will be Golgotha.

*Opportunity* *Arna Bontemps*

## HOMING

Sweet timber land
Where soft winds blow
The high green tree
And fan away the fog!
Ah fragrant stream
Where thirsty creatures go
And strong black men
Hew the heavy log!

Oh broken house
Crumbling there alone.
Wanting me!
Oh silent tree
Must I always be
A wild bird
Riding the wind
And screaming bitterly?

*Opportunity* *Arna Bontemps*

## BLIGHT

I have seen a lovely thing
  Stark before a ship of weather:
The tree that was so wistful after spring,
  Beating barren twigs together.

The birds that came there one by one,
  The sensuous leaves that used to sway
And whisper there at night, all are gone;
  Each has vanished in its way.

And this whip is on my heart.
  There is no sound that it allows,
No little song that I may start
  But I hear the beating of dead boughs.

*Opportunity* — *Arna Bontemps*

## A PORCELAIN VASE

Her love was like a porcelain vase
  That any touch would crack:
You felt as if an ardent gaze
  Would take her quite aback.

I am not quick to strike a blow,
  Nor careless in abuse;
But still I like them less for show,
  And rather more for use.

*The Minaret* — *Gamaliel Bradford*

## DEEDS UNDONE

He scorned the gifts that fortune brought,
  And smiled, and went his way;
For some men still regard I ought
  As greater than I may.

The path he trod forgot the sun
  In unillumined length;
But deeds that he had never done
  Gave him a giant's strength.

*The Lyric* — *Gamaliel Bradford*

## WINTER TREES

Over their stark austerity the trees
  Put on such nonchalance as women might
Who had been proud and lovely, and, like these,
  Were stripped of their bright beauty in a night.
Hushing their grief . . . and haughty, as if they
  Would seem indifference personified,
They stand there suffering, day after day,
  With not one lover near to lift their pride.

But through the dusk their thoughts and glances steal
  Out where the darkness gathers . . . and dreams wait,
With Summer folded in their wings, to heal
  Trees that were stricken grievously, of late . . .
And bring their beauty back again for birds
  To sing, and winds to stir with passionate words.

*New York Sun* — *Margaret Perkins Briggs*

## PASTURES

They are too lost in yesterday, — too dull
  From brooding in a winter of their own,
To heed, at all, how vaguely beautiful
  The dusks are, hinting of a warmer tone;
And how the proud stars, softened to the glow
  Of daffodils, lean nearer in an old
Gesture to share some secret that they know
  With fields still aching for lost flocks to fold.

But, biding in their winter yet, they brood
  Unceasingly on grievous memories;
And do not mark the lilac in the mood
  Of hesitant twilights, nor make friends with these
Old stars with April in their eyes, of late . . .
  And flocks for lonely pastures where they wait.

*New York Sun* — *Margaret Perkins Briggs*

## HARVESTERS

There will be nothing — not the light dust stirred
  Into the semblance of their wistful feet;
No rumorous tale the dawn wind overheard
  Of shapes that moved among dim sheaves of wheat —

There will be nothing, when the husbandmen
  Return, to hint of such as come to keep
Tryst with old dreams in summer fields again,
  Remembering harvests that were theirs to reap.

And they who till these acres have no way
  Of knowing how precarious and frail
Is tenure that at any twilight may
  Revert to ghostly claimants, by entail;
Nor how, at harvest-time, these take a yield,
  Weightless as dream, from field on darkened field.

*The New Republic* *Margaret Perkins Briggs*

## OLD HOUSE

It listens, huddled in a clump of trees,
  For feet that seek its path no more at all;
Only the winds go in and out, and bees
  That have their storehouse in a ruined wall.
Only a vine comes creeping back in spring
  To coax it into fragrant memory, —
Sensing how lost and desolate a thing
  A house abandoned in old age can be.

More dingy and more shrunken in the sight
  Of greening hills and orchards lit with bloom,
The house peers out between its trees till night
  Has blinded it, and in the thickened gloom,
An old vine breathes remembrance on the airs
  That prowl the rooms and silence-drifted stairs. . . .

*New York Sun* *Margaret Perkins Briggs*

## THE SECRET

She was a homely person,
  Her eyes were sharp as pain,
Her face was shapeless as a blot,
  Or like a pallid stain.

She thought that dabs of color
  On lip and cheek was low,
If women needed hectic cheeks
  God would have made them so.

Tall were her stiff white collars,
  Plain was her long black dress;
Her hair had known no ripples,
  Her body no caress.

The hungry years went by her,
  With pain and labor blent,
And in the daily fret of life
  She seemed serene, content.

And she who flouted fashion,
  Till her last gasp of breath,
Succumbed at last to vanity,
  To meet her lover . . . death.

They found her clad in satin,
  As loud as laughter's peal,
Her hair in ringlets; cheeks blush pink;
  Her lips like cochineal.

*The Will-O'-The-Wisp* — *May Brinkley*

## PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A GHOST

When I am delivered from this inextricable thorny flesh,
If there is anything left of me, as some folks would have it —
This is what I would like to do
For the remainder of eternity.

As soon as my spirit is extricated
And brushed of dust,
I would whiff myself to a certain lodging-house that I know
On an ample avenue slit sideways by a formidable park-enclosed rock —
(A convenient hole
Giving the sky room to parade itself all day,
In sunset or twilight or any gown it pleases —)
There,
On a block of brownstone two-stories rising primly over their balustraded stoops,
Like a row of old ladies seated upright in their pews,
In a tiny front hallroom overlooking the park —
Quite like this one;
With the same soiled wallpaper and the same insipid pictures and the same suffering furniture —

(Except that the rent would be a ghost)
I would make my headquarters;
And while my inexhaustible immortality away,
In delicious unencumbered random
Roaming through the mysterious streets of this wonderful
life-infested jungle
Minus clothes and stomach and rent,
Free as the air and the dust.
That were a life worth being dead for!
Not that I am prejudiced against the body —
I realize
There are advantages to corporeality —
You can feel and touch,
You can enjoy the things you look at.
But Life's like a woman in this matter —
You can't see much of her when you're kissing her;
You have to stand back for that.
I prefer to look at Life instead.
One can take in so much more with one's eyes than with one's
lips . . .
Ghostship is just the thing for this —
A munificent scholarship
Putting all of Time and Space at your command
To study at your leisure.

Here is a sample of a day
As I would spend it!

I would get up — say about four in the morning
And seat myself at the window.
It's tremendously interesting at this hour —
(I've tried it in the flesh.)
First there is a soft pervasive hush:
The avenue lies like an unearthed street
Cut through gigantic catacombs;
The rock sleeps in the park
Like a petrified Cerberus.
From time to time
The cars rumble apologetically by.
Suddenly an intrepid bird pits herself against the silence —
Single-throatedly;
Again and again and again,
Like a dancing fairy her voice skips through the trees.
But there is no response.

A pair of black-stoned nuns pass under the window
Like great hooded crows walking up the street.
The bird trips out again,
Up her sweet little spiral of notes,
Again and again and again —
Reckless of moon and of stars!
There is a faint stirring in the trees
Like a baby's limbs moving in sleep;
Firmer and louder and denser it swirls
Entangling the park in a net of chirps and trills,
Until every feathered madcap is frantically awake,
Melting the silence into rapture,
Clearing the way for dawn!

When I get tired of sitting at the window
I'll flit noiselessly down the carpeted staircase,
Ooze through the hall-door keyhole into the avenue
And betake myself to a ham-and-eggs, corned-beef-hash, coffee-and-cruller self-server
On a wide-awake nearby cross-street.
Being a ghost
I'll risk the corned-beef-hash,
Seat myself at a convenient center table
And listen to the small-talk of a group of drivers:
Experiences in Experimental Eugenics with mulatto waitresses;
The respective merits of this or that religion
As determining the accessibility of its girls;

Or the talk will take a duller turn:
Stale jokes on prohibition, athletic club gossip, a bargain in mittens,
A collision on Third Avenue of the day before
Where a driver disbrained himself against an L post.
I'll shift from table to table
Clicking it all down on the invisible noiseless ghost of my faithful typewriter,
And sally forth again —
This time to the nearest subway station.
The morning rush-hour won't bother me.
I'll float like a god over the outstretched arms of the strap-hangers,
And take down some choice tete-a-tetes right from the mouth

Before they are squelched between grinding wheels and shrieking tracks —
(People grow quite communicative when they can't hear themselves)
Or note the faces of my flesh-imprisoned fellows —
(People are most themselves when they are uncomfortable.)
Then I would get off at a station in the Italian quarter,
Turn east —
(I don't care for the business slums except when they're deserted
At night)
And stroll between pushcarts piled with polished peppers and sleek bananas
Through the rhythmical jabber of ragged-shawled women haggling with the venders
Until I am at home —
Safe in the kosher bosom of the ghetto.

There
In the strange little welter of streets that run through my heart
Like a plexus of arteries,
Throbbing with thousand memories,
I would wander all day
From street to street, from square to square
Tiptoed with wonder;
Between rows of ungainly tenements that trip to an organ-grinder's tune
Remembering snatches from the past;
Past broken-down iron-banistered stoops bending under loads of ragged children
Like sick maggot-ridden dogs;
I might enter some quaint synagogue musty with the odor of decayed prayer-shawls and crumbling prayer-books
Trying to look ornate behind carved moorish windows and bulbous tin domes,
And listen to the sad argumentative humming of lonely Talmudists meditating over the folios,
Their brows crumpled in their hands
Like painted figures in dim museum galleries . . .
Or I might seat myself in a smoke-clouded noisy cafe
Where the gesticulating grandchildren of the Talmud
Passionately solve the problems of the world
All day,

All life —
As their grandfathers solved the problems of the mummied past . . .

Or I might steal into a spacious neat-faced library
That rises uncomfortably among the tattered tenements
Ashamed of its own trimness
And stand beside a boy leaning against a bookshelf, book in hand,
And read with him — and thrill with him — and dream with him —
Until the retreating sunlight files through the street
Touching the tenements with transfiguring fingers
Converting every rusty cornice into a crown of gold
And they stand up in the soft caressing light
With shining pathetic faces,
Suffused with remembered happiness
Like old women thinking of their youth —
Then I would flit away,
Pensively,
Leaving the ghetto to the oncoming hesitant twilight
That gropes its way between the tenements
A blind beggar feeling his way home —
Up a garish cross-street screaming with electric signboards
Where the crowds stream back from work
Like defeated armies;
Into a great shining avenue burnished by a thousand lamp-lights
Lined with masses of tiered windows scintillating with scattered lights,
Like huge darkened showcases set with tell-tale jewels;
Past stern fortress-like mansions eyeing the thin lines of a beleaguring park
That follows them for miles;
Through the familiar refreshing squalor of uptown slums —
Back to the little hallroom overlooking the hill.

L'ENVOI

Now that's what I call an ideal program
For ghosts and poets and other disembodied spirits.
I have wooed Life feverishly and won her to my will at times—
But always, when I lay closest to her, then I felt furthest from her soul —
So I will keep at a safe distance in the future,

Where I can be fascinated but not overwhelmed,
Look on, and not be drawn into her embrace —
As near to ghostship as one can on earth.

*The Menorah Journal* *Alter Brody*

## NOW COMES THE NIGHT

Now comes the night on spotted feet,
With blue and crimson scars —
Her yellow eyes are in the street,
Her breast against the stars.

Wisps of her heavy hair are curled
In hollows of men's eyes,
And her dim draperies are furled
About men's stricken cries.

*The Minaret* *Gerhard Bruncken*

## SCEPTIC

Let those who know for certain that the sea
Is moon-reined water, that the beach is sand
And heaven is a windy canopy
Dangling above the rain-worn face of land, —
Let those whose minds are firm and sure, command
Our dreams to die if that would make us free;
Let them prepare us; make us understand;
Blow light across our eyes and make us see!

We shall remember what they say of night
And Spring and storm; but some still words will pass
Within us when we walk beneath the sky:
*Storm is a wild hill running mad with fright:*
*Spring is a golden fire in the grass:*
*Night is a stream of dark wind moving by.*

*The Midland* *Stanley Burnshaw*

## WAITING IN WINTER

They were tired, tired; and outside
The wind was cracking boughs and breaking leaves
With drops of freezing water. . . . Once they heard
A whistle leap and groan against the night
Like a dying bird.

They were sick of winters; but they tried
To ponder thru the window at the snow;—
Too tired, tired for soft tears to flow
Upon their faces like the touch of rain;
And in their bodies gnawed the old, limp pain
Of those who live too long on love.

They were so chill, they slipt their scraggly arms
About each other's breasts. . . .
Sleep always still,
They whispered,
Maybe Heaven would hear them then—
These two still walkers, tired, old, and bled. . . .

Sleep came to them like evening to young-love;
Sleep, then soft Death, who brushed their eyes with dreams
Of wind that walked like shadows over streams
Where he—a cedar—leaned to touch the moon,
And she—a young birch—whispered in the hills. . . .

They were tired, tired of the sun,
And earth and heaven looked harsh. . . .

*The International Arts* *Stanley Burnshaw*

## EL GALLO

They waited, sleeping, on the plaza benches
Until we woke them to the moon at midnight;
And then between the whitened walls they followed,
Playing and singing. A violinist joined them.
We had never seen him before; he had been in the fields.
From one of the houses came a clarinet
And down from the moon a dozen blanketed figures . . .
And we danced folk-dances in the market-place.

With half the night before us and no more bottles,
We knocked at several doors, naming them brother,
And then at a shuttered window and called it darling,
And we saw it come open with the light of a candle;
Shakes of the head, entreaty, no relenting,
Someone asleep there in the room behind her;
Eyes in the moonlight, lips of silent laughter,
And at last through the window a bottle of pomegranate wine.

Later she came herself and opened a booth
Under the stars; and on a charcoal fire
Heating the water for our cinnamon-tea,
She poured into every bowl a little glass
Of alcohol and gave new draughts of life
To the driver of the bus, a shoemaker,
Seven musicians, three soldiers with their guns,
A boot-black and a boatman and ourselves.

After our cinnamon-tea with its alcohol,
We carried the blacksmith harpist to his bed,
And, making sure that he was sound asleep,
We spent an hour on the cobblestones
With serenades to the blacksmith's beautiful daughter . . .
And then we sang, with twenty-seven songs,
Good-night to the moon, good-morning to the sun,
And pled our friendship to the point of tears.

From my western balcony-window, I watched the light
Deepen under solid leaves along the hill
And under ledges I had never seen
On the mountain-range and sharpen the sides of boats . . .
And so it had been under my ribs with music
And with wine, a lovely deepening of the light
A body carries on its own small hill:
I laughed aloud, joining bright earth with earth.

*The New Republic* *Witter Bynner*

## TO AMERICAN FLYERS IN MOROCCO

I have wished you wounded, I have wished you dead,
  I have wished you blackened by a wind of flame,
But let me wish for each of you instead
  That he may live to cringe at his own name.

*The New Republic* *Witter Bynner*

## A DANCE FOR RAIN

*(At Cochiti, New Mexico.)*

  You may never see rain, unless you see
A dance for rain at Cochiti,
Never hear thunder in the air

Unless you hear the thunder there,
Nor know the lightning in the sky
If they point no pole to know it by.
They dipped the pole just as I came,
And I can never be the same
Since those feathers gave my brow
The touch of wind that's on it now,
Bringing over the arid lands
Butterfly gestures from Hopi hands
And holding me, till earth shall fail,
As close to earth as a fox's tail.
I saw them, naked, dance in line
Before the candles of an alien shrine;
Before a saint in a Christian dress
I saw them dance their holiness,
I saw them reminding him all day long
That death is weak and life is strong
And urging the fertile earth to yield
Seed from the loin and seed from the field.
A feather in the hair and a shell at the throat
We're lifting and falling with every note
Of the chorus-voices and the drum,
Calling for the rain to come.
A fox on the back, and shaken on the thigh
Rain-cloth woven from the sky,
And under the knee a turtle-rattle
Clacking with the toes of sheep and cattle —
These were the men, their bodies painted
Earthen, with a white rain slanted;
These were the men, a windy line,
Their elbows green with a growth of pine.
And in among them, close and slow,
Women moved the way things grow,
With a mesa-tablet on the head
And a little grassy creeping tread
And with sprays of pine moved back and forth,
While the dance of the men blew from the north,
Blew from the south and east and west
Over the field and over the breast.
And the heart was beating in the drum,
Beating for the rain to come.
Dead men out of earlier lives,
Leaving their graves, leaving their wives,
Were partly flesh and partly clay,

And their heads were corn that was dry and gray.
They were ghosts of men and once again
They were dancing like a ghost of rain;
For the spirits of men, the more they eat,
Have happier hands and lighter feet,
And the better they dance the better they know
How to make corn and children grow.
  And so in Cochiti that day
They slowly put the sun away
And they made a cloud and they made it break
And they made it rain for the children's sake.
And they never stopped the song or the drum
Pounding for the rain to come.
  The rain made many suns to shine,
Golden bodies in a line
With leaping feather and swaying pine.
And the brighter the bodies, the brighter the rain
As thunder heaped it on the plain.
Arroyos had been empty, dry,
But now were running with the sky;
And the dancers' feet were in a lake,
Dancing for the people's sake.
And the hands of a ghost had made a cup
For scooping handfuls of water up;
And he poured it into a ghostly throat,
And he leaped and waved with every note
Of the dancers' feet and the songs of the drum
That had called the rain and made it come.
  For this was not a god of wood,
This was a god whose touch was good,
You could lie down in him and roll
And wet your body and wet your soul;
For this was not a god in a book,
This was a god that you tasted and took
Into a cup that you made with your hands,
Into your children and into your lands —
This was a god that you could see,
Rain, rain in Cochiti!

*The New Republic* — *Witter Bynner*

## EVEN THE BATS

In the June twilight, we looked without knowing why
At the peaked gable of a corner house;

And while we looked, a hundred bats flew out
From the patterned eaves over the beach and the lake;
And as soon as they had wavered high out of sight,
Came other hundreds at nine intervals:
Like black leaves dropping and gathered up again
In their own wind, and blown to the setting sun.

After the firm birds of water and the bright birds of trees,
After the transparent golden air of day,
It is magical to see a host of shadows
Trembling upward over the mountain-top,
Or hovering past a balconied window at midnight
And flaking singly toward a mottled moon.
Even the bats are beautiful in Chapala
Where shadows leave the breast and fly away.

*The New Republic* — *Witter Bynner*

## VOODOO

Ho, the pan-pipes call to Bassin Bleu
To dance the dance of the great voodoo;
The big drums boom, the conch shells blare,
The signal fires, flame and flare;
Oh-o-ay-o-eyah, the strange songs sound
While the dancers gather at the singsing ground.

The tympani louder and louder boom,
Echoing far their song of doom;
Oh-o-ay-o-eyah, the wild songs seem
The echo of the conch's scream.
Ho, the pan-pipes call to Bassin Bleu
To dance the dance of the great voodoo!

*And ever the great drum beat, and beat,*
*And ever the woman sang.*

The voodoo priest came looming near,
A piece of shell in each black ear;
On his wizard's skull aigrets and plumes,
(Ever the great drum booms and booms),
About his neck as black as jet
White bone and shell and metal met;
About his legs it clinked and wound

Like a slithering serpent there unbound.
Painted and decked the witch-man stood
Among his people in the singsing wood.
The full moon flooded the place with light
Yellow, misty, strangely bright.
A low chant rose from the singsing ground,
And in and out and through they wound;
They took their places, legs spread wide,
They stood like statues side by side.

*And ever the great drum beat, and beat,*
*And ever the woman sang.*

Voices and instruments sudden ceased,
Only the voice of the drum increased;
Stirred by the booming the big drum made,
To its savage rhythm the voodooists swayed.
The witch doctors formed a circle about
The voodoo priest who in and out
Whirled like a dervish in the wheel
Of the lecheurs swirling toe and heel.
Again the chant, now soft and low
In regular tempo clear and slow;
The voodoo priest still whirling led
To the slower rhythm, whirling sped
Swifter and swifter as the rhythm grew fast
His violence grew until at last
Contorted, twisted, a half-crazed thing
He squatted, spent with his spell-making.

*And ever the great drum beat, and beat,*
*And ever the woman sang.*

All was quiet, no other sound
Broke the silence of the singsing ground.

*And ever the great drum beat, and beat,*
*And ever the woman sang.*

Now was the time of sacrifice;
A cock was bound in a strange device
That only a savage could contrive,
Where he was slowly roasted alive.
A kid came next, a cow, a goat,

Then a spectacle on which to gloat —
A goat without horns, an offering dear,
Caught where a *blanc* may not appear
And guilty of killing the Sacred Snake
Sacrosanct for Obeah's sake —
A man in khaki was proudly led
To where the fire burned fiercely red;
There starved and weak he firmly stood
Before the priest in the singsing wood.

*And ever the great drum beat, and beat,*
*And ever the woman sang.*

His staring eyes were open wide;
His broken arms hung by his side;
With death before him, fiendish, grim,
Never a whimper came from him,
Never a murmur, never a moan;
His heart within him cold as a stone.

*And ever the great drum beat, and beat,*
*And ever the woman sang.*

He uttered no useless plea or cry,
Silent he waited his time to die;
Only his blue eyes bulged and stared,
Stared, and stared, and stared, and stared,
As they laid him down on the gleaming fire
That was become his funeral pyre.
The voodoo priest performed the rite
Of sacrifice for the full moonlight.

*And ever the great drum beat, and beat,*
*And ever the woman sang.*

The head witch doctor, Almazo
Led their song, Oh-o-ay-o-eyah-oh,
And to its rhythm led the files about
In a savage serpentine, in and out;
The song became a barbaric paean,
Oh-o-ay-o-eyah, again and again.
High over the fires they leaped and sped;
In the crimson glare black flesh shone red.

The high moon shining silver where
It fell on their skins, sweating and bare.

*And ever the great drum beat, and beat,*
*And ever the woman sang.*

*Voices* — *Annice Calland*

## FOG, THE MAGICIAN

Wrapped in a cloak
Of grey mystery,
Fog, the magician,
Steals tip-toe out of the sea.
In seven-league boots
He skims across the sky,
Blowing out the sun,
Blotting out the blue.
On cobweb wires he slides to earth,
Glides through gardens surreptitiously,
And sponges every color out of flowers.
Churches, houses, trees,
He wipes like chalky outlines from a board.

Fog says — "Presto!"
And birds turn into nothing as they fly,
Men grow vague and vanish.
Fog lifts his hands!
And motor-cars roll off into a void,
Dogs evaporate,
Cats dissolve to bodiless meows.

Noiselessly, peacefully,
The old world ends.
Nothing remains
But fog and me
And another world to be.
Slowly, dimly,
I seem to feel
A little of the wonder and the joy
That must have gladdened God in the beginning,
Creation before him.

*The Commonweal* — *Melville Cane*

## CLOUDS

There were no flowers in the sky,
Only a cobalt field
Of glittering July.
Under
My gaze of wonder
You grew
From gathered dew,
Your soil the fertile breeze,
Your seed the hum of bees;
Rootless,
Stemless,
Earthless
Blossoms alone and complete.

Now though you disappear
Out of the singing sphere
There shall be no lament for fleeting beauty,
No sighing breath
For this which is not death.
Rank decay or rot of leaf
Does not mar your passage brief.
Heaven bore you without pain;
Heaven a garden will remain,
Fragrant and without a stain.

*The Commonweal* — *Melville Cane*

## LYING IN GRASS

August . . .
In high, dry grass,
Arm crooked,
Head cupped,
Ear sunk,
Flank pressed
Into earth.
Eyes are
Two field-mice,
Scurrying, scurrying
Through grass-tips,
Sniffing shadows,
Nibbling sun-glints,
Darting back
Into sleep holes.

*The Guardian* — *Melville Cane*

## WEST 58TH STREET

To-night,
From this high window,
Above that softened roof-line
A dry blue star quivers and throbs and quivers.
Lower, mistier,
A string of three swing in a cool grey curve.
Behind that squatty water-tank
A slice of moon suspends, of silver and steel.
Farther west
Electric signs are glittering rhinestone planets.
Endless rows and rows of yellow oblongs
Hide identical kitchenetted souls.
Down the street
A pack of wolfish taxis, eyes of fire,
Snarl and prey and devour.

*Contemporary Verse* — *Melville Cane*

## THE GREENHORN YANK

On the morning I stood in the fair of Dunleer
With a bullock they'd know in the States for a steer,
Old Larry went off to the pub with an ear
For the prices that day in the market.

And as I was puffing away to compare
The breath o' my pipe with the beast's on the air,
A jobber from Bristol came up to me there,
With his: "What will ye take for him, sonny?"

"Twelve guineas!" said I, with my heart in the hope
That Larry would soon be returning to cope
With the buyer, who snickered: "I say, are the rope
And the nose-ring a part of the bargain?"

Then I, with the twang o' the Yank that I was,
Who knew not a line o' the cow-jobbers' laws,
Replied to the blackguard: "They are, sir, because —
But you better find out from my uncle."

Then, lo and behold ye! While shuffling away
With a laugh, he met Larry returning; yet they,

In striking a bargain, had nothing to say
Concerning the rope and the nose-ring.

*America* *Francis Carlin*

## FOLDING TIME

### I

"Jesus, herds pursue
Their scattered sheep;
'Tis time my Lambkin, too,
Were safe in sleep."

"Mother, as you would;
Upon your breast
I'll win Me bed and food,
Yea, drink My rest."

### II

"Mary, He's away!
May one and all
Thus willingly obey
Their slumber-call."

"Joseph, build a fold
Of wattled gleams
And sheen o' thatch, to hold
His fleecy dreams."

### III

("*Shepherds, gather nigh:*
*Help Me pursue*
*Yon scattered lambkins, ay,*
*And kidlings, too.*")

"Waking, little Son?
Lu-lay-na-shoon."
('*But ninety-nine — there's one* — ')
"Husheen-na-hoon."

*America* *Francis Carlin*

## OUTCRY

I, loving Beauty, must live
Here on this barren bleak road:
O little wind, why wander by
To tantalize, to goad?

You, who bring me perfume
From blossoms on Beauty's breast
Go — I turn my face away,
I am torn by too great unrest!

Stop, touch this dust ere you pass,
What bloom could lift from such earth?
O little wind, drift on, drift on,
Even you must not guess all my dearth!

*L'Alouette* *Ellen M. Carroll*

## BODY AND SPIRIT

Go, you must go — it is I who can sing,
Kissed by the white lips of suffering.
You could not live where winds blow cold,
You who are big, and brave and bold!

Go, you must go — it is I, the frail thing
As easy to break as a butterfly's wing,
Who can walk upon thorns on The Road of Pain,
While many men search for my wounds, in vain.

Go, you must go — for today is sweet,
Blossoms make lovely the way for your feet:
Only for you do I fear the great cold,
For you who are big, and brave and bold!

*The Harp* *Ellen M. Carroll*

## BITTER CHOICE

I have leant upon a sword
Loving woman, man or child.

Now I armor me in ice:
Blow wind, blow fierce,
Blow wild!

*The Harp* *Ellen M. Carroll*

## THE WINDS OF LUXOR

The winds of Luxor fiercely blow
Against my cheeks the dust of kings,
Egyptians of the long ago,

Pharaohs, and serfs, the overflow
And undertow of centuries —
Dust, dust, dust.
The dust of crowns and dust of wings
Blown from the Valley of the Kings.

The columns wise with hieroglyphs —
The hypostyle, the pillared state;
Dromos of sphinxes; monoliths;
Kings, and divinities, and myths;
Rameses, and Tut-Ankh-Amen . . .
Dust, dust, dust . . .
Thothmes, and Seti . . . Shishak . . . all
Less than a crumbling ruined wall!

Temples, and obelisks, and gems;
Pylons, and bones, and Libyan sands;
Sculptures and precious diadems;
Great courts, and chariots, and stems
Of rose and lotus strew the years . . .
Dust, dust, dust.
The winds of Luxor stifle me . . .
I faint, I fall, I cease to be.

Across the moonlight of our lawn
Resound the Luxor winds, and now
The mountain ash trees, red with dawn,
Lisping with waxwings, both are gone,
And hills in desert storms arise —
Dust, dust, dust.
The winds of Luxor bear me down
Into the dust of lost renown!

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* *Robert Cary*

## RETROSPECTION

I stand with Time upon the planet's brink.
Fancy unwinds her films — a flashing spool.
Boyhood at marbles near the old red school,
And in the marsh the happy bobolink
Singing to reeds, pauses to dine and drink.
A pert spring voice is crying "April Fool."

Bright is the cowslip's gold, and boggy-cool
Pasque-flowers wet with glorious sun-gems wink.
Once more the hour of Youth, and love-in-shadows;
What heart alive but breathes the lover's tale?
Soft winds are whispering to tender willows,
And when from England's shores fond thoughts prevail,
I hear again what to his Nightingale
Sang Adonais through the Kilbourne meadows!

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Robert Cary*

## THE RED MAN'S ALTAR

Son of Nature, copper-skinned and stalwart,
environed by cactus-covered hills,
your altar is no costly thing of wood and shining brass,
starred by burning candles.

Your altar is a rock,
rain-stained, frost-mottled, ages old,
resting on an arid hillside.
Wild shrub and desert flowers
are your costly broideries;
tall-stemmed yuccas reaching skyward
are your candles;
while bee-balm, aconite and juniper
distill incense for your devotions.

*Interludes* — *Ina Sizer Cassidy*

## IN A *ZAGUÁN*

Here sit I in the *zaguán*, in the sunshine, fiercely idle, fiercely happy,
Letting the winter sun shine on my body, warming my bones, making my blood warm, warming my soul!

For years, many years, all the years of my early manhood,
I dreamed of the time when I'd sit like this in the *zaguán*
Hour upon hour, quiet, the dog at my foot quiet too,
Both of us moving along, little by little, to follow the sun,
Keeping pace with his rays till they slip from the last *rincon* of the house-wall.

But always in those days, breaking the dream, came the voice of Crusita
Bidding me rise, bidding me work!
*Por Dios!*
Why is a woman's voice soft and sweet if it only calls one to labor?
And must a man toil forever until he is old, till the joy has gone out of an hour of idleness?
Till even God's best gift, the Sun, cannot warm him as now it is warming me?

*Bien*, now I am able to rest me, to sit here as long as I wish to do, smoking my *punche.*
Crusita is gone these many weeks — or months, *que sas?* —
The days go so swiftly, so quietly, now that I live as an old man,
I can scarcely tell how long it has been since Crusita died, without counting over the Sundays!
She said at the last she'd be glad of a rest in the grave for her poor tired body,
With perhaps a quiet hour, now and then, for her soul, with *Maria Santissima.*

When the little Crusita said, "She is dead," I knelt there still at the bedside,
Shaken, confused and dumb, my thoughts, like leaves in a dust-whorl,
Going back to the day when Crusita walked, white-muslined, white-veiled, from the church in the bridal procession,
"Until Death do us part" entering the house of my fathers.
Now, with the little Crusita's words, had come the parting.
The years of the past receded: the present became as one with the past, then rolled in its turn from my vision,
Until of a sudden I saw other years going on before me,
Long, slow, work-burdened years unfolding before me,
Dreary, work-sodden, comfortless years, with never again the help of my strong-armed Crusita!
She had been always so willing, so eager, to take up my hoe or my shovel
Such times as I felt I ought to go to the Plaza
To sit for a while to advise or consult my *compadres.*
In this sudden clearness of vision I saw my shoulders bowed down by my double burden —
All my own work to do, all of Crusita's!

I saw myself slaving to keep the bean-fields in order, the corn-fields weeded,
I saw myself hoeing long rows of chile, and planting and garnering squashes,
Sweating at chopping *sabina* through all the hot days of summer, to keep us half warm in the winter;
Feeding the chickens, and leading the old cow on Sundays,
Along the Acequia Madre, to seek out those rare little patches of purple-blossoming clover.
All these were the chores I had always done, but always before with the able help of Crusita —
But henceforth to do them alone, the house-work also!
I knelt with my head in a mist as dense as a hail-cloud above the cañon:
I mused on what lay before me.
Then, two and three at a time, the wives of the neighbors came in, and swept out the rooms, and brewed strong coffee, and prayed at the side of Crusita;
Helped the little Crusita to close her mother's eyes;
Helped her to braid the hair soft on her mother's forehead;
Showed her the manner of crossing the strong, good hands that had labored so long and so well for my every comfort;
Made the house quiet and dim for Padre Felipe.
When these things were finished at last I could hear the whispering women,
Between their "*Ave Marias*," telling each other of us, of me and Crusita —
"Now he sits like a man of stone, or an old man in his dotage,
Or like one with a cloud on his mind, a cloud of aloneness, perhaps, a black spreading cloud of sorrow —
So does the strong man grieve for the good, dead wife, the kind and pious Crusita!"
Then they said many times how suddenly old I seemed, how strangely unsteady,
Till their thought took root in my mind, and I said to myself, "Why not, indeed?"
Why not don my dotage,
As in days gone by I had donned the blue garment of labor?

Why not grow old all at once, take on one of these "clouds" that the old women whisper about with such neighborly relish?
A man with a cloud on his mind can still sit in the sun,

Can enjoy his savory dinner, inhale his *punche*, can even, perhaps, with the help of these sympathetic women, direct the awkward but well-meaning efforts of this so young and dutiful little Crusita?
For work — well, somebody has to work — all work gets itself done — have I ever hungered to do it?

So here sit I in the *zaguán*, in the sunshine, fiercely idle, fiercely happy,
Letting the winter sun shine on my body, warming my bones, making my blood warm, warming my soul.
With a cunning like that of Coyote, who, undetected, creeps laden from out the door of the hen-house,
I have snatched this delightful, this glorious idleness, from Time, and from little Crusita.

*The Midland* — *Kate Muller Chapman*

## SUBURBAN IDYL

They are clearing ground to build a house
In the vacant lot next door
That I walk through every morning
Coming from the store —
In the tiny tangled wildwood with its thickets to explore,
And the talk
Of a poplar as I walk.

There is peace
In this still suburban street.
Trim and neat
We keep our modest gardens, and I know
That flowers will grow
In my newest neighbor's garden with a fragrance just as sweet;
With the wild grass trimmed and seeded,
Rolled and weeded,
And hollyhocks put primly in a row.

And at dusk,
When the air is sweet with phlox,
A tired-looking business man will go
To and fro,
Watering the eager roots of drooping summer flowers
While *my* husband waters *ours*.

And children in the wet grass will be wiggling their toes,
Or leaping over fountains where the hose
Leaks and sputters,
Or pulling out the petals of a rose.

Yes, there will still be peace!
(But joy for me will cease —
No rambles where the prickly brambles crawl!)
A still, wind-sheltered peace
That lulls life to the echo of a call . . . .
Suburban life . . . .
Man and wife . . . .
And children's arms around us like a wall!

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Polly Chase*

## MARRIED

Dining with him at home, she looked between
Tall candles at his strange, familiar face . . .
A face still so bewildering when seen
Across a table . . . or in any place
Where he was shaken free from her, and she
Must stifle old desires to beat the bars
That caged their passionate identity,
As distant and as secret as the stars.

Sometimes, when he was shaving, she would stare
Until his face seemed silly . . . like a word,
Sane and distinct when other words are there . . .
Now empty, ineffectual, and blurred.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Polly Chase*

## A LOVER FOR DEATH

Oh, who will find a lover for Death and for her only?
Though all men kiss her lips, they kiss against their will.
Oh, pity Death! Wistful she is and exquisite and lonely;
And all who sleep with her lie curiously still.

*The Independent Poetry Anthology* — *E. Ralph Cheyney*

## THE INELUCTABLE

I have lost my love at last to one I dread
  Who wooed with greater urgency than I;
Now she is bound to the chill, Procrustes bed
  Of Time, with whom at length must all loves lie.

*The Circle* — *E. Ralph Cheyney*

## LAZARUS

He may stumble stiffly — being obviously dead —
  This Lazarus whom I meet every day,
Or strut with braggadocio
As though to cheat the worms.
  They know, and shrewdly find a certain way
  To pierce whatever coffins he may wear.

*New Leader* — *E. Ralph Cheyney*

## OF A CERTAIN GENEROUS LADY

Because this brook has quenched another's thirst
Is it less pure? In any sense accurst?

Because another man has ploughed this field,
Should you expect a less abundant yield?

Because another's thrilled, is beauty less?
Because it's shared, does joy become distress?

Why blame her, then, whom you cannot help woo
Because she's not content with loving you?

*The Greenwich Village Quill* — *E. Ralph Cheyney*

## COMPLAINT

Not that grief will sear with so much pain
But that it comes and goes so quick again;
Not that it floods with tears this too-fleshed chalice,
He makes complaint . . . . but that it leaves a callus.

*Long Island Daily Press* — *E. Ralph Cheyney*

## PITY DON JUAN!

He gathers love affairs as boys do stamps;
He wears a girl as though she were a tie;
And only victory his ardor damps.
He cannot drown himself in any eye.

*Long Island Daily Press* — *E. Ralph Cheyney*

## CYNIC?

Since being born's a sin we must atone
  Each day of all our hours on warrior earth;
Since each must live a lonely life alone
  And death holds not one-half the pain of birth;

Since what we hold we lose and goals prove gaols
  Or myths, why not prize good in all its guises?
Why seek escape? . . . . Life ever, never fails;
  And all awards are consolation prizes.

*L'Alouette* — *E. Ralph Cheyney*

## VAIN WOOING

Green walls of waves that tower up,
  Great whorls of waves that curl and crash,
Swift whirls of spray in the billows' cup,
  Bright nets of spume that coil and splash!

They sighing surge and soughing sob,
  Sonorous, raucous, snarling host;
The sea is one terrific throb —
  How still the dunes along the coast!

*L'Alouette* — *E. Ralph Cheyney*

## THE WORLD WILL NOT FAIL OF LOVERS

The world will not fail of lovers. Peace
  Will surely drip on them from overflowing
Moon and stars. The breeze will flaunt caprice
  And they will lean the closer for its blowing.

For lovers earth will make perpetual South
And Spring will brew a fresh, unique distillment;
And they will turn each to the other, mouth
To mouth — afraid, almost, of their fulfillment.

*New Leader* — *E. Ralph Cheyney*

## OF PAPA AL (HER GRANDFATHER WHO IS DEAD)

I think he is taking his turn tonight
At being the moon;
For, see, the moon is walking along with us
And trying to come near, very near.

*The Independent Poetry Anthology* — *Ouida Louise Cheyney (aged seven)*

## WALNUTS

Walnuts must be cocoons.
When cracked just right
You find in each half
A butterfly.

*The Independent Poetry Anthology* — *Ouida Louise Cheyney (aged seven)*

## TEA PARTY

My body sits here in the room
Where through the window scent of bloom
Drifts languidly.
The sunlight shines
On silver forks with polished tines,
On silver kettles in a row,
On cups and napkins white as snow.
My body sits here side by side
With gentle folk; but far and wide
My spirit, seeking to be free,
Moves back and forward restlessly
With other thoughts.
My lips are curled
Into a smile for all the world
As though I had no other mind
Than to be sweet and good and kind.

And yet I know that out of doors
A spring is blooming just like ours,
That larks are soaring flight on flight,
And in the orchards buds are white.
Oh, buds were white that other day
When we went down the sunlit way,
By fields up-ploughed and fresh for sowing,
Where we could hear the live things growing.
And I am thinking of long hills
Where cowslips grow and daffodils,
And I am seeing all the way
A lane grown thick with blossoming May;
White clouds that drift beyond the hill
Like phantom ships; am hearing still
His whispers in that silent place,
(White petals falling on my face)
Where through the bracken faery eyes
Looked out at us without surprise,
While all their play was hushed and sweet
To watch the lips of lovers meet.
Then were we cleansed in and out,
Freed of old mysteries and doubt;
Our souls slipped through our bodies' mesh
And rose unhampered of the flesh
Until we stood in open day
Naked and unashamed as they.
You well-dressed people in a row,
You'd call it shame, such thoughts, I know!
Yet have you seen spring out of doors,
White, white as love?
Has this been yours?
To know the peace of some high hill,
Far hidden, when the winds were still;
Lulled by the singing breeze that passes,
Deep, deep couched in the waving grasses,
Heeding never the skimming swallows,
Nor humming bees in the shady hollows;
Until so sweet and shrill and high
The cuckoo calls, one love-sick cry;
Then mad with scent of the sweet-leaved clover,
The sudden turning, lover to lover —
I hold my cup out in my hand.
No fear that they would understand.
"Another cup," I say, and smile,

"Another cup!" and all the while
My heart is crying out — "Oh, see!
This, this was mine!"
This *was*, but he
That kissed my lips with eager breath
Has kissed instead the lips of Death.
Down ways too deep for man, too wide,
My thoughts are whirling in a tide.
If I were deaf, if I were blind,
Could never see the sun nor find
Our path which leads where once we loved
When we had life and breath and moved,
Would I forget? Would I be free
From this strange grief that tugs at me?
Content to think it but a dream,
And this the real?
(I must not scream!)
Instead I say, "The buds this year
Are wondrous thick."
Where are you, dear?
That cannot see the blithesome May,
Decked for a bridal holiday,
Come swinging down the orchard aisles
With singing lips and eager smiles,
Nor how the sun makes aureoles
About the shining elm tree boles,
Nor hear the robin's song of praise
At sunset time —
"How much the days
Are lengthening out," one turns to say.
I sip my tea. "Yes, aren't they!"
Yet I would cry — God send the night
Lest I should madden at the sight
Of lovers going down our lanes,
'Twixt hedges fresh with springtime rains;
Lest I should guess the love he bears,
Should know too well the joy that's theirs,
Just how he stoops and turns to know,
There where our own wild roses grow,
The rapture of her lifted lips,
The yielding form that downward slips —
What if I lost the power to lie?
What if I uttered one fierce cry?
Would all these proper people rise

In curious and strained surprise,
In shocked and shamefaced scrutiny
To turn their well-dressed backs on me?
I think I hear my host explain —
"We'll not ask *her* to tea again!"
They need not fear so mad a mood.
"My dear," I say, "these cakes are good.
How are they made as light as that?
And are they really fried in fat?"
How are they made? How is life made?
Of bitterness and joys that fade,
Of springtide laughter quick to flee
And tears that linger endlessly!

Yet all the while my lips are curled
Into a smile, for all the world
As if my heart were gay and free
And youth had never died in me.
For these are folk who'd scorn my tears,
So I must ever down the years
Endure this silly painted show,
This madding talk of "so and so,"
A heavy secret in my side,
That I must hide, and hide, and hide
In idle gossip, light as birds,
And futile froth of empty words,
A round of calls and drinking tea,
With stupid faces watching me,
And genteel voices humming low —
Until at last 'tis time to go.
With no rude haste we rise and we
Stretch out our hands most courteously.
"Do come," I say, "to see me soon.
I've had *so* nice an afternoon!"

*The Midland* — *Elinor Chipp*

## PARASOLS, FIFTY-NINE CENTS

By rows of tight-sheathed Chinese parasols,
Glossy, slender, shining richly dark,
To dream of opening one I was intrigued,
And visioned green, dull coraline, and gold,
Pale backgrounds with faint traceries to mark

Free outlines not defined, sweet fol-de-rols
In tints to rest eyes vividly fatigued.

I held my breath, in slow delight to unfold
Such hidden splendor — for so small a price!
Wistaria bloom and lantern glow, I dreamed,
And tall, fair, tasseled plumes of blossoming rice.

The thought came to me then, — it somehow seemed
Like this when I was introduced to you . . .
Your glance, your smile, your calculated grace,
Perhaps were but the sheath that might encase
A folded flame, a spirit rare and true
That being set free, for me could spread such glow
On life again as happy children know.

Forget the memory! Speed the unwelcome thought!
More luck this time! The parasol was bought.
But, Oh! before such flood of melon pink
And purpled blues, what dream could help but sink!

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Mary Brennan Clapp*

## CORYBANTIAST!

(*After reading Chesterton's "Heretics."*)

Who, thinking on death, decides
To somehow live, forever,
No longer stops to weigh
The peril of endeavor;
In last year's dwelling gay
No more in peace abides,
Nor lets a new hour stay
Serene in an old delight.
Too slow the flying day!
Too long the idle night!

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Mary Brennan Clapp*

## FRUIT

She pared her fruit with a silver knife
  And nibbled its slices thin,
But I bit greedily into life
  Till the sharp juice stung my chin.

One little fact she never knew
For a moment I had forgotten:
How the small white worms go thru and thru
The place where the heart is rotten.

My serviette furiously I flung
And tossed the core to the nappy,
Its crumbling bitterness on my tongue —
While she sat, still and happy!

But I felt her quiet face go white
As out of its calm I fled;
And knew as I wallowed into the night
That both of us were dead.

*The Harp* — *Grace Stone Coates*

## A MEDIC GATHERS MUSHROOMS FOR HIS LADY

AMANITAS

Atropin for muscarine —
(Hey, my girl, but the woods are jolly
Where the deadly Amanitas lean!)
But what is the antidote for folly?

Ipicac for the gasping fool —
(Watch the swell of that warbler's throat!)
Then a dose of valerian cool,
But what is true love's antidote?

Whisper: Ebb is implicit in surge,
Wisdom hatches a serpent, my dove;
Folly is folly's only purge,
And loving, the antidote for love.

PHALLUS IMPUDICUS

They bear another thought than ours,
Shaped by the pallid touch of death
In intricate, unscented bowers,
Cool from his breath.

They disregard our verities.
They are not children of our sun.
Innocence and obscenities
On them are one.

A flower is our cousin-german;
  By these pale strangers we are held
— Bending their secret to determine —
  Rapt and repelled.

We have no ear for what they say.
  They bear the mystery of God
Along the ages, by a way
  We have not trod.

*Voices* — *Grace Stone Coates*

## CHILD-HEART

Out of loneliness she fashioned beauty,
  Moonstone verses and rhymed filigree,
From her terrors she plucked stout booty —
  A robber's curses and a pirate's glee.

Drama spiced her dearth and dryness
  With a hag to scold her and a prince to aid;
When Death, the ruffian, nudged her shoulder
  She cried: "Your Highness!" and knelt unafraid.

*The Harp* — *Grace Stone Coates*

## A LADY COMES TO AN INN

Three strange men came to the inn,
One was a black man pocked and thin,
One was brown with a silver knife,
And one brought with him a beautiful wife.

That lovely woman had hair as pale
As French champagne or finest ale,
That lovely woman was long and slim
As a young white birch or a maple limb.

Her face was like cream, her mouth was a rose,
What language she spoke nobody knows,
But sometimes she'd scream like a cockatoo
And swear wonderful oaths that nobody knew.

Her great silk skirts like a silver bell
Down to her little bronze slippers fell,
And her low-cut gown showed a dove on its nest
In blue tattooing across her breast.

Nobody learned the lady's name
Nor the marvellous land from which they came,
But no one in all the countryside
Has forgotten those men and that beautiful bride.

*Contemporary Verse* — *Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*

## ON A PORTRAIT OF MARY TUDOR IN THE PRADO

I have seen
A portrait of this Mary
This thin queen
With anxious eyes and narrow tight-sealed lips
Holding a rose in her sharp fingertips.
She has done all she can in hopes to please
Her Spanish king lagging across the seas:
Has she not given him her withered heart,
That fiery pinch of dust? Is not her will
Limp in his hands? Philip has but to ask
And Mary, Queen of England, must fulfill.
She woos him with a parchment tenderness;
Her dangerous sister at his word she spares,
And with the hangman's sword and hempen rope
From English blood a love-knot she prepares —
And sends this portrait where one reads the pains
Of Tudor blood turned acid in the veins.

*Voices* — *Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*

## PIRATES

Pirates, after all, were usually
Such young men!
At yard-arms or docks they hanged them,
Or on beaches now and then.
So between the prayers of parsons
At the gallows-tree
In their ears came softly lisping
The whisper of the sea,

Their own sea of sails and fighting,
Of storm and wound,
Scattered with uncharted beaches
For the men that they marooned;
Spanish towns with plate and treasure;
Jungle; fever; heat;
And the clicking of the glasses
In some safe retreat.

In that school a man grew crafty,
Limber in his hates.
Their white scars were often left them
By their bosom mates.
What extraordinary stories
That no one now can know
Died upon those wind-blown gallows
At twenty-one or so!

*The Century Magazine* *Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*

## ANNOUNCEMENT

Let it be understood that I am Don Juan Gomez!
My blood is pure blood from the proudest blood of Spain
And I own hills and valleys beyond a long day's riding
And heavy lies the silver upon my bridle rein.

Let it be understood that I am Don Juan Gomez!
My saddle-cloth is fringed with scalps of Indians I have slain
And when I see a girl and knock upon her shutter
Though it be dawn or dark I need not knock again.

Let it be understood that I am Don Juan Gomez!
Only in prayer to bend the knee and bow the head I deign.
And when I pray, the saints go hurrying to the Virgin
And cry, "Don Juan is praying, and must not pray in vain!"

*Southwest Review* *Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*

## SILVER

Fishing is life for towns along the sea:
The value of a season may be weighed
In the new sheds and fences that are made

And winters passed in full security.
In a slack year all the community
Stiffens to failure: and bills go unpaid,
The men ship to the Indies, and dismayed
The women wait on mutability.

Here in the old smoke houses on the shore
In lines of rose and silver, the fish swing
Above the fires smouldering from the floor
Their dripping brightness slowly tarnishing:
They do not look like any treasure store
Yet they shall keep a people until spring.

*Voices* — *Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*

## "THE KNITTIN'EST WOMAN"

Knittin'est woman ever I seed!
  Quare how that runs around in my head?
The burying's gone like a sorry dream,
  Now that I'm left alone with my dead.

Grands and greats she knitted their hose,
  Seemly and stout of heel and knee.
And many's the pair our soldier lads
  Battled in, over the old salt sea.

'Times, she'd take hit to bed with her
  And throw out a sock in the gonesome night.
I've wakened and watched hit flickering
  Back and forth in the fire-log's light.

Preacher told of her steady faith,
  And orderly walking all her days.
But living together for sixty years,
  A man's remembrance holds little ways.

*The Outlook* — *Ann Cobb*

## TO A THOUGHTLESS GUEST

We gave you mountain fare,
  Not reckoning the cost,
And I'm not a-meaning fodder and meat —
  Hit's confidence we lost.

Friend of our friend you came, —
The proper password here, —
So we sang our ballets and told our tales
To make our friend good cheer.

No matter how we know
You mocked our ways and looks.
Naught's hidden but shall be revealed,
Is writ in the Book of Books.

Don't think us stricken deep.
You'll not be named again.
Who breaks our bread, and then breaks faith,
Is naught to mountain men.

*The Outlook* *Ann Cobb*

## COMBINATIONS

Heartache and a crimson rose,
And a soft wind from the south;
Wisdom comes when beauty goes;
But sorrow twists the mouth.

*The Lyric* *Catherine Cate Coblentz*

## STONE WALLS OF NEW ENGLAND

O walls of stone, built carefully and straight,
You lie beneath the sunshine and the night,
The men who built you knew not they were great,
Nor ever dreamed you would reveal their might;
But every day they labored hard and long
To make their fields yield harvest to their hand,
Your stones, which would have vanquished men less strong,
Became submissive at their stern command.
They made of you the guardian of their homes,
Evoked a blessing from reluctant earth,
They built their souls forever in gray stones,
And left a heritage of manly worth.
No land of stone can labor's hand deny,
Gray guardian walls in silent witness lie.

*The Vermonter* *Catherine Cate Coblentz*

## IFFLEY

It is a village off the road
  That goes to wealth and places
Where men have plenty in their minds
  And famine in their faces,

Iffley Church speaks out the hours
  With a silver bell,
Sunrise, weddings, new-blown babes,
  And not a word of hell.

The Iffley rector has a house
  Which asks all beauty in;
His garden is so full of bloom
  There is no room for Sin.

Tea and talk and hollyhocks,
  A lonely, lordly baker
Who shapes the village thews and brawn
  And feels like God the Maker.

Pewter pots of ale and men
  Who take God's time to think
Till Wisdom comes into the inn
  And joins them in their drink.

Fathers of twelve stone and more
  With poppies for their cheeks,
Boys who grow the while you look
  And burst their woolsey breeks.

Women stiff as ancient queens
  In clean, cheap calico,
Bees, and straight young poplar-trees
  To teach men how to grow.

Honey-jars and candle-light,
  Rose-bushes that friended
Sires who have gone to rest
  With their sweet soil blended.

Homely hearths and simple crocks,
Plants at casement bars.
Cities ruin; these abide
With morning and the stars.

*The Century Magazine* — *Robert P. Tristram Coffin*

## THE BOOK

Red-gold and rough morocco are its covers,
And sheerest paper bears its weight of truth,
Alembic of its one-time lords and lovers,
Distilled for wisdom of tomorrow's youth.
This book was guarded once; securely chained
In the reverberating draughty nave:
Initialed and illuminate, it reigned,
And, after interval, again shall save.

It has awhile been a discarded thing,
But columns shall review it on the morrow;
Restored to power by its words that sing,
Beloved, not for their triumph, but their sorrow,
And streets shall pause to hear its harping word,
With truth at rhythmic heel of song, its lord.

*Contemporary Verse* — *Isabel Fiske Conant*

## OLD GLASS FACTORY

There's not a villager now left to show
Where it was once, although they make a feint;
But call their bluff, and one will have to paint
A neighbor's house that day; another go
"Down-street," which means to the next town, you know,
Four or five muddy, rutted miles away,
Where wagons take their load to market day
And ungroomed horses droop, tied in a row.

But once, hid in the woods from prying Tory,
Spy for a king who's fuming for the tax,
This little hive could tell another story
Whose few survivals now are bric-a-bracs —
A pale, blurred bottle that some auctioneer
Holds up for bids; a curio from that year.

*Voices* — *Isabel Fiske Conant*

## LESS THAN KIN

He was a hill man,
  And she watched the spray
Until he came and won her
  All in a day.

Sea-folk will talk all day,
  But mountain-folk are still
And the tide dashes vainly
  Against a cliff's will.

He knows not how to answer
  Her salt tide of talk.
He goes no further from his hills
  Than a day's walk!

Though she climb to roof or hill-top
  As if her soul to save,
All that her eastward staring sees
  Is a hill-wave.

Hill-folk cannot easily
  Speak what they feel,
But his look follows her
  Like a dog at heel.

Far up a hillside
  Seas cannot climb . . .
Her tide of talk is going out
  Before its time.

Destiny that mated them
  Was less than kind or human;
All in a day to tether
  Hill-man . . . sea-woman.

*The Lyric* — *Isabel Fiske Conant*

## TIME-SPACE

Into the Universe I crawl —
  The table-top — the Sky;
Man on a mountain — mouse from a wall —
  Observer, I.

I shall see what I shall see:
  Time — the Fourth Space —
The inkwell — the Pleiades —
  A god's face.

Push on, point, through your line;
  Line, through your square;
Rise, square, your cube define —
  A god is there.

Box of God, arise, arise,
  Three-dimensional;
Through the contracting skies
  Upward fall.

Into your fourth estate
  Expanding, climb;
Swing the gods' arched gate
  On the hinge of Time.

Let illusion fall away,
  Skyscrapers seem
Blocks tossed aslant in play —
  And Time a dream. . . .

*The Lyric West* — *Isabel Fiske Conant*

## POET AND MERCHANT

The poet goes ragged;
  The merchant wears silk;
He eats patties
  While the poet drinks milk.

One cuts coupons,
  And one splits hope;
One hawks sonnets,
  And one sells soap.

They lie long time
  Under a white spread;
I heard them say, "The poet lives";
  Of the merchant, "He is dead."

*The Lyric West* — *Isabel Fiske Conant*

## BRAHMS, NO. 2 D MAJOR, OP. 73

Now take this music: loose the sombre strands:
Let them escape like dusk out of your hands:
And think of amber tarnished by the sea,
Or smoky silver mornings of black frost.
Here is unreasonable melody
Through a confusion as of flying bells,
Demanding a wild blood that understands
When the far voices cry alone and lost.
Unwind the tangled themes: let them fall down,
Thinking of coral where the breakers roar,
And caverns dark with music to the core,
And dragging purple seaweed sown with shells.
Turn to me. Tell me . . . though the soul must drown . . .
These are the moments we were meant to know.
And when there is no music any more
Say if you can I never loved you so.

*The New Republic* — *Grace Hazard Conkling*

## MOON-SLANTS

### I

A boy by a window, nodding over "Treasure Island" . . .
The declining moon like a crooked finger with a long, silver nail, reaching out of the long sleeve of dark, clutching at the low hills.

### II

A young housewife, resting on the arm of a chair, thinking of the morrow . . .
The moon a thin, shallow basket of beaten gold with a hoop handle of enamel, and quite filled with a piece of yellow fruit cake.

### III

A jeweler, napping, over his paper, before retiring . . .
The moon — a golden spangle sprung open; a bracelet torn apart by Vulcan hands.

*The Bookman* — *Reginald Lansing Cook*

## ORIENTAL PHANTASY

Sometimes the sky
Is like a huge
Blue parasol,
Spread over a bazaar
Of gay and squeaking
Marionettes . . .

*The Christian Science Monitor* — *Le Baron Cooke*

## FANTASY

Beauty in flight
From ugliness
Frequently takes shelter
In unexpected places;
And so occasionally
An elf
Springs from a clod. . . .

*Town and Country* — *Le Baron Cooke*

## IN THE FENWAY

Lightly the breeze
Slips through the rushes,
Giving to green
The shimmer of silver,
And bending to rhythm
The stiffness of stalks. . . .

*The Christian Science Monitor* — *Le Baron Cooke*

## IMPATIENCE

April
Seems so far away
From me today.
How deep the snow,
And long the path
The winter yet must go.
Will the spring air ever start
Thawing the frozen meadows
Of my heart?

*The Commonweal* — *Le Baron Cooke*

## BRIDE AND GROOM

The river lies
  In her bed, like a bride,
Waiting her turbulent lover:
  The *tide*. . . .

*The Measure* — *Le Baron Cooke*

## THE GUEST

After awhile we will sit down together;
  He will be ponderous, settling like a cow,
Thickly satisfied with God and weather —
  I shall permit his pasture with a bow.
And we will talk tobacco and elections,
  Securities, acquaintances and men:
He'll rhyme the latter with his smooth perfections,
  Content to see me slowly nod again.

I'll know the price of every piece of silver
  Used to chop his richly scented food;
I'll tell myself his heavy hands would pilfer,
  Golden nails from some cathedral's rood;
Then we will part . . . I wonder if he knows
  What birds are saying down his orchard rows!

*Verse* — *S. Bert Cooksley*

## SILENCES

So like a shadow you lived. Nor would you come
  Quickly in the afternoon,
  But always with the white moon,
Always when the moon was on the purple plum,
When the last blue shadow rested — you would come.

But now the moon is come to the slender trees
For starved months; and the slow pain
Is like a beggar's plaint, is like his melodies
Raised to a bitter god. Yea, nothing now can please

My lips, my eyes, or my sad, restless bed.
  Nothing but your white hands,
  Your eyes — the burnished lands
Set there. . . . No, never to the Dead
Have come such ghostly hands, came such a ghostly head.

*The Dial* — *S. Bert Cooksley*

## WILD GOATS

The moon is full but it won't spill over
And it won't fall out when it hangs askew.
The bees suck honey from tall red clover
But they won't get drunk of it.
Bees never do.

I gave my love to a girl with amber
Eyes like the windows the saints shine through.
She dragged it through the brambles where wild goats clamber
But my heart won't break of it.
Hearts never do.

*The Bookman* — *Anice Page Cooper*

## CHILDREN OF GRACE, ASLEEP

We never climbed beyond the town
Where one dark hill thrust toward the sky
Grown ominous with black renown
That holy living is damned by.

We'd just to till our fields and keep
Our fences circuitous of toil;
And as we rose, so turn to sleep
In rustic weariness of soil.

The seasons through we came to sow
The many pastures that we turned;
And came at harvest time to mow
The sheaves our laboring had earned.

Always four fences turned to mark out
The circumspection of our days;
Six suns to walk our fields about;
One hallelujah of soul's praise.

The weeks were something gathered up
Of sweat and prayers and hungering;
Of wheaten cake and nectared cup —
And nights remembering the spring,

When urgent evenings from the plough,
  That led us laggards to repose,
We dreamed of hot breath at the brow —
  But knew no heartache at the close. . . .

Four fences mark our toiled-out days,
  Below a hill that scorns the sky,
Where we, the heritors of grace,
  Labored — and lie.

*Voices* *Howard McKinley Corning*

## THE TRAGEDY OF PETE

There was a man
  Whose name was Pete,
And he was a buck
  From his head to his feet.

He loved a dollar,
  But hated a dime;
And so was poor
  Nine-tenths of the time.

The Judge said, "Pete
  What of your wife?"
And Pete replied:
  "She lost her life."

"Pete," said the Judge,
  "Was it lost in a row?
Tell me quick,
  And tell me how."

Pete straightened up
  With a hic and a sigh,
Then looked the Judge
  Full in the eye.

"O, Judge, my wife
  Would never go
To a Sunday dance
  Or a movie show.

"But I went, Judge,
Both day and night,
And came home broke
And also tight.

"The moon was up,
My purse was down,
And I was the bully
Of the bootleg town.

"I was crooning a lilt
To corn and rye
For the loop in my legs
And the fight in my eye.

"I met my wife;
She was wearing a frown,
And catechising
Her Sunday gown.

" 'O, Pete, O Pete,'
She cried aloud,
'The Devil is falling
Right out of a cloud.'

"I looked straight up
And fell flat down,
And a Ford machine
Pinned my head to the ground.

"The Ford moved on,
And my wife was in it;
And I was sober
That very minute.

"For my head was bleeding,
My heart was a-flutter;
And the moonshine within me
Was tipping the gutter.

"The Ford, it faster
And faster sped
Till it dipped and swerved
And my wife was dead.

"Two bruised men lay
In a hospital ward —
One seeking vengeance,
The other the Lord.

"He said to me:
'Your wife was drunk,
You are crazy,
And my Ford is junk.'

"I raised my knife
And drove it in
At the top of his head
And the point of his chin.

"O Judge, O Judge,
If the State has a chair,
Please bind me in it
And roast me there."

There was a man
Whose name was Pete,
And he welcomed death
From his head to his feet.

*Opportunity* — *Joseph S. Cotter*

## THE SECRET

The cedars hold a secret in their heads
While whispering together; poplar-tops
Meet for a conference, but only sigh;
The birches are not tongueless nor the oaks.
In needless haste the winds go by and leave
Less than a hint of what their moods might tell.
The little rivers babble to the hills
Less than they know; in language strange to us
Each water-drop tinkles a mystery.
The birds cry out all day, but in their glee
Are cautious not to break forbidden news.
The ocean breezes murmur many things,
But not the one sure word; for taciturnity,
A spider's chronicle of lazy-day

In some untravelled corner tells us less.
The shifting glories of a sunset hour
Almost reveal the secret ere they fade.
A shrill outcry of crickets storms the dark
With untranslated syllables; and lo!
Night after night a crowded dome of sparks
Spells the old hieroglyph across the sky.
When a child laughs some helpless little word
Totters with heavy meaning, and is lost.
The fixed I Am of personality
Breathes a fine whisper, gone ere fully caught.
Deep is the after-stillness when a soul
Goes on its way with Death. No word comes back.

*The Harp* — *Jasper Barnett Cowdin*

## AGAIN

What in this heap in which the serpent pries,
Reflects the sapphire transepts round the eyes —
The angled octagon upon a skin,
Facsimile of time unskeined,
From which some whispered carillon assures
Speed to the arrow into feathered skies?

New thresholds, new anatomies,
New freedoms now distil
This competence, to travel in a tear,
Sparkling alone within another's will.

My blood dreams a receptive smile
Wherein new purities are snared. There chimes
Before some flame a restless shell
Tolled once perhaps by every tongue in hell.
Anguished the wit cries out of me, "The world
Has followed you. Though in the end you know
And count some dim inheritance of sand,
How much yet meets the treason of the snow."

*The Dial* — *Hart Crane*

## LINES TO CERTAIN OF ONE'S ELDERS

You, too listless to examine
If in pestilence or famine
Death lurk least, a hungry gamin

Gnawing on you like a beaver
On a root, while you trifle
Time away nodding in the sun,
Careless how the shadows crawl
Surely up your crumbling wall,
Heedless of the Thief's footfall,
Death's whose nimble fingers rifle
Your heart beats one by weary one —
Here's the difference in our dying:
You go dawdling, I go flying.
Here's a thought flung out to plague you:
Mine the pleasure if I'd liefer
Burn completely with the fever
Than go ambling with the ague.

*Opportunity* — *Countée Cullen*

## WISDOM COMETH WITH THE YEARS

Now I am young and credulous,
  My heart is quick to bleed
At courage in the tremulous,
  Slow sprouting of a seed.

Now I am young and sensitive,
  Man's lack can stab me through;
I own no stitch I would not give
  To him that asked me to.

Now I am young and a fool for love,
  My blood goes mad to see
A brown girl pass me like a dove
  That flies melodiously.

Let me be lavish of my tears,
  And dream that false is true;
Though wisdom cometh with the years,
  The barren days come, too.

*Palms* — *Countée Cullen*

## CONFESSION

If for a day joy masters me,
  Think not my wounds are healed;
Far deeper than the scars you see
  I keep their roots concealed.

They shall bear blossoms with the fall;
I have their word for this
Who tend my roots with rains of gall,
And suns of prejudice.

*Opportunity* — *Countée Cullen*

## NO IMAGES

She does not know
Her beauty,
She thinks her brown body
Has no glory.

If she could dance
Naked,
Under palm trees
And see her image in the river
She would know.

But there are no palm trees
On the street,
And dish water gives back no images.

*Opportunity* — *Waring Cuney.*

## ALL MOUNTAINS

"Give Me All Mountains"
*Hymn to Artemis*

Give me all mountains.
City, town, the precinct
of temple,
the crowded town gate,
I have no love for:
walls must crush or hide
whether of market
palace court
or precinct.
Give me the stream's cold path,
the grove of pine,
for garden terrace
the unclaimed
bleak
wild stretches
of the mountain side.

Give me no earth
crushed flat
with cruel layer
of fitted square
or meted length,
but boulders
unhewn
but set apart
as secret altars,
high in the loveliest
alder grove
or poplar.
Give me for altar fire
the wild azalia;
let Phoebos keep
the fervid market place.

Give him white marble,
him the luminous white
of sheltering porch,
carved pillar,
portico.
Give him the wharf,
the quay,
the street,
the market,
street-corner
and the turning of the street.
Nor do I envy him,
my fiery brother,
who count as fair
only the reach of snow
set stark
in midair.

Marble of islands,
snow of distant points,
threatened with wave of pine,
with wash of alder,
my islands
shift and change,
now here now there,
dazzling,
white,

granite,
silver
in blue ether.
I swim
who tread the mountain path as air.

Let Phoebos keep the market,
let white Love
claim all the islands
of sea-port or river;
would I contend with these?
Nay,
I would rather pity him, my brother,
pity white, passionate Love
who only knows
the prompting
of the restless, thwarted seas,
shivering in porches
from the bitter air.
Ah Zeus,
ennoble,
care for these thy children,
but give me the islands of the upper air,
all mountains
and the towering mountain trees.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *H. D.*

## LEUCADIAN ARTEMIS

I heard the intolerable rhythm
and sound of prayer,
so I have hidden
where no mortals are,
no sycophant of priest
to mar my ease
climbing impassable stairs
of rock
and forest shale
and barrier of trees.

Someone will come
after I shun this place,
and set a circle,

blunt end up,
of stones
flattened and hewn,
and pile an altar;
but I shall have gone
further,
toward loftier barrier,
mightier trees.
Bear, wolf and pard
I will entice with me,
that eyes' black fire
or yellow,
flatter,
conjure,
feed desire,
conspire,
lead me yet further
to some loftier shelf,
untrodden.
Unappeased,
I will disport at ease
and wait;
I will engage in contretemps with earth
how we may best efface
from Elaea
and all stony Peloponnese,
from wild Arcadia,
from the Isthmian straits,
from Thrace and Locrain hills,
(as isles are sunk
in overwhelming seas),
all Grecian cities
with the wild arbutus
and the luminous trees.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *H. D,*

## AGAINST WIND

You praise the wind, but I
Shall never praise it.
Had wind put turbulence
On that pool, would I have seen,
When you leaned suddenly over, hair

Flash toward me from a honeyed brow?
Would you have heard me cry:
"Your breasts are white hawthorn, there
In the water! Oh, I would wean
Loveliness on the petals now!"

You, my dear, my dear,
Should scorn to praise it —
Wind that puts turbulence
On pools that were clear.

Suppose the pool had stirred! — breaking
(Before I leaned and saw)
The mirrored splendor of your hair,
And we had left that place
Fearing a storm. Would we
Ever have seen, together, death
That had loomed with cloudy claw
Wane in our sky with the moon's waking?
Would you have found with me
The wisdom of shared breath,
Of face transfixing face?
Or I, had we gone,
Have learned that flowers may yield all night
White loveliness and still be white
And petalled in the dreaded dawn?

I praise smooth water, who might have known
No nakedness save naked stone,
Had the intolerable wind blown.

*Palms* *James Daly*

## FAITH

These caressed him:
Her hand out of the shadow
When the black god whispered,
"Beauty's to be taken."
And he fought back:
"Beauty is freest when treasured
Only as a song is treasured;
Beauty must give itself to be possessed —
Beauty taken is beauty lost."

Her hand then, and now
Memory of her throat of music
Murmuring him to tranquil fields
Where bleak roots blossom . . .

"And where," he wondered sadly,
"Together some day we shall close ears
To the black gods?
Close ears and ourselves be Beauty?"

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *James Daly*

## OBSEQUIES

The spirits of the twilight go sighing on these slopes
After the fire's black tread;
And something like a cry falls where the twisted smoke scent gropes
Above the forest dead.

The spirits of the twilight go weeping on these hills
That wore at dawn the plume
Of firs aglow and trembling to tap of wings and pearly bills,
Dark now beyond relume.

And down where men are walking, so vague and unperplexed,
Some one, half heard, will say
"Old Balsam Cone is done for; I wonder which is next;"
And go the trodden way.

But where hot scars are barren, and long curled moss is black
Spirits of twilight call
The dry-tongued hounds of hunger, and drouth that fevers track
To a forest funeral.

*The Literary Lantern* — *Olive Tilford Dargan*

## ALL FOOLS' CALENDAR

In January dread the ice
Of a question far too nice.
In February shun the blow
Of an answer chill as snow.

In March avoid the wind
Where hopeful thoughts are thinned.
In April shield the head
Against the unstirring dead
(Who yet will wake in May,
The wag-beard prophets say).
But May awaited brings
The death of queens and kings,
And June with fattened leaves
Still palters, still deceives.
July with bitter heat
Blazes the seventh defeat.
August in every land
Comes with a barren hand,
Till all September's reaping
Is hardly fit for keeping,
And fruits in keen October
Fall wormy and sober.
In November dread the end;
One month will yet offend,
And at last in December
There'll be nothing to remember.

*Voices* — *Donald Davidson*

## OLD CASEMENTS

### A Sonnet Cycle

### I

We knew old homes on Loma, weathered . . . gray:
  Poor bleak board-shacks that matched the silvered rue,
  Climbing thin trails of mountain sage. We knew
One mossed low cabin on the crest, away
Above ships' sailing paths, above the bay;
  Where life withdrew small casements to kissed blue,
  Where youth and love life's last white veils withdrew;
And there were we — householders for a day.
Sky cottage — passing shelter! I had tears
  Those drudging morns, those young and weary nights;
And oft was bitter in my thoughts the years
  I put its little crowded rooms to rights.
As dream-sweet as the hill it overpeers —
  That empty house which now west sun-fire smites.

II

An empty house — where once high westering lights
  Burned to the sea; like dim small stars turned towards
  Vast blazing skies. Within gray redwood boards
A shining shrine . . . Flame-hollowed chrysolites
Those births, deaths, hungers, and those strange young frights
  Of love in poverty. Now memory hoards
  Its fragrant poured-out chrisms of the Lord's
That fed pure fire to mystic curtained rites.
With lamps adrift in time, on time's vast flow
  Of love, we faced the measureless, the deep
Abysmal night. Youth's wick burned out. We know
  Such heart-warmed casements no earth hearts could keep.

* * * * *

Sails in the bay beat southward; but how slow
  Are we to give our buoyant hopes to sleep.

III

At last we give our drooping heads to sleep,
  At last the brightest window frame stares blank:
  Lights out, like ships that dipped just now and sank
Down empty, unknown seas. Shall we two weep
Now that our oil is low and ashes heap
  Our parquetry floors; now that dead cinders clank
  About our feet? Bright windows! Life, we thank
Thee for bright windows, who are come to leap
Beyond our house into star paths alone;
  Are come to end that which we had to say.
Faint requiems high Loma winds intone
  For our lost ships, lost loves . . . hearts . . . homes; and
    they
Will sing us forth. See! Tattered curtains blown
  From our forsaken casements . . . weathered, gray.

*University of California Chronicle* — *Winifred Davidson*

## SEPTEMBER BURNS

September burns this hilltop where I am
  Flung on a wind at dusk. Here flying cold,
  Cold fretted round the knees of autumn . . . old
Torn, frost-dyed leaves. Russet we blow, to sham
Joy as we rustle off. Leaves, leaves, undam

Our crimson torrents through the hills! Cry gold;
Cry orange-tawny! Let defeat behold
More fire than triumph's flaunting oriflamme!
Red brothers — leaves — trampled and hurried leaves,
Traceless in smoke; gone, told to ridicule —
We knew no harvest like the tall white sheaves
Of useful wheat. We are the thin flammule
Above a bonfire where September grieves
For dead whom quickening spring rain used to rule.

*The Lyric* *Winifred Davidson*

## COW BELLS

So often when our wan blue dusk wears thin
We might forget the city edging close
Upon our Loma meadows. Then Black Rose
And Julie, sauntering down rue-paths, begin
Their faintly jangled, hesitant small din —
Monotonous half-hushed adagios
Inviting sleep — and pastoral repose
Enfolds long dreams of peace the night within.
They do not browse alone, this hobbled pair
Beside the sage brush. That reluctant bell
Recalls ten thousand roaming herds that were
A hundred years ago! Its stridours tell
How from vaquero's lips a Spanish air
Oft on old Loma evenings warmly fell.

*Poetry Review* *Winifred Davidson*

## OCEAN BEACH

Evading headlong breakers, Ocean Beach
Runs up steep ladders and high stairs of rocks —
Greened now with age and loosened by broad shocks
Of ancient, angry tides. Its gray dunes bleach
Beneath a burning sky; sands overreach
Low thresholds of bright little booths where flocks
A crowd of swimmers whose quick laughter mocks
Shrill cryptic warnings that old curlews screech.
At every garden gate its near waves croon
And through the lingering year its hue remains
Brave scarlet-gold of summer: here is June

Forever under Loma's sea-turned crest!
It is a city winding to the West
With roses trailing down its tilted lanes.

*Beach News* — *Winifred Davidson*

## ESTHETIC EXPERIENCE

Beauty to her was less in the rough, gray thunder
Than in the little waves along the shoal;
Beauty to her was less of words than wonder,
Less wonder than a triumphing of soul.

In lonely intervals of white desire
Her body fell a prey to Beauty's plunder.
Afar, pale signals seemed her spirit's fire —
Her more articulate ashes told our blunder.

*The Archive* — *Ethel M. Davis*

## UNREST

O, I should be less scornful,
The waiting time less long,
If I could make of fire and wind
Some little song;

And I should quite relinquish
This longing for a flight
If Ariel would sing to me
Some star-encrusted night.

*The Archive* — *Ethel M. Davis*

## ON HEARING THE CLIMATE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PRAISED

There are some places where
The soft, languorous air,
Knowing not frost nor chill,
Is prodigal with bloom on meadow, field, and hill.
There, is perpetual ease, and no dismay

Lest some clear night strip every bloom away,
And the steep summer sun
Leans never to the south, her year's work done.

But would you have perpetual blossoming,
And lose with that the rapture of each spring?

Give me bleak days! To see
The tight buds opening on one chestnut tree,
New ivy on a wall,
Or any shrub or bush, however small,
Burst into bloom, is worth all winter's stay,
And chill, and long delay.
Her winds are but the harsh prelude of spring, —
And winter is a soon forgotten thing!

So with the changing faces of the year
We keep expectancy, — what is more dear?
April from March or yet from May might borrow,
And my delight is an unknown tomorrow.

*The Lyric* — *Julia Johnson Davis*

## CONSECRATED GROUND

She does not sleep in consecrated ground,
Within a walled and populous town of death.
Her soul loved solitude.
Now in the deep spruce wood
She sleeps alone.
Only the shy young deer approach the stone,
A rough-hewn granite full of ruby fire,
(Her life was fire).
Only the wandering wind, the climbing briar.
It is her own desire
To sleep alone.

*Voices* — *Kate L. Dickinson*

## LATE AUTUMN

Sparrows flock into a tree out of the gutter
As if last summer's leaves were blowing somehow
On to the branches again with a quick flutter.
They will be here all winter now,
Swarming from tree to gutter, from gutter to bough.

They are most meager of the meagerness we have kept,
After the loud leaves going in hurried herds,
After the rain has washed, and the wind has swept.

Earth's clear incredible music dies in a rush
Of red on the wind. Out of a furious hush
I hear the cold calm voices of these birds.
They are more real than butterfly or thrush.

Indurate brood, who endlessly chatter and cheep,
You are the fragments of a night no sun
Can scatter. You are less birds than shadows spun
Out of a tired brain in a troubled sleep.
And it is shadows I keep.

*Voices* — *George H. Dillon*

## ENCHANTMENT

No man can say what spell was thrust
Into the dreamlessness of grass
To yield that holiday of dust
Where his few aimless footsteps pass.

He goes aware of winds and thunders,
And sets a roof against the sky,
Or walks the world in search of wonders,
Or stands to watch the stars rush by.

The noiseless sun makes sweet for him
The secret soil he plowed and planted
Where his forgotten fathers swim
With earth through darkness disenchanted.

*Voices* — *George H. Dillon*

## COMPLIMENT TO MARINERS

Man's earthliness which saints deplore
Suggests that his most potent worth
Is surely to refresh the store
Of diligent dead, compact with earth.

In their dull drudgery he shall
Enlist, save that he makes his tomb
The sea where pallid fishes fall
Like slow snow down the tall green gloom.

Such proud exemption justly goes
Never to them who vainly sing
In strenuous awe before a rose,
Or tremble in the furious spring.

Wherefore, dark mariners, you earn
A certain envy that you set
Wide banners on the wind, and spurn
The crowded island, and forget

You ever trod its greenest shore;
But most, that finally you stand
In cold unlaboring coral or
Insinuate the sterile sand.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *George H. Dillon*

## THE WORLD GOES TURNING

The world goes turning,
Slowly lunging,
Wrapped in churning
Winds and plunging
Rains. The land
And the waters turn.
The mountains stand
Solid and stern.
But the rivers slide
Gently in valleys;
Lithe fishes glide
In their cold alleys.
And there are creatures
Of various forms
And various natures.
Rosy worms
Wallow at dawn
In pools of dew.
Cloud-white upon

Amazing blue,
The silken billow
Bellies and fills —
A windy pillow
For the heads of hills.
Ships fling a flag
And a golden sail
Down seas whose shaggy
Waters pale
On a rock-sharp shore
Where cold weeds swim.
In circle and soar
At the water's rim
Disconsolate gulls
Ride the air.
Moons convulse
A pond's sleek stare
To wave and ripple
Minutely bright.
Stars stipple
The roof of night.
Under that roof
Where thunders are,
I stand aloof
Watching a star.
What am I,
That stand and watch,
Two yards high —
More than a patch
Of blood and bones?
For a certain space,
More than a stone's
Smooth sightless face?
For a little time
A little more
Than the waves that climb
On a timeless shore?
More than water
And dust and all,
While pulses flutter
Their mystic small
Miraculous hour?
More than a bird
That has no power

Of weeping word?
More than creeping,
Leaping, winging
Creatures, weeping
Not nor singing?
More than trees
That root in clay . . .
More than these
For a little day?
In littleness
Proud and lonely,
I am less
Than God, only.
Two yards high,
Under a star
In a windy sky
Where thunders are,
I watch and sing!
And the long-swaying
Wind-bells ring;
And the churning braying
Waters lash;
And a star floats burning,
And clouds crash —
And the world goes turning.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *George H. Dillon*

## NO QUESTION

Seeing at last how each thing here beneath
The glimmering stars is lawful: having found
By a wide watch how scrupulously Death
To keep his tacit promises is bound,
How from their vagrance the disbanded dusts
Resume integrity in blood or bloom,
How punctually the sunstruck red rose thrusts
Its rigid flame into the golden gloom —

Knowing that ultimate prospect where appears
The accurate ebb and flood of furious water,
The undirected wind's clean course, the sphere's
Deliberate strong spinning, I would utter
No question now, nor prosecute in words
Why birds must fly, seeing the flight of birds.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *George H. Dillon*

## SERENADE

Your pallor is no rose that blooms
And no white bird with glassy plumes.

More pale than pear trees blowing white
Your body trembles on the night.

The music of your motion is
Least dubious of mysteries
For so I sense you from afar.

Like bird and bloom and song you are.

These things I loved, but they are lost.
The bird is broken on the gust.
The bloom is given to the dust.

A song is never always new
And is forgot. And you, and you. . . .

*The Dial* — *George H. Dillon*

## BOY IN THE WIND

How came this troubled one to stray
With fire and song in the wind's way?

Indifferent and dumb and sweet,
The seasons fall about his feet.

Frail flames are set behind his eyes,
And under his ribs his heart makes moan
Like a pent bird who throbs and dies.

He walks in the windy night alone.

And who would know if he should sing
Whose song is less than the murmuring
Of the wind full of the ruin of spring?

And who could say if he had flown
Like a flame blown out or a bird upblown?

Or if his heart cries out in pain
Who hears the cry through wind and rain?

He wanders east. He wanders west.

Where will he ever come to rest
With that fire blowing in his brain
And that bird grieving in his breast?

*The New Republic* — *George H. Dillon*

## I KNOW A CERTAIN WOMAN

I know a certain woman goes
Immaculate, immune
To breath of lilac, scent of rose,
To stars or moon or any tune
Invading her repose;
I know a certain woman goes
So arrogantly in her clothes.

Cold? No coldness in her eye.
Only her step goes passing by
Disdainful as the rain.
I think she does not dare to sigh,
For sighing is a kind of pain,
And so she goes, a woman goes,
Immaculate, immune,
Surrendered to no tune,
Aware, I think, if once she sang
It could not be for long
With heartbreak in her song.

*The Saturday Review of Literature* — *Charles Divine*

## AMUSEMENT PARK

Laughter of comrades, laughter . . .
Faint, gay laughter of lovers, tinkle of glass and lass;
Song from the shadowy dunes, the lighted, tremulous pier
Lighted . . shadowy songs . . .
Loud cold laughter of throngs
By the Merry-go-round —

By the sea . . .
Sound from the sea, and a sound
That is like the sea —
Feet of men shuffling and passing, shuffling, shuffling and passing . . .

O God, if Thou art,
In my brain, in my breaking heart,
Be known unto me!
For I dread the sea, and a sound that echoes the sea —
Feet of men passing, passing, passing, passing away
Day after day, day after lonely day . . .

Whisper of lovers . . friendly hail to a friend . . .
Yes, and the end — ?
Tender, difficult words . . or resonant, brave
As the surge of a wave! — now impotent, hushed, withdrawing . . .
Raucous rowdies are cawing,
Crows of the night . . .
While the wail of a dwindling train
Emerges, is lost again . . .

O God, I am sick with fright!
O God, God, if Thou art,
Be known unto me!
I am mad from this sea of sound that mimics the sea —
Feet of men shuffling and passing, passing away . . .
Day after day . . . after day . . . . .

*The Saturday Review of Literature* *Lee Wilson Dodd*

## TO A NORWEGIAN MACKEREL

Through deep and clear and singing Northern waters,
Like some quick shimmering silver flash you played,
And dipped and darted through a magic river
That flowed from lofty mountain peaks and strayed
Through hidden forests. You have lived amid
Lost beauty; and, unhearing, you have heard
Nature's strange stillness, and the sudden song
Or calling heartbreak of a lone wild bird.
You breathed an air through ancient pine trees blown,

And cooled by glaciers and an arctic sea.
You wandered through the land where vikings roamed
And made great sagas ring in history!

What heresy that now glad cries we utter
To see you swimming here in melted butter.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* *Margery Doud*

## VAUDEVILLE

Acrobats — cruelly torturing muscles
Which submit, even as they threaten retribution.

An emaciated fool and a hard-faced girl in sequins
Mock, with outworn quips, marriage and children.

A Jew, with sensual simper, leads on four dancing girls —
Their bodies are beautiful, and fat men with small eyes clap loudly.

A superb violinist plays — and is encored twice —
He does not smile as he returns to bow.

Birdland, with garish hangings, live cockatoos, and parrots screaming.
A snow-white bird picks out the letters which spell the President's name. Gorgeous tropical kings hop and jump at the shrill command of a painted woman with false hair.

Jazz, tearing at the nerves, announces two comedians.
They dance without rhythm or grace.
They joke without humor or wit.
The audience roars!

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* *Margery Doud*

## NIGHT FROM A PULLMAN WINDOW

My quivering square of glass
Picks up a little town
Of sleeping stores and houses —
Then lays it lightly down —

The bigger cities clips
Between a street and street,
To flick the fragments swiftly back
To Night to keep, —
Indifferent, discards
Black snapping tracks and cars,

But, half the night, holds high the moon,
And, all the night, the stars!

*The Midland* — *Sidney Drake*

## TO A SCARLET TANAGER

O Spark, you winged from secret woodland forges
Where starry hammers beat a tune of dreams;
Their smoke hangs fragrant blue mist in the gorges,
Their pulse is throbbing wildly in the streams.
You are a presence from recurrent wonder
That patterns through the urge into the leaf.
On quivering flanks of the retreating thunder
Your notes turn banners, glorious and brief.
Brief like the rapture that this day uncloses,
O fitting song that sings long after still . . .
You show the path — we seek the wild new roses,
You hint of distance — and we climb the hill.
Against the woodland's haze your flaming breast!
You gave the clue and we must find the rest.

*Contemporary Verse* — *Glenn Ward Dresbach*

## IF SCARS ARE WORTH THE KEEPING

Steel, hard to dent, once dented
  Is history of blows
That, by the rust augmented,
  Barren resistance shows —
  And that is all one knows:

O heart I thought to harden
  To steel to bear the blow,
You grew more like a garden
  Time walks and the winds sow —
  And seasons come and go.

The sod, where heels were twisted,
Springs back at last in rain.
Spots, sometimes flower-misted,
Some prone earth-pressing pain
First crushed where it had lain.

If scars are worth the keeping
The steel is rich indeed —
O heart, this wistful reaping
Of restless waiting seed
That flowers where you bleed!

*The Measure* — *Glenn Ward Dresbach*

## DUST OF A DANCER

This is the dust of a dancer;
Now, if a flute should call,
Do you think she would answer,
Or stir at all?

Little brown hands went swinging
The time of the dance to mark,
Maybe the girl went singing
Into the dark.

Maybe the girl was willing,
Tired of music and men,
To go from the flute's proud shrilling
And not dance again.

It may be that now she is rested —
If we could call her back,
Slim-throated and full-breasted,
Down the dark track!

The years have made her no older,
Youth wins this from death —
The centuries enfold her
Like God's breath.

*The Commonweal* — *Louise Driscoll*

## EARTHQUAKE

Buildings are such patient things!
They have no feet nor hands nor wings.
For years they sit and watch the sky

And all the people passing by.
But now at last their chance has come —
The Earthquake beats his throbbing drum;
They leap and dance and laugh and cry
Tossing their brick-dust souls on high!

*The Lyric West* — *Rosamond Eddy*

## IF POETRY

If poetry were heat and light
Sun, moon and stars;
Tremendous, stupendous
Like thunder at night —
Like sunrise and sunset
And winds at their height,
Were beautiful, sorrowful
And ever colorful
Like scarlet maples
By still ponds at twilight —
Then, oh, the ease of it!
The peace of it
The joy of it
To read it in the evening
By yellow candlelight.

*The Harp* — *Birdsall Otis Edey*

## FEAR

"Aren't you afraid to stay alone
In a house so high on a hill?
The wind must come rattling the doors
And shaking the window's sill."
"No, I am not afraid."

"Oh, peddlers and tramps roam the road
(They fill my heart with dread):
Have you not heard of these evil men
And of girls they have misled?"
"Yes, I have heard."

Then viewing the family portraits,
My elderly visitor sighed:

"Once they dwelt here," she rose to go,
"But all of these have died."

A tramp knocked on my kitchen door,
I gave him a bit of bread:
"May God and Mary bless you!"
Were the evil words he said.

The wind raced round the hill and the house,
I laughed at its blustering:
Winds try to be obstreperous
When the earth is quick with spring.

Now a redbird clung to the window-pane,
He pecked with quaint delight;
He flew away, then back again
And pecked 'til I came in sight.

I read a book, I baked a cake
To help the day to pass;
But always I heard the redbird's beak
Tiptoe the window's glass.

The sun climbed over the top of a hill,
The west was a bright brocade;
Only the redbird stayed with me,
Dear God, I was afraid!

*The Lyric West* — *Jennette Edwards*

## ANALYSIS

A high clear chord will tear my heart
But oh a stillness after;
Soft ladders to the stars are strung,
And played upon with laughter.

And dripping rainbows reach the moon
Lutes light and gay as rustic love,
Oh I can know a high clear note
And fling my dreams to skies above —

But when a silence follows after,
White shadows weave a thousand ways,
And hopes unsung cry in the winds
That I remember all my days.

*The Lyric* — *George Elliston*

## FULFILLED

I am wed, but not to flesh
The mountain calls and the blood in me
Leaps like a passionate wind-blown spray
That is whipped and lashed by a homing sea.

I am bound, but not as men
Would know, or care if they understood,
I am held by a lofty hill
My heart bleeds out its dream in a wood.

I am wed, to the peaks and the heights
Oh I would sing where the sun laughs last
Nothing is mine, yet all I hold
Future and present and grinning past.

*The Gypsy* — *George Elliston*

## SYLLABUS

It is not always words that bring
New understanding deeply seen —
Sometimes it is the silences
That fall between.

You speak and there are loosed upon
The quiet air, a flock of birds,
A thousand colors in the sun —
These are your words.

I follow dazzled as I move,
Subservient to your utmost will —
Your thoughts compel me even as
I climb the hill.

You make an ending and blue air
So lately cut to rainbow hue
Is clear, my thoughts are free and in
The silence, true.

*The Gypsy* — *George Elliston*

## AUTUMN

On a far hill
  I brood,
Weeping, tear bound,
  Hesitant, rude.
I am moody
  In a gold gown,
Tinkling in scarlet
  Up and down.
I am gaudy
  Whose heart must break;
All is given me —
  Nothing I take.
I who am harvest
  Am bereft;
Pride and glory,
  These are left.
I am bouquet.
  Of the gone before;
I am color,
  Nothing more.
I am parade,
  A flash of light
Crimsoning once
  Before death, the night.
I am fillip
  At summer's close;
My rains weep
  All seasons' woes.
I am bitterness
  In a gay dress —
Crying out forever
  For a last caress.

*The Echo* — *George Elliston*

## ULTIMATELY

"When I go out,
  And darks descend,"
One said, "I'd like
  To be a wind."
Another cried,
  "I'd go afar;

I'd be the gold
  Of a shining star."
Water, one thought,
  He'd like to be,
And sing away
  To a shining sea.
Another said,
  "Oh, I'd be light.
I hate the dark
  Fret in the night."
The last one said,
  "Clay from my birth
Contented I
  Return to earth.
"I shall know winds
  And be caressed
By waters pressing
  My warm breast.
"Stars shall gleam on
  Me goldenly;
And light shall bring
  My own to me.
"I would be earth
  No less, no more;
I'd pass serene
  Back through the door."

*The Echo* — *George Elliston*

## SARAH DRAKE

An open primer all her days and yet a puzzle to her neighbors
Was Sarah Drake — a Dorcas with an amorous dimple in her chin
And anthems in her eyes, a meek brown wren till someone in her presence
Chanced to mention rum or sin.

And then — a transformation! Icy wrath would freeze her face to granite
While steely words like bayonets upon the weak and erring charged.
The preacher told John Weaver that if Sarah were Recording Angel
Hell would have to be enlarged.

Yet, just as Sarah hated sin and sinners, so she pitied sick folk;
'Twas said she won her lameness braving cold and storms
and in their behalf;
Her gray hairs, nursing them. To the old and children she was
always kindly —
They only ever heard her laugh.

Few beaux had come her way. John Weaver, staid and frugal,
might have won her
But for the dire disgrace of Tom, his brother, said the country-
side —
Black Tom who robbed a bank or two and stole the Judge's
wife and lastly
At his townsmen's invitation died.

Some said that handsome Lemuel MacLaren nibbled at her
savings
And broke her heart — gay Lem whom most of us considered
quite a catch!
And others, knowing Sarah's predilections, said the widowed
preacher
And she would make a likely match.

But Sarah Drake was never married. Quietly she kept her
counsel.
All surmised but none knew why and none were bold enough
to ask.
She'd often say she had no time to waste on courtship, men,
or nonsense —
Denouncing sinners was her task.

And thus her rounded days were lived like pears from laden
branches falling.
Horizoned by our village with its drowsy-lidded happenings,
She seemed to some an actual angel lacking only wings; to
others,
A hornet with a thousand stings.

Then at the accustomed hour one summer morning Sarah
failed to waken.
Her next-door neighbor found her later sleeping placidly in
bed
With a twisted smile upon her face, her bony hands that
seldom rested
Relaxed upon the snowy spread.

And round her neck beneath her gown the neighbor found a
heart-shaped locket
Of blue enamel on a silver chain, no bigger than a toy
A child might covet as a trinket for her doll, and in the
locket —
Tom Weaver's tintype when a boy.

*Muse and Mirror* *Mary J. Elmendorf*

## WHAT I'D DO

I sometimes wisht that I wuz my Ma;
You betcha I'd know what to do
Ef my little boy — comed home — real late,
A-wearin' one stockin' — one shoe.

I wouldn't care — much — how dirty he wuz —
Er notice the jagged ol' rip
That "maded" a flap on his bran new shirt
Reach clear to a quiverin' lip:

Ef he slammed the door, n' runned right in,
With mussedy uppedy hair —
N' it hurted clear down to the Deep O' My Heart,
I'd p'tend I didn' care.

Do y' think I would? — well — I jes wouldn'
Never ——— never ——— scold him —
I'd brush all the stockin's n' mendin' right off
O' My Lap ——— so's I could hold him.

N' I wouldn' speak o' the Lateness o' Time,
I'd think — jes how I'd miss him —
* * * * *
Ef it happened — he never — comed — home — at—all
* * * * *
N' I'd grab him — n'hug him — n' *kiss him.*

*Salina Evening Journal* *John J. Eberhardt*

## THE BOY'S PROBLEM

I do'no where my things all go,
They keep me huntin' high 'n' low.
I'm *sure* I threw my sweater *there*
An' now it isn' *anny*where?

Sometimes I yell: —
"Ma! ! where's my *hat?*"
Says she: —
"Right where you *put* it at —"
'N' then I hunt aroun' some more
'N' gene'ly find it . . .
On the floor?

*Salina Evening Journal* *John J. Eberhardt*

## PERPETUAL MOTION

When my little girl with cheeks aglow
Comes romping home from town,
She hippety-hoppeties up the hill
And she hippety-hoppeties down;
And when I say to my little boy,
"I have an *errand* for you,"
He says, "*All right!*" then he hippety-hops
Till he hippety-hops it through.

*Salina Evening Journal* *John J. Eberhardt*

## THE COCK

Give me a hot summer,
Says the cock,
With the prints of hooves in the caked hogwallow
And the yellow dust smooth as water on the road.
Give me a hot sun to bake the leaves
So the caterpillars will fall from the pig-hickory
And the pinch-bugs walk wobbly on the flagstones.
Give me the blue sky cloudless
So I can spot the hawk at the horizon,
Giving the calls that the hens know,
Making them run to shelter.
Give me the heat rising over the stubble
And the sparrows threshing the shock.
A hot day and a cool dusk,
Says the cock,
With the swallows gibbering under the muddy eaves
And the bats blundering around the dinner-bell
A hot day, says the cock,

And the hens wallowing in the dust-puddles
And the chicks running stiff-legged after butterflies.
I will forsake the hen-house
And roost in the apple-tree;
In the morning I will fly
To the reel of the binder and crow.
Give me the flowers swooning in the sunshine,
The spiders growing fat in the box-stall,
A hot summer, a hot summer,
Says the cock.

*The Nation* — *Jake Falstaff*

## THE TEACHER

I drudge and toil — but I have my hour
As I sit in my high-backed chair,
With the wide adoring eyes of youth
Upon me there.

I tell them the tale of the mighty horse
That straddled the gates of Troy,
And it puts the wonder on Timothy,
The grocer's boy.

I tell them of fair Endymion
Who slept by the mountain stream;
And little Hubert, the tinsmith's lad,
Begins to dream.

And the tale of the winds and the Aulian maid
Who died on the golden sands
Makes David, the baker's son, look up
And wring his hands.

Oh, there is a dream that is lightly passed,
And one that is ne'er forgot!
But what will become of the dreaming lads
That I begot?

Who'll mend the kettles and pots and pans
Forever and ever more?
And what will become of the baker's shop,
And the grocery store?

*The Commonweal* — *Leonard Feeney*

## BRIDE

After the turgid incidence and when
The last mad whispering had darkly blown
Away, letting the woods be real again,
He propped his elbow on a lichened stone.
"I've climbed that mountain many times alone,"
He said at length. She stared, then asked him how
One felt at timberline. He answered, "One
Feels much as we do now," remembering snow
That must have cooled whatever long ago
Had cracked the rocks with terrible ecstasy.
"It's not so wild up there, you feel as though
Something were finished. You're at peace with sky
And earth, as we are now." She pointed where
The peak seemed highest, whispering, "Take me there."

*The Nation* — *Thomas Hornsby Ferril*

## SEMITIC INTERLUDE

(*A Sonnet Sequence*)

Pharaoh is mighty on his throne, but ease
  And surfeit are at work upon their treason,
Padding the fat about his perfumed knees,
  Feeding his mood with devilish unreason,
Pharaoh is mighty, but his teeth compel
  To bite his nails, till raw and bloody things.
Behind his throne a bright bird like a bell
  Swings in its cage, a blinded bird that sings:
Not of the sun that floods the earth with light,
  Not of the riders with their helms of gold,
Not of the scented passion of the night,
  But of a sorrow deep, and cold, and blind.
What has its grief to do with Egypt's king?
And what has Pharaoh with its sorrowing?

"Moses!" "My lord?" "This bird of misery
  Is sum of all my festering despair.
I have two eyes, why should their impulse be
  Ravished by visions of the empty air?
And my two ears, why should all sound appall,
  Like terror beating on her bellied drums?
I gape at sweetness, and it turns to gall,

And love is but a hag with mumbling gums.
I am alone, I am alone with sorrow,
I am alone with darkness on a throne,
Out of my mother's womb I came to borrow
Grief for a toy: I am alone, alone!"
Then when the blinded bird began to sing,
Moses gave subtle counsel to the king:

"The riders of the desert ride again,
From death to life, from life to death they go,
They make the rounds of all the lands of pain,
Lithe with a hunger that no gods can know.
There is no pity in the night for them,
And day withdraws at sound of their desire
Champing the sands, no stars are bright for them,
Only the beacon of a desert fire,
Lapping against their faces as they ride,
Wrapping a veil of red and porphyry.
Who will be first to enter, as a bride
Uncovers for the eyes of death to see?
The riders in the desert ride again,
They make the rounds of all the lands of pain."

"You walk in the wind with words," god Pharaoh said,
"Making myself and sundry overlap.
Am I a carcass cloven in the head,
Caught in the horrid dropping of a trap,
Twixt laughter and remorse? Why, that would be
Twin-evil to the dancing jade of mine
That hovered in a circle dizzily,
And sipped the black death from this cup of wine.
She was a Hebrew heretic, and I saw
Upon her lips such pardonable surmise,
Pierced like a crow after a single caw,
I was afraid to look into her eyes.
Wherever again the desert riders ride,
Through all the lands of pain she rides beside."

"A bare, brief time between the wind and sand
Abides for all, to bend and grope about.
O satiated Pharaoh, understand
A whisper means as much as any shout.
The girth of lust is measured by decay,
And maggots are the final chroniclers

Of kings and commons. There is none to say:
  This is important. Mark, scribe, what occurs.'
A hound can run against the setting sun,
  And bark his challenge to the passing stranger,
And dark, dark, dark is the course for one
  Whose vision is fever and who runs in danger.
Console you with a jest, the jest will prove
A Hebrew, and your maid, and your dead love.

Grimace is but the dregs of bobbery,
  Left of the full and blooded cup of wine,
Caprice is kin of snarling snobbery,
  Taking to bed a phantom concubine,
Folly is mongrel of a half-intent,
  Bred in the shadows, of a crabbed sire.
The shepherd moves without bewilderment,
  But Pharaoh's way's to blunder and to tire.
O count your flocks, my lord, there may be one,
  Of all those bleating throats and timid eyes,
Will run a truant though he is undone,
  And bleats his blood out to indifferent skies.
And what a sheep can do, my lord, a man
Has heart to do, since dynasties began."

Pharoah's eyeballs grope against the light:
  "What have I to do with sanctitude?
I need but let these bitches run their flight,
  And they'll make tender sorting of their food,
Of sheep or man. Moses, be mollified,
  I am no scurvy priest to be sustained
By sandy virtues. All my loves have died,
  And yet I look for love, but love is feigned.
Dead ashes keep the ghost of ancient flame,
  Desire is taught to run, and beg, and fetch.
I should be lessoned in this futile game,
  I who have hunger for a privy wretch."
Despair gnawed fiercely at his fingertips,
And hunger crawled about the royal lips.

"Improve the pride, and make articulate
  The lackey service of my maundering tongue,
Make firm the course of my unsteady fate,
  And leave no drunken parle of mine unsung.
The sacred ibis struts along the Nile,

Proud of his black and white against the sky,
And stops, and blinks, and gobbles down the while
Reluctant frogs that glump and question: 'Why?
Why must we be fed to holiness?
We are too humble for such royal maws,
Would it not be better to impress
His highness with the need of better laws?'
Ah, but the fools must know there is no ruth,
Bellies must be filled: what else is truth?

"What else is truth but what a sword defends
Against the rabble and its evil moods?
What else is wise but when a word pretends
And spreads a holy veil about my goods?
What else is torment but a sultry laugh
Out of the twisted throat of poverty?
And these grim fools of mine have learned but half
Of what the proper cackle ought to be.
To set them grinning under a living lash,
Burn fire in them and see the oxen smile,
To lavish promises and to abash
The scurvy wretches that befoul the Nile,
To make a fury of each night and day,
O Moses, what a game for kings to play!"

"O Pharaoh of the cribbed and plundered mind,
You sit in isolation, and afraid,
Evil sits with you in an evil wind,
There is no ease for you, O self-betrayed.
Look down, and see where rumor laughs at you,
Brewing a storm of stubborn ridicule,
Your hands are slack, your lovers now are few,
Your high commands are emptiness and drool.
Here where the seat of justice might have been,
Fragrant, and honest in the sight of men,
Grow monstrous weeds, intolerance and sin,
And honor revels in a swinish pen.
And see, my lord, what your mistouch has done:
What is there lovely now beneath the sun?

"Lean down and look across the waste of years,
Whether, of all the glamor they enclose,
The heart of them is villainous with tears,
The breath of them is noxious to the nose,

Avid of nothing but of rue and bane,
  Then tell me where is royalty among
The royal stalls where royal heads have lain,
  The dregs, the ruins, and the crusted dung?
For these, my lord, were habitable places,
  Where dainty palates fed and feet were fleet,
Out of the path of all those festive faces,
  Should not the smell, my lord, be now more sweet?
The land is overburdened, men's hearts are raw,
More ruth, more ruth, my lord, and less of law!

"Now are the days and nights astir, men ask:
  Whether, for all the stone their blood has bound,
Through all their shackled and unlovely task,
  Has aught of judgment or of ruth been found?
There is a fire pressing on their sleep,
  There is a song born of a slave's black sweat,
There is a dawning, and a sudden leap
  Out of the darkness: they will not forget.
For lords and kingdoms will go down in dust,
  Ant-hills under the feet of marching hosts,
And swords will yield to the devouring rust,
  And night will clamor with unshriven ghosts,
And all of Pharaoh's frantic luxury
A wisp in the wind, my lord, foam of the sea.

"Far in the caverns and the desert places
  There is a gathering, and the cries of men,
There is a lightning out of darkened faces,
  There is a crackling shout: 'When, Lord, when?'
Who is this Pharaoh of the little eyes?
  Who is this king that stands against our going?
Who is this mouther of the mighty lies?
  This keeper of the truth against our knowing?
Bow down, bow down before him, paramours,
  Bow down before him in your lustful band,
And try upon him all your amorous cures,
  And kiss the royal lips and palsied hand,
For here is greatness tumbling to the earth,
And ruth is born, born of a slave's dark birth.

"O the dead soul of you that wills to live,
  Buried and savage for the world it left,
No hands to fan you, no one there to give

Ear to your whispered passion: 'I am bereft!'
Crawl about and try the door of reason,
Press against the darkness of your cave,
All things open in their proper season,
Lift the gates that root upon your grave.
Cool rain is running down on earth again,
Sluicing, and pleasant as a stolen kiss,
Open your heart, open your desert pain,
There is no wonder, my lord, as great as this,
Tear the band of blindness from your eyes."
But Pharaoh moaned, and shook his head grief-wise.

Pharaoh's tongue is dry as dust of death,
And laps the gums for meagre sustenance,
There's flame upon his face, fire in his breath,
And in his heart there burns an evil chance.
Pharaoh is stark against his cushioned throne,
Pinned like a beetle, but his eyes are sharp,
And roll within the compass of the bone,
And hears the thrum-thrum-thruming of a harp,
And psaltery, and presently a-horning,
And thinks of demons and of Apepe,
Marshal of the hosts against the morning,
But day is god and crowds his enemy
Clanking to chaos; then harp and horn's unheard,
But hears the bright voice of the blinded bird.

*The Menorah Journal* *Martin Feinstein*

## FROM WAR

1919

Honour is the bondage of a fool;
Faith, desire harboured in deceit.
When one would have another as his tool
He calls him friend and snares his silly feet.

Work is a curse that man may soon forget
His misery by adding to the years
A slime of swinish muck that none regret
But those who have the fate to be his heirs.

Hope is a lie to keep our hands from death;
Law the defence of weaklings for the gold
By which their fathers poisoned every breath
Babbling to ask why truth was never told.

Truth is a word that hypocrites parade
When fortune helps the side they did not choose.
As strength, intelligence, and beauty fade
Religion is the paint and hair we use.

Philosophy is proved a hungry jest;
All jests are children of a brainless hate;
Morality, a filthy gaudy chest
In which men hide their thoughts degenerate.

Wisdom, the coward's intrigue to protect
His brain from passion and his heart from pain.
Justice, the rope with which existence wrecked
Is choked lest it prove troublesome again.

Immortal being, a ragged two-edged knife
That chills despair with Night of endless woes
And goads on ignorance to empty strife
To win to heaven and mock its braver foes.

Love is the prince and master of all lies,
That fills the world with madness, fear and lust:
A devil luminous that stabs and flies,
Lurking to break the will to bloody dust.

Man is a brute, without the brute's rough tongue
And woodland death that kills without a sound.
None can be sure from what the race is sprung:
Its virtue is, it must go underground.

*Palms* *Arthur Field*

## PURPLE VEINS

He dreamed — just once — of touching a White Woman,
Slim, with hair like the sun on yellow elder;
Dreamed to writhe and curse in hungry fury —
Roused to curse the unknown White Man father
Whose thin, blue blood mixed with the native crimson

To burn a sinister purple through his veins.
He dreamed again. . . . but of life a field of cotton —
Green and brown and sometimes even purple.
When the day died. . . he envied his Black Brothers,
But hated them too, for singing at night in the canebrake —
Hated their "shine," and the banjos' whine, and the wenches
Fat . . . stinking of sweat and foul tobacco.
He knew they hated him for his yellow cunning —
Hated him — for his long, green eyes and his dreams.

Nights he watched the stars, like ghostly buzzards,
Gliding white on the blue-black roof of the heavens —
Half in fear that they knew his purple passion.
Nights he watched the stars and saw Her coming.

Half in fear . . . the swirling mists of morning
Cleft to show Her there, in the path to his cabin.
There, with hair like the sun on yellow elder,
There, with a mouth like the folded bud of the flame-vine.
White as a jasmine star Her throat and bosom,
And the red sun carved Her white for his eyes to ravish —
Turned to stone by a mocking-bird's pipe from a sweet-gum,
Swift to flee at a hushed, black step on the sand.

All that day still trees hung over the bayou,
Copper, bronze, and black in the forms of women;
Witch-birds wheeled . . . while mist that haunted the marshes
Had throat, and breasts, and rounded flanks of purple.
Dead men came with the dark to moan in the pines!

But . . . every day She followed the dawn . . . and vanished:
The long, gray moss in the trees turned green at Her coming;
And every day he hid in the sword palmettos. . . .
But every day, as he picked the prickled cotton,
He listened to the birds to mock their trills and quavers:
"*Who-eet . . . Who-ee . . . Who-eet!*" he called to the cotton,
And the Black Men laughed and rolled their eyes . . . and left him.
But all night long, and every night, he saw them —
The Purple Women dancing over the bayou:
Swinging long scarves, and calling . . . calling . . . calling!
He'd slip to the brink and dream of death by drowning —
*Slap . . . Cool! Slap . . . Cool!* . . . Cool death to quench his flame!

Purple death! . . . But still the Jasmine Woman
Came with the dawn . . . But a noose swung high from a
live oak,
Or was it moss? . . . and white-clad devils farther
Deep in the woods . . . or were they only birches?

Came a night when the moon burnt blood in the canebreak.
Stark trees hung close to the water's edge in terror,
Afraid of their silver ghosts with boles of crimson.
Old owls called "*Who-oo* are *You-oo!*" and he followed
Down through the fern to the crimson lip of the bayou —
Down where She crouched . . . carved red for his arms to
ravish!

He whistled low, at first, for his teeth were chattering —
The purple blood *beat* . . . *beat* against his throat —
Whistled and watched and quivered there by the bayou . . .
He didn't see the Shadow behind Her shadow,
Only Her mouth like the open bloom of the flame-vine;
Only Her throat and the tip of Her breast dyed scarlet.

He whistled long . . . and closer creeping, closer —
Out of the jungle, creeping . . . creeping . . . creeping —
*Jungle Drums* . . . *Gibbering Apes* . . . *Peacocks* . . .

A yellow claw leapt out to clutch Her shoulder.
He had not seen the Shadow behind Her shadow —
The shape with arms of moss and the face of water —
Reaching moss . . . and purple, purple water.

How She wavered upside-down in the bayou . . .
*Slap* . . . *Cool! Slap* . . . *Cool!* . . . a silver *plash*, then Silence!
Reeling trees and rippled purple Silence!

*The Lyric West* — *Mildred Fowler Field*

## SUCCESSFUL PESSIMIST

He makes a monument from clay
He urges men to throw away.

He knots a strangle-net of words
To catch and silence singing birds.

But he flies free and he grows strong
On words that stilled their wing and song.

Succor, indeed, he gives an host
And pity — but his own heart most.

His deepest need becomes a fear
Disguised by ribaldry and sneer —

And so with woman he rudely fights,
Envious of higher flights,

Desiring under false contempt
The secret of her firmament.

*Voices* *Sara Bard Field*

## THE PALE WOMAN

*Woman, why so pale and thin?*
A swan and a raven strive within.

From battling of beak am I wan and worn;
From grappling of white with black wing torn.

*Woman, I hear no clash of wing.*
In awful silence is done this thing.

They droop on my breast when weary of fight —
Swan on the left; raven on the right.

The left breast burns like a fiery cross;
The right breast blights like frozen moss.

If the white the black heart slay,
I shall be a nest for day.

But if the swan should vanquished be,
The raven with night will feather me.

Daily I rise and lay me down.
I comb my hair and smooth my gown,
And, basket on arm, go into town.

The neighbors see nothing strange or new:
A woman marketing, as they do —
Butter and eggs and a fish or two.

For who would dream my narrow clay
Could hold the clash of night and day?

Or that the birds of boundless space
Would strive in such a little place?

*The Nation* *Sara Bard Field*

## WITCH WIFE AND I

When the moon has poured her light,
Her wine of radiance bubbled with star-dew;
When the dawn's death-pallor breaks
And the sunrise lies in lakes,
Rolling crimson on to white,
Rolling saffron on to blue,
Day returns again with you.

Never are you mine to keep
From night who lays us straightly side by side,
Like two carved on a coffin cover,
Close, yet far, till slumber's over.
No, you are not mine in sleep.
A pallid woman, purple-eyed
Of vapor motion is your bride.

From cloud she comes; returns to cloud;
Moon-edged her raiment, raven as her mood.
The secret sacraments of Love
Administered in her shadow-grove
Never to waking are allowed.
Her drink is midnight; fire, her food;
She bears a star-eyed, winged witch-brood.

I am jealous of her speech
That moves in a music for an inner ear
And of her feet walking, earth-shy,
The fluent curves of wind and sky,
Leading you beyond my reach;
Her intangible touch I fear
Lest it lure you from me here.

One with day's gold re-birth —
Eye-opening day where mortal women be —
Dream-desire and witch-want pass.
Now the need for noon and grass,
The solid substance of sweet earth.
You touch my body reverently.
Day has brought you back to me.

*Voices* *Sara Bard Field*

## THE ICY ONE

I longed to be a lover
And pay Love all his price,
For life will soon be over
And will not seek me twice;
My softest couch for him I spread
And crept into that bridal bed
To wait for him. But the Thing that came
Never bore Love's lovely name.

His eyes were hollow. His breath was cold.
He was not tender. He was bold,
And horrible his chill desire,
Born of ice and not of fire.

He lay with me. He took his fill.
He forced me in his arms to stay.
My flesh compelled but not my will,
And so he crept away;
But in the heart that he had chosen
The mystical passion flower was frozen.

And still I'd be a lover
And pay Love all his price
For life will soon be over
And may not seek me twice.
But I cannot bring Love to my bed
For an early frost gleams on my head
And I am a creature Love must shun.
I have been raped by the Icy One.

*The Harp* *Sara Bard Field*

## AUTUMN WHIMSIES

The poplar is an old woman,
Whose charms have been sacrificed on the altar of marriage,
And whose drab garments
Are whipping about her attenuated limbs.

The cedar is a wise virgin,
Who has not spent her passion,
But has conserved her comeliness
Against the winter of life,
And is wrapped decently
In the green mantle of discreetness.

The sumac is a wanton,
Flaming out her short-lived glory
In a brief holocaust of love —
And bearing the blackened and withered seeds
Of her unfulfilled destinies
Even into the winter of her discontent!

*Contemporary Verse* — *Wright Field*

## FOOL'S BURIAL

If you had waited, foolish Love, to die,
I would have fetched fine mourning from the town:
Rich words, and splendid bitterness to lie
About your head in thick funereal crown.
There had been dusky plumes of old desire
And for your body's ease a silken shroud
Of stuff called sacrifice, that men admire —
That were a death to make a lover proud.
The world will never know you walked, a king,
Into my heart no longer free to dare;
I bent to do your will in everything
And heaped up tribute that would make you fair.
Where did you spend the treasure that I gave,
To lie all naked in a beggar's grave?

*Harper's Magazine* — *Hildegarde Fillmore*

## MOMENT IN MARBLE

I am a figure on the Grecian urn,
Not the pursued — but one who loiters down
To the sacrifice, nor ever shall return
To the winding streets of that deserted town.
This brooding gold, the dusty roadside leaves,
Slow hours that drip as honey; one that stays,
Cheating to silence something that still grieves —
Summer suspended, motionless, ablaze!
So is the marble cut, and I content,
Shall never chafe at this eternity
Of bloom and hoof-mark and long grasses bent
By clover winds from fields I cannot see;
Nor shall I turn, look back or wonder more
How fares my kettle and my unlocked door.

*The New Republic* — *Hortense Flexner*

## THE INVALID

Old ships are tired sailing into port —
Dim, white-winged galleons weighted down with wares
From lands away off there. Adventuring
In strange sea-ways enshadows them. Who cares
That they are gale-torn by the sweep of years
When they have seen gold dawns in Sicily —
In far Japan young, cherry-blossomed dusks
Agleam on waves of lapis lazuli?
I have on me the weariness of ships
Long journeyed although I have never gone
Beyond these four walls where my fingertips
Might love old things of mine about the room.
Yet I am like home-coming ships wind-blown —
I dream the vagabondage they have known!

*The Commonweal* — *Virginia J. Foley*

## HER GARDEN

*In Memory of Nellie Siddens Burke*

Now as the spring
Calls to the birds she loved to build and sing,

And the bedraggled snowbanks disappear,
Into her garden where each vivid spear
Hints of the waking life of bulb and root,
Her hands have set and tended; leaf and shoot
Of crocus, scilla, fern, their tips uprear,
As if to greet her presence; can we bear
To come, nor find her there?

Here in the spring
She used to set the water and the food;
Cooked eggs to feed the robins' scrawny brood;
Apples and crumbs and suet on the tree
For shy nuthatch and joyous chickadee.
Each timid thing she blessed by minist'ring,
Feeling the pain of sick or tortured beast,
Giving herself to serve the very least.
Never a wasted moment in her life,
Never a moment given up to strife,
Nor idle gossip, always love and cheer
For any that drew near.

Now in the spring
These bitter tears we weep are not new tears
For any strange new grief. Remembering
Tears of the ages that have flowed at death
Since in the human form man first drew breath
We know the great companionship of grief.
Such tears have been ere Tyre and Babylon,
And older nations long forgot and gone,
Were changed into the desert's drifting sand.
O, gardens, gardens of the long ago!
How tenderly your fragrant flowers glow
Down the dead years when the footsteps of spring
Bring old, lost pain to fresh awakening!
Not all the rivers flowing through the land
To meet the sea can equal in their flow
Tears that have fallen for this same keen woe
Since life began, bringing a sweet relief
To stricken hearts beside their silent dead:
Day after day, hour after hour shed;
This is old grief we know.

Now in the spring
Into her garden come and feel how near
She seems, who loved to work and worship here.

And bravely bring to meet an age-old woe
An age-old strength that will not let us know
Hopelessness, loneliness, and sorrowing.
Shall we not be as they were, comforted?
Shall we not bear as well our suffering
As they all down the ages who have trod
This path we tread, that points the soul to God?
Rachael, and Mary kneeling at the cross,
And countless nameless ones who wept a loss
As keen as this it seems we cannot bear.
Lo, everyone is called this grief to share!
None can escape, such tears all hearts have wept
Above their dearest ones who calmly slept
As she seems sleeping in her quiet place
The light of Heaven on her gentle face,
While on the bough returning robins sing —
Now in the spring.

*The Rochester* *Edith W. L. Forbes*

## DECEMBER

*A Sonnet Sequence*

### I

*t*She thought, "Now I am vulnerable to two!" . .
Still with a trivial gesture she denied
The wounding, the dark wounding in her side;
Rejecting tragedy, disdaining too
That this could so humiliate, subdue,
Who had a humorous and a delicate pride!
"My soul is an aristocrat!" she cried —
"Aloof, has nothing of the parvenu."
And then she hated him, this casual lover
Who could so fuse her body at a touch.
"Me, the essential Me, I'll not give over!" —
Rejoiced to think she was withholding much,
And bit her hands to think that she could give
Her very life curved in his body to live!

### II

She, knowing that this guilty love must end,
Perplexed herself with "guilty"and forswore
The phrases that had prated thus before,

Smiling a wry smile at solutions penned
By formalists — yet those who would defend
Her own bewildered heart mistrusting more.
For comradely these two come through the door,
And they are friends and each her darling friend.
And in an evening where the shadows twist
The low-beamed ceiling with capricious gloom,
She idly notes the beating at her wrist,
And laughs between them in a firelit room. . . .
Outside, the circling of the windy snow
Forever and forever, she thinks, will blow.

III

The child who made their mutual daylight sane,
The life that from a double stream is fed,
The dear one of their early marriage bed —
If she might bring him forth again in pain,
Be heavy with him, be heavy with him again,
Drugged with his sweetness and made dizzy with dread!
The woman is weighted so, so quieted —
Forsakes the plotted wanderings of the brain.
And holding him, she vowed it could not be,
This tumult come upon her unaware —
"Now I shall make a girdle girdling three!" —
And pressed her kisses on his eyes, his hair;
And thought that this might be another child . . .
And at the thought her heart grew strange and mild.

IV

"Some day this body will be excellent mind!"
She mused, "and mind in body will try to know,
With happy logic and with tolerance slow.
Some day this body will be quiet and kind,
And all the hurt of the blood will be defined.
I shall be glad," she said, "to think — and so
Find God within the intellectual glow,
Who else have wandered in ecstasy and blind.
"I am too young. But that will be a fault
Corrected, and that I am quick with tears,
And gay; and the intemperate assault
Of life will be defeated by the years.
And starkness has its rapture, and the peace
Of saints who feel their stripes and are at ease!"

V

She strode a wintry way with stinging light,
Treading snow-flurries softly into the air.
And she was warm and free, and had no care
For anything save that the fields were white;
And laughed to think that men debated right,
Spoke sagely of women, thought they were aware
Of sin. Now fools and erudite were bare,
For sudden as fools she saw the erudite.
And this was good and this alone was good —
That the air bodied deftly her clear breath.
"This hardened earth is in creative mood,
Is sharp with life, inimical to death!"
And she stood pleased, upon a shining hill,
That all the roads could lie so clean and still.

VI

She named him fiercely alien, would redeem
Her charted self, remembered a remorse . . .
Yet is he intermingled with the force
Of darkened being, beats within the dream.
Whence is the stream, whence the entangled stream!
What birds drop thickly, brood above its course!
And where the hidden, the uncertain source,
Bearing the glance and whirling of the gleam!
Now dimly does she strive to disengage
Herself from him and phantasy of him,
And shaken with the Dionysian rage —
The drowning face, the breath, the rhythmic limb —
Suddenly finds the centre of all light,
Blind in creative immanence of night.

VII

She sought the park, the restaurant, the street,
Purposed a solace in the busy ways
Of minutes documented into days,
Of dolls that urge a metronomic beat.
There is a meaning in the moving feet —
But what? she said — and light creates a haze . . .
Perhaps she'd like to see the newest plays —
And there are effigies of friends to greet.
She wondered at the plans of women and men,
Desired to feel what this one thinks or that,
Knew a sweet choking at the throat . . . and then

She stared through glass at a most rakish hat,
Remembering there was something to remember,
As she stood furred within the month December.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Florence Kiper Frank*

## AIR FOR VIOLA DA GAMBA

Do you remember now how rain
Ran thickly down each window pane,
And clouds of lilac were as blurred
As old sonatas dimly heard?
We sat beside a hemlock blaze
And felt the glow of coming days.
Ah, there were only just we two,
And laughter leaping up the flue.

And do you know how still the rain
Is, now, upon each leaded pane,
And breath of lilacs, wet and thin,
Comes timidly and wanders in?
You took my heart that rainy day
And then you went — went far away.
You went between the lilac row,—
(How does that old sonata go?)

*The Commonweal* — *Joseph Frant-Walsh*

## ATTITUDE FOR A DUSE

What is so simple as the wind
That blows when all your days are thinned
Of love? It does not search your eyes,
Nor from your hands make quick surmise
Of sorrow now: it only goes
Swift at your wrists and brow, and blows
About your body, mad to be
Upon you as upon a tree.

Wind does not care that you are still
As winnowed stubble on a hill;
It does not grieve that you are dumb
As water when clouds' shadows come,

And going leaves no thing so kind
As that it does not look behind
To see you callow, yet, as stone:
Wind leaves you as it finds you — flesh and bone.

*The Commonweal* *Joseph Frant-Walsh*

## POSSESSION

They say I own the cottage on the hill.
But it ain't so.
The cottage owns *me*, though,
That's how it really is. It ain't *my* will
To just keep staying on, year after year.
I've often thought I'd get away from here.

Just half way up — guess you can see it now —
Faded and brown,
It kind of snuggles down.
The trees bend over it, you notice how?
Protecting-like, and whispering so low
It's quieter than anything I know.

My married sister wrote and sent for me.
And I did try —
She couldn't figure why
I never came. Queer, how a house can be —
The house they say I *own*, up on the hill —
So little and so *stubborn* and so still.

*Scribner's Magazine* *Barbara Frost*

## THE PASSING GLIMPSE

(*To Ridgely Torrence on last looking into his Hesperides.*)

I often see flowers from a passing car
That are gone before I can tell what they are.

I want to get out of the train and go back
To see what they were beside the track.

I name all the kinds I am sure they weren't:
Not fireweed loving where woods have burnt —

Nor bluebells gracing a tunnel mouth —
Nor lupine living on sand and drouth.

Was something brushed across my mind
That no one on earth will ever find?

Heaven gives its glimpses only to those
Not in position to look too close.

*The New Republic* — *Robert Frost*

## THE COWBOY

People, like cattle,
  Are roped and thrown
And branded by Death
  For his very own.

The white-hot iron
  Of Heaven pressed
To quivering thigh
  And naked breast.

And are then turned loose
  To graze at will
From life's arroyo
  And arid hill.

For Death well knows
  That each shall
Come at last
  To his corral.

*The Forge* — *Ethel Romig Fuller*

## A DUAL PERSONALITY

My father comes from Quaker stock
  That frowns upon a laugh;
My mother's southern cavalier,
  And I am half and half.

I never breakfast late in bed
Some sunny Sunday morning,
But what my sober, Quaker half
Lifts up his hands in warning.

And evenings, when I pull the shades,
And go to bed at ten,
The Cavalier longs for the lights,
And would be roistering then.

My very eyes betray my plight,
And tell the tale each minute,
For one is brown — but one is green,
And has the devil in it!

*Palms* *Marthedith Furnas*

## THE BURNING BUSH

(*Dedicated to the Memory of Sallie Lyttle Hatton*)

The burning bush, a scarlet flame,
Before the trees now stood —
(The trees, gold-brown, in Autumn's name,
Had formed a lovely wood.)

The sun here stood, a ball of blood,
Momently on a dim line,
In a kind of hazy autumn flood,
Drenching with crimson wine.

Beneath the trees the tombs of men
Shone white in the fading light;
And the question came to me just then,
"Where are the dead tonight?"

Where are the dead, that sleep in tombs
Like these, beneath the trees
In an autumn dress, who came from wombs
To rest in such as these?

I stood like one in Dream: looked long
At sun, at wood, and bush,
Burdened with this my heavy Song,
When silence fell with a rush!

And lo! the bush became a flame,
(To *my* astonished eye) —
And filled this wood with a fan-like flame; —
While from the bush nearby

A Voice rose from the flame to men,
The Voice of God, with a vow —
"Behold! We shall all live again,
Though dying we are now."

My eyes grew dim. I reeled about;
And, in the night that fell
Around me there, I seemed without
Hope — and why I could not tell.

All blotted out was the very sun!
The tombs of men were lost!
The bush and wood nearby had run
With the tide o' the year they crossed.

But "we shall live again," I hear —
From that still Voice in the night —
And "we shall live again," all fear
Passing with winter's passing night.

"Behold, how the gates of God unfold!"
With the coming of glad spring.
The trees with life will then unfold —
With God there's no new thing.

So shall men live at set of the sun,
Men who have toiled by day —
And, dying with the victory won,
Shall live another day!

*Pineville (Ky.) Sun* *H. H. Fuson*

## BALLAD OF THE DOOR-STONE

*I wet my feet in the river*
*And it's here I must stay,*
*Close to my door-stone,*
*Forever and a day —*
*So they say.*

All day and all day
I watched my da's sheep,
Helped them with their lambing,
Huddled them to sleep.

And all day and all day
I watched the three cows,
Coaxed their lazy udders,
Turned them out to browse.

But my thoughts were wild ducks
And off they would fly
Over the bog
To the scruff of the sky.

And my wild-duck thoughts
Beat their windy wings,
Though my body bided here
Minding other things.

There fell a day in April;

My ducks swarmed the sky —
Destroyed I was with milking cows,
And wished I could die,
Or their dugs go dry.

And then — came the beat
Of hoofs upon the turf,
Skeltering hoofs that mounted
Like pounding surf;

And out through the furze
A horse plunged by,
Flinging in the ditch
Something to die,
Something strange to die.

God help me, he was proud to see!
A rider of the world,
The whisht of death upon his face,
His hair bright-curled —
The jewel of the world.

He was flung there to die —
But my arms made his bed,
My breath breathed him back
From the shiftless dead.

You'll die, and I'll die,
But he die? — Never!
He'll laugh and ride and kiss
For always and forever.

Too soon it was I cured him.
He stood up like a tree,
His curling locks were bright as brass,
His breast the height of me.

All day and all day
He helped me tend the sheep,
Taught me April's ways,
Her tryst to keep.

And all night and all night
We counted the stars.
Oh, I wouldn't trade my lot,
For all its scars
And its pasture bars!

I grudged an hour's sleeping —
His saddle would speak,
And time would come he'd gallop off,
God's breath upon his cheek.

And he went so —
In a splendor of hoofs
That sped like arrows
Through the skyey roofs.

A moon of April
Drew him from sight,
Left me shut of laughter
In a blur of night.

All day and all day
I watch my da's sheep.
But things are not the same now —
I've something to keep.

And all night and all night
I think of my dear —
The thought of him is bright as rain
And warm as a tear.

When Winter tramps the hillside
In boots of snow
And shouts down the world-way
His rough hallo,
I'll not be smited with his fist,
Nor think him over-strong.
Oh, I'll be taking stitches
A fair-foot long,
And humming a song.

Oh, I shall be a-borning
My own white lamb.
I'll never let him miss his sire
So close will be his dam.

And when my lad is come a man
I'll tell him of his sire,
I'll bid him leave the barley field,
The cows in the byre,

And go where my wild ducks
Fly past the hill,
Leading the way
As wild ducks will.

And he shall know his sire
By his own glad grace.
I'll have no son, I'm telling you,
Without his father's face.

He'll say, "You're my da,
And it's I am your lad.
My mother sent me back to you —
I'm everything she had."

*Oh, I wet my feet in the river,*
*And it's here I must stay,*
*Close to my door-stone*

*For always and a day —*
*So they say,*
*So they say.*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Louise Ayres Garnett*

## THE VOICE OF FRANCIS DRAKE

*from Nombre de Dios Bay*

1914

Oh England, mother England, the blue waves cover me
Where rainbow fires are flashing on crests of silver foam,
And strange flowers fling their cloying sweets over a tropic sea,
And tall palms sway on coral reefs a thousand leagues from home.
Oh England, England, England,
I set your empire's bound
When, my shadowy sails acrowding,
Through the star-strewn billows plunging,
I sailed the world around.

Oh England, mother England, I faced the might of Spain —
In their shrouds of writhing sea-mist the huge black galleons hung;
But the God of storms fought for us and we beat them back again
And the scepter of the waters from the lordly Phillip wrung.

Oh England, England, England,
Hold fast the gift I won,
When, the wild gray waters ploughing,
To an unknown splendor hasting,
I outstripped the setting sun.

Oh England, mother England, the foe is at your door,
And I cannot lie asleeping in this sun-drenched foreign grave.
I hear your navies thunder and the North Sea billows roar,
Shattering the twilight silence where the deep-sea grasses wave.
Oh England, England, England,
I see your white cliffs stand

With the grey fogs round them wreathing,
Though three hundred years I'm sleeping
In this painted sunset land.

Oh England, mother England, I rise to meet your foe,
And my Devon lads come thronging from a thousand English graves.
As we launch our ghostly galleon in the stormy sunset glow,
Clear we send our challenge ringing o'er the wild exultant waves.

Oh England, England, England,
We break death's leaden thrall;
From flower-sweet turf awakening,
Or from ocean caverns rising,
We are answering your call;

For the scales of fate are wavering as the cannon thunders roar,
And the lightnings flash and quiver where the battle billows swell,
While the waves of living valor break on death's eternal shore
And men's souls, undaunted, grapple with the unchained powers of hell;

So England, England, England,
As of old my place must be
With the sons of Britain, battling
Through the jaws of hell and crashing
Down to death and victory.

*The Lyric West* — *Ethelean Tyson Gaw*

## SUMMER STORM IN LOS ANGELES

When a July storm sweeps down the blue-black Sierras,
The trees in the park murmur together,
Surprised
And a little abashed.
They stand, looking away from the mountains,
Murmuring to each other,
Like well-bred people at an afternoon tea,
Who talk at random, politely oblivious,
When an awkward maid upsets the tea-wagon.

The pepper tree,
A luscious Spanish dowager,
Trailing oriental perfume,
Vivid in green satin,
With many antique rubies sewn in her bodice,
Rustles her fair rotundity aggrievedly.

The royal palm,
A slender, silver-gowned princess-debutante,
Bashfully digs tiny silver-shod feet into the moist grass,
And droops shyly,
With a delicious beckoning motion of her graceful limbs.

There is no nonsense about the English oak.
The cloudless skies of his adopted home bore him at times,
When memories of gray Atlantic combers,
Thunderously climbing the white cliffs of Albion
Stir in his subsconciousness.
So he lifts his head challengingly to meet the rushing wind.
He chuckles in his deep voice,
Glorying in combat.

As two surprised savage chieftains,
The sentinel palms
Stand stiffly at the gate
In their slender dark nakedness,
Shaking their tufted headdresses in bewilderment.

The flower-like foreigner,
The Japanese maple,
Crouches low, blushing a shy, bright red,
When the importunate wind woos her too roughly.
She looks toward the blue-black Sierras
Thinking in her heart of Fujiyama.

The date-palm,
Swaggering like a corpulent brigand,
A bag of gold nuggets clasped closely to his breast,
Rattles his daggers threateningly.
Yet he throws his golden nuggets all about him,
As if offering his treasures to appease
This sudden wrath of the storm gods of the mountains.

But when the July storm is over,
And the trees in the park look again on the familiar blue skies
of California,
They preen themselves complacently,
As — not daring to look each other in the eye —
They murmur politely, "It was nothing, — an awkward
*contretemps* — but diverting."

*The Lyric West* *Ethelean Tyson Gaw*

## DARK WISDOM

Who shall say it is vain
that the dappled shadows of heaven
pass over the singing hills?
that the dark hounds of the sky
trace mournfully and aloof the enchanted plain?
that love is at once a cry
for the seizing of life, and a food, and an herb that
kills?

Better the unseen chain,
better the savor of bitter grass and the cloudy leaven
of fire, and the salt of tears in the loaf we share
than the stark loneliness of rain
and the confession of the ultimate
gray shadows, the implacable
dark wisdom of despair.

*Palms* *Clifford Gessler*

## HAWAIIAN SERENADE

Come, my kukui flower!
Your eyes sing, your lips are a song of love.
Speak to me. Your words
are a calabash of cool water, poured
over one thirsting.
Or be silent, my wreath of jasmine. Your silence
is a ripe lilikoe, a heap of fine tapa.

Laugh, hinalo-bloom! Your laughter
is as a breeze at night over ginger-blossoms.
O my chaplet of maile!

bury my face under your fragrant hair;
let your face be near! Your face
is as a leaf at a feast, filled with deliciousness.

Come, my lehua bud!
Place between my hands the twin bowls of kou;
comfort my forehead against the cool gourd of your body.
Caress me as the sea waves caress, O my mantle of bright
feathers!

"Better than poi and fish is love," it is written;
kinder than the cool fruit of the palm,
warm as a good tapa at night in the cold valleys,
bitter as awa, yet sweet as the peeled joints of cane,
is love. And you, you are love, mokihana wreath,
you and I together, are love.

Loves pass as the clouds sweep down from the mountains and
pass,
loves come and go as the tides.
Come, therefore, my hala wreath, my delight, my fragrant,
let us taste, while the tide is high!

*The Forge* *Clifford Gessler*

## THE MISSIONARY'S SON WRITES IN HIS DIARY

I am gnawn with desire for the daughters of Lam Kee Chow:
Lovely of face and of body, lovely of speech and name;
Lam Po Loo and her sister, Lam Sui-lau,
Not one or another, but both, have set me aflame.

Lam Po Loo is slender and delicate-fashioned,
Her eyes are as lakes, fringed with shadowy palms;
Lam Sui-lau is sturdy and supple-passioned —
Their faces are moon-flower petals; their voices are psalms.

They have eaten the jointed roots of the lotus flower
And their breath and their words are sweet with the lotus
bloom:
(I am shaken with fever, I dream of a secret hour
In the fragrant desirable depths of an exquisite doom).

They and I — but no, I am mad, we shall never
Sip of the bowl I would drain in a toxic trance
Nor eat of the pallid roots of the lotus together
Where the feathery bamboos wave in a ghostly dance.

My father is stern and hard and bitter with zeal;
And Lam Kee Chow is subtle and grave and wise.
I am crushed with a terrible dread lest I reveal
The thought of my mind to the searching of their eyes.

Yet I cannot choose — though daily anew I vow
To prison my love with the seal of an iron door —
But embrace with my eyes the daughters of Lam Kee Chow—
And my veins leap —
It is madness! I write no more.

*Palms* *Clifford Gessler*

## CHANCE-FALLEN SEED

A wise wind surely could never have sown
The seed of a birch tree upon stone.
Some careless breeze must have wafted it to
A thread of moss and a drop of dew
That caught the seed in a cranny of rock.
And now great stout roots interlock
And the stone is broken, wedged apart
By the roots that pierce to its very heart.
What silent yielding; what desperate need
As the stone gave way to the living seed!
What love or hate, if such there may be
In the long slow passion of stone and tree,
In the shattered rock; in the stunted tree.

*Contemporary Verse* *Marie Emilie Gilchrist*

## PART OF AUTUMN

Part of autumn it is, perhaps
To find a beauty in being slow;
Fears for the unripe grain are past,
All our harvest is safe from the snow.
And before snow flies there's another harvest —

Apple-green wisdom slowly mellowing,
Smooth hard nuts for cracking and munching,
Leaves to shed that are sapped and yellowing.
These take a golden space of time
To gather and handle, time unreckoned,
Quaint old time with the latch-string out —
Not the modern locks of minute and second;
Time to wonder, and measure the space
From the fruit in your hand to the far horizon,
Time to think until you forget
The pumpkin-heap you had your eyes on;
Time so wide it takes life in
Across its worn old wooden sill —
A shining load of human straws.
In time's great barn, hay-strewn and still
Fronting the stubble fields, I pause,
Turning my thoughts in the afternoon sun
To catch a tinge of ripeness so.

Part of autumn it is, perhaps
To find a beauty in being slow.

*The Midland* — *Marie Emilie Gilchrist*

## DUALITY

You touch me as you would a child —
The child of me a part —

And yet, the hands that hold my face
Are tearing at my heart.

*The American Poetry Magazine* — *Caroline Giltinan*

## THE SECRET
(F. P. D.)

In Bethlehem the stable was small and mean and old;
Inside, it was so crowded that more it could not hold.
Without, the others waited a chance to go within.
The stable knew it was too poor this multitude to win.
The beasts looked on in wonder: "Surely, He is dear;
But why do all these visitors come from far and near?"

Saint Joseph was contented to watch his lovely one
Surrounded by adoring throngs who wished to see her Son.

The Mother Mary whispered: "We know! We know! My Child!"
Then held Him close against her breast, for little Jesus smiled.

*The Lyric* — *Caroline Giltinan*

## SACRIFICE

There is no wine unless the grape is crushed;
There is no bread while wheat is still in grain.
It may be that the soul can only grow
Through sorrow and the body's pain.

*The Lyric* — *Caroline Giltinan*

## REASONS

(*For Naomi*)

Come love me. Do not reason:
That would be treason.
Suppose, when oaks gulp green,
They pause at what they mean
And all their branches shirk
Their leafy work?
If pools should wonder why
They drink the sky?
Or lilacs ponder what they meant
Changing earth to scent?
If daffodils should ask
The reason for their task
Of sieving from the mould
Priceless gold;
Or question changing grief
To many a leaf?
If violets argue why
They repeat the sky? —
Suppose — but then you're missing
Lips that are made for kissing.
Love me. Do not reason —
Treason !

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Louis Ginsberg*

## NO ROSES

### I

Drop down no roses for me, Saint Dorothy,
Samples of a flower-pranked paradise;
I'm tired of roses — a perfumed courtesanry,
All things to all men . . . ointment, and a bed,
Love, joy, the last devotion to the dead . . .
Refusers of seed, self-robed luxuriously:
Only the wild little sister
Keeps her unsterile innocency.

Curled, crimpled, cockled, chamfered, point-devise,
Twisted, shame colored, fragile, futile things,
Sense-titillating, incapable of wings,
Can paradise be full of such as you?
My paradise is whole, white, true.

### II

*Space was, and Light, and Silence . . .*
*Creation took a hammer,*
*Smashed all to bits, made patterns . . .*

*Creation wearied; patterns halted . . .*
*Back into wholeness uncreated*
*The bits returned.*

*Creatures, caught into painful patterns,*
*Crave nothing now*
*But Space; Light; Silence.*

### III

I am tired of color and form; when the artist takes
Palette or chisel, shattered Beauty screams;
A sunset sprawling above ensanguined lakes
Tortures chaste Beauty
Like a madman in his dreams:
Torn scraps of her skin, a connoisseur will name
In gem and porcelain; these are Beauty's shame.

I saw a rainbow climb a palm tree's height
And seek a shining cloud; color in sheaves,
Penitent, beautiful, holy, returning to White . . .
So, broken forms —

In which the sight believes —
Cube, conoid, polygon, dislimn in the deep embrace
Of her from whom they came — the Virgin, Space.

IV

*Mathematics are a gate*
*Of the City of Refuge:*
*Beyond Algebra*
*They cannot be taken personally,*

*Music and color seduce,*
*Being partial and personal*

V

*For the sport of little*
*Creators of patterns,*
*God the Source*
*Gave Space; Light;*
*Silence.*

*Some day God will laugh, and say:*
*Put your toys away where they belong!*

*All shall return; return*
*Into Space; Light; Silence.*

VI

Of Love I am more weary than of any,
For not one love of her own shape is found,
Seeking no further, in herself complete,
But soft, unsure, taking the form of many . . .
Not one, not one into one shape is bound,
Not one is whole and sweet.

Love's broken to bits, to bits; who shall mend her?
Gather the shards with care or blood will flow!
Love Carnal — who is brave? — who will defend her?
Love Mental bears no fruit at all — ah, woe,
Poor castrate! Here's a smug passion, claims completeness
In spirit and body, innocent laughable mild
Hermaphrodite, unconscient of effeteness!

Shrill-edged shard the love of mother for child;
Blunted chip, the love of child for mother,
Faute de mieux — the son must find another . . .
Would you indeed he should burn as Aedipus burned?
Soul gives God adoration — quid pro quo —
And God, seeing the greedy eyes upturned,
Feels his love sour to pity, grow heavy, run slow.

VII

*Form, color, song, are only broken bits;*
*They must go back*
*To the Source whence they came:*
*Broken likewise is Love, until Death knits*
*All fires in his one flame!*

*Love's broken, Death whole —*
*Alleluia!*
*Sing glory, my soul,*
*Make holiday;*
*Who wills to come, may.*

*Groping through dust to death*
*Love creeps brokenly;*
*Absorbing wind of Death,*
*Take my broken breath.*
*Take me.*

VIII

I'll not be buried with roses, with marching teary chants.

Let six deaf and dumb eunuchs carry me
To the peak of a mountain; let me lie
Under a blank and scentless and silent sky.
Set a womb of marble whitely on
A marble base, cut true to a tetragon,
With no more ardent flowers graced
Than indian-pipes, carved camelias where no scent is,
Sacred smaragdine orchises,
And candid plaques of moon-bloom, unutterably chaste.

IX

Here, none shall come to visit me ever . . .
Not you, too horribly faithful;
— No, nor you,

Soft eyes kissing me to death,
Leaving cold lips with too much breath!
Nor you, hurrying to forget;
Nor you, who cannot — yet . . .

Crawl up, would you, peer over the edge,
Flourishing some pied over-blown
Blossom, to violate my sky?

(Could the caryatid eunuchs talk, they should die!)

X

Globed in clear heaven, hard pure stone
Holds these orts of flesh and bone
In a clean smooth hollowed ovoid, resting whitely on
The true-cut marble tetragon . , .

*Palms* *Ellen Glines*

## SONG TO MYSELF

What makes you move moon-eyed among the haunts
Of men, thinking your singing steps are heard
Above the roar of Trade, the tinkling taunts
Of Gold? Your cloudy dream, like a too soft curd,
Rises perilously from a bitter whey;
Your wee song drips as softly as summer rain
Into the clamorous sea; and the things you say,
Like bright soap-bubbles, float bravely, nor deign
To honor the dusty air that lets them rise
Before it shatters their frail bloom. The air
Is careless of your scorn. And in men's eyes
There is no knowing of the flight you dare.
Where you have passed, the city's smoke and grime
Has buried your singing steps, and choked your rhyme.

*The Harp* *Gloria Goddard*

## SPEED

We glide along the glistening road that lies
Like a polished blade beneath our lights, and flies
Behind like a thing insane.
Ahead, the sky dips down like a wall, gleaming

With stars. The trees rush by, streaming
Their leaves and branches through the thin air
As a flood in spring.

With sibilant malice
The wheels hiss as they fling
Us from stolid security to breathless doubt.
Towns are drowned in a pool of light
Dripping from each house
Into the hollow moment, caught in flight.
The still breeze leaps into a shout
To taunt our ears,
And, barbed as a javelined host,
Pricks our stiffened faces.

Up a hill, where the road springs
Free to reach the clouds,
We rush with whistling breath,
While the silver night sings
Low insistent warning.
Down, down, into the dipping valley, —
All I am; — body, heart, and soul,
That slender quickening spark that sets me
Apart from hill and still metal road
And stiff stone wall, —
Is dwindled to that constricted spot
Within my narrow throat.
In a half-sick ecstasy of fear, I soar
Up, up, again,
Until we nearly meet the sky.
The soft night air raises its protesting cry
To a roar.

Two rapier lights
Thrust swiftly over the crest
Of the hill.
Terror, with a mocking laugh,
Hurls oblivion from each shaft
Of night-spiked light. —

Let it come!
Let it lift me high for one last flight,
Then down to the quiet rest
Of all quick things. —

The brilliant death leers by,
We sink between the breasted hills,
Like a planet from the sky. —
Numb —
And stream with the hurtling wind.
On — on —
Shrinking time to that gnat worry
Men call seconds;
Making the gay leaves scurry
From the hollowness we slice
Out of the shadowed air;
Winding space
On our hissing wheels.
On — on —

*Voices* — *Gloria Goddard*

## PRUNED TREES

A thin shrill row of poplars,
Pruned to wall a road,
Stands stiff against the sun.
Each limb is cut to measure,
Almost the leaves are numbered;
Their thin heads thrust
Narrowed pain
Toward the uncaught sky.
Their beauty trapped, they stand
Defiant!
And burn their shadow bars
Across the road they guard.
Their leaves hum unlearned madrigals
To the winking sun.
They fling clandestine kisses
To a comrade cloud. . . .
With synchronized solemnity
They yield obeisance to the manor . . .
And laugh — derisively!

*The Bookman* — *Gloria Goddard*

## SIOUX SONGS

### *The Spotted Horse**

Friend, like a flying bird is my horse,
Like a flying bird is my horse as we run

**The Indians considered horses their most valued possessions and especially prized a spotted horse.*

Hunting the wild herds over the sage,
Over the trampled sage in the sun!

Swifter than buffalo, swifter than deer,
My spotted horse, painted with sacred dyes;
With the speed of a swallow he ranges the plain,
Like a Thunderbird streaked with the lightning
he flies!

### *Siyaka to His Horse*

We are in danger, the Crows are surrounding us!
If by your swiftness to safety you carry me,
I will go searching the best eagle feather
To tie in your tail, and around your hot neck,
Will fasten a strip of red cloth to your honor,*
And paint your strong flanks, that the Tribe may all
know:
Here is a horse that has aided a man!

### *Lament for Kimímila-ska (White Butterfly)†*

White Butterfly, my warrior son is dead!
The Crows have pierced him with their cruel spears,
And I his mother through the village mourn.
My flesh is cut, my blood flows with my tears,
And all my hair have I in anguish shorn.
White Butterfly, my son, my son, is dead!

Fierce in his war-paint, proudly on his horse,
How often home in safety he has turned,
With captured ponies and with battles won.
Now come the young men back with honors earned,
But not their Leader, not my warrior son.
"White Butterfly will come no more," they said,
And I am weeping in the triumph-hour.
White Butterfly, my son, my son, they said.
Mourn with me, O my Tribe, for he is dead!

**A strip of red cloth (called "sinálúta") fastened upon a pony's neck, was a signal mark of honor.*

*†Kimimila-ska (White Butterfly) was a leader of the Tokala or Kit-Fox Society.*

## THE BATTLEFIELDS AT GETTYSBURG

### *Harvest*

Only the seasons and the years invade
These quiet wheatfields where the Armies crashed,
And mockingbirds and quail fly unafraid
Within this forest where the rifles flashed.
Here where the bladed wings of death have mown
And gleaned their harvestry of golden lives,
The fruitful seeds of corn and wheat are sown,
And where the cannon smoked, an orchard thrives.
Long are the war years over, with their pain,
Their passionate tears and fury, and the sun
Lies hot and yellow on the heavy grain,
And all the fighting on these fields is done.
But in their peace, the quivering heart recalls
The youth that bled beside these old stone walls.

### *Rocks*

Among these jagged rocks, whose height commands
A vista of the Ridges, and the plain
Where thrifty farms lie on the battlelands,
And sons of soldiers reap their ripened grain —
Among these tragic rocks a pang of fear
Cuts at my heart for every frightened lad
Who charged this wooded hill or waited here,
Gripping his gun with all the strength he had.
How young they were, these boys in blood-stained blue,
In dim and dusty gray amid the wheat,
The salt sweat in their eyes like bitter dew,
And burning furrows under burning feet!
My youth cries out to theirs. . . . Could I have stood
At bay among these rocks, or charged this wood?

### THE BATTLE

Three times the sun rose while the battle held;
Three days of blinding-heat and fiery dust —
Three red eternities of breastwork shelled,
Of charge, attack, repulse, and counterthrust.
And in the soul of Meade, the soul of Lee,
By every soldier's suffering torn and wrung —
What vain defeat, what frustrate victory,
As to and fro the battle's fortune swung!

For always on the leader's heart must fall
  The sharpest lash, the wounds that cannot heal;
To them is given the wormwood and the gall
  Of hurling life against inhuman steel.
And ever in the eyes of Meade and Lee
There lay the shadow of that agony.

*The Cemetery*

Here Lincoln stood, in strong simplicity,
  And spoke the brief immortal word that rings
Forever over earth and over sea,
  With echo of all brief immortal things.
Beneath these numbered stones how many sleep
  Who beat against the bolted gates of death,
And entered in so swiftly none might keep
  Their names that vanished with their yielded breath!
But not in vain these unknown dead have died,
  Nor those whose names are clearly carven there.
Above their rest, the wings of Love are wide . . .
  There is a sense of glory in the air.
Here Lincoln stood, on this blood-quickened sod,
And gave himself, these graves, this Land, to God.

*Harper's Magazine* — *Agnes Kendrick Gray*

## TO A YOUNG POET

You sting my soul to madness with your fault
  Of rhythm; with a lyric mal-attuned;
Or when you pour your caustic jets of salt
  Like tips of swords to tease an open wound;
And even when you sing of skies, or lakes,
  Or gods, or dreams, or of a lovely woman,
I laugh and cry at your divine mistakes . . .
  Poet be praised, your songs are only human!

*Contemporary Verse* — *David Gray*

## TO A GOOD WOMAN

Yes, you have prospered; and at twenty-five
  There is no doubting you are rich . . . in years;
And if without youth's joy to be alive,
  There is no laughter . . . neither are there tears.

You are not unaware of skies and stars . . .
  But skies are thin and far, and have not pressed
Too heavily upon your heart; and scars
  Were never stabbed by stars upon your breast.

You dwell in comfort in a house whose wall
  Is tapestried in fine ideals . . . heirlooms
So old you dare not even dust at all:
  One grows accustomed soon to dusty rooms.

The Lord has prospered you, and well you know it:
  He showers on you all your heart's desires . . .
You are, thank God, no childish, restless poet
  To be consumed by unextinguished fires.

You are no idle dreamer of tomorrow:
  You know today's no other than it seems:
And God be praised, you know no lover's sorrow
  Nor the intolerable torture of his dreams.

*The Lyric* — *Philip Gray*

## QUARTER-MILE

The morning shouted gay young promises.
  Swift lariats of light, like halos, made
Spun-golden circles for the tops of trees
  To dance within; for music, white winds played.

The morning showered laughter on the lake,
  And laughter on my sleek brown body too;
And on the rocks that had for beauty's sake
  Shaped out a throne, leaf-canopied, for you.

Between your heart and mine, your mouth and mine,
  A laughing quarter-mile of water spread . . .
I plunged . . . my blood was quickened as by wine . . .
  My fingers reached for you . . . I swam ahead.

And as above the water's deep blue breast
  I glided swiftly, straightly as a spear,
I thought how space by love may be compressed,
  And how for all the distance you were near —

Nearer than water tangled in my hair,
  Nearer than sunlight spinning in my eyes,
Nearer than on my face the playful air,
  Nearer than shadows wanton on my thighs.

My body was a spear that love had shot
  Across the quarter-mile of lake and air . . .
One last long stroke: I reached your bowered spot,
  And cool and wet, I rested near you there.

Then beauty wrapped me round and humbled me.
  My life lay folded in your depthless eyes:
And I was grateful we had come to be
  So close to one another, lover-wise.

Then suddenly (yet how I do not know!)
  With quick surprise like that of night's first star,
I was aware (impossible, but so!)
  That you were far from me . . . oh very far!

I lay beside you but you were not near.
  I watched the movement of a vagrant smile
As though you twitted me, "My body's here,
  But I'm away . . . at least a quarter-mile."

The morning broke its promise . . . On the trees
  Swift, yellow lariats of sunlight played . . .
The water laughed . . . I cared for none of these . . .
  I swam another quarter-mile . . . You stayed . . .

*Poetry Folio* *Philip Gray*

## JUAN CABRILLO

You must have dreamed of many sights and sounds
That were unknown to you and to the ones
Who dwelt with you, beneath the brilliant suns
Of distant Portugal. Upon their rounds
The dark-skinned sentries watching royal grounds
Must have observed beyond their threatening guns
A wide-eyed boy, who as the river runs
To join the sea, chafed at his narrow bounds.
And so at last your galleys proudly came

Upon uncharted waters, found their way
Where high Point Loma guards our matchless bay.
And there that all may know your right to fame
We place your statue and your honored name,
Remembering that far September day.

*Los Angeles Times* — *Belle Willey Gue*

## ON A JAPANESE NO DANCE

When the spent pipes moan, slow, slow,
Like a rosy lotus called to wake by the sun,
You rise and dance.
Hands suppliant to the cool wind —
The cool wind that blew over the river
A thousand years ago —
Sing softly, Lotus-Lady.

The voices of the river-boatmen drone,
Minored in ancient cadences;
And their arms strain on the long sweeps.

Swing softly in the wind, Lotus-Flower:
The dead are very quiet in their tombs,
And gold brocade avails them nothing.

Gold brocade and fans of lacquer and purple
Avail nothing when the cold wind comes out of the North;
And a warm heart avails nothing.

Now the sun glows like a flame of topaz,
A flame of topaz set in turquoise,
Hot in a still sky;
And his kiss is upon the water, —
About you the breath of your magnificent lover,
Your mad, impatient lover —

Smile and sigh, O exquisite Mistress of Heaven!
The wings of the Crow are in the West;
And the chill wind treads on the source of the waters —
Brocaded beauty shall avail nothing!

*The Gypsy* — *Alice Rogers Hager*

## TELEGRAPH OPERATORS

You sit like silent magicians.
From serpentine shining threads of silver
You draw, with implacable prophetic fingers,
Sentient secrets from out the dim laboratories
Of star-born destiny
Wherein man's fleeting life-spans are so torturously wrought.

You sit like Chinese images;
But for all that you seem not to see,
You hear — your ears like tiny dynamos of vivid perfectness
Are alive: They perceive the whispered agonies;
The psychic vibrations; the ebb and flow,
As mate calls to mate; as friend to friend
Cries out for succor from the engulfing darkness
Of relentless separations.

Over mountains and prairies;
Through the wind-tossed arms of moaning forests;
Over calm deserts dedicated to eternal beauty;
Indifferent to the assaults of revengeful thunderbolts;
Unscathed by the liquid fires of azure-hilted lightning scimitars
That score the dark vaults of heaven with transient gleaming frescoes;

Swifter than floating aerial ribbons — bridal wreaths of the sky —
The winding pennants of the wild geese, drifting fog banks,
And gossamer rifts of gauze-kissed clouds;
Outrunning the wind; out-distancing the multitudinous shafts of fragrant rain;

They come — millions and millions of heart secrets —
Through unknown lanes of virginal air
Bordered by the maiden star-flowers of heaven
And guarded by the signal fires of Orion and of Arabian-historied Algol!

Your ears touch and hold them —
Your listening fingers perceive them;
They quicken into material life
Under the influence of your pregnant magic; —

Hidden thoughts from the hidden hearts of unknown men
and women!
They achieve reality by the chemistry of your art;
In their long flight through the air they have been made real!

Your mask-like faces are calm;
They commit no betrayals of your trust.
Only a shadow from the purple-fringed mantles of mystery
Has cast a tiny cloud from its floating draperies
About your quiet eyes and touched your patient glance with
irony.

*The Lyric West* — *M. Rainsford Haines*

## TO DEATH

Oh I can say with my lips — "Death,"
And I can think in my brain — "Death,"
But I cannot feel in my heart — "Death,"
So it beats too fast, and I catch my breath,
And I test my faith with the word "death":
For the only death that I feel now
Is impersonal — (I am young now) —
It's the death of the summer I feel now
As much as gladness and youth allow.
That's the only death that I feel NOW.
(Preserve me always, Oh God, as now!)

*The Gypsy* — *Margaret Haley*

## THE LUTE-PLAYER (A WOMAN)

*From the Chinese of Han Yu, Eighth Century, A.D.*)

Tell-tale your song — as tell-tale as your eyes
Wistful your melody. Your "soft" and "loud"
Are heard together like a rain of pearls
— Seed-pearls and globules on a marble dish.
Rending your climax, as a knife through silk
And your finale bursts in liquid tones
Like water flooding from a broken vase.

*The Town Crier* — *Josef Washington Hall* (*Upton Close*)

## WHEN I WAS BORN

(*From the Chinese*)

When I was born, then others laughed. I cried.
But others wept, I did the laughing when I died.
Birth is a joyous thing except to him who is born.
And death is sad except for him who greets the morn.
Ah, they would weep at birth and smile I know
At death if love of life did not deceive them so.

*The Town Crier* — *Josef Washington Hall* (*Upton Close*)

## SHORE LINE

When the dry land appeared, and seas were called
By name, there sprang a palpitating line
Of shore, — three days swept by a turbid brine
Before a foot of man could stand enthralled.
He who has toyed with shores from his first days,
Scattering sand in showers, or slipping slow
Along a seaweed floor, alone can know
The thrill of that sixth day, its long amaze.
I may not stand on any wind-cropped hill
But I must find somewhere the water's edge;
Or own an imagist with any will,
Till he knows how waves break upon a ledge.
I have indebtedness for one thing more, —
That God made not a man — and then a shore!

*Voices* — *Lena Hall*

## INNER HISTORY

(*April 19, 1775*)

I know a mother wise as Solomon,
Who trained a boy till he stood six foot three
Close to her well-poised will. It came that he
One sudden day backed up against the sun,
And saw his shadow, — felt the long course run,
Since dawn, — then told his mother's ears, "I'm free."
Outwalking pride down the long shadow, she

Agreed with wisdom, and his cause was won.
And so I think the best of England's blood
Looked down the lengthening shadow of our land,
With frock outgrown whatever way it stood,
And out across the seas stretched a warm hand.
After wide years we own her motherhood,
And wise heart linked to heart, we understand.

*Christian Science Monitor* — *Lena Hall*

## THE BELL-BUOY OFF MANANA

The bell-buoy off Manana sings twenty miles to sea,
And many times the twenty it croons over me:
Light boats at anchor; a long blur for Maine;
Old Monhegan lighthouse, and rocks where I have lain;
Splinter moon to coastward; a lonely pasture-sweep;
Tall pines, and Black Head crying in its sleep;
Fluttering paths that knew me and lent me lyric wings;
Sails that often bore me beyond the ache of things;
Dream-blue that showed me drifters-out-to-Spain;
Ghost-fog; mist-mood; and salt-flecked rain . . .

The bell-buoy off Manana sings twenty miles to sea,
And where I stay its yearning comes flooding in to me:
For once I watched unearthly ships that crossed an August sky,
And there between the heavenly ports the tides ran full and high;
Far-caught within the lift and surge that swept the quiet hill,
I glimpsed their masts rising, their opal sheets a-fill;
A wind from strange, uncharted stars flung wide the eternal foam —
*And I, on Monhegan, saw God steer home!*
The bell-buoy off Manana sings twenty miles to sea,
And many miles, inland . . . it reaches me.

*Maine Bulletin* — *Ruth Guthrie Harding*

## FEBRUARY NOCTURNE

For me there is a secret on the western slope,
Where the last pine has stabbed the sunset through

And that slow red still drips upon the dark;
For me there is companioning along the skyey plain
When no sound is, save little hurried feet of stars
Homing before the barking wind.

Night is a sheath for that stript blade.
Night is a kennel for old shepherd Wind.
Night must be hearth for me and my remembered dead:

(No nearer can they come, in these dim later years,
Than on this fringe of hills in winter dusk . . .
And I, alone in this desolate dreamy valley,
Am one with its drift of reminiscential snows.)
O Dear-and-Gone, in vain I reach and call —
*Or have you heard?* Beyond the silence of the steep,
Listening across this twilit frontier of the world,
You who have left my heart pines and the stars?

*Contemporary Verse* — *Ruth Guthrie Harding*

## TO A RELATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

You snicker that you do not care for him
Who set the black man free. Your tongue is grim,
But I am not misled. Despite the fact
You mock him, I remember every act
He shaped. Perhaps if Lincoln were on earth,
He'd be ashamed of you, then moved to mirth.
Yet Honest Abe, though dead, is still alive;
It's you who live, but never can survive!

*All's Well* — *Henry Harrison*

## EPITAPH FOR A REAL-ESTATE DEALER

And now he has no single plot of ground,
Excepting that in which he sleeps so sound!

*The Oracle* — *Henry Harrison*

## EPITAPH FOR A WOMAN-HATER

You shunned enchanting women most.
For others all you bore was hate.
Some brutal whim of Madam Fate

Has bade you sleep among a host
Of wily women — who surround
This haven of escape you thought
That you had found.

*Muse and Mirror* *Henry Harrison*

## AMANTES, AMENTES

Lovers, lunatics. There must be truth
In that ironic quip. I am a youth
Who prides himself on wisdom, yet it seems
That I am now more mad than futile dreams.
But I am puzzled. Since a lover must
Be crazy, why is that you would trust
No man, despite your saying that you love
Me? I believe you make a fitting glove
Of that colossal feeling that you call
Love. For whenever it becomes a pall,
You simply take the glove off. It is strange
That you can find it so facile to change
At will these whims of yours. I fear that you
Are really not in love, for if you knew
And felt that subtle stab, you would not be
So ordered and so easy, nor so free.
You would not care if I should any day
Allow myself to have my sweeping way
With you. You would not mind if I should do
A thing I realize I ought not to!

*The Echo* *Henry Harrison*

## A LUNATIC HAS AN IDEA

I'll gather all my dreams,
And gather all my tears;
Collect my silly laughter,
Collect my foolish fears,
And take them to a sailor,
And beg of him to drown
My dreams, tears, fears, and laughter
When night has settled down.

And after all my dreams,
And after all my tears,
And after all my laughter,
And all my gripping fears
Have strangled in the sea,
I'll beg my friend, the sailor,
To do the same to me!

*The Step Ladder* — *Henry Harrison*

## WAN LO TANKA

Wan Lo has made an
Amazing discovery.
"I have found," he cries,
"That what is one man's poison
Is another man's poison!"

Married men laugh at
Single men. Single men laugh
At the married men.
Wan Lo tells me that women
Laugh up their wide sleeves at both.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Henry Harrison*

## TANKA OF THE WISE

"It is possible,"
Says Wan Lo, admitting his
Fallibility,
"That many men have so much
Money because they earned it."

Hashimura Tai
Has been a success in Life.
It is very strange.
For according to Who's Who,
He was never a newsboy.

"Ah, my dear young man,"
(Wan Lo is speaking to me)
"The wish is sometimes,
Besides the mother of thought,
The entire ancestry, too."

Wan Lo is cautious.
"Follow not in the footsteps
Of great men," he says,
"For frequently you will find
That these great men had big feet."

Old Wan Lo is kind.
"There is hope," he believes, "for
The man who says the
Obvious: He may become
The President of the Land."

Hashimura Tai
Is a cultured gentleman
Who has the courage
Of his convictions. But he
Keeps them only to himself!

It has been revealed
That money talks. Wan Lo says
That money often
Whispers, and that sometimes it
Tells an incredible tale.

*The Stratford Magazine* *Henry Harrison*

## APRIL

### From a Hospital Window

It is hard to sit
  By a hospital window
Watching the warm
  South winds blow!

O even here
  April has smiled,
Waved her bright hair,
  Sun-beguiled.

It is hard to watch,
  Knowing well
That farmers away, away
  Have green things to sell!

Seven leagues: Home
  Fields turning green
And the hills
  And meadows between.

By Hampshire pastures
  Wagons pass
And sleek colts scamper
  Over the grass.

And O outside
  This very city
April is humming, humming
  Her ploughtime ditty!

*The Archive* — *R. P. Harriss*

## SEPTEMBER TRANSIENT

There is a mellow pleasantness about
The Negro village near the Southern town
On Autumn days. The talk flows in and out,
From house to house. . . . "Sis Viney's man is down
Wi' chills en fever" . . . Dulcey's boys "has cotch
Th'ee han'some 'possums" . . . Wesley's "up in cote" . . .
He got six months for it. (He stole a watch) . . .
Rennie is "cookin' out" . . . Dan's bought a shoat . . .
The talk goes on. The children play and sing
As white youths do, only more quietly;
A sleeping hound, notched-eared and nondescript,
Sprawls on the sidewalk; every living thing,
Loving the sun, comes out-of-doors to see
Where laughing Autumn's feet have lightly tript.

*The Archive* — *R. P. Harriss*

## SONNETS FROM A FORESTER'S NOTEBOOK

### I

The autumn drones away, a subtle hint
Of winter night is in the heavy trees.
The dream-drugged flowers offer without stint
Their honey to the banded forest bees.

So strong and sweet now flows the heady wine
Of golden sunshine through leaf-weighted bowers
The distant ring of axes, the low whine
And rasp of saws seem one with woodland hours.
Today I saw her, near my favorite oak,
Slipping half-hidden past the bank of fern
About its base. I saw her pause and turn —
Furtive and silent as the forest folk.
Quiet as a fawn, yet poignant as old sorrow:
Tomorrow. Shall I see her then? Tomorrow . . .

II

All day I waited by the great oak tree
And took no heed of time, save when the sun
Sank down at last, and wood folk one by one
Crept forth to play, nor took they heed of me.
And uninspired to guess life's mystery
I mused upon the quest I had begun
And pondered this and that, and having done
With watching left, unnoticed, quietly.
Here in my cabin on the highest hill,
Heir to the stars, encradled by the night,
I lay me down, remembering with what will
I shall arise again when the new light
Rolls down the topmost ridge, and streams and trees
Awake once more to the old cadences

*The Archive* *R. P. Harriss*

## SHELLEY IN OUR HOUSE

He meant to tune his lyre
Today and sing
In sweeping gusts of rhythm, to reach the heights
Of far Parnassus . . . verses that should bring
Him fame and gold, altho his heart's desire
Is all for Beauty — thro' the livelong nights
Its cadences are ringing in his ears
But, with his failing sight, the doctors say
He ought to do his writing in the day.

When Dawn came, pinkly silver . . . he
Glimpsed wisps of a sun a-shimmering in the hall
And down along the inner wall

Of our house's little court — you see
His window fronts the fire escape,
Which he weaves into ancient battlements, whose dust
Becomes the "crumbling mould" of years . . .
Eyes glowing, collar half agape,
He flung his chestnut hair
Back from his brow, and snatched his pad and pen
With such an air
Of eagerness as mothers press
Their new-born babes to breast.

Just then —
Our landlord heard him stir —
"Who — who!" a loud voice called out. "Sure, you must
Come have your coffee, Shelley, soon,"
(That name maybe lured muses, for they were
So bountiful to one who bore it!) "'less
You want a headache!"
Some folks never rest
Till they inflict their favors, and old "Prune"
MacLean — he served them three times daily — was this
kind,
And yet no meddler, bless his cheery tongue!

How Shelley does hate eating at the table
When he is preening wings of his young mind
To dip in "amethyst of Eastern seas" —
Among
The lot of us none even able
To quote a *Sonnet from the Portuguese!*
But he sipped several swallows from his cup
Before he dashed up stairs.

For full an hour
He drove to capture lyric threads
His dreams had woven. He got "bright heads
Of orioles" and afterwards a flower,
"A sweet hibiscus-blossom" — "Tamarind trees
Caressed by soft lips of the desert breeze."

By now blond Milly from the Tivoli,
In the next room, had tumbled out of bed.
Her cheap stage laugh
Cut quiveringly

Across his soul. What had he said
Last? "Breeze?" O God, that phonograph!
She set it going — Blues on Blues! —
He knew she must be shimmying to the shriek
Of blatant jazz. No decent Muse
Can stand Mill's "atmosphere," nor can poor Shelley eke
Another word from all his golden store . . .
And this was like his yesterday, and day before!

*The Lyric West* — *Jo Hartman*

## CITY

Sullen city of motile skies
Impinged upon sad stone piles,
I have traversed your hard-crusted streets
And seen the severe swollen crowd-stream.
I mock your law that says I should be as other men,
Living in boxes,
Working in the centre of a confusion of iron.

Your weakness, city,
Is that you have a soul.
A rhythm of men living together is in you,
Although their laughter is brutal and seldom.
In the long sunlessness of your streets there is a soul.
In the screaming of your traffic
That has eluded the futile weeping of gulls,
In the sagged bodies of your street women and their copper
laughter,
There is a song with words that do not matter.
Whether you will or no,
And though each of your folk
Should suddenly bury his teeth in his neighbor's throat,
There is a soul, and that is your weakness, city.

The sky, and the sea that carelessly takes your ships —
These see your soul, city,
The soul you would destroy with your hands.
That is why you are given sunlight,
And why you are allowed to see
The calm marriage of these two old gods,
Mocking your hands, city.

I have seen your soul,
I have taken knowledge of it from the sky and the sea.
That is why I mock your law that says I should be as other men.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Laurence Hartmus*

## SHARDS

I walk among you, women,
And learn an eternal tragic harmony of shards.

Tall stone buildings and cataracts of headlong steel
Have come out of you, women,
To make the rushing troubled cities.
And forests of great sad trees have been cut down
Because your lips pressed so,
And there was a fire in the center of your bodies.

Strong men, suddenly made rough,
Have drawn giant black cannons through viscous mud,
And ridden a million horses to death,
And lustfully trampled smiles,
Because of a strange silent golden crying out of your bodies, women.

And I walk among you
Learning an eternal tragic harmony of shards.

Blind, you give the world creation, women;
And a thousand agonies, like thin steel knives,
Go out of your eyes,
Because your soil is not plowed deep enough.
Men, seeing these agonies, will build and sweat
Like heavy horses in a field on a hot day.
You have always a pale moon-sorrow, women,
Though they may sweat their lives away.

I have spoken, myself, to your bodies, women;
And I have perceived there sometimes a beauty,
Remote, like a throbbing infinity of clear small stars,
Milk-white, caressed by blueness.
I have joyed in you, women —
In the perception of this beauty

That was like the strains of an imagined song,
Making my body lift itself
Toward thin tops of lonely winter trees;
A song of slowly poignant music, long forgotten.
And a hungry sadness has eaten away your cheeks, women,
Often after I have left you.

I have perceived an eternal tragic harmony of shards,
In walking among you.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Laurence Hartmus*

## TO A FRIEND

Gold nights are these I spend
  With talk to my full soul's desire
In winter with you, friend,
  Before the whispering pine-log fire,

Drenched in the orange heat;
  Such words are only uttered when
Youth's free heart flames more sweet
  Than it can ever burn again. . . .

Such moments can be priced
  But in the coin of Ecstasy —
With which Plato and Christ
  Bought their souls ultimately free;

Dear Lad, it is enough
  That we have lived and felt the touch
Of friends, and known the stuff
  Of dreams: Death cannot rob us much. . . .

*The Emory Phoenix* — *Ernest Hartsock*

## BORGIA

From one end of the valley to the other
You still hear word of them.
Although some secret startling death
Has snatched them all, brother and brother,
Long years away from that grey ranch house by the river,
Yet they exist in tales.

Not tales that have a right to cling
To this young land,
Of wolves and shooting-irons and gambling,
Of men ruthless as savages and young as gods,
But troubling tales;
Strange as those told of venomous princes
In plotting capitals of desperate states,
Tales threaded through with jeweled poisonous fates,
Tales that are honey-colored by mad sins.

What was their heritage?
What horrid stains
Came with them in their journey through the plains
To soil their turbulent blood?
Nobody knows.
The stories only tell of this hot rage
Of life begun in cruelty and woes
Ending in scarlet violence and the grave.

Yet the house stands beside the noisy stream,
A little hidden by grey cottonwoods,
Peacefully vacant — smiling in its dream;
The house where one was born whose life snapped out
Among perfumes and sandalwood and spring;
The home in childhood of that twisted soul
Whose deeds are whispered by the shattered coal,
Scarce understood by those whose slow lives rust
In sheep and marketing
And careful lust.

There was a garden here,
So long ago.
Somebody planted lilac trees and phlox.
These hollyhocks
Trembled when one was driven out to die,
Raving among the heedless empty hills,
So that blanched sheepherders still hear his cry.

The wind quivers among the cottonwoods
And draws a pleasant murmur from that pine.
Is there no taint where the mild sunlight spills?
No drifting murk along these hovering hills?
No sign?

*Palms* *Gwendolen Haste*

## ALIEN

This reach of sagebrush with its windy hill
Framed by my doorway, is a troubled place
Known only to my dreams, remembered still
In daylight hours to haunt them for a space.
It seems that I shall presently awake
In some azalea-scented dark once more,
Where swans are drifting down a quiet lake,
Curving their silver arc along the shore.

And faintly now I almost thought I heard —
As one would hear across the verge of sleep —
Out of the grey wind's sudden lull, in bars
Of gold, the slender rapture of a bird —
A rift of joy that no wild throat could keep,
Taking its flight among the listening stars.

*The Commonweal* — *Ada Hastings Hedges*

## OLD CHRISTMAS MORNING

*A Kentucky Mountain Ballad*

"Where you coming from, Lomey Carter,
So airly over the snow?
What's them pretties you got in your hand,
And where you aiming to go?

"Step in, Honey: Old Christmas morning
I ain't got nothing much;
Maybe a bite of sweetness and corn bread,
A little ham meat and such.

"But come in, Honey! Sally Anne Barton's
Hungering after your face.
Wait till I light my candle up:
Set down! There's your old place.

"Now where you been so airly this morning?"
"Graveyard, Sally Anne.
Up by the trace in the salt lick meadows
Where Taulbe kilt my man."

"Taulbe ain't to home this morning . . .
I can't scratch up a light:
Dampness gets on the heads of the matches;
But I'll blow up the embers bright."

"Needn't trouble. I won't be stopping:
Going a long ways still."
"You didn't see nothing, Lomey Carter,
Up on the graveyard hill?"

"What should I see there, Sally Anne Barton?"
"Well, sperits do walk last night."
"There were an elder bush a-blooming
While the moon still give some light."

"Yes, elder bushes, they bloom, Old Christmas,
And critters kneel down in their straw.
Anything else up in the graveyard?"
"One thing more I saw:

"I saw my man with his head all bleeding
Where Taulbe's shot went through."
"What did he say?" "He stooped and kissed me."
"What did he say to you?"

"Said, Lord Jesus forguv your Taulbe;
But he told me another word;
He said it soft when he stooped and kissed me.
That were the last I heard."

"Taulbe ain't to home this morning."
"I know that, Sally Anne,
For I kilt him, coming down through the meadow
Where Taulbe kilt my man.

"I met him up on the meadow trace
When the moon were fainting fast,
And I had my dead man's rifle gun
And kilt him as he come past."

"But I heard two shots." "'Twas his was second:
He shot me 'fore he died.
You'll find us at daybreak, Sally Anne Barton:
I'm laying there dead at his side."

## PRODIGAL

Some day, when the stern seeker in my brain
Has ceased to drive me stumbling through the dark,
Dropping dead cinders for each faint new spark,
Only to see the new one wax and wane;
When all my dreams are numbered with the slain;
And wisdom, that egregious patriarch
Has told his last half truth, and left me stark;
I shall go home, I shall go home again.

Laughter will greet me, waiting in the hall;
And friendships will come trooping down the stairs,
Sweet as old rose leaves wrinkled in a jar.
Battles and loves will move me not at all.
There will be juleps, billiards, family prayers,
And a clean passport for another star.

*The Bookman* — *DuBose Heyward*

## SCORN NOW THE SONNET

Scorn now the sonnet — that enchanted reed
  Italia wrought for Will of Avon's art;
  Which in his blindness solaced Milton's heart;
Which rallied Sidney in his hour of need;
Which Wordsworth lifted, loveliness to plead;
  Whereon Brooke sang the warrior's valorous part
  Is now a penny flute in any mart —
Yea, Petrarch's pipe is as a broken weed!
Hark now these quavers — poets their lips setting
  To sing moon fancies on the sturdy horn —
  Enamored of its glory, and forgetting
This trumpet for sublimity was born!
  Hark, how it trembles! Shall we no more hear
  The ringing splendor of the sonneteer?

*The Bookman* — *Daniel Henderson*

## THE MORMON TRAIL

*Elder Saul's Story*

I

On Cummorah Hill
The angel of the Lord

Flashed at Joseph Smith
His flaming sword.

Nigh Cummorah Hill
Joseph found
The Lost Tribe's golden plates
Hidden in the ground.
He found the golden plates
With their Revelation pages,
And the angel bade him read
The mysteries of the ages.

II

Baptist was I —
My father, Gospel George,
Tramped without shoes
The snows of Valley Forge.
He prayed — and he swore,
But I gave up kin and kith,
As the Angel Nephi bade,
To follow Prophet Smith!

When the Gentiles rose
The saints to destroy;
When our Prophet's blood stained
The earth of Illinois,
Then Angel Nephi said,
"Anoint Brigham Young."
And we said, "Yea,"
For he had a prophet's tongue;
He had the will of Moses
And the heart of a lion.
And the Lord said to him,
"Lead the Saints west to Zion!"

We came to deep rivers —
They wouldn't roll back!
We met the Philistines —
God let them attack!
We suffered famine,
But no manna came;
Yet over the plains
Moved our pillar of flame:

'Twas Prophet Joseph Smith —
His flesh they might slay,
But his spirit blazed
Our wilderness way.

III

By the North Platte River
We prayed and cried,
For with plague and hunger
Weak folk died.
Among the cactus,
Amid the wild sage,
The mounds of our dead
Marked our pilgrimage.

A new plague rose
In our desert tramp —
Rattlesnakes swarmed
Where we made our camp.
They stung the horses,
They poisoned cattle,
Where we laid our heads
Came the viper's rattle!
"Fight them with flame,"
Said Brigham Young,
And we were delivered
From the adder's tongue!

IV

Like a thief in the night —
Not a grass-blade stirred —
The wolfish Sioux
Entered our herd.
We woke to the bellow
And rush of cattle.
We mounted, we went
As Gideon to battle.

In a thundering race
That endured till morn
We tamed the cyclone
Of hoof and horn!
We turned the herd

With rifle flame,
And once as I fired
The vision came:
*The Prophet rode*
*To help us smite*
*The skull of the thieving*
*Midianite!*

We were sorely spent,
We were wounded or gored,
But the red morning rang
With our praise to the Lord!

V

When we climbed from the prairie
Children ran
And plucked gay flowers
For the grim caravan.
Under blue mountains
Capped with snows
They plucked monk's-hood
And the evening primrose.
All the hunger
And fright and pain
Of our pilgrimage
On the endless plain,
The young forgot
In the green hill-lands
As they clutched shy ferns
In their little moist hands.

We had come to Canaan —
Yet it didn't seem
The Paradise
Of the wanderers' dream!
Our eyes were blind
To the hills of grace,
But our Captain said:
"This is the place.
Here ends our warfare;
Here end our woes.
We will make the desert
Blossom as the rose!"

*And then we saw*
*The lilies quiver*
*In the golden sun*
*By Jordan River!*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Daniel Henderson*

## LEAVES

I shall think of autumn to the end, and leaves
October mountain frosts had swiftly turned,
The kindling oaks and maples that have burned
In scarlet flames and gold; yet nothing grieves
Me now at autumn's loss, my quickened breath
May oft betray me at the magic stain
Washed in the dews and thin blue lines of rain.
I shall not grieve again at autumn's death.
I shall remember a swift sweeping fire
That made our love so wonderful, and dead,
I shall recall its racing fever of desire,
Colors of leaves, a passion dark and red.
I shall sit among the cypress and green moss,
And shall not grieve again at autumn's loss.

*The Gypsy* — *John Lee Higgins*

## TALES

Often at sea, when fishing nets are down,
And pipes are lit, and night begins to lower,
Men listen, while their hard sea faces frown,
To stories of the ghost of Malinmore.
And far beyond the creaking of the boats,
Before the turf-fires, folks are gathered round,
The table cleared, the cattle fed their oats,
To hear these tales of pity to the sound
Of whirling leaves and winds against the latch,
Of Queenly Maeve and Dierdre, tales of old
They learned from chap-books weathered in the thatch,
Or hearing them so often they were told.
These simple folk, whose laughter is half tears,
Still keep their fairies singing on the weirs.

*Pasque Petals* — *John Lee Higgins*

## THE AMAZON

*(Copy of a statue by Polyclitus of Argos, 5th Century, B.C.)*

This marble is a dream of woman grown
Beyond the distaff and the lover's bed;
Nobly on throat and arm the muscles spread,
And touch the breast with hardness not its own.
Yet, Polyclitus, you have failed in this,
Working too much in size, too much in flesh;
You should have snared your dream with finer mesh, —
Cast not for Heré, but for Artemis.

"Add dust to dust and give her strength," you said;
But through our Amazons of latter years
She answers: "I have stolen fire instead."
Too slender and too strong for dust and spears
She mocks you, Polyclitus, who could fit
Her body into growth, but not her wit!

*Voices* — *Frank Ernest Hill*

## REBELS

### I

We two shall disagree . . . His time-fogged eyes
Grope in deserted meadows — "Grow, grow, grow!
The trees have got the hill again," he sighs,
"You wouldn't think it — not eight years ago
We dug potatoes there." He shakes his head
To see the forest eating back the field
That once could eat the forest up instead.
To scourge the land with plows and make it yield
Order and stuff for cellars — that would set
Sweet pulses singing. This tumultuous growth
Is something like a sin he can't forget,
Cannot forgive the hills. Loose-lipped and loath
He sees the unleashed soil rage up in green —
"Yes, that was corn, with squashes in between!"

### II

And I can smile at him. Poised in curved blue
The moveless noon recalls the thunder-dream —

That far, dark, beating world where men are through
With green rebellion, saved by stone and steam!
Here the young trees thrust javelins toward the sun —
Blunt tulip tree and fine-tooled dogwood leaves —
I cannot mourn grey orchard trees undone,
Or wheat that stands no more in silver sheaves;
I have been intimate with earth well tamed,
To this great heave and rush my heart beats well;
Let the oaks charge, let the hard wall be shamed;
They are my clan, these wild things that rebel.
The old man mutters desolately, but both
The hill and I exult with turbulent growth!

*The Commonweal* — *Frank Ernest Hill*

## TENNIS

Men tangled life within a narrow green
  Rectangle, pared its tumult to the clash
  Of white, swift balls that players drive or smash,
Wary of lines and perilous net between.
  The challenge streaks across the web of cord;
The bronze arm swings its resonant Yes or No,
Shifting in zig-zag drama, blow by blow,
  The score that paints the battle on the board.

The builder swings his tower to touch a cloud
  And wonders is it well with cloud and tower;
The soldier doubts his war, the priest the loud
  Drone of his creed; here for a little hour,
Of grass and net and bronze arm swinging free
Men weave a rhythmic, swift finality.

*The New Republic* — *Frank Ernest Hill*

## STONE INTO ROSE

Beside the paved street dig a place for roots;
  Pump out the water, break the rock with drills
Until another cube of granite shoots
  Up from this earth that once was trees and hills.
Lift a hard stalk to bear you wheels and square
  Blossoms of paper, wood, and ordered words;
I'll break the earth to launch a rosebush where
  Nothing shall shadow it but wind-spun birds.

Your stone and glass, being hard, will crumble down,
  Gnawed by the teeth of rats, the feet of men;
Stone makes good dust, and once being overthrown,
  Scatters no seed that comes to growth again;
Unless, sucked up by wind, at last it goes
Back to the earth in rain to feed a rose.

*The New Republic* — *Frank Ernest Hill*

## ON SEEING TWO BROWN BOYS IN A CATHOLIC CHURCH

Tis fitting that you be here,
Little brown boys
With Christ-like eyes
And curling hair.

Look you on yon crucifix
Where He hangs nailed and pierced
With head hung low
And eyes a' blind with blood that drips
From a thorny crown . . .
Look you well,
You shall know this thing.

Judas' kiss shall burn your cheek
And you will be denied
By your Peter —

And Gethsemane . . .
You shall know full well
Gethsemane . . .

You, too, will suffer under Pontius Pilate
And feel the rugged cut of rough hewn cross
Upon your surging shoulder —
They will spit in your face
And laugh . . .
They will nail you up twixt thieves
And gamble for your little garments.

And in this you will exceed God
For on this earth
You shall know Hell —

O little brown boys
With Christ-like eyes
And curling hair
It is fitting that you be here.

*Opportunity* *Frank Horne*

## TO "CHICK"

Oh Achilles of the moleskins
And the gridiron
Do not wonder
Nor doubt that this is I
That lies so calmly here —
This is the same exultant beast
That so joyously
Ran the ball with you
In those far flung days of abandon.
You remember how recklessly
We revelled in the heat and the dust
And the swirl of conflict?
You remember they called us
The Terrible Two?
And you remember
After we had battered our heads
And our bodies
Against the stonewall of their defense, —
You remember the signal I would call
And how you would look at me
In faith and admiration
And say "Let's go," . . .
How the lines would clash
And strain,
And how I would find an opening,
A wee small space,
Amidst tangling arms and torsos,
And how I would slip through
Fighting and squirming
Over the line
To victory.
You remember, Chick?
When you gaze at me here
Let that same light
Of faith and admiration

Shine in your eyes
For I have battered the stark stonewall
Before me. . . .
I have kept faith with you
And now
I have called my signal,
Found my opening
And slipped through
Fighting and squirming
Over the line
To victory. . . .

*The Crisis* *Frank Horne*

## FOUR SONNETS

### I

We have been diligent too many years
In our respective orbits to encroach
Your mind upon my mind, or to approach
My thoughts unto your thoughts, and there appears
Small reason that I should exchange my dram
Of bottomless beauty that is never dry
For your material potion, or that I
Should wish me other than the thing I am.

But you are granted this: that you are blind
To your own beauty; and when I shall see
Your singing body broken and confined,
And know thereat much sorrow, you will be,
Like a dead tree on which all skies have rained,
Unconscious of the loss you have sustained.

### II

God, you will doubtless win me in the end.
When once too often I have seen great beauty
Rotting away, I shall remember duty
And turn to you as to an only friend.
Oh, I shall then be calm and wise and still,
And feel no more a sudden twinge of pain
At seeing clustered lilies in the rain,
Or one tall poplar naked on a hill.

I shall bow down where many knees have bent,
And you may mark my prayers until it sate you;
I shall be much too tired out to hate you;
After a little there will be content.
But do not dream, though I forget the rest,
That I could love you more than second best.

III

When you are old, and those who hail you now
A thing of promise, richer every year,
Shall trace a deeper glory on your brow
In that it shall be lordly and austere;
I shall recall, with heart bereft and stung —
The while my dazed eyes pitifully stare —
The strong turn of your wrist when you were young,
The brown curve of your throat when you were fair.

Although upon that day you will assume
Proportions more authentic and august
Than now are yours, I shall but know the doom
Of young limbs withered and of beauty gone —
Oh, rather that we lay already prone,
Foregtful even of our mutual dust.

IV

Now there has come to pass the thing I feared,
By which I am persuaded to desire
Your body's near acquaintance, and take fire
From looking on your flesh — you are endeared
To me for no more noble cause than this.
Moreover, I have felt as much — and more —
Not once or twice but many times before,
And you are one that I should scarcely miss.

Yet for a time you are vouchsafed such power
To interrupt my brain and roil my blood
As one would hardly credit; for this hour
I stand as other hours I have stood,
My back against the wall and breathing fast,
Dizzy and sick until the fit has passed.

## CHINESE CEMETERY AT VICTORIA

Alien as well as desolate, this place
Troubles the heart of one with eyes to see,
And gives a false, poetic misery
To those who rest within the barren space
Beneath close rows of white head-boards that face
The sea and China. Have their spirits free
Leaped the wide barrier in their ecstasy,
To dwell among the living of their race?

If not, there is a recompense: bright broom
Covers the cliffs with yellow of Peking:
Translucent jade forever laps the shore,
And golden-flowered silks drop from the loom
Of night; at dawn blue mists hang shimmering,
As pale as incense by a temple door.

*Muse and Mirror* — *Glenn Hughes*

## STRANGE HURT SHE KNEW

In times of stormy weather
She felt queer pain
That said,
"You'll find rain better
Than shelter from the rain."

Days filled with fiery sunshine
Strange hurt she knew
That made
Her seek the burning sunlight
Rather than the shade.

In months of snowy winter
When cozy houses hold
She'd break
Down doors to wander
Naked through the cold.

*N. Y. Herald Tribune* — *Langston Hughes*

## MIDWINTER BLUES

In the middle of the winter,
Snow all over the ground.

In the middle of the winter,
Snow all over the ground —
'Twas the night before Christmas
My good man turned me down.

Don't know's I'd mind his goin'
But he left me when the coal was low.
Don't know's I'd mind his goin'
But he left when the coal was low.
Now, if a man loves a woman
That ain't no time to go.

He tole me that he loved me
But he must a been tellin' a lie.
He tole me that he loved me
But he must a been tellin' a lie.
But he's the only man I'll
Love till the day I die.

I'm gonna buy me a rose bud
And plant it at my back door.
Gonna buy me a rose bud
And plant it at my back door,
So when I'm dead they
Won't need no flowers from the store.

*The New Republic* *Langston Hughes*

## GYPSY MAN

My man's a gypsy
Cause he never does come home.
My man's a gypsy —
He never does come home.
I'm gonna be a gypsy woman
Fer I can't stay here alone.

Once I was in Memphis,
I mean Tennessee.
Once I was in Memphis,
Said Tennessee.
But I had to leave cause
Nobody there was good to me.

I met a yellow papa,
He took my last thin dime.
Met a yellow papa,

He took my last thin dime.
I give it to him cause I loved him
But I'll have more sense next time.

Love, Oh, love is
Such a strange disease.
Love, Oh, love is
Such a strange disease.
When it hurts yo' heart you
Sho can't find no ease.

*The New Republic* *Langston Hughes*

## MY MAN

When my man looks at me
He knocks me off my feet.
When my man looks at me
He knocks me off my feet.
He's got those 'lectric-shockin' eyes an'
The way he shocks me sho is sweet.

He kin play a banjo.
Lordy, he kin plunk, plunk, plunk.
He kin play a banjo.
I mean plunk, plunk . . . plunk, plunk.
He plays good when he's sober
And better, better, better when he's drunk.

Eagle-rockin',
Daddy, eagle-rock with me.
Eagle-rockin',
Come an' eagle-rock with me.
Honey baby,
Eagle-rockish as I kin be!

*The New Republic* *Langston Hughes*

## "GIVE A MAN A HORSE —!"

The Sargent wuz a cowboy frum th' Big Bend 'fore he jined.
He could ride th' *meanest* bucker, an' roll a cigarette,
He could gentle up a green hoss, ride him easy, treat him kind,
In a day or so. That fellow savvied hosses, you can bet!

Now th' Sargent's soul wus hard-boiled on th' plains an' army plan,

He wuz proud of how he rode 'em, but he didn't brag an' blow,
So he sorta lost his temper when a pink-cheeked, half-grown man —
Second looie — told the Sargent things he said he'd oughta know.

Told him gently — sorta shyly — little points on "How tu Ride"
As th' trottin' army sees it, an' th' Sargent, turnin' red,
Asked th' Looie if he'd *show* him — brought a hoss th' boys had tried,
Meanest bucker, named Mizzouri — He'd be glad, th' youngster said.

Swung his slim an' boyish body in th' saddle, slick an' neat,
Th' boys they hid their grinnin' — an' Mizzouri done his best,
But, without a wrinkle showin', th' Lieutenant kept his seat,
An' give the Sargent pointers 'til Mizzouri took a rest!

Well, th' youngster never called him, 'cause how could th' Sargent know
Th' Lieutenant had played polo fer a dozen years or more,
An' wus jes' another rider thet didn't brag an' blow?
But th' snickers o' th' fellers made th' Sargent kinda sore.

It don't never pay tu be too sure about th' things you know,
'Cause there's sure two ways o' diggin' holes tu fit a round fence-post.
Th' Sargent won a saddle at th' last big rodeo,
An' th' ex-Lieutenant's playin' champion polo on th' coast!

*Contemporary Verse* — *Russell Meriwether Hughes*

## SONNET IN VAIN

Not sick, nor bent on self-destruction either,
I can not sleep for thinking I must die —
The proud warm substance of the body wither,
Turn humble-cold, and I no more be I.
Hot cruelty, sick love, and lonely sleep,
These are not much to live for, nor this murk
So permeate with fire and air to keep
The heart assiduous at its crimson work.
But the doom's wonder of the heavy slow

Swing of the turning world around the sun
Is no mean force that easily lets go,
No paltry fare that hunger gnaws upon.
— Son of a rich intolerable swarm,
Profusion-bred, to die, O Rolfe, stay warm!

*The New Republic* — *Rolfe Humphries*

## SONG

*"O le chant de la pluie!"*

*Paul Verlaine*

It would have been easier without rain;
I have so loved the luminous, dripping night
With soft, old scraps of wind that long have lain
Folded in flickering perfumes out of sight.

So many times the brooding dark must hover
With warm wet hair flung against my window pane;
So many nights like this before life is over —
Oh, it shouldn't have come in the rain.

*The Harp* — *Hazel Collister Hutchison*

## FEAR

Not only this golden moment's wine,
Lush of rich hours,
But all the sharp, spring-time hunger of the vine,
Yearning through showers
Of troubling rain,
All the young, questing pain
Of roots, and languorous agony of hot, still nights
Heavy with fruitage of unplucked delights —
Ah love, if the subtler flavor of my gift escapes
And there is nothing for you but the taste of the grapes!

*The Harp* — *Hazel Collister Hutchison*

## PITCH O' PINE SONNETS

### I

*John's Mary*

John's Mary ripened golden as the wheat,
Grew slender as a corn stalk in the Spring.
To her tight breast the first turned sod would bring
A troubled clutch that stilled her willing feet,

And flooded her slim body with the sweet
Surge of strangely flowing rhythms, and the far swing
Of sounds that bloomed on her mind's height, to cling
As mountain flowers braving the wind's wild beat.
John's Mary found the secret in a blow
When her strong soul rose from her body's sleep;
For then it was she saw a morning's glow
Spread over waves that rolled a sea's great deep,
To flame on a ship's wide deck. They do not know
Why Mary sought a sailor, — and left John to weep.

## II

### *Quills*

Si's temper was barbed-quilled as a hedgehog's tail
And threw quills when he went to get a drink
And found but tepid water; on the brink
Of the well-curb they fell clanking on the pail.
For weeks the quills would fly if a dry-rot rail
Was hooked from the pasture fence, and left a chink
For jumping cows to munch on corn. The swink
Of hunting hens' nests was a quill-gybed flail.
Si's wife used tweezers: eased her mind's grim tread
By yank of quills from flesh that silenced groans.
Si's son they worked in, on and around his bones
With pain-jabbed waves of hot and hateful dread,
Until one day quite worn out dragging stones
He hurled one at the quills, and crushed Si's head.

## III

### *Clem's Fool*

Clem told the 'Squire that Ben was growing strong
In body, strangely so, considering his years.
Ben's mind, Clem said, was full of quirks and fears
And worked in grooves untenable of right or wrong;
Clem said, hard as it hurt, Ben did belong
Where doctors could attend to his arrears
Of common sense; away from tease and sneers
Of children and grown-ups, prodding tongue and tong.
The 'Squire loud laughed at Clem, and said that he
Thought Ben was just a fool, and nothing more:
Ben's setting Clem's old barn on fire to see
The hens and geese run squawking through the door,

Was but a joke. When Ben, amuck, at Susan's Bee
Sore stabbed the 'Squire, — 'twas Clem the burden bore.

*Maine Bulletin* — *Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## FEAR-FLAME

Is it any wonder,
  Hating dust,
I cling to my cheesecloth
  And family crust?

Is it any wonder
  That I burn
With fear of dark-dust
  When I return?

Tuck some red roses
  In my hand,
And pray a little prayer
  Where you stand,

When I am sleeping,
  For I may know
You are late for dinner
  And want to go.

But I will not worry:
  Green is the sod
And I may not wait long
  To visit with God.

*Ellsworth Journal* — *Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## MONDAY, WASH-DAY

I will twiddle my thumbs
  And take my ease,
With never a thank you
  And never a please.

I will wink at the moon
  With a solemn eye,
And switch my apron
  Till young stars cry.

And who will say me
  A *yes* or a *no*,
Where comets dangle
  And planets crow.

I will kick my heels
And drink my tea
From a cup and a saucer
As big as the sea.

The old stone wall
May fall to a rock,
And the cat stay in
And wind the clock.

And dust may lie
Like tufted gray mice,
And the pantry be bare
Of barley and rice.

I will twiddle my thumbs,
My tongue in my cheek,
Remembering Monday
And Monday week.

*Ellsworth Journal* — *Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## ON MEETING FATHER GOOSE

A gray old man,
As webbed as moss,
Loudly gid-dapping
A rocking horse,

Came out of the woods
By Nevin's Farm,
And beckoned me
With a leathery arm.

Upon the ground
I dropped my hoe,
And ran to him
Shouting "Hello!"

But all he said
Was "Humpty-D"
And "Queen of Hearts"
And "Fiddlers three";

And "Porridge hot"
  And "Cupboard bare"
And "Platter clean"
  And "Taste your ware."

I stood amazed,
  As a lad might well,
For what his want
  I could not tell.

He eyed me long,
  And his look was cool:
Then he cried "Gid-dap!
  *You gol dern fool!*"

*Maine Bulletin* — *Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## A WITCH'S DAUGHTER AND A COBBLER'S SON

A witch's daughter
And a cobbler's son:
*Three blind mice*
*See how they run!*

A witch's daughter
With hair of gold
And a rounded breast
In a muslin fold;

And a cobbler's son
With a boot to tap,
And a leather apron
Squat on his lap.

A witch's daughter,
A cobbler's son,
A boot half tapped
And a heel half done.

A witch's daughter,
With eyes like fire,
And a cobbler's son
With a strange desire.

A witch's daughter,
A cobbler's son,
A hawthorne tree
And a hot cross bun.

One old father
Between the two;
Two old mothers
And a kettle of stew.

A witch's daughter
And a cobbler's son:
*Three blind mice*
*See how they run!*

*Maine Bulletin* — *Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## SCUFFLED DUST

The lean white birches of the moon
Leaped through the hoop of the noon.

The spider spun her purling lies
Snaring believing little flies.

The blossom, golden-hearted, bore
The worm that ate the apple's core.

A sin put on so sweet a dress
Virtue laughed at her light caress.

Thus it was, long, long ago:
What came after I do not know.

*Ellsworth Journal* — *Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## WEIGHTS

My mother said I was a fool
But, oh, she loved her son.
My father said, "A rod is the fool's,"
And I, "Thy hand hast done?"

My mother said, "The ears of a fool,"
  But, oh, she whispered pretty
Unto her son of a honeycomb
  And silver in the city.

And "Wisdom is too high for a fool,"
  My mother said to me;
"Where no wood is the fire is out;
  I bind no stones," said she.

"The weights of the bag are the Lord's"
  I said to my mother;
"A potsherd covered with silver dross,"
  I said of my brother.

*Ellsworth Journal* — *Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## ON ELLEN GOING WRONG

"Tittle Tattle!" said Black Shoes;
"Moon-slaked leaves," said Green.

*Buds are hot for fingers*
*Where the gray wasp lingers.*

"Tittle tattle!" said Black Shoes;
"Honeysweet," said Gold.

*Plant a sprig of willow.*
*For the lone dove's pillow.*

"Tittle tattle!" said Black Shoes;
"Wild plum bloom," said Red

*Clay is cold for grasses*
*When the young sun passes.*

"Tittle tattle!" said Black Shoes;
"Lily's heart," said White.

*Bones are sweet for grinding*
*When linen's torn for winding.*

*"Tittle tattle!" said Black Shoes.*

*The Gypsy* — *Winifred Virginia Jackson*

## POWDERS OF THE MERCHANT

*"perfumed . . . with all powders of the merchant."*

### I. EAST-SIDE SPICE SHOP

Scarlet spice
Grows dusty within wall and wall;
And cinnamon grows drab
Beyond recall —
And so, the tart green leaves of marjoram;

Here is no yellow spikenard
Of one
Whose navel glittered ivory and sard
For Solomon . . .

Only a tired gray Jew, who stands
Against the huddled blackness of his door,
And sees some old forgotten tombstones write
A cabbalistic script of white,
And then is done . . . and moves into the night . . .

Dark is the city, and dark his hands,
And quiet with the bitter death
Of trampled perfume . . .

### II. LET STRANGE POWDERS OUT OF TARSHISH . . .

Let strange powders out of Tarshish lace
Your arms with silver, and with gold your thighs;
Midnight will pass, and with the day
Our lips will be remembered by this spume and spray . . .
Close to the sea-wall, close to the sea-water's ebony and
sapphire,
On the white armory of your neck,
My mouth shall hang curved shields of fire! . . .

*Black are the spears of streets against our eyes —*
*Oh, turn apart and swiftly face*
*Joppa and Tyre and Samothrace!*

### III. WALKERS ON THE BRIDGE

The city winds phylacteries of stone;
The slow, strange metal plectron of the moon

Upon the black-strung towers speaks with white
And amethyst . . .
How soon
The river comes to them! . . . Dark and alone,
Deep and with an alabaster mist
Of some old starlight! . . .

Now he stands,
The small round sorrows of her breasts
Quiet beneath his hands . . .

And now within the brooding of her eyes
The hoof-beats of the dawn loom sharp with terror —
*Tightly, he clutches empty skies! . . .*

### IV. TWILIGHT: A MAN PLAYS A HARP . . .

Twilight: a man plays a harp in the Ghetto —
Who will remember?

*Twilight is a dark shield on the earth,*
*And the rain is a beating of silver lances;*
*Scarlet should dress your shoulders, and jasper be cool on your bosoms . . .*
*Sisters, sisters, you sit by the walls of the houses;*
*You brood with your hands on your faces, with your eyes in the wet wind . . .*

It is a madness to strum a harp on a curbstone —
Who will remember?

*Twilight is a pool with a sunken star;*
*A young pool with saffron, purple, and a small gray mist.*
*Come, bathe your bodies: how pleasant is yellow silence! how calm to your limbs!*
*Sisters, sisters, you sit by the walls of the houses;*
*What binds your thighs? what is sharp in your eyes in the wet wind? . . .*

It was true: he must lay his harp down;
He must pluck at the clouds with his fingers flung North and South —
Who will remember?

### V. WATERS OF BABYLON

In a round lake, where the waves are deep and quiet,
He saw the far small moon . . . O single white
Breast of the withdrawn night!
*And so was troubled by the waters of the earth . . .*

The rain was the green hair of women nude and moist against
his face;
Rivers were jade fingers and silver hands stirring the body of
his eyes;
He counted three masts on a red-wood ship, and one was of
citron, one of lime, one of cedar . . .
*And so was troubled by the waters of the earth . . .*

Where did he see these things? At midnight,
While his street was gathering its shadows;
While strange and bitter Babylons
Mocked beneath his window . . .

### VI. HOLY DAY

Even though the dusk is dark with the color of prayers and
lamentations,
New lovers stab it with sharp tincture of delight;
Even though the pavements are silent with atonement,
Young feet glitter on the stones far into the night . . .

For the shuffling of old men's shoes is a lost sound in the high
walls,
And the blast of the ram's horn is not heard in the white
towers;
The purple hands of the clouds are mingled with the city's
hair —
Hark! the new lovers are gone walking deep into the hours . . .

Until the gray windows stand against the sunrise,
Swift songs are drumming on the echoes of *Kol Nidre* . . .

*The Menorah Journal* — *Alexander Javitz*

## FROM THE CONTINENT'S END

### BIRDS

The fierce musical cries of a couple of sparrow-hawks hunting
on the headland,
Hovering and darting, their heads northwestward,

Prick like silver arrows shot through a curtain the noise of the ocean
Trampling its granite; their red backs gleam
Under my window around the stone corners; nothing grace-fuller, nothing
Nimbler in the wind. Westward the wave-gleaners,
The old gray sea-going gulls are gathered together, the northwest wind wakening
Their wings to the wild spirals of the wind-dance.
Fresh as the air, salt as the foam, play birds in the bright wind, fly falcons
Forgetting the oak and the pine-wood, come gulls
From the Carmel sands and the sands at the river-mouth, from Lobos and out of the limitless
Power of the mass of the sea, for a poem
Needs multitude, multitudes of thoughts, all fierce, all flesh-eaters, musically clamorous
Bright hawks that hover and dart headlong, and ungainly
Gray hungers fledged with desire of transgression, salt slimed beaks, from the sharp
Rock-shores of the world and the secret waters.

### HAUNTED COUNTRY

Here the human past is dim and feeble and alien to us
Our ghosts draw from the crowded future.
Fixed as the past how could it fail to drop weird shadows
And make strange murmurs about twilight?
In the dawn twilight metal falcons flew over the mountain,
Multitudes, and faded in the air; at moonrise
The farmer's girl by the still river is afraid of phantoms,
Hearing the pulse of a huge city
Move on the water-meadow and stream off south; the country's
Children for all their innocent minds
Hide dry and bitter lights in the eye, they dream without knowing it
The inhuman years to be accomplished,
The inhuman powers, the servile cunning under pressure,
In a land grown old, heavy and crowded.
There are happy places that fate spares; here is not one of them;
The tides of the brute womb, the excess
And weight of life spilled out like water, the last migration
Gathering against this holier valley-mouth

That knows its fate beforehand, the flow of the womb, banked back
By the older flood of the ocean, to swallow it.

### FOG

Invisible gulls with human voices cry in the sea-cloud:
"There is room, wild minds,
Up high in the cloud; the web and the feather remember
Three elements, but here
Is but one, and the webs and the feathers
Subduing but the one
Are the greater, with strength and to spare." You dream, wild criers,
The peace that all life
Dreams gluttonously, the infinite self that has eaten
Environment, and lives
Alone, unencroached on, perfectly gorged, one God.
Caesar and Napoleon
Visibly acting their dream of that solitude, Christ and Gautama,
Being God, devouring
The world with atonement for God's sake . . . ah sacred hungers,
The conqueror's, the prophet's,
The lover's, the hunger of the sea-beaks, slaves of the last peace,
Worshipers of oneness.

### BOATS IN A FOG

Sports and gallantries, the stage, the arts, the antics of dancers,
The exuberant voices of music,
Have charm for children but lack nobility; it is bitter earnestness
That makes beauty; the mind
Knows, grown adult.
A sudden fog-drift muffled the ocean,
A throbbing of engines moved in it,
At length, a stone's throw out, between the rocks and the vapor,
One by one moved shadows
Out of the mystery, shadows, fishing-boats, trailing each other,
Following the cliff for guidance,

Holding a difficult path between the peril of the sea-fog
And the foam on the shore granite.
One by one, trailing their leader, six crept by me,
Out of the vapor and into it,
The throb of their engines subdued by the fog, patient and cautious,
Coasting all round the peninsula
Back to the buoys in Monterey harbor. A flight of pelicans
Is nothing lovelier to look at;
The flight of the planets is nothing nobler; all the arts lose virtue
Against the essential reality
Of creatures going about their business among the equally
Earnest elements of nature.

*The Nation* — *Robinson Jeffers*

## PROMISE OF PEACE

The heads of strong old age are beautiful
Beyond all grace of youth. They have strange quiet,
Integrity, health, soundness, to the full
They've dealt with life and been attempered by it.
A young man must not sleep, his years are war
Civil and foreign but the former's worse,
But the old can breathe in safety now that they are
Forgetting what youth means, the being perverse,
Running the fool's gauntlet and getting cut
By the whips of the five senses. As for me
If I should wish to live long it were but
To trade those fevers for tranquillity,
Thinking, though that's entire and sweet in the grave,
How shall the dead taste the deep treasure they have?

*The New Republic* — *Robinson Jeffers*

## THE CROWN OF THORNS

What recompense is theirs who, scorning gain and glory,
Engrave the finer features of a nobler race;
The record of whose dreams, a love-illumined story,
Upon the scrolls of Time eyes dimmed with tears shall trace?

To know their rich reward, read lives of martyrs lowly,
Who dying hear the harsh anathemas of men;
Ask sculptor, painter, poet, mid their travail holy,
Heroic souls that wield the chisel, brush and pen,

A heedless world ignores their right to well-earned treasure,—
Their meed of food and raiment, houses, lands and gold;
The guerdon earth bestows, oft in unstinted measure,
Is man's ingratitude as they grow poor and old.

Do they in death behold belated garlands gleaming,
Discarnate haste to seek some soul-inviting shore,
Whose never-setting sun is Love's pure radiance beaming
Benignly on the promised mansions evermore?

Roam through the winter's woods and ask old Boreas bitter
If frost-killed leaves return to broken branches bare;
Learn why the gaunt she-wolf among her hungry litter
With their slain sire shall ne'er his bleeding booty share.

Muse with the stricken maiden, whose dead lover lieth
In foreign trenches by hell's ruthless havoc torn;
Beseech the grief-bowed mother as she daily crieth
Why o'er an empty cradle she should vainly mourn.

And when no light, no hope, or answer thou canst muster
From Nature's mighty heart or from the mind of man;
When silent sits the Sphinx, stone-deaf to earthly bluster,
Assured no human brain can grasp the Builder's plan:

Ask Him who heard the stones on Stephen's body raining,
Who let the bigots compass Galileo's woe;
Who saw a Socrates the bitter death-cup draining,
Who hindered not the hand that laid a Lincoln low.

Ask why the loftiest spirits oft lose all in serving,
Rejected by the thankless age which owes them most;
Condemned, imprisoned, tortured, yet with wills unswerving,
Before our vision looms the valiant martyred host!

From flaming fagots see their spectral forms arising:
Savonarola, Bruno, Latimer who gave
Their lives for Truth; self-seeking, sordid aims despising,
Who saving others had no thought themselves to save.

Composers, artists, authors through our fancy wending,
The passing centuries a throng immortal yield:
A banished Dante man's ingratitude transcending,
A Mozart's spirit fleeing from a potter's field;

A Michelangelo with art celestial carving,
Millet arisen from a night of tragic years —
What radiant beauty flowers from souls of artists starving;
*What heaven-wrought pearls the Maker wrings from human tears!* . . .

Flinch not, soul-builders, Truth at last the way revealeth
With rays supernal, such as blinded doubting Saul:
The mystic Book of Life no mortal man unsealeth
Unless denying self for Truth he giveth all.

Christ had His grim reward Who, scorning gain and glory,
Engraved the finer features of a nobler race;
He had His crown of thorns, whose love-illumined story
Upon the scrolls of Time eyes dimmed with tears shall trace.

No well-earned meed of worldy wealth had He to measure, —
No costly raiment, houses, lands or jingling gold;
Yet myriads His gentle life and teachings treasure;
*A wreath ineffable above His cross behold!*

*Boston Transcript* *Jesse Willis Jefferis*

## DISINHERITED

### I

Back of the stately mirror and its gleam,
A dim projection of that ordered house,
He saw, clairvoyantly, the rotten beam,
Heard mortar crumbling and the busy mouse.
A film of dust, impalpable as mist,
Gathered on balustrade and chandelier;
Time was for him the grim antagonist,
Ever alert, whose other name was Fear.
Sitting one winter night before the fire,
He heard the spiders whisper as they spun:
"Another web! Another web begun!"

He heard a myriad enemies conspire
Against his House, and least of those who spoke,
The worms gave thanks for so much seasoned oak.

II

It was a useless battle that he fought.
Bedded in Utrecht velvet, moths grew fat;
The silver that a master smith had wrought
Turned into pewter, and the wine went flat.
Nobody cleaned the mirrors any more;
Mice, bolder than the candle glimmer, wove
Their lacy patterns on the polished floor,
And all that feeds on dissolution throve.
Looking beyond those walls, he saw crash in
The ancient universe that had been built
On the secure gentility of gilt,
Of grace and lineage and self-discipline —
A laggard who had asked the world to wait,
Whose only sin was Being Born Too Late.

*The New Republic* *Leslie Nelson Jennings*

## BEATEN TRACKS

That night while we were snug abed it snowed —
Like powdered mica, glittering and fine,
Paving with alabaster every road,
Obliterating every boundary line.
We found a shorter way of going between
The house and barn that morning; there were no
Fences or gates or bars to intervene:
We walked securely over the crusted snow.
Strange how a blizzard alters things, upsets
Our well appointed world and makes a law
Unto itself that nothing can relax.
The wind against a thousand chimneys whets
Inexorable knives, until a thaw
Puts our feet back in the old beaten tracks.

*The New Republic* *Leslie Nelson Jennings*

## THE BLACK RUNNER

I'm awake, I'm away!
I have jewels in trust,
They are rights of the soul

That are holy and just;
There are deeds to be done,
There are goals to be won,
I am stripped for the race
In the glare of the sun
I am throbbing with faith
I can! And I must!
My forehead to God —
My feet in the dust.

*Opportunity* — *Georgia Douglas Johnson*

## COMPANIONS

No, never quite alone am I.
Of ill why should I borrow?
No matter where my footsteps bend
There also follows sorrow.

And she has taught my lips to sing
A rapt and dauntless measure
While all the world goes envying
My mellow noted treasure.

No, I have never walked alone!
And as I face tomorrow,
If I am still bereft of joy
I know there will be sorrow.

*The Crisis* — *Georgia Douglas Johnson*

## LETHE

I do not ask for love, — ah! no,
Nor friendship's happiness,
These were relinquished long ago
I search for something less.

I seek a little, tranquil bark
In which to drift at ease
Awhile, and then quite silently
To sink in quiet seas.

*Opportunity* — *Georgia Douglas Johnson*

## THE ROAD

Ah, little road all whirry in the breeze,
A leaping clay hill lost among the trees,
The bleeding note of rapture streaming thrush
Caught in a drowsy hush
And stretched out in a single singing line of dusky
song.
Ah little road, brown as my race is brown,
Your trodden beauty like our trodden pride,
Dust of the dust, they must not bruise you down.
Rise to one brimming, golden, spilling cry!

*Opportunity* — *Helene Johnson*

## FULFILLMENT

To climb a hill that hungers for the sky,
To dig my hands wrist deep in pregnant earth,
To watch a young bird, veering, learn to fly,
To give a still, stark poem shining birth.

To hear the rain drool, dimpling, down the drain
And splash with a wet giggle in the street,
To ramble in the twilight after supper,
And to count the pretty faces that you meet.

To ride to town on trolleys, crowded, teaming
With joy and hurry and laughter and push and
sweat —
Squeezed next a patent-leathered Negro dreaming
Of a wrinkled river and a minnow net.

To buy a paper from a breathless boy,
And read of kings and queens in foreign lands,
Hyperbole of romance and adventure,
All for a penny the color of my hand.

To lean against a strong tree's bosom, sentient
And hushed before the silent prayer it breathes,
To melt the still snow with my seething body
And kiss the warm earth tremulous underneath.

Ah, life, to let your stabbing beauty pierce me
And wound me like we did the studded Christ,
To grapple with you, loving you too fiercely,
And to die bleeding — consummate with Life.

*Opportunity* — *Helene Johnson*

## "NOT A GREEN WILLOW"

Not a green willow, veiled to hide her weeping,
Not a slim aspen, trembling and afraid,
Not a white birch tree, beautiful and lonely —
Let none of these be planted at my head.
I would forget, when I at last am sleeping,
All that these are mourning in solitude and tears,
I would have done with memory, and only
Rest in hushed peace throughout the uncaring years.

Give me an oak, by bitter storms unriven,
Earth-rooted deep, but striving towards the stars,
Fearless and tender, in the gray dusk weaving
Shadowy cloaks to cover ancient scars.
There let me lie, and know that death has given
All that I sought and never found in life —
Strength for a shelter, solace for long grieving,
Rest after labor, quiet after strife!

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Josephine Johnson*

## NAVAJO LEGEND

Is it true, mother, that the mountain sun,
The silver-studded day,
Is a laughing horse and a blue stallion
As the old men say?

It is certainly true, my son, that the desert
Is dusty with hoof-beats and noise
Of galloping charges straddled and girt
By god-like boys.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Willard Johnson*

## INTERIOR

I wondered if I were a chair myself,
Or perhaps just a serape
Thrown down carelessly
Dragging on the floor.

I wasn't thinking, only sitting,
And there seemed no difference
Between me and the table.
Except that the table had four legs
Browner than my two,
And the table's face
Reflected the light
More vividly than mine.
The little carving on the wooden stand
Was more beautiful than I am,
And the painting on the wall
Was more alive,
And the book beside me
Was more intelligent,
And the electric light brighter;
And the pillow, and the piano,
And the paper-weight,
And the flowers in the vase,
And the rugs —
Everything was more something.

Surely the curtains at the window
Can see the moon rise,
And an automobile
With green eyelids
Come up the street,
And Mars approaching
With a bloody twinkle.

Surely the piano can remember
The girl with auburn hair
Who played the tune she said
Was popular in St. Louis.
And what chair could forget
That a fat man sat upon it
Through an evening?

Yes, I must be a chair,
Or a serape, or a rug.
I seem to remember
The nail the carpenter used
To mend my broken arm;
And I can recall the hollow shock
Each time the weaver
Put his foot upon the pedal
Of his loom repairing me.
But at the same time
I feel the pleasant thrill
Of a girl shaking me
In the sunlight.

And all the while I know
That I am nothing in the room
But all of it;
That I am here not only now
But have always been here.
I am confused and timeless:
Is this a pelado's poor adobe,
Or has an artist
Remodelled it into a studio?
Do I see a barren cot
In that corner instead of cushions and a couch?
Or is this tomorrow
Instead of yesterday?

I seem to have sat here a hundred years,
Waiting for an explanation of it all.
And yet I came in only an hour ago
To sit quietly
And to be alone . . .

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Willard Johnson*

## FROM A HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND

(*To a Friend in the West*)

There is a window in this magic house
(The home of Puss-in-Boots and family now)
A thousand times as large as mine at Taos,
And yet it holds no more — I don't know how!

In fact, they're both the same, with hills of snow,
Pine trees and oaks: a landscape here as old
And almost just as new, as landscapes go.
But here are rhododendrons, curled with cold,
And slender birches that might be aspen trees;
Indeed I onetime wondered if they were
And if you had not come disguised in these
To hide among the cedar and the fir —
A western wind, the other half of you
Running away — knowing us one too few!

*Voices* *Willard Johnson*

## DENVER STREET

A garish flare of magazines
Intrudes inappropriately
Outside a stall.
Afternoon colors, I reflect,
Paper and ink night smells —
And yet a pink edition
Of an early morning paper
Blends aromatically with coffee. . . .

And these oranges,
Flamboyantly gay —
Oh, of course, oranges!
They should never be seen
(In their skins at least)
*Except* at breakfast
Or among the vegetables
Offered on sidewalks
To morning marketers.
And there they are,
Fragrant as spices
With what glazed cheeks!
And with an arrogant sign
Above them; a perky sign:
*Sweet Navels.*

What! Navels!
And before I have had my toast?
My God, literature and navels
Offered me on a public street

Before the sun
Has mounted the matutinal
Smoke-mist. . . .

Sweet navels. Ah!
I think of a line from a poem.
How does it go?
" . . . The morning has offered me its youth
In the petals of its hands . . ."
And somewhere I have read:
"Thy navel is like a round goblet
Which wanteth not liquor:
Thy belly is like . . ."

Like an orange, perhaps.
But really, literature
And navels before breakfast!

*The Echo* — *Willard Johnson*

## HEARTBREAK

"*To the onlie begetter of these*
*insuing sonnets . . . all*
*happinesse . . .*"

I

Ever the loud-voiced waters, crying, calling,
Fill the long land, the hollow, echoing beaches —
Ever the wide-voiced water wails, beseeches,
Begs you to come where great green crests are falling.
And desolate seagulls above the loud waves' brawling
Are crying, asking for you. In sand-locked reaches
Black water shivers, uneasily feels for breaches
In walls of autumnal dunes, wind-driven and crawling.
And I hate it all, the unsatisfied, crying water,
Hate the pale beach, the foam, the flying sky,
For here you had me, loved me, you were part
Of wind and billow and wave, the sun's wild daughter
Who loved this desolate beauty as wildly as I,
And now — O calling water! O crying heart!

II

Do you recall the summer dawn we lay
Together on the curving silver sand,

Alone and happy in a lonely land,
With all the world's wild noises fallen away?
Before us shone the blue, unslumbering bay
Rolling small sibilant pebbles up the strand,
And at the dim horizon-line a band
Of burning pearl held in its breast the day.
Dawn's cool sweet hush, disturbed by sleepy birds,
Held the wet trees beneath its brooding spell;
Far in the smoky sky a low, late moon
Crumbled to cloud and presently downward fell,
And in that hour, I think, were marriage words,
And love, that failed us, knew its highest noon.

III

Give me not silence — give me, I implore,
Some word though love has reached this tragic end.
All is not surely over. Friend with friend,
Sitting in your old room let's talk once more
Of this and that, and seeing as of yore
The absurdities to which most women tend,
Seeing that all men either break or bend,
Bravely remake the life we had before.
Why, from this wreckage, what we may, we'll save,
Knowing that passion wanes at length, that lover
Melts into friend (or enemy) when all's over.
O let tomorrow see us rise with laughter,
All fever past, out of love's barren grave
To that pure morning we may know hereafter!

IV

I think of you to fragments of old tunes
Sung by dead poets buried long ago.
You live immortal in immortal woe,
You are the topic of their riddling runes.
And yet — there's little solace in such boons.
Alas, they merely teach me what I know —
The wisdom of the world is lessoned so
That knowledge comes too late by many moons.
And bloody feet go out at sorrow's gate
Which, white and young, at innocence entered in.
The path is somewhat worn, my friend, since fate
Pays always the old wages unto sin. —
But where is lover ever learned to see
Himself in Romeo dead or Antony?

## V

Sometimes your beauty haunts me with its grace,
Sometimes your hair, sometimes your quiet eyes,
Sometimes your echoing voice with still replies
Comes after me, and sometimes comes your face.
You go before, behind with flying pace,
You are entangled in the streets, the skies,
And in my heart forgotten hours arise
And make this mind their bitter dwelling place.
O you intolerably, unbidden come
When I have other business than regret,
And need the weary uses of my brain —
You throb along my senses like a drum
And twist my tired nerves with knives you get
From unsuspected armories of pain.

## VI

It may be, past the sundown and the sea,
Past the huge dark and past the stellar cold
Where dizzily the mind no more dare hold
Its wavering journey through immensity —
It may be that some other galaxy
Shall rise from those black gulfs, faint points of gold
Like distant lights where, when we're dead and old,
The gods shall somehow pilot you and me.
And there we'll rise and run along the sun,
Dabble our wet feet in white comet-foam,
And pluck for apples those fierce planets bright;
And then, the last star gathered in, go home
Together, knowing time and change are done,
And sleep, beloved, all an endless night.

## VII

I hear the sorrowful voice of beauty crying
Along the inhuman pavements which I tread:
"Far underneath, the bodies of my dead
That were immortal lovers once, are lying.
Now are they safe from all men's curious prying,
With iron towers builded on their head,
And Shape that shut them, each from other, is fled,
And flesh with flesh, they mingled in their dying."
I heard the piteous voice of beauty wailing:
"Their perfumed bodies are corrupt and rotten."

But, O beloved, is it more to be
Alive like us, and separate, and ailing,
Than, mixing clay with clay, to be forgotten
Where none shall trouble them, and no one see?

VIII

Sorrow and love and loveliness are three:
The white swan beauty quickly ends her stave;
The wild rose grief droops dying on a grave;
But love, the curlew, soonest flies to sea.
Then, staler than the outworn simile,
Comes Commonsense to dwell in hearts that gave
Allegiance to the gods they could not save,
This pagan and most mortal trinity.
For you'll not suffer more than half a year;
Love, wedded, would have proved a wilting rose;
And beauty, whose keen edges cut like pain,
Grows dull as our compliant souls attain
The self-command they prate of, and God knows
There's wisdom in success — or so I hear.

IX

Men say that murderers must haunt their crime;
And I, young love that treacherously slew,
Came, driven back, my victim to re-view,
And found all things as in their golden prime;
Found the old room, the tranquil evening time,
Your lamp, the worn, familiar books, and you,
But from your still, forgiving kiss, I knew
Back into Eden I shall never climb.
For though we chatted in the old dear way,
At intervals came silence dark and vast
Wherein I heard the giant river Night
Roll venomously down her starless height.
The dead child, love, a corpse between us lay.
We mimed a simulacrum of the past.

X

Slow fires of Fall translate to pyramids
Of smouldering rich opulence the trees
That, flake by golden flake, drop with no breeze
Their broad leaves earthward where a brooklet thrids
The bright ravine. The August katydids

Are fled, but loud, in many strident keys
Harsh crows call out. O heart devoid of ease,
Earth is yet fair beneath morn's azure lids!
Earth is yet fair, but the fierce crows are loud —
Black mourners at September's burial;
The orient leaves are frailer than man's breath;
Letting their robes of brown and crimson fall,
Stark trees peep out, black bones above a shroud,
And skeleton by skeleton comes death.

*The Lyric* — *Howard Mumford Jones*

## OWINI'S VISION

A thane beneath a snowy hawthorn hedge
When dove-gray hills were golden with the sky,
Laid down his scythe to hear a starry cry
Fall like a dream wind-blown from ledge to ledge,
And, from the chapel on the forest edge,
A saint's deep chant soar sunward clear and high,
As when the lines of gleaming heron fly
To lonely pools beyond the purpled sedge.
Then white as dew upon the morning sheaves
The reaper saw a cloud of angels pass
Through sunlit birches by the water springs,
And watched them wait among the dappled leaves
To fold Chad's soul, more sweet than summer grass,
Within the silver circle of their wings.

*Boston Transcript* — *Thomas S. Jones, Jr*

## SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS

The lord of all the lore that man had found,
He placed the dream the longing heart had won
Above the webs of logic subtly spun,
And reason with white revelation crowned;
In skies too vast for wondering thought to sound
His soul was lifted like a lonely sun
About whose fire mysterious planets run
And by whose law the scattered stars are bound.
Beyond the garnered wisdom of the earth
He sought the starlit deep with spirit led

Through adoration to Love's dwelling-place;
Till in the Host where life has mystic birth
He saw the God Who gave the Wine and Bread
Unveil the hidden beauty of His Face.

*Boston Transcript* *Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

## THE SILVER WAIN

When russet wagons left the Lammas field,
The land's fierce lord through wood and pasture rode
Along the trembling pool where sunset glowed
Red as the rivets of his heavy shield;
Across the blackbird's song a clear bell pealed,
And tawny bulls, obedient to the goad,
Paused while a peasant prayed beside his load
Sweet with the grass that clovered meadows yield.
On rushed the knight, but dropped his lifted spear
To see among the swathes of fallen hay
White oxen coupled with a golden chain,
And, still as starlight on the purple weir,
Where his old ploughman knelt so late to pray
An angel walking by a silver wain.

*Contemporary Verse* *Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

## THE BLIND NUN

A nun green-girdled in a forest tower
Gave praise that prayer had made her blind eyes new,
And to her fern-wreathed lattice swiftly drew
When thrushes called the dawn's cool silver hour;
She saw beyond pale apple-boughs in flower
A dying moon and pastures pearled with dew,
Then, where the hill-tops turned to lilac-blue,
The red sun rising, fierce with golden power.
Yet, lest the glowing world become too dear,
White Dara prayed that darkness veil her sight,
And closed the casement with an ivory rod;
Like shadows faded mountain, wood, and mere,
But fairer than the sun or moon's strange light,
Across her blindness shone the Face of God.

*Contemporary Verse* *Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

## A WAYSIDE CROSS

August with sombre dooms old sagas wail
Of life blown as an anvil's leaping spark
To flame and fade into the winter dark,
Alike with thrall or thane in ambered mail;
Yet though the wild seas roared beneath the gale,
A serf who wondered at the April lark
And blossoms springing from the frozen bark,
Found Love within a lonely orchard-vale.
But where white branches quickened in the sun,
Clothed with their flowers he saw the Rood-Tree gleam
And laid his head against Its dewy moss:
Shy deer stole from the forest one by one
To watch the Saxon harper carve his dream
In mystic runes upon a wayside cross.

*Contemporary Verse* — *Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

## THE FIREMAKER

Chela Chis-chela, your hands on your breast
Are as cold as the snow on the high mountain crest,
The firemaker's bracelet you wore with such pride
I place on your arm as I weep by your side.
Chela Chis-chela, no more will I see
The red fagots flame, as you signaled to me,
Chela Chis-chela, like fagots turned brown
My life has turned dark, for its sun has gone down.
Chela Chis-chela, they take you away
But the fire that you kindled will burn night and day,
When evening, and darkness, and shadows are here
A flame like the firemaker's light will appear.
Chela Chis-chela when gone to your rest
I will watch the bright rays flaming out from the west
And the sunlight, the moonlight, and starlight will be
Your smile, and your signal and welcome to me.

*Liberty Press* — *Susie Kerin*

## TRIBUTE

An invincible silence
And stillness
Had reigned all day,

And even soundless
And imperceptible
Was the changing
Of day into night —
Yet when that beauteous one
Opened her door
And came out into the garden
An incredible little breeze
Sprang up, as from the dead,
And ran about dazedly
In the leaves of the trees
For a moment,
Then fell into the utter
Astonishment of death!

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Edward Kinkade*

## HUNGER

Hunger is the heart's robe
Wherein she is dressed,
Thirst is a red rose
Pinned to her breast.

Hope is her coronet
Barbed by fears,
Love is her only bread
Wet with tears.

*The Lyric* — *Sally Bruce Kinsolving*

## CHIAROSCURO

Beauty was disrobing
Against a shadowed wall —
Her body was as white
As the shadows were tall.

I could only think
Of lilies in a pool —
White jessamine, gardenias
On leaves dark and cool;

Or the curved petal
Of a little white moon,
Plucked by night
From the garden of June.

*Contemporary Verse* — *Sally Bruce Kinsolving*

## COME HOME

*Come home, John Kane, things have changed in our valley;*
*Come home, come home, and do not dally.*

Now I will say the winter was lonely;
Life was not meant for a woman only.

Such snow — hard drifts piled up like a mountain,
But — there came a flood leaping like a fountain,

And such a spring was never before;
In March I have opened wide *our* door.

Yesterday came a rainbow, a great, green arch!
Who ever heard of a rainbow in March?

In the burned lot I have found young shoots, —
Blossoms springing from old, charred roots!

To Kate Trimble, the childless one,
Twenty years barren, is born a son!

You know and I know what words were spoken
But — there have been signs — vows may be broken!

Now I will say the winter was lonely,
Life was not meant for a woman only.

*Come home, John Kane, things have changed in our valley;*
*Come home, come home and — do not dally.*

*Voices* — *Eleanor C. Koenig*

## STEVEDORE

*I watched him rolling hogsheads*
*Into a rusty boat,*
*A nigger in blue overalls*
*And a tattered coat;*
*I heard him sadly crooning*
*A strangely witching tune*
*Like a ghost of wailing*
*From beyond the moon.*

In a dim black forest a host came swaying,
Tom-toms throbbing and cymbals playing;
Minstrel-men in red coats, minstrel-men in blue,
Strutting down the forest aisles in a grand review,
Singing for their great king, sitting all alone,
Smiling like a bronze god on a golden throne.

Humming by the gold throne like a swarm of bees,
The minstrel-men went swaying 'mid the trembling trees,
Then with lips of laughter and with shining eyes
Flower-girls came bringing Blooms of Paradise,
Blossoms red as rapture, blossoms passing sweet,
Blossoms that they heaped about the bronze god's feet.

Stepping to their singing of a haunting song,
Shadows shifting joyously, they too passed along,
Then the air grew heavy with the scent of musk,
As a golden dancing-girl came gleaming through the dusk;
Like a stately lily, tall and fair and slim,
Dancing to the bronze god, she bowed low to him.

In the dim black forest with dark eyes of dreaming, —
Tom-toms throbbing and cymbals screaming,
She rose like a flower and with broken breath,
Weaving through the shadows, danced the Dance of Death
For the king had wearied of the lips he had caressed,
And she held an adder to her aching breast.

*He was rolling hogsheads*
*Into a rusty boat,*
*A tall, bronze god in blue jeans*
*And a rusty coat;*
*He was ever crooning*
*The sad soul of a tune,*
*A ghost of bitter wailing*
*From the witching moon.*

*Verse* — *Edgar Daniel Kramer*

## ELEGY

(*For a girl buried beneath oak trees.*)

If slender feet would care to go
Where old and silent oaks have dropped
Acorns in the live-forever leaves,
Their steps would be stopped.

But while she sleeps there is the sound
Of falling acorns overhead,
Something like summer running on the ground
To entertain the dead.

And there is pleasanter company,
As yellow grasses on a hill,
But she would never sleep in such a place
Nor keep her feet still.

*The Commonweal* — *Raymond Kresensky*

## MOUNTAIN MOMENT

Out across the morning
The air lies blue and silver
Over curving valleys,
Cupping seas of mist.
Day comes bearing banners
Over Mount Ascutney.
All the trees are music-reeds
To whispers of the wind.

Wet leaves of the birches
Wink and shimmer, framing
Half a thousand Danaës
In a rain of gold;
Half a thousand birch trunks,
Swaying maiden-slender
Down a curving mountainside
That surges like a wave.

Look! — for it is fleeting.
Such a moment settles
For a moment only,
And is quick to die.
Eyes, be bright for beauty;
Busy brain, remember
Shimmering of silver rain —
Birches in the dawn!

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *A. K. Laing*

## SWIMMER

His chin cut water
Dry as wind,
As he bathed the body
That had sinned —

The body that sinned,
That had stooped to sup
On flesh, and drink
From a crimson cup.

He bathed his body;
But the stain
Which he washed away
Returned again.

White anger whirled
In his avid mind
At the sins he never
Could leave behind.

He strove to swim
In a frenzied fear,
But made no sound
For the ear to hear.

He strove to swim;
But his shoulders bare
Cut into water
As thin as air.

He paused in terror
And raised his head,
Hearing the moan
Of a million dead:

The moan that rises
When hope is gone.
And he knew the river
Was Acheron.

*The World Tomorrow* — *A. K. Laing*

## IN HARBOR

*St. John's, Newfoundland*

One cannot call it sorrow any more;
It is so vague and far away a feeling.

Faintly the memory of her goes stealing
Out like a ship that seeks another shore.

Once it was like the angry sweep of knives
To see the joy of love on others' faces.
Now it is good to hear the sailors' wives
Croon as the homing vessels find their places.

There is so much that we need not remember;
There is so little we may not forget;
How can I know the day may not come yet
That brings to ash a slowly dying ember?

*So many lovers of the spar and mast,*
*In some far harbor blue with Arctic air,*
*Have seen a graceful ship go sailing past*
*That might as well have stopped and anchored there.*

*The Independent* — *A. K. Laing*

## INTERIM

Jewel the sword and grave the shield.
  Plume the thunder-vizored casque.
Let the trumpet tongues be sealed.
  Death resumes his painted mask.

Forge the greaves and link the mail.
  Burnish steel to cold blue light.
Death has put aside his flail.
  Mars swings high and far tonight.

Train the arm and school the eye.
  Steel the heart to ice-lipped Death.
They are Gods who learn to die
  Having learned life's shibboleth.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *C. T. Lanham*

## OBITUARY

We made our love a pretty thing
  Of panzied words and peacock thought
And tied it with a crimson string
  Meticulously bought.

Most carefully we chose its food
And gave it days of sun and air
Shielding it from things not good . . .
Rain and fog and grey despair.

Alas we never can explain
The rose thorn in its pretty side;
We really think it felt no pain
So quietly it turned and died.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *C. T. Lanham*

## GIFTS

You who have given me gladness
Have given me little to keep . . .
A breath more than white-lipped madness
And a handful of sleep.

But you who came to me bringing
Soft-shadowed sorrow to hold,
Have given me songs for my singing
When I am grown old.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *C. T. Lanham*

## SECOND HARVEST

Thou, Medea, counselled in the sowing
Of cruel ivory tushes when the new moon shone,
Full blood moon and the bitter crop growing!
Reap it to the root now. Name it thy own.

Jason's on the wide sea. Thine the second taking.
Ivory breasted woman thou hast planted for long.
Full blood moon and the cruel crop waking!
Shadow-gold . . . moon-gold . . . one last song.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *C. T. Lanham*

## WHO WAVER IN THE WAKE OF WINDS

now
are the gods departed
from the land

and we
who waver
in the wake of winds
from their emblazoned cars
are garmented
with sifting
dust
and blind of eye

and we
who walked the tender fields
and stopped
beneath the fragile shade
of jewelled trees sun-gilded
trees
whose stirring leaves
made coloured music
veil the
silver-sounding step
of those kindly kings of earth
the
slow-phrased crystal step
of other kings
and gracious queens
of veined-opal face
and glowing brow
who walked with us
on either hand
and showed us
radiant signs
and spoke
the secret word

now are the gods
departed
and we
wander in the wind
blinded by dust
and sifting
night

*The Dial* — *R. Ellsworth Larsson*

## ADMONITION

Richer than Carthage, craftier than Tyre,
O slender city, bosomless and tall,
O mightiest of cities, thou wilt fall
Like all great towns that sank to dust and mire.
Thou wilt not, like poor Troy, die by fire,
Yet silence will slip round thee like a shawl
And peace will grow about thee for a wall
And crimson rust will be thy funeral pyre.
Above the valley of Wall street rides the moon,
Frosting the silver mansions to pale ghosts.
It seems already ages since loud hosts,
Impetuous traders, trafficked here this noon.
And thus the lonely roofs of Karnak stand,
Washed by white moonlight in an empty land.

*The Buccaneer* — *Gordon Lawrence*

## CORN

Here at our side
Corn flows, row upon row
Beneath the white light of the moon.
Ribbons of supple silver and green shadow
Ripple with soft, warm rhythm
Under a wind
Flesh-sweet with summer.

Between wide fields
Lie the great dusky trees,
Their purple boughs
Heavy with night silence,
And the pale sky like water shines beyond them.

There is a place of quiet in the curve
Of sleeping hills:
In the cool dark,
In the dim scent of clover,
Are broken stones
Marking forgotten graves.
Old willows make a ghostly mist above them,
And over the grass
Spread shadows like great wings.

Forgotten death . . . so near,
Near this straight, strong magnificence
Of growing corn:
Out of old graves the hidden sweet of bread,
Out of old dreams the nourishment to hunger,
Out of hushed life the old, inaudible rhythm —
Corn for brown hands,
Corn for ruddy hearts,
Corn for new love. . . .

Dear one, we walk tonight
Hand in warm hand,
Over the miracle of yielding earth.
The invisible pulse of music is about us,
The cool white moon lays loveliness upon us,
There is the whisper of young heart to heart —
(Spare now no tears for death — that is forgotten . . .)
Here is new life, — the lush, great growth of it:
Gold reaching to the stars.

While dreams seal our lips,
The corn leaves sing
A poem of prairie nights:
And they who sleep in the quiet of the hills,
In the cool dark, may listen too . . .
And know.

Let us walk softly . . . softly.

*The Midland* *Ruth Lechlitner*

## SCHERZO

You do not know what wonder
I shall pour on your name —
I will raise it as a flame
With the wind blowing under,
I will make it break as thunder
With high heaven for a frame,
There is nothing I dare not do
For you.

I shall conquer my pride,
I shall brave the scorn I fear,

One moment will make clear
Every hope I hide,
One moment will lay bare
The dream I hold most dear,
All I own will be your share
When our fates decide
If you chide at what you hear or if you care.

Let the sky be brave,
Let the night be clear,
Let the bludgeons of moonlight swirl and veer,
Or be poised and hover, perilously near,
Ready for the blows that buffet and stave
The white-bellied horses of the outgoing tide,
As they prance . . .
as they dance . . .
as they gallop . . .
as they ride
Wave on foaming wave . . .

(There is nothing the shyest man dare not do
When moonlight traces out a path for you!)

Let the sky be brave,
Let the night be clear,
Let moonlight there,
Let the gold-flecked air grow atremble at the riot
Of the stars' despair . . .
And let all things be quiet:
(There is nothing the shyest man dare not do
When moonlight pierces the senses through!)

I bring no costly gift
To lie lavishly beside
Casks others lift,
Gold others bear,
I bring no jewel, no gem that is rare,
Nor feather, nor rose, nor ribbon for your hair,
Nor crimson-colored ribbon you may wear in your hair —
I bring for gift
But a song that passes, swift
And gleaming through the air . . .
and lost:
Spindrift!

A word half-spoken
To be taken for token,
A snatch of a song
Scattered ere long
And no heart broken;
A boy's kiss pressed
On your white, proud breast,
And silence for the rest . . .

Will you care?

*Verse* *Jacques LeClercq*

## HOWARD SHAW, ARCHITECT

*Died May 6, 1926*

Remember? We, the city, shall remember,
When living leaves of summer downward bend
To kiss the leaves of stone on his carved lintels,
And his white pillars through the dusk ascend.

For he made wood to feel and stone to dream.
Out of the rock, lightly as blooms a flower,
His sensitive hand evoked the spell. Remember? —
He is our silver spire, our lighted tower.

Remember? We, the city, shall remember,
Thankful to art that, since all arts began,
Now and again stand out against oblivion
The features of a building or a man.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Agnes Lee*

## THE TOWER

Now that the tower is standing,
  Stone upon stone in flower,
What of its soul — the master,
  The maker of the tower?

Walking in mist of evening
  Humbly amid the crowd
Beside the wide way's traffic,
  Thoughtful perhaps, and bowed,

And pondering some failure
That shook his earlier days,
What exaltation waits him,
When upward he shall gaze

And see in sudden outline,
Mysterious and high,
Beauty, his own creation,
Imposed against the sky!

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Agnes Lee*

## A LONELY MAN

It's lonely in lodgings above the street
When dusk slows down the day's long laboring,
With only a nod to a lad on the stair,
And neither kith nor kin to be neighboring.

It must be good to go out of a house
With the soft goodbye of your loved one spoken,
And a windowful of little faces
Smiling you off as you wave in token.

It must be good to come back to a house,
And hear the joy, the welcoming shout of it.
It must be good to have anyone care
If you come into a house or go out of it.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Agnes Lee*

## A MEDITATION

Rome has been dead these many hundred years —
Of all the might which thrust her bronze-clad men,
Clamoring
And storming to the ends of all the earth,
Not strength enough is left today to lift
A locust's wing.

And yet she lives forever. Would you speak,
She offers you the word. And would you build,
On her pages

Lies beauty deathless. Would you make a law,
Rome whispered in Napoleon's ear a code
For the ages.

In overwhelming chaos everywhere
Slouched the stupendous years, unnamed, unnoted.
Even Greece afar
Gave them but moon-guides, till stern Rome, aware,
Ordered their march and gave the echoing world
The calendar.

There is a curving road from Engadine
Whose Roman stones attest the centuries.
Roman tools
Made safe between its wild and steep escarpments
The traveler of today. Forget the Caesars? —
Rome still rules.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Agnes Lee*

## SYMPHONY

Brazilian palm-trees
Played softly for this poem,
Walking to the sea —
Brown maid, slender and bare,
One arm in perfect outline
Raised —
Holding a reed basket
On a proud head!
In her black hair
A flaming rose entangled
Droops —
With swaying hips and movements
Slow and supple,
She walks —
Eyes half closed,
But flashing me a challenge in passing;
And I,
With dead flowers on my hat,
In my yard or so of silk
Feel a silent envy rising —
I, myself, would be this poem,
Walking to the sea —

*The Buccaneer* — *Borghild Lundberg Lee*

## HE WHO HAS KNOWN A RIVER

He who has known a river in its dreaming; —
  Has watched it hushed with darkness, flushed with day; —
Has seen the waves in molten moonlight streaming
  Out to a quiet bay; —

For whom, revealed beyond the river reaches,
  Are islands whither saïl was never blown,
Strange seas beyond the mist-enchanted beaches
  Where gull has never flown:

Though he be banished, yet for him the river
  Shall shine, for him shall sing and never cease;
Through all his thoughts there still shall flow forever
  The moonlit waters of remembered peace.

*The Independent Poetry Anthology* — *Mary Sinton Leitch*

## ON READING THE POETRY OF A MYSTIC

I hear a sound of waters; — not the combing
Of breakers on the beach; not wild waves foaming
On giant crags; nor yet the soft caress
Of drowsy, sun-warmed tides upon the sand;
Not any sea that washes on a land
Of human cares, of human weariness:
This music floats from some enshadowed river
That never moves — and yet flows on forever; —
The singing voice of silence that is blown
On spirit winds and heard in dreams alone.
In some far isle where never beast has trod,
Unknown of man and even unguessed of God,
The river shines in darkness, and the deep
Mysterious music lulls the soul to sleep,
While one strange bird that cannot soar nor sing
Dips in the liquid dusk a flaming wing.

*The Lyric* — *Mary Sinton Leitch*

## MY NEIGHBOR COMPARES HER HOUSE WITH MINE

My house is kempt and tidy:
A friend who comes to dine

Makes laughing shrift of envy
To see my windows shine.

The spots that fleck her damask
Never will come off,
While mine is white as mallow blooms
Or a nun's coif.

She cries out at the peonies
Within my boxwood close;
She fondles every violet,
She smiles on every rose.

If one unwary jonquil peeps
From out her garden bed —
One pansy, one gladiolus —
Off goes its head!

So many young impetuous hands!
So many heedless feet! . . .
Well may my neighbor find my house
An easeful calm retreat:

Well may she like the ordered paths,
The garden all in flower.
She has their faultlessness to bear
Only a passing hour!

*The Lyric* *Mary Sinton Leitch*

## WEBS

I weave a web of song to snare
A mood — the memory of a spray
Of foam-flower, blossoms of the pear,
I hold within a roundelay

A word of love, a robin's note,
A seamew's cry — lest I forget —
I capture from a throbbing throat
And prison in a triolet.

Or some sweet sorrow that has been
Too prone to fade, like leaves that fall,

I keep inviolate within
The meshes of a madrigal.

In sadder years when I misdoubt
The beauty I was wont to sing,
I'll open wide my web, and out
Will flash a word, a song, a wing.

*The Commonweal* — *Mary Sinton Leitch*

## BEAUTY IS CHANGE

All joy is not encased in the green bud;
There are domains
Beyond the rose's rim;
He who remains
Lost in the springs and summers,
Never gains
Leap of the blood —
Drama of autumn!
Nor will he really know
Beauty in winter's crystal,
Nor warmth in snow.

*Voices* — *May Lewis*

## SNOW CHANGE

I saw a white house, in the snow;
(With all white houses it may not be so —)
The day before it was just a house,
Windows — a door —
A roof, dark green;
Snow fell in the night,
Heavy and thick;
In the morning light,
When the sun shone,
The old look of the house was gone;
It had entered into the scene —
White! — all white!
It had eluded its roof;
Changed, from a box-like square,
Stolidly planted down
With a smug air,

To something kin to the trees;
It was hidden and yet it had bloomed!
It had lost itself
To fulfill
The sweep of the hill.

*The Commonweal* — *May Lewis*

## AN ABANDONED TOW-PATH

In idle dalliance now it welcomes weeds;
  Grasshoppers dance along its unused ways;
A rainbow blur of flowers tells of seeds
  The wind had caught in care-free yesterdays.
And resting close beside it, almost dry,
  A greenish ghost of what was once a stream
Sags low within its muddy bed, as lie
  The broken things whose life is but a dream.
In memory alone it suffers pain:
  Informal insect choirs and elfin brass
Intone a dirge for all who wax and wane,
  A requiem for all who thrive and pass.
Sometimes, beneath the moon, it wakes to see
The rotted locks draw open noiselessly.

*The Century Magazine* — *Elias Lieberman*

## FISH OF THE GODS

Fish of the Gods! The Gods who called for blood
Through the priest's mouth. Men trembled as he
  stood
Muttering with foam-flecked lips, until he gave
The name of someone, common man or slave,
Marked for the sacrifice. Then with a shout
They seized the man and killed him, bore him out
To the marae, and hung him from a tree,
A great hook in his mouth, that all might see
Men were the fish of Gods. Through the green gloom
His soul rose wavering to a second doom,
For the Great Ones who stood above the sea
Devoured it, and he passed utterly.

Fish of the Gods, the patient Gods, who go
Through the world's waters, fishing to and fro
With shrewdly baited hooks. Is it some need
That spurs them on to fishing? Do they feed
Upon men's souls, as men thought long ago,
Or do they fish for sport? We only know
Their craft is infinite. Their weirs are set
In all life's tideways, and their landing-net
Meshes us all at last. No hidden cave
In the dim reef, no strength or speed, can save
Men from their creels. And what may happen then?
Perhaps the sportsmen throw us in again.

*Palms* — *Ralph Linton*

## TWO TOWNS

There was a mighty city
Upon the isle of Crete.
Its palace had a thousand rooms,
The captains of its fleet
Took tribute from all lands that lay
About the narrow seas;
The merchandise of half the world
Was piled upon its quays.
It stood for twice a thousand years,
Then passed in night and flame —
This much the scholars' spades have shown;
But no man knows its name.

There was a town called Ilium,
A village on a hill,
Where yellow-haired barbarians came
To barter wool and fill
Their open boats with beads and bronze
And oily skins of wine.
A little place, a humble place,
With nothing great or fine —
But Ilium's name is ringing still
Like one clear bugle blown,
And all the chiefs of Ilium
Still walk beside our own.

O great forgotten city,
Sleep in your nameless tomb!
Nor ships, nor gold, nor fighting men
Could turn aside your doom.
O little town of Ilium,
You live among the dead
Because a blind man made a song
With which to win his bread.
Take warning, mighty cities,
And kings of splendid lands:
Be good to singing beggars;
Your fate is in their hands.

*Palms* *Ralph Linton*

## MIRANDA MORGAN

She listened to the click
Of the front picket gate.
John would close it slowly —
It would slam — if it were Nate.

She pinned an oleander flower
In her hair. . . .
Nate would take the sofa —
John would take a chair.

She looked at a portrait
That hung above the organ
And met the eyes
Of her grandfather Morgan.

A horse's hoof-beats
Slowed at the gate. . . .
She wished it wouldn't have to be
John or Nate.

She glanced at the squareness
Of her grandsire's chin
And wished she wouldn't have to say
"Please step in."

Miranda understood
What each one would do —
What each one would talk about
What each one knew.

John would still be planning
To clear the southeast half —
Nate would 'low he'd mabey
Sell a heifer-calf.

The gate didn't click.
She tired of waiting —
Only a night-bird
Sang of mating.

She walked across the parlor
And out to the veranda
Where she heard her name whispered,
"Miranda, — Miranda — ?"
* * * * *
The gate stood open —
There was only the sound
Of faint padded hoof-beats
On distant ground. . . .

Neighbors often wondered
What she saw or heard
In a half-breed Indian lad
Who whistled like a bird.

*Voices* — *Queene B. Lister*

## INDIANS

They wear the squash-flower cut in silver
And carve the sun on canyon walls;
Their words are born of storm and calyx,
Eagles, and waterfalls.

They weave the thunder in the basket,
And paint the lightning on the bowl:
Taking the village to the rainbow,
The rainbow to the soul.

*The Midland* — *Haniel Long*

## PLUMAGE OF FLOWERS

*The Holy Virgin of the Mexicans, called Sochiquetzal, or the lifting up of roses . . .*
*— Soane, p. 56, v. 2.*

*. . . Xochiquetzal, "plumage of flowers"*
*. . . assigned as synonyms Ichpachtli, the Virgin, and Itzpapalotil, the Obsidian Butterfly . . .*
*— Brinton, Rig Vedus Americanus.*

Tetlapan as a poet carried
The lad to the gardens of the sky,
But as a warrior he taught him to praise
The flower that makes men die.

"You have taught me the harp and the battle-shield,
And my heart bleeds; Lord, is it right —
The young men yonder with xilo buds —
To lure them into the night?"

Tetlapan fitted a frontlet of feathers
And polished a song blue as turquoise:
Life was but lent us; how could he find
A way to save the boys?

To-morrow at Palpan, amid the colors,
In the light of dawn a night's march north,
The Aztec had ordered his men to bear
The flower of battle forth.

"The frontlets of feathers, the flowery shields —
Master, you know they will open in vain."
His lord reproved him: "Have I not grieved
To see the young moons wane?"

"The youths, the jewels, will be destroyed.
Master, something is breaking my heart."
His lord reproved him: "Have I desired
To rend my Self apart?"

That night the warriors stole to the north.
"Master, I hear a woman crying."
"What says the woman?" "Alas, alas,
That my flowers might cease from dying."

The night was blacker than jet of raven.
"You shiver, child; what makes you afraid?"
"This woman is weeping for Cactus-Blossom,
Is weeping for Gleam-of-Jade."

"Stop: enter the brush and call her."
The young man faded in earth and sky.
"What comes, child?" "The plumage of flowers,
The wings of a butterfly."

"Only one woman is plumage of flowers,"
Tetlapan muttered. "Naught can be mine
If the Person of Beauty is following us.
Lad, get me a sign."

The young man changed. He went farther away.
"Master, she leads me I know not where:
O master, I feel an obsidian
Butterfly in her hair."

It was Her sign. Said the startled king,
"I'll weave her a garland for her brow —"
"Nay, she says that your buds have withered,
And no one attires her now."

The lad moved farther in the dark.
But the goddess spake to them out of the deep,
And her whisper was like the smoke of petals
Which makes men fall asleep:

"Hark to a bird. It sings by a river;
Sings to me, to the Butterfly.
Make a new flute and follow the bird
And live, and do not die."

"Tell her I promise that after to-morrow
I shed no blood!" But the answer grew
As faint as breath: "She sees you at Palpan,
Face-down in crimson dew."

*Voices* — *Haniel Long*

## ON BEING MADE A PRESENT OF AN ANCIENT CHINESE STIRRUP

The mandarin who set his foot in this,
Rode he in haste, like me, to get somewhere?
Or was he wiser, careful not to miss
A mountain view, a breath of mountain air?

*Palms* — *Haniel Long*

## FIRST SPRING

*Indian Creek, Pennsylvania*

The yellow violets know it up the rills;
And colonies of blood-roots in the groves
Of beeches know it; and the poplar moves
Wise orange tassels; to their crimson tips
The sugar-maples know; and speckled lips
Of bull-frogs, too, gurgling from hour to hour
A chain of sound more silver than a flower.
I know it last, being man; but tiger-heat
Now leaps the rivers from my head to feet,
And standing in a rhododendron jungle
I feel the nerves of lip and finger tingle.
A white mist follows, mixing foam and fire,
And though desirous, I have no desire.

*Palms* — *Haniel Long*

## A SONG FOR ROSETIME

Rosetime, rosetime, rosetime in gardens,
Pink cascades of beauty flowing down the wall,
Red drops of heart's blood spilt among the grasses,
Fabled Gold of Ophir raining over all.

Rosetime, rosetime, rosetime by moonlight,
Still pools of whiteness where pale blooms mass;
Through the silvered hush faint stir of music,
Sound of spent petals falling to the grass.

Roses, roses, roses of poesie,
Sweetbriar and wild rose, musk and eglantine —
Mary's rose for memory, white and red blossoms
Fastened to the swordknots of England's battle line.

Roses, roses, roses for lovers,
Fresh buds of maidenhood scarce yet abloom,
Rosalind, Rosamund, short-loved Rosaline,
Scattering through the book of love a faint perfume.

Rosetime, rosetime, rosetime in memory!
Seasons change, airs chill, and quick flowers fade;
Only in the heart that dreams of the springtime
Roses bloom eternally, Death's hand is stayed.

*The Lyric West* — *Snow Longley*

## FALSE START

Ask me no more of the full flower's speech,
Tell me no more of the ripe fruit's need,
For I am tired of trying to reach the fruit in the seed.

Leave me awhile, and I will recover
In darkness and night.
It was too soon for me to discover growth in the light.

Bear with my weakness, my failure, my pain,
Grant me this — only this darkness I need.
I sicken from sunlight but give me the rain, for I am but seed.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Mabel Dodge Luhan*

## A MERRY HEART: SIX POEMS

*"A merry heart goes all the day,*
*Your sad tires in a mile-a!"*

### DRYAD OF THE PEANUT TREE

I am the dryad of a peanut tree;
Listen to the dogwood bark at me;
I tie my hair with wispy twine,
Skip rope backwards with a peanut vine,
Turn cartwheels by an academic rut,
And tell the world I'm a nut, I'm a nut!

I met a college on a winding hill,
And asked it why it stood so still:
"Join left chimneys, suck in doors,
Throw out your windows, wheel in fours,
Jig on a cornice and you will see
Why is the dryad of a peanut tree!"

I whirled my wisps on the college hill,
Popped Yucatan at the local still,
Told the institution with treesome glee
How to be the dryad of a peanut tree.
The college croaked from its academic rut,
The conclusive words, "You're a nut, nut, nut!"
The frisky sentence, "You're a nut, nut, nut!"

### LOVE SONG

O my starling, my comic anthropoid,
You're my drastic, dull aching void;
You're my highest, 'ambic attitude,
And my purest, vitaminic food!

*O translunar planet mine,*
*O thou more than legal fine,*
*I worship you forever, but*
*Because I am affectionut!*

O my flotsam, my delicate debris,
Jot and tittle, I give my heart to thee!
Sweet neurosis, pedantic and austere,
In my ardor I'd guzzle you, my beer!

*O my transient, lambent cosset,*
*My bright alluvial deposit,*
*I worship you forever, but*
*Because I am affectionut!*

### GOIN' SHOOTIN'

I took me out a-hunting for to bag a gamesome kill,
And hied me to a wilderness inscrutable and still,
Where I spied within a fastness, sanctified and dim,
Seventeen professors on a dead tree limb!

Seventeen professors in sedate, pedantic row,
Discoursing on the dec'rous means to make their college go;
I spotted me a puffy one, protesting over much,
And caught him with a pot-shot, just for such.

He spun and he wobbled and he fell like lead;
Cried, "I oppose the measure," and lay obviously dead,
With atrophied extremities thrust upward in the air,
As edible, apparently, as any mummy's pair.

I chanced another pot-shot, and — lucky accident! —
Another three went toppling, shot in the precedent.
Three noble voices shouted, "For tradition we will die!"
And the feet of four professors pointed mutely at the sky.

But still thirteen professors sat sedately on the limb,
And one spoke of a matter that began to trouble him;
"I trust I am not hasty — though I've not considered long —
In forming an opinion that something must be wrong.

"For if you note statistics, here upon our tree
Are full four less professors than there used to be!"
Amaze, then computation; disputation pro and con;
Until the weighty matter was almost agreed upon,

When five harrassed professors turned up their toes and died—
"We cannot, oh, we cannot bear to actually decide!"
So then the vote was taken, and all were found agreed
That there were less upon the limb than when they first were treed.

"I think we ought to act!" cried one, queer and rather grim,
And a cold convulsive shudder shook the dead tree limb.
"Act? O horror! Horror!" cried all the others then,
"No! No! No! No, never! No, and no again!"

Then I told me it was folly for to shoot such harmless birds,
For they never move from off their perch and injure only words,
And entertain the passersby with habits, quaint and slow,
Discoursing on the dec'rous means to make the college go.

So I took me from the wilderness, inscrutable and still,
And vowed me never any more professors for to kill.
And that lair so intellectual, sanctified and dim,
Holds still some eight professors on the dead tree limb!

### THE GHOSTLING

I had a little ghostling —
  The ghostling of a thought —
Which came into my head one day
  As all ideas ought.

It moved around within my mind,
  Ideas staid disturbed;
It bumped into my principles
  And left them quite perturbed.

It battered up my conscience,
And banged my intellect;
My imagination shattered more
Than I can recollect.

And when that little ghostling
Had finished up with me,
I vowed I'd never think again,
Whate'er results might be!

### A SONG FOR APRIL FIRST

With imagined hoofs I spurn the earth,
(For actual hoofs I've lacked from birth)
And kick up the soil for all I'm worth,
For spring is in my spine, O!

I raise the fins of a psychic state,
(For inheriting fins I was born too late)
And fan the hair on my mermaid's pate,
For spring is in my spine, O!

I ruffle the feathers that grow in my brain,
(Exterior feathers I cannot attain)
And tickle a nose when I should refrain,
For spring is in my spine, O!

I kink the tail within my mind,
(For a tail of my own I cannot find)
And gambol gay where conventions bind,
For spring is in my spine, O!

With mental horns I scratch my back,
(For physical horns I sadly lack)
And butt a hole in the beaten track,
For spring is in my spine, O!

I buds within my head beget,
(A thing no mortal has ever done yet)
And bloom on the grave of etiquette,
For spring is in my spine, O!

### I SING WHILE I WASH THE DISHES

Oh, I must dance a whirligig,
A waltz, a gallop, and a jig,

Dance on my toes,
And on my nose,
And everywhere the music goes.
I stretch my neck and wave my ears,
Till like a windmill I appears,
For I have seen the gooses green,
*For I have seen the gooses green!*

Oh, I must sing like a whole brass band,
Kazoos and callyopes in each hand;
On one leg hop,
Like a lollipop,
That can always start but never stop.
I stretch my neck and wave my ears,
Till like a windmill I appears,
For I have seen the gooses green,
*For I have seen the gooses green!*

Oh, I must shout like a volcano,
A puffing, blowing hurricane-O!
Turn handsprings,
And highland flings,
And fourteen dozen other things.
I stretch my neck and wave my ears,
Till like a windmill I appears,
For I have seen the gooses green,
*For I have seen the gooses green!*

*Midland* — *Thelma Lucile Lull*

## HIDDEN

My garden flowers, I know them all
And yet I cannot tell
The way they grow and bud and bloom —
It's hid from me so well.

I smell their fragrance everywhere,
But never do I see
From whence it comes nor where it goes —
It is a mystery.

And I too am a baffling one:
I do my daily part;
But no one knows me as I am;
I hide within my heart.

*The Poets' Scroll* — *Florence Van Fleet Lyman*

## THE LUTE OF LIFE

Ash and flame, sand and dew
Ever build the lute anew.

Star and sun and seraph wings
Play upon the tauten'd strings.

From the dark and hollow grave
Tidal music, wave on wave.

Sound and silence, shade and shine —
Body of a life divine.

Lute of earth, with human strings —
Upon the cross the spirit sings.

*The Outlook* — *Arvia MacKaye*

## COMMUNION

### I

FIDES

High on a peak of limitless ascent
My soul stood magnificent. —
Endless the spaces that lay beyond,
Fathomless beneath,
And far above — the starless realms
That no man knows.
Silent, serene, subdued with beauty,
Gazed I on Eternity,
And through the inevitable ages stood
And knew no end to time.
A burning soul in a formless sphere
That melted into night,
I stood alone and knew no fear, —
Radiant upon the starless precipice of birth.

### II

NOCTURNE

Night, night, let down your hair
And shut away the stars!

Veil the moon in widowed greyness.
My soul is sad with care.

Night, night, be deep in silence,
Hush the breeze's song.
Hold me to thy breast more closely. —
My soul 's too vast alone.

## III

### TO A MOMENT

O take me, break me,
Maim or make me,
  All shall be joy the same.
One moment hath sufficed to be
The rounding of eternity.

So take me, break me,
Save or forsake me,
  Towering God of flame!
My joy burns on for all to see.
One moment is infinity.

## IV

### A CATHEDRAL

O sinewed shrine of man's desire
Of fire and ashes made,
Pealing organ of the mind —
Vibrant, stark, yet staid!

O creature of the pulsing ages
Vertebrate with pain,
How can I fathom through thy beauty
The groping soul who, slain,

Leapt into frail and perfect grandeur,
Yearning, cold as steel,
Trembling naked in God's tempest, —
The form you now reveal!

O unity that breaks with union,
Strength that weeps in pain,
Mighty symphony of balance
Frail as frozen rain!

Crush not my being into cinders,
Nor too sharp my spirit rend.
Dumb in stunned communion, kneeling,
I seek to comprehend. —

O Man, thy spirit is too mighty,
Thy wisdom is too pure
For thy dumb, crawling, blinded self
To face thee, and endure.

## V

### ETCHING

Wild geese against the evening sky
Rivet through the wind,
Cleaving the molten orange blaze
That spreads with stealth its brassy chill
Behind the bald, black hill.

Honking, konking, calling weird,
They cut their arrowed course
To vanish far amid the fire,
Chanting their haunting hymn of flight,
Wing to wing, into the night.

## VI

### ADSUM

Song of the Sylphin breezes
Caressing the green of the world —
Lucid voices in laughter
Leaping where waters are swirled —

Deep in the tides of a drama
Pulsing with flux and with flow,
Clad with the earth and the ether,
I *am*, that is all that I know.

Fed with pain and with laughter,
Submerged in a dream-lit night,
Chained with flesh and its sorrows,
Yet within I am light.

The spark is imprisoned in matrix,
The corn in the kernel furled,
The moth in the chrysalis' womb, —
And I in the world.

*The Boston Transcript* — *Arvia MacKaye*

## APRIL FIRE

O who shall drive the robin south
When April pipes him down the sky?
Or who shall stop the ploughboy's mouth
From whistling back his shrill reply?
Or who shall stamp the gold-green fire
Back in the sod where Spring has waked desire?

That battle morning long ago
By little Concord's quiet stream
Was lighted by an inward glow
Ancient as earth — a cosmic dream
That, shining forth from clime to clime,
Transforms with plastic life the face of time.

The bee at dawn was first to boom
A boding of the vast event,
Where smoke of early maple-bloom
Rose like an orchard firmament
Over the new-milked cattle, coming
Along green hollows where the grouse were drumming.

And ranks of redwings, circling low
By late snowdrifts in shadowy ground,
And bluebirds, flaming through the blow
Of starry windflowers strewn around,
Flaunted in shining bars and hues
Presagings of the flag that Freedom was to choose.

So, roused upon her battle-ridge,
Quick April poured her quenchless fire
Till flints that flashed on Concord bridge
Struck forth a more than mortal ire
Against the immemorial hand
That clutched with ice her own outwintered land.

For Freedom's will is April's will
And the heart of man is nature's heart,
Whose auricle and ventricle
Pulse with a sap whose surges start
The lobe-seeds of a bursting Power,
Expanding Godward to its destined flower.

Where blooms that goal? — What may it be
That forever yearns for consummation
Of its own essential harmony
In natural law or human nation,
Whereby, through mating tame with wild,
Man's war and concord become reconciled?

Beyond time's calm Acropolis
Looms the wild pass — Thermopylæ,
Where flame the spirit band, whose bliss
In dying was to keep men free.
Out of the loins of such as these
Sprang Phidias — sprang Plato and Socrates.

So from a stubborn boulder-rock
Beside the bridge on Concord road,
Bred of that freedom-sinewed stock
Which wrenched away a tyrant's goad,
Flowered in dream and artistry
Our village prophets of democracy.

Here mused the sweet, sequestered sage
Who guessed Rhodora's secret being,
And one who filled the mirrored page
Of Walden pond with high foreseeing,
And one who wrought of fecund fancy
A scarlet letter with his necromancy.

Such sought and found the flowering goal
Where grandeur springs from simple duty,
Where, healed by balsams of the soul,
The battle-scar is turned to beauty,
And where, outwintering old wrong —
Young April whistles in the robin's song.

## ARS POETICA

A poem should be palpable and mute
As a globed fruit;

Dumb
As old medallions to the thumb;

Silent as the sleeve-worn stone
Of casement ledges where the moss has grown —

A poem should be wordless
As the flight of birds.

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs;

Leaving, as the moon releases
Twig by twig the night-entangled trees —

Leaving, as the moon behind the winter leaves,
Memory by memory the mind.

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs.

A poem should be equal to:
Not true.

For all the history of grief
An empty doorway and a maple leaf;

For love
The leaning grasses and two lights above the sea —

A poem should not mean,
But be.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Archibald MacLeish*

## NOCTURNE

The earth: still heavy and warm with afternoon,
Dazed by the moon

The earth, tormented with the moon's light,
Wandering in the night

Full moon, moon-rise, the old old pain
Of brightness in dilated eyes

The ache of still
Elbows leaning on the narrow sill

Of motionless cold hands upon the wet
Marble of the parapet

Of open eyelids of a child behind
The crooked glimmer of the window-blind

Of sliding, faint, remindful squares
Across the lamplight on the rocking-chairs

Why do we stand so late,
Stiff fingers on the moonlit gate?

Why do we stand
To watch so long the fall of moonlight on the sand?

What is it we cannot recall?

*The Dial* — *Archibald MacLeish*

## THE CURTAIN

Love is dawn,
Dazzling in its beauty,
So have I drawn
A curtain
Woven of work and duty
Across my consciousness;
Have laced the woof with lesser loves
And trivial tenderness,
Have traced the tapestry with treasure
Like a gold cord running through,
And opaque designs of pleasure
To screen love from my view.
But when I chance to break a thread,
I knot it quickly with guilty dread,
Fearful lest the fabric fray
And find dawn faded into day.

*The Harp* — *Eleanor T. MacMillan*

## FLOODGATE

Low, when the western flock is folded,
And the shepherd leans upon his staff,
Grave calm collects where lately scolded
The birds, where shook an eldritch laugh.

Then from the air the dust is driven,
And all particular expelled;
With great intent the skies are riven,
The cricket stopped, the sheep unbelled:

And straight, above the wan horizon,
Slants the white moon in cold distrust,
Casting remote, deflective eyes on
Hills that fill with a silver rust.

No lamp subtends that brave illusion;
In the dark tracery of the night
The hours shiver in soft conclusion,
And the owl begins his flight.

*The Saturday Review of Literature* — *David McCord*

## THE DEAD PAINTER

Day after day he sat beneath these eaves
Daubing colours on a canvas. Here
He dreamed dreams of a time,
Distant and far too dear,
When men should know him for the artist
That he was; when little feet,
Expensively shod, should clatter on his stair;
Swirl of silk, heavy odours of furs
Rouse him to knowledge, intimate and sweet,
That beauty waited with sleek, dark hair,
Heavy white lids, perhaps a touch of kohl,
And eyes whose depths an artist dare not plumb.

Yes, beauty waited on his stair to beg
That he would sell this tiny sketch;
See, there it is, with evening mist
Rosy and chrome,
Splashed by a dead eternalist

Who forgot the transiency of art
And dreamed, yes, dreamed of beauty and of fame:
Of that great picture which would place his name
Above that of his fellows. . . . Now he is dead
These two days and none knew him gone.
His eyes are void and his dreams snuffed out.

Pick up the dusty little canvas;
Beauty will never know he saw her sleek dark head
Outside his door and made his soul the pawn
For her sweet satisfaction.
Let us go out into the sunshine
Where we may corral a swift reaction
From this mood of dreams.

The painter is dead.
Sweep up his broken tubes of lake and gold,
His palette with its dull patinas,
His canvases with green and nacre splashes.
None will ever know his brief dream's end.
He has eternity in his cold heart
And we, — we take the way that seems
More transient than before.
We must forget the painter; he is dead,
And beauty with her sleek dark head
May wait upon some stair for you and me,
Whose vision holds a moment, not eternity.

*The Virginia Quarterly Review* *Virginia McCormick*

## MINISTERING BEES

Think you this topaz powder on the bee
Is accidental, frail or fugitive?
That his sole mission, bumping joyously,
Is for the sweetness that the flowers give?

Such noisy busybodies! See the horde
That riotously swarms, unsatisfied
Till each ambrosial storehouse is explored
And every blossom's treasury well pried.

Not frail nor fugitive this tawny dust
Twinkling on antlered head and brittle wings.

It is the vital element that must
Make fertile through predestined scatterings
My cucumbers. Wise Æsculapian bees,
Not merely honey drunken debauchees!

*The Commonweal* *Virginia McCormick*

## COMPANIONS

Youth had gone from them, taking love,
To leave a crabbed loneliness;
Companionship that makes of life a duelling ground,
The victory never quite to either side.
He leaned upon a cane, ebon and gold,
Was cross or bantering by turns,
Fretful, spoiled child, too bold,
Or ungrown man a little overdisciplined by life.
A twinge of pain would make his face a gargoyle,
Leering at her solicitous and kindly,
Waiting his need of woman,
Gentle yet strong, to follow blindly.

Their mutual attitude
Deceived us many summers
And we saw the old, eternal,
Wedded mummers,
A little weary each of each.
Frail and fine as a rare Oriental vase
She had a bloom upon her like the peach, —
Maybe an ancient apple-tree's last flowers —
Breathing of adolescence still
And sweet with orchard freshness.

I found her once deep in the laurel wood,
Lonely and bowed.
At my first word of greeting tears
Dripped from her wise grey eyes,
The story tumbled from her lips
Without apologies.

"We never married, dear;
We quarrelled and he did not come again.
It was my dearest friend
Who soothed his pain

But failed him finally,
Incapable of love's real sacrifice.
For him I am an echo of the past,
The touch of feminine fingers,
Almost his mother now,
When he is bent by agony,
No longer shamed before me for his cowardice
And knowing that it will be over soon.
We are too old for gossip to have weight,
And we have found each other late,
Too late for ribald tongues to sting.
He has drunk life with all its dregs.
He could not feed upon me in his heart,
Together or apart,
As I on him.
Men of his type miss the realities.
We never are life's wine and bread
To them as they to us.
Good women, the quiet homely ones,
Get them when passion fails.

*We miss the ecstasy of knowledge when it beckons:*
*Our goodness is itself the bar between.*

The pain is bad today; it makes him hate himself
And me a little too, remembering.
Hug tight within your breast the joy of love;
Press close, so close, the secret hidden there;
Love is a precious gift, not the world's plaything.
Youth is all sweet and wild;
Yet for a woman age is well if she
Be needed by a man who is a child."

Softly she touched me;
Lingeringly
Her delicate hand lay like a flower
Upon my cheek. Gentle she was,
Yet as an ivory tower
For strength, I knew that she might break
But never bend, as she went eagerly
Where the maples burn,
To find him waiting, sure only of one thing,
Her ultimate return.

## OUT OF EARTH

Pattern the clouds for a moment
This way or that,
And Heaven or Hell is the difference;
One breath more or less
And a dream slips back into night
Or leaps into song everlasting.
I know that the petals of a violet
Can push the skies apart;
I know that the grass gives the wind its
importance,
The grass and the leaves,
Small things out of earth and the past;
And I, this flesh, this bit of remembering,
I will place a word in the lips of tomorrow,
A thorn in the heel of death.

*The Saturday Review of Literature* — *F. R. McCreary*

## AND THE RIVERS RUN SOUTH

Rivers run south in America —
From the north, and the east, and the west.
Always I must tell you of south-running valleys,
Telling these, I give you my country.
The Arkansas, James, Colorado,
I give you my country exulting,
I give you no couplets.
Can you gather the storm in a raindrop,
The night in a bird-shadow over the noon?
Then neither can you fondle America,
Tied and beribboned in a sonnet.
Things held in the left hand,
Measured with the right hand,
Are things that are dead,
And our country — Ah God, how it lives!
The joy of our rivers running south,
Our river Mississippi, our broad-bosomed father,
Searching and knowing
The length and the span of our being!

I remember looking out from our school,
Looking down a long street with its elms,

And the street went down to a river;
I picked my first violets close to this river,
I saw death the first time, by this river.
I remember a plow taken down from a wagon,
And the fields that began at our doorstep;
I would watch them turned over into a soft breathing darkness,
Dark like the river that ran just beyond them;
Then I would stand guard knowing pain for them,
I would scream for intruders across them,
For they were my own, my America;
I was their lover, I and the river.
And I would run over these fields in the night,
Sinking down in the cool clinging blackness
While the moon would look down at me stumbling,

Lost in my prayers:
"My country, my country."
What squaws stooped along with me then,
Up from the river,
Their hands full of seeds,
Mumbling "America"?
What Braves slog-slogged at the fieldside,
Slogged their foot and thigh rhythm, drum rhythm,
Thumping "America"?
I would fall, and my hands full of earth,
I would run to the house and the fattening lilacs,
The cherry trees waiting and the apples;
There with the moonlight, the shadows,
The music of the river within me,
I would know my America,

Everywhere, always,
I go over rivers —
Down the night-trodden coolness of morning,
Yellow hands of the willows
Bending the winter to April;
Up the thin autumn dusk,
Dead leaves ticking
The last thin breaths of October.
I hear freights in the night
Pushing the darkness
Up hill and down hill and over the rivers
Into stations of dawn.

I know liners tied to wet wharves,
Jostling America,
My country suckling her harbors at the flow of her rivers,
Holding her children,
Holding tomorrow.

Have you gone down the nights on the Mississippi River?
Down the Missouri to the meeting of the waters?
Down the Ohio?
Oh Missouri, Missouri —
What sound and roar of south-pouring water,
Snatching the Yellowstone up from Wyoming,
And across Montana,
Down through the wheat.
Ohio, Ohio, river running over,
Black coal and iron;
Mississippi, Mississippi,
Side-wheeler, raft and canoe —
O hug the plantation and hold the cotton,
Down the nights and down the days,
Down our America,
Rock, and root, and blossom.

Brown hills, thumbs of American mountains —
I see the wild geese flying over,
Writing high the first letter of April,
And I hear them again going back;
The geese go north and the geese return,
But always our rivers run south.

Now I listen to axes in the night,
(Who can hear axes at night without wincing?)
I hear the trees going over,
The fall of old years going down.
I hear hammers in the night,
Riveters' hammers,
I see the quick tossing of flame,
The weaving, the binding, and the growth.
In May are the tulips,
Slow loosening of petals from a center;
And in May the top-story derricks
Lift petals of stone up the mornings.
And the rivers run south in America,
Susquehanna, Savannah,
Merrimac, Red, Alabama.

A walking of many great people, my country,
These men and these women, these lovers and children.
I see them by day in the fields
With the sowing, the reaping, the building;
I see them at night in the cities,
With the lights and the smoke blowing over the lights.
In the morning they go, and the noon,
Down the afternoon slant to the nights,
While the statesmen stand in their park-niches.
(Statesmen of stone and of bronze,
Long ago did they lean over bridges and listen to the water,
Water running south?)

O listen, my country, to the rivers,
Rivers telling of the rain,
The rain at our roots,
Our roots lying south with our rivers,
The rain like our prayers, like our laughter,
Molding yesterday's dust
Into loam for more and more growing:
Lean right, or lean left, they always run south at the end;
They tell you that nothing takes God in an unbending line,
Each tower, each prayer,
Has its curves of remembering, its fear and its laughter —
O listen, my country,
While the rivers run south — do you hear them?

With my right hand, my left hand,
I may give you the moon, I may give you the lilacs —
But always I give you America,
My country, and her rivers running south.

*Voices* *F. R. McCreary*

## WHITE HEN

Then the wind-ruffled white hen of March
Scratched the earth acquiescent,
Did you hear her pleasant cackle at noon
While the weathercocks stretched with their high,
golden airs
Too see if April was coming downstairs?
Now pricked from the sun and the south-turning wind,

Every twig, and bough, and treetop,
Thrust after thrust,
Once and twice and thrice,
At last they have caught it —
Slim-running greenness of April!

But the cry of a bird in the night,
Disillusion of petulant wings,
And the stark buds are still in the moonlight.
Trodden with horses, torn with steel,
Earth lies cold and broken.
Seeds are cold things, chill, white-lipped;
The past has shaped itself smooth and small;
It always sucks at tomorrow.
Still only a moment to pause and to doubt —
Swift, so swiftly,
Sudden my plum trees bare white arms
And carry the moon with them even at noon.
Over the blind black earth of morning
There is trail of white petals,
Splotch of white petals,
Finger marks, earth-loving finger prints,
Cool-handed April and May!

*Voices* — *F. R. McCreary*

## SING, MY POET

And she said, "My poet, sing to me —
Sing of the dimméd heights that only your eyes see,
And of the rains of Hindustan
That never wept till your departure.
Sing of the Chinese musk, and incensed streets,
The cries of beggars on the wharves;
Sing high, and low, around, and over too,
Sing of the world outside of worlds
And of the world where that world grew."

The muse lay in my chamber with me then,
So came a song,
Long, long, and low . . .
I spun the web of fantasy from glow-worm eyes,
And pierced the clotting blood in which the sunset dies.
I drew the clouds into a long, thin line,

And therewith bound the recrudescent heavens in a ball
For my love's fingers
In their play.
I snatched the sunlight from the sun
And spread it on the sea,
That my divine love's beauty
Mirrored there,
Might witness all the puissance
That dwells in me.

The flagellating cat-tails of a marsh
Were plucked by song,
And woven into melodies as soft and still
As the melancholy song of thrushes
Murmuring from the hill.
Then from the crash of thunder and the flash of light
I forged an azure crown
Set with the jewels of heaven, for my love's dear head,
And, lest her velvet brow should chafe
With all its weight,
I lined its starry splendor
With a queen bee's down.

But with perturbed eyes she said again,
"My poet, sing to me."
Then I knew well that though in poesy
I bind eternity,
A bauble at her wrist,
Her woman's vanity would be unmatched,
And still the lustre of her eyes would fret.
For woman would not have the poet tell
Of all the splendor of the skies,
Unless he find that splendor
In the dusk-light of her eyes.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Harry McGuire*

## PHANTOMS

At the end I will bellow my challenge;
Holding my gun on the stoop;
They will come with the hordes of evening
In a silver sloop.

Their faces fantastic and painted,
Revealed to the look of the moon,
Silently they will disembark —
Weird platoon.

Then I will raise my musket
For its last shot;
There will be a sound in the stillness . .
A barrel hot,

The despairing glance of a watered eye
As the smoke clears, and I see
The phantom marchers moving still . . .
Moving upon me.

Cold as the kiss of hell their steel —
Cold as the dread of cost
To a man who has waited to battle his sins
To the last — and lost.

Then he will die at the sword-point
Who knew not how to live,
Who thought his sins were phantoms . . .
God, forgive!

*The Commonweal* *Harry McGuire*

## WINTER BURIAL

Lift . . . and walk! . . . They will shut the door for us.
That must be his child crying. ——
None she ever bore for us.
. . . She was light before for us;
Now a cold lover's weight on hers is lying.

Crunch . . . on snow! . . . Four of us can carry her,
And one can follow weeping.
Only one could marry her;
All of us will bury her . . .
And a cold lover's bed is hers for sleeping.

Lower . . . deep! . . . None of us may lie with her.
We wooed her lips with burning:

Four in turn would try with her;
One would live and die with her; . . .
But her cold lover Death was more discerning.

*Palms* — *LeRoy McLeod*

## THE WILD DUCK

A strange thing, that a lark and robin sky
Should drop a wild duck on a little pond
Where cattle drink! — Strange that a duck should fly
Down here, when there are lakes a day beyond! . .
Slowly it drags across the silken green
Two silver threads — and fastens them quite near,
As if the seam were done . . . Perhaps the sheen,
Reflecting an old moonlight, drew it here.
Strange, that your eye should waver on the sight,
When it has guided death so oft before
To innocence as wild! . . . And stranger still,
A wild duck should withhold its wings from flight —
As if it had no heart for flying more,
And calmly waited, knowing you would kill.

*Palms* — *LeRoy McLeod*

## ADOLESCENCE

### I

White morning, like a frosted window-pane,
Pressed numb the rosy rondure of your face.
A diamond dazzle pricked into your brain
Through eyes like frozen crystals . . . Still your pace,
Undaunted, scissored through the brittle cold
To reach the lone-trod footprints of a man.
Over the silvered snow —— though spent and old ——
Their haste became a lead-rope as you ran.
Iced as the ragweeds now, you stand aside,
And look where, hushed in feathered fall, were pressed
The accents of that unreturning stride . . .
Shivering, you peer behind — as if you guessed
What it might be that lures man's onward track
So urgently beyond its coming back.

II

Like iridescence blown, now here, now there,
Were your perceptions; and they veered and flew
Unmindful of the body borne on air
Till this cold wind of change bedraggled you.
Then strangely troubled at the larger weight,
In Time's bleared April pool you peered, and found
How rude flesh held you, and fled desperate,
Shamed by a wall of mirrors round and round.
Still must you seek to flee this nakedness —
As a caught wildling covers trap and chain;
That strides out boldly, and in sharp distress
Is jerked and thrown, and frantic tries in vain
Yet more . . . and cowers at last to wait in dread,
Mocked by the jays in old boughs overhead.

III

Not like the rounding wave a stone has made,
Rousing from hidden deeps a hoarsened sound;
Nor like the faint stir when a leaf, all browned,
Is by a breeze on cool smooth water laid;
Nor like pool dimples when it rains at last;
Nor like the little wake so quick to follow
The swift kiss of a mirrored evening swallow, —
Was the strange smile that moved your face . . . and passed.
Mirthless it was, in one stark moment seen;
More like an upsurge on a somber pond
When, down beneath, a shape we never know,
Flounders and dives in haste to denser green.
And all the while your unlit gaze beyond
Was dark with secrets as the depths below.

*Palms* — *LeRoy McLeod*

## PENELOPE

Penelope never has raveled as I have raveled;
She never has fashioned the fabrics that I have spun;
And neither her heart nor her lover has traveled as mine has traveled
Under the sun.

Her web of delay, deliberate, passionate, splendid,
Was tense with allurement, I doubt not; was wet with tears;
But love found it raveled, unfinished — a burial robe — and
ended
Those piteous years.

My fingers run wildly through warps of bewildering wonder,
Or dream over woof of caught silence or sudden song;
They tighten on patterns of laughter or fear that is stricken
thunder! —
O Love, how long?

Is it naught that I pause in my web as yon suitor woos me,
That I ravel at night with regret the design of day,
That loneliness sickens, grief dazes, and doubt pursues me
With You away?

With a lifetime of years do I lash myself to You and bind You,
Do I dare all the seas of the world without compass or star;
Past the lands of Calypso and Circe and Scylla I seek You
and find You,
Be it never so far! —

So I fare on the deific pathway my Love has traveled
As I fashion the web that Penelope could not have spun,
And ravel the heavenly robe of delay that she could not have
raveled
Under the sun.

*The Commonweal* *Sister M. Madeleva*

## ON THIS CONDITION

Oh, do I love you? Yes, to be brief and plain.
But from my window, if the day is clear,
See that far mountain, lonely and austere,
Flush into gradual wonder, where has lain
Passionless, pallid snow. Almost like pain
Rose-splendid radiance wraps it in beauty sheer
As the sun kisses it — wait, wait, my dear —
And passing, leaves it virgin white again.
When we have reached those heights of calm surrender
Where white integrity and love are one,
Then you may compass me with utter splendor,

Nor shall we need to wish our joy undone;
Then you may kiss me, love, or tense or tender;
Then you may shine on me, being my sun.

*The Saturday Review of Literature* — *Sister M. Madeleva*

## THE STREET MASHER

What was it in my eyes that made you wait
And turn upon the street when I went past?
You followed me — I felt you hesitate —
And then I heard your footfalls near at last.
I glanced at you a time or so — I hate
To be presumed a flirt. Was there surprise
Upon my face when I saw you along?
I felt the wind low-whispering a song
Of mischief. . . . When I saw the dog and child
And stopped to speak to them, I tried to show
That I loved children and not men at all.
(I always talk to children that I meet.)
You watched — I felt your unbelieving smirk —
And still you followed when I turned to go.
You walked behind to watch me climb the stairs
Before the Court of Children, where I work.
Disgusted that I strive at saving tears,
You madly stalked away and down the street,
Your coat-tails switching angrily in time.

Perhaps at midnight when my night-bell rings
(It is a dirge and not a song it sings)
Outside my door, a thin girl in her teens
With little streaks of tears between the paint
Will stand and shiver till I let her in —
Her thoughts not more than what a child's would be.
Perhaps you followed her when you left me.

*Contemporary Verse* — *Helen Emma Maring*

## MAY MORNING

*It must have been May Morning when the world was made.*
*— Old Provencal Chanson*

Fancy the rapture
Of being there
When the world was made!

Of hiding somewhere
In the lavender shade,
And seeing the stars,
Like a dryad's hair,
Untwined and twinkled
And sprinkled through
A sky of jade,
Becoming beneath their silvering
A tremulous blue.

Magnificent, too,
To watch the mountains come bubbling up
And the valleys beneath them like a cup,
Catching the timorous, tear-like streams,
That trickled from heaven
And God-of-Dreams.

Or in tangled Eden
To see Him touch
With His finger-tips
(His holy hand would have been too much)
A figure of clay,
Its cheeks, its lips,
While a covey of cherubs scurried away
In rapt surprise
At the sight of a soul
In the clay thing's eyes,
And they
Opening
On Paradise.

Or Eve, perhaps,
Her hair still wet
With the frosts of heaven
And the dewy sweat
Of the Hand that made her from Adam's side
And placed her there,
Murmurous, wonder-eyed,
To be his miracle,
Temptress,
Bride.

Fancy the nuptials,
The seeing her nod
At the clean, green world,

And Adam,
His body white on the damp, new sod . . .

That would be rapture,
Alchemy,
God.

*The Boston Transcript* — *Earl Marlatt*

## ICARUS

(*To the late Woodrow Wilson*)

Icarus made himself wings
To baffle a Minotaur.

Icarus made himself wings
And fastened them with wax
To his lithe young body,
To his white young shoulders.

Icarus rose on wax-joined wings —
Above the labyrinth,
Above the Minotaur —
Into the farthest blue.

Icarus saw the patch-work world at his feet
And watched it fade away . . .
Daring to fare on skyey pilgrimage,
To dream
Of brotherhood with the sun.

Icarus outstripped the clouds.
Icarus scaled the swart palisades of the sun,
Only to wince as scorching wax
Blackened his white young shoulders,
As loosened wings swished futilely
Along his lithe young body.
Icarus clutched at the sun
And fell —
The dream-light frozen in his eyes —
Tortured,
Seared
Through clinging veils of cloud
And shrouding weariness,
Into sepulchral foam . . .
Green gloaming . . .
Sea-weed and . . . silence.

The sea-gulls battened on his corse
And screeched
When the bone-dust tickled their throats.
And serpents played hide-and-seek
Through his skull.

But the West Wind,
Blowing,
Sowing,
Scattered the fragments of a dream
Over the furrowed sea.

Icarus made himself wings.

*Year Book of Poems, A. L. A.* *Earl Marlatt*

## MOON-MAIDEN

(*A Vision of the Texas Rangers*)

Fire cracked dry brush on the level sand.
Incense of bacon curled
To whatever twilight god was there
At the edge of the world.
In a clean desert sky, the earth
Was as still as a velvet flower
In one vast shadow curving outward
In its full-blown hour.
The moon rose, a golden pistil
Between petals of the hills,
Shaking the shaded mass of land
To softly flowing rills.
It spangled six bluff Rangers
Relaxed by their dying fire.
They talked of Indian battles
As it swayed higher.

But the quiet earth shivered in her sleep,
And in the moon
A witch stirred yellow poison
With an onyx spoon.

"How strange the sky becomes tonight!
What cloud-mist curvets there,

Entangling stars, as if the moon
Had wild up-streaming hair?"
A stillness smothered in their words.
Against a sultry flare
Of light, lizards streaked the sand,
Swift shadows in the glare.
A tongue of darkness lapped the moon;
The still gaze of twelve eyes
Was fixed upon its lurid rift
In quiet surmise.
The crevice held a sudden form
Within its cloudy frame.
A maiden stood before them,
Her body like a flame.

As in a trance, they saw her shining
Limbs as smooth as bronze;
They felt her proud gaze holding them
With cabalistic bonds.
The amber jewels in her belt
Seemed lurking panther's eyes;
Her filmy skirt, like smoke, flowed down
Her gleaming thighs.
At her side a quiver of arrows hung;
At her back a bois d'arc bow;
Her breasts were bound with polished shells
Of a pale vermillion glow,
Like knives of jet from chasmic pools,
Her eyes flashed haughtily;
Like a crimson bow pulled slowly taut,
Her lip moved scornfully.
She laid three arrows at her feet.
Weird, then, from her hollow form,
Between her parted lips came sound
Like a distant rushing storm.
It swelled to mingling voices
In low-throbbed incantations,
Like the lift and fall of echoed yells
Of Indian nations.
The tumult sank to emptiness
And at its murmuring wane,
She flung her arms in a sweeping arc
To the far-horizoned plain.

"Why point to the far-horizoned plain
When your face is all I see?
A murky darkness closes in
And your eyes are all I see. . . .
Is it fire that's slanting through your soul
And flickers in your glance,
Like ghosts that waver eerily
To a devil's dance?"

A distant boom reverberated
And a dim light flashed blue.
Thunder shattered the still tableau;
Lightning splintered through.

Taught muscles leaped, gun-barrels flashed,
Dazed eyes looked wildly where
The girl had stood, and found no thing
But empty air.

"Where is this she-devil squaw?
Damn her! Don't gape and stand.
Off there! And find what Indians
Are crouching along the sand."

The Rangers' eyes held visions yet.
They shuddered at the sky.
The land lay blank under restless sage
And a hoot owl's cry.
The rocks gave up no hidden thing;
No fires let signals fly;
With many a muttered oath and curse,
The search moved stealthily.

Slowly a sulphur light crept toward
The jagged-burning stars;
Wearily dipped the paling earth
Through cloudy bars.
Far thunder stumbled down the void
And in the sinking moon
A witch stirred yellow poison
With an onyx spoon.

*The Buccaneer* — *Ruth Maxwell*

## AS IN A GLASS

### I. TIME

Through this dark cavern I carry a torch to light me,
Walking within a little circle of brightness;
Behind me the shadows dwindle away;
Ahead they tower above me;
And I pass along with my torch.

You are safe in the dark, you are far in the past behind me;
It is only the flickering of my torch that makes these menacing shadows.
If I dared dash that flame to the ground and put out the glare that blinds me,
Could I not then look back and see, by another light, dim in the darkness,
All the things I have known and those I shall know, —
Enduring together?
Should I not then see you, still standing beside me,
And past and present and future,
One, and not three?

Casting a flickering ray behind and before me,
Lighting a wavering circle about me,
Time is the torch I carry in my hand.

### II. SPACE

I could not reach you and I heard you call.

There were miles and miles between us:
Miles of streets where I used to go carrying bundles
Back and forth, back and forth, never settled, between us;
Miles of words — futile attempts at understandings —
Blocking the road, piling up obstacles higher and higher.
Once I could leap them, afterward wearily climbing and stumbling
To reach your door;
And when I finally reached it,
The door was bolted against me.

I heard you call — but the miles had lengthened to world's end.
I could not reach you nor help you. I turned away, —

And there, *there*, was your house and your door wide open;
And there were you — with your hand reaching out to me.

### III. MOTION

My hand drew back a curtain.

There was a morning and there was a springtime,
Palest green with a ripple of running silver,
Running backward, away.
There was a child with a windy cloak in an arbor;
All things slipped away from her, one after another,
Slipping backward, away.
Last, the child, and with her the morning and springtime
All slipped backward, away.

Where they went, all dead splendors had gone before them.
My hand dropped from the curtain suddenly . . .

And there, standing up in the sky, were arches of April,
Ripple of green and the pale gold buds of forsythia;
Young streams starting and ripple of silver;
All lost treasures of spring and the early morning;
And there in the arbor
Was the child with a windy cloak.
My hand, that pushed back the curtain, made all the motion;
My own hand, pushing back the curtain, was all that moved.

### IV. CHANGE

I looked for you in the place where you had been,
And I could not see you.
I ran about wildly, trying to find you;
I could not find you.
I waited — deceiving myself — for you to come;
But you did not come.
Then I threw myself on the ground where your footprints had lain;
My eyes were blinded. I hid my face in the grass.

Eyes, eyes, that cannot hold a vision steadily,
Not even the most familiar form when it suffers the aëry change!

Light crept up out of darkness,
As through water, as in a glass; —
Long stems of lilies, dim whiteness of petals wavering,
As through water, as in a glass; —
Then you — in the old place standing — and smiling —
As through water — as in a glass —

*The Independent* *Clara Platt Meadowcroft*

## LATE AUTUMN, EARLY WINTER

Late autumn, early winter . . . Down the mothless
Evening I fear the flick of ghostly wings
Through that faint falling silver where the deathless
Tide of the dead moon swings.

I fear the sleepers in the desolate garden —
Purple and gold and blue — How shall they cease
Their thoughts of flame? Would they not cast the burden
Of brittle winter peace,

The little cold, the doom so light to sever —
Burst in a blaze of color through the shell
Of winter witchery till sleep gives over
The shattered sullen spell?

Late autumn, early winter . . . I fear this glimmer
Of creeping frost, this delicate half-death.
Beneath it all the savage fires of summer
Live without breath.

*The New Republic* *Marjorie Meeker*

## SONG

O beauteous April, whom too often choral
Raptures accompany with faded praise,
You were foresworn by me long since — Your floral
Bewitchments do not snare my nights and days.

This faint diminished singing springs unwanted
Alas, most subtle season, through what art?
Is it an ancient echo comes undaunted?
Is it the plaining of a broken heart?

And yet that heart, I know, is finely metaled
Over with peace and pride; the sealed bright core
Will not be twice unfolded, O false-petaled
Month, to such bitter bloom as once you bore.

*Voices* — *Marjorie Meeker*

## THE UNWARY HEART

Now the glittering dust of pain
Cobweb-light is on my days,
Do not haste, O heart, again
From your grief in gallant ways.

Though the charities of time
Fold charmed wings about you, heart,
There are hills of night to climb
Yet, O friend, before we part.

Do not rise, my heart, again
Singing in so-rash unreason . . .
In new petalage of pain
Darkling beauty holds her season.

*Voices* — *Marjorie Meeker*

## NIGHT

No roofs are here to mark the roll of heaven,
Blue lifts to blue that only stars dare pin;
Across the carven death-cold moon, like mourners,
Pale clouds skin.

The pines, great weary gods, have gone to dreaming
And faintly, lest the mood of evening mar,
Thin cricket calling silvers down the silence
Like a scar.

In some such hour too big for human holding,
Old ape men once, I think, surveyed the night
And yearned with all their savage souls for coming
Candle light.

*The Harp* — *Mildred Plew Merryman*

## TO A CERTAIN RICH MAN IN A CASTLE

These lovely things you never quite possess —
  Remains one door your gold has never swung!
These proud old panes that rich the dim recess
  Where centuries have brushed their wings and clung;
  This carving and these pages dark with dung
Of years that only chrome their mellowness;
These lovely things you never quite possess —
  Remains one door your gold has never swung!
One sesame that roots in deep duress
  You had no time to tend when you were young,
And though, today, a scutcheon takes your press
  And roses twine for you the ancient rung,
These lovely things you never quite possess —
  Remains one door your gold has never swung!

*The Lyric* — *Mildred Plew Merryman*

## NIGHT RIDE

Rough was the road that groped the everglade;
I took the sea road polished like a jade.
Down swung the sun like a lantern on a wire;
Flame broke from it and the sea caught fire.
Torn lay the lantern in the dim dusk-fall,
Faint along the water came a wild bird call.
Night blew bigger and the surf song thinned,
Proud old palm trees pattered in the wind;
But this was the riddle that the wheels hummed low:

"Where did the humpy little rough road go?"

*The Step Ladder* — *Mildred Plew Merryman*

## NOEL

Bless all the little white things, Holy Mother:
Dream a white magic on the winter roofs,
Spread a wide net for silver reindeer hoofs,
Blow the soft wood smoke up the chimney-throat,
Twist it in waves against the blue-moon-boat;
Spill the hoar frost, like slanting silver rain

In fairy cities down the window-pane;
Touch the horned owl, the rabbit, and the mouse,
The silver pheasant, and the timid grouse —
All sweet wild things, tonight, which seek the cover.
Bless all the little white things, Holy Mother.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Margaret Moore Meuttman*

## FLAME

I am cold as milk-white stone,
Snow for blood and ice for bone.
Goddess, thaw this chill of death —
In my nostrils breathe your breath!

*Mortal, framed of icy bone,*
*Blest is woman carved of stone!*
*I can give what you desire —*
*Breath of life and blood of fire.*
*Take, oh, take not what I proffer!*

Goddess, I take what you offer!
Paint my cheek until it glows
With the scarlet of the rose —
Warm my breasts, encarnadine
These hard, frigid lips of mine —
Tint the ivory of my flesh.
In my stiffened tresses mesh
Golden arrows of the sun!

Take my lips, Pygmalion!
Ah, sweet Goddess, see! the fire
In my veins rise high and higher!
See the mad flames leap and dart,
Piercing, smothering my heart!

* * * * *

Goddess, shield me! Hide my face!
Once again I ask your grace!

*You, who once were ice and stone,*
*I have given blood and bone,*
*I have given flame and fire!*
*What, then, is this new desire?*

Of those gifts you gave me, all
Turned to wormwood and to gall,
And that devastating, rash
Flame has burned itself to ash!
You, who made of ice this bone,
Turn, oh, turn me back to stone!

*The Lyric West* — *Edith Mirick*

## WHEN GRAZIELLA SINGS

There is a tender little song you sing,
Rhymed by some gentle, long passed vagabond,
Who in an age forgotten, vanished Spring,
Passing a quiet, lily 'broidered pond,
Seeing with kindly eyes the birds alight,
And all the woodsy gentlefolk about;
Lying among the friendly leaves at night,
Watching the tranquil stars creep mildly out
To peer at their reflections cautiously;
Hearing the peaceful nocturne of the trees
And breathing hidden flowers' witchery —
A-tremble with the age-old thrill of these
Wove in his raptured heart — your melody.
And in that little moon-enchanted strain
Repeated in your magic voice to me,
The gentle dreamer lives, I think, again.

*Muse and Mirror* — *Charlotte Mish*

## IN THE LOUVRE

And then I saw her!
  Somehow, suddenly,
My eyes, my own eyes, unbelievably,
Beheld her I had come so far to see!

I was not dreaming, no!
  I looked to where
The lovely, armless thing with parted hair
Had always been . . . in dream. And she was there!

Serene, aloof,
  In her recess, alone —

Behind her, velvet of a sombre tone —
The inexpressible, expressed in stone!

Perfection,
  By some ancient master wrought
In marble — by his passion, toil and thought
From formlessness to mortal vision brought!

Eternal beauty,
  Dreamed and fashioned then —
To gladden earth forever — even when
The dream has died in hearts of living men!

Immortal grace
  Of lines that curve and flow,
To mock at schools of art that come and go
And little, mouthing men who claim to know!

And now, remembering her,
  I muse and smile
At all of those mutations we call style —
And I am comforted a little while!

*New York Times* — *Roselle Mercier Montgomery*

## "I SAW THREE TEMPLES"

*The three ruined temples at Paestum, in lower Italy, are all that remains of the Greek city of Posidonia, which flourished there in the sixth century B.C.*

I saw three temples, dead and desolate,
Between the purple mountains and the sea.
About them lay a level, lonely plain
Where bloomed the flower of death, the asphodel,
Above an ancient city buried there.

Upon the plain a placid peasant drove
A brace of milk-white oxen to the plow,
Across the sunken city's walls and towers,
Upturning carelessly the fallow dust
That time had made of Posidonia . . .

I watched the plowman bend to toss aside
Some fragment that had struck against the blade.
Was it the shattered image of a god —
One of the long-forgotten gods whose shrines
Stood vast and vacant there before my eyes,
In beauty terrible?
Beholding them,
I heard the thunder of the centuries;
I glimpsed again the splendid, ancient days,
When, by the grace of great Poseidon,
This buried city's ships bestrode the waves;
When far-off harbors knew her daring sails;
When there was noise and commerce in her streets.

I heard the singing in the temples there,
The chanting priests, the lowing bullocks wreathed
For sacrifice, the shouting worshipers
Who flung their supplications and their prayers
Up to the gods — the gods so quiet, now,
Beneath the furrows of the peasant's plow,
So silent there below the asphodel.

Only the bare, brown columns, standing stark
Against the unremembering sky, remain
Between the purple mountains and the sea —
Three lonely temples on a level plain . . .
And all about them blooms the flower of death!

*New York Times* *Roselle Mercier Montgomery*

## ON THE DARING OF MAN

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE III

O Vessel bearing Virgil Greeceward now,
May Cyprian Venus, Lady of the Sea,
And Helen's starry brothers guide thy prow —
May no wind but the west wind blow on thee!

Thou owest Virgil to the Attic shore!
He was but lent to thee, that prince of men,
Who is the half of my own heart — and more —
O bring him safe back to the land again!

I marvel at the hardihood of man!
A heart of oak, thrice bound with brass had he
Who first before the angry billows ran,
In his frail bark, upon an untried sea.

In teeth of fierce contending waves — unheeding
If they blew North or South or East or West;
If they were fair or foul, he still went speeding,
His daring spirit eager for the quest.

Naught could deter him who adventuring roved!
On turbid seas, on monsters of the deep,
He looked with dry, undaunted eyes — unmoved —
And on Ceraunian, ill-famed and steep!

In vain for all-wise Jove to put the sea
Between far lands and haply thus divide them,
If man, in fearless barks, dares impiously
To cross and conquer oceans and deride them.

Thus daring did Prometheus bring down fire
From heaven to men — the fire that brought no blessing
To earth with it, but rather, fevers dire
To haste the feet of Death, already pressing.

So Daedalus dared, too, forbidden things —
For it was not intended man should fly! —
When, mounting Heaven itself on waxen wings,
He soared the ether of the far, blue sky!

And in that task which he was bent upon
So, hammering at Hell's gate, Hercules
Burst through the barriers of Acheron —
Is aught past human daring — after these?

Shall patient Jove spare such impiety
For long? Will he not let his lightnings fall
In some dread day of doom? Oh, shall not we
For our audacity thus perish, all?

*Contemporary Verse* — *Roselle Mercier Montgomery*

## AN INVITATION

The sun has neatly varnished
At no small cost
Pine-needles that were tarnished
By too much frost,

And starched without a quandary
The day and its environ
That drops of dew will laundry
And slabs of wind will iron,

And shined the crabbed apples
As though they weren't shrunk,
And charged the black dapples
To hide in the trunk,

And sprayed the common yarrow
With fumigating gold,
Warning her slave, the sparrow,
To chirp as he was told,

And dusted with bright talcum
The convex of her face,
And graved a note of welcome
On a card cut out of space,

That reads, "My somewhat aimless,
O won't you honor me
By coming to my nameless
And clear festivity?"

I think the note was dated
Today. . . O sandals, run! —
For tho my eyes are weighted,
I can't offend the sun!

*Voices* *Virginia Moore*

## MUMBLIN' MOTT

Delightedly devoid of useless brain,
Mad Mott had made a crony of the rain
And knew no rival: now they stood apart,
Mumbling a crooked beauty, heart to heart,
Inside a soaking cotton field. The wet
Droll dusk of his demented face was set
Child-like against the measured silver slant
Of his uncalculated confidant.

The chill rain taunted Mott: "You haven't wit
Enough to leap into a lightning slit!"

Mott dipped his eyes. Determined thunder shed
Hostility upon a woollen head
Grinning like chippies. Then a yellow shot
Of lightning hit the heels of mumblin' Mott.
— And I who heard his laughter seemed to smell
A whiff of dark deceptive asphodel.

What is this carcass with a grinning head,
Buried, and rained upon, and dug up dead?
Here where the weevil and the boll have lain
Mad Mott accepts the challenge of the rain
Unfalteringly, his rags upon a back
No less exuberant for being black.
And I, bleached white and sane, can envy Mott
Who had the sense to be an idiot!

*The Yale Review* — *Virginia Moore*

## SLEEP

There is quick-sand in sleep, and quick-silver,
Seven fathoms of inert bog. . . .
I sink to my waist in coma
And flounder in silver fog.

A stupor enveigles my marrow,
While quagmires of silver deceit
Insist on a silver surrender
And suck at my padded feet.

In a moment my soul will sag, sullen,
Indifferent, my opiate hand:
I shall lie like a nugget of silver
In a coffin of temporal sand. . . .

*Voices* — *Virginia Moore*

## SEEN AND UNSEEN

A marble courtyard
Dazzling with yellow sunlight,
Great green-bronze peacocks
Puffed with pride,
Displaying their burnished beauty
To an admiring crowd

Who love purple and arrogance . . .
Little white doves of truth
Unnoticed on the chill marble.

*The Commonweal* *John Richard Moreland*

## WHEN I AM DEAD

When I am dead
Robe not my dust in raven raiment
Bitter with the tears of the sweat-shop.

Neither give it a pall
Of black loam six feet thick
Embroidered with white worms,
And creeping things unspeakable.

Nor would I have
A mantle of cold stone
On which snails will write my epitaph
In silver slime.

Through white fires of anguish
Came I to this kind land of kisses;
Through opalescent flames would I go
Seeking that strange country
Of love, youth and endless beauty.

Comrade am I of the dune and sea,
Friend am I of the cloud and rain,
Brother am I of the hills and trees,
Lover am I of the sun's gold flame!

When I am dead —
Give me a shroud of crimson blaze,
And a sepulchre of blue sea . . .
Bid me bon voyage!
And let me go the way
Of a viking!

*The Archive* *John Richard Moreland*

## "I LOVE ALL THINGS THAT CLUSTER ROUND THE SEA"

I love all things that cluster round the sea:
Sand-dunes wave washed, and glad wild wings that beat
Against the wind, the flash of children's feet,
Rude huddled huts, driftwood, grass blowing free,
Seines in the sun and spars of hickory,
Great ships slow moving, and boats small and neat,
Old mossy wrecks that once were sound and fleet,
Half hidden by a pine or bayberry tree.
But when the tired feet have homeward gone,
And from the huts blue smoke curls towards the sky,
And yellow lights gleam on the waters gray,
There comes a peace as soothing as the dawn
As one by one the little boats go by
And drop their anchors in the quiet bay.

*The Archive* — *John Richard Moreland*

## COMFORTER AND COVER

Not having one dream
  I would have no other,
Then I drew about myself
  Comforter and cover —

And having come to weariness,
  It was good to lie
Down upon a quiet bed
  And neither turn nor sigh,

But have it soft below
  And feel it warm above,
And in the sweet of weariness
  Forget the sweet of love!

*Palms* — *Jane Morrill*

## AN OLD MAP

How small and arrogantly safe that world
  Da Vinci loved and Polo knew!
Mothered by Mediterranean sands it curled
  In lazy splendor where a Roman eagle flew.

So stood my heart, an empire of disdain,
Gibraltar, perched above smooth seas of blue,
Until horizons cracked in hurricane
Disclosed the continent of *you.*

*Voices* *Elizabeth Morrow*

## LOT'S WIFE

If you would sing of heroes, sing of her
For she was young and dauntless, unafraid
In Sodom's chaos; nothing could deter
That backward look where beating brimstone played;
Those loyal eyes cost her brief flesh and blood.
Tell us no tale of shame or wickedness
Only how faith and courage at the flood
Became a white and shining loveliness.
So let the gleaming pillar on the plain
Rebuke safe cowards running from the past:
They make no salt beneath a fiery rain,
No savor of their little deeds will last.
But when Lot's wife put on her crystal shroud
The sky saluted and Prometheus bowed!

*Harper's Magazine* *Elizabeth Morrow*

## CHEEK OF JUNE

Roses are red for Summer's blood runs sealed
Through root and seed, through stem and petalled wing,
Like scarlet banners on a sullen field
Their color stabs the frightened green of spring.
Forgotten altars leaping to a flame
Are not more ardent when the spark is bred
Than quiet gardens startled to the same
Sweet throb of triumph when a rose runs red.
Here Summer's hasty passion ebbs and flows
Flushing the cheek of June for a brief hour
With fragile loveliness perfection knows
As if all beauty blossomed in one flower.
So lovers give a red rose when they part,
Knowing they pledge their faith in Summer's heart.

*Voices* *Elizabeth Morrow*

## AUTUMN NOCTURNE

Listen how low the rain is singing there,
More to itself than any other thing,
For never leaf or blossom, now, will care
What song of all her songs the rain will sing.
For thus the summer world is sung asleep,
Hearing the quiet rainfall on the ground,
Fainter . . . and faint — till slumbers grow too deep
For listening any longer to this sound.
Tomorrow I shall see, as I go by,
How leaf and petal, delicately curled,
Are drowned in sleep and lost to earth and sky,
Where nothing is remembered from the world,
But all things are forgotten that were plain —
Even this last-heard, drowsy sound of rain.

*The Nation* — *David Morton*

## SUMMER SKY

God, that a sky should be as blue as this,
As grave and beautiful and filled with light
For those far-faring birds whose way it is
To lose themselves at last in lonely flight!
And yet, so much my own, so dear, so dear
Is all a summer sky may be or do,
That though I shut my eyes it still is here,
As beautiful as ever, and as blue.
There, with its hidden stars, its lonely birds,
And here in me, no less, by day, by night,
Aye, even in this poem as I write,
Spreading its blue again above these words —
So that I half expect, as day declines,
To see the stars look out among these lines.

*The New Republic* — *David Morton*

## THE DYING POET

During this hour shadows touch his eyes,
For he has turned his back upon the sun.
Lo, now he dies, as any other dies

Who has not wandered far, as he has done,
Beyond the blood-marked roads of beasts and men,
Up to a pale field curved against the sky,
Writing of Beauty, with a golden pen,
Finding new shapes of love to deify.

Bare are his hands that once wore Beauty's rings,
Yet proud his pale kissed mouth, and sweet his hair
To which the fragrance of her touch still clings.
Weary of love, and all things frail and fair,
He lies, at last, upon an austere bed,
And though low voices praise his classic style,
And though soft fingers fall upon his head,
He does not care; he does not turn, nor smile.

'Tis safe to bring him now a budding flower,
Or lay a small soft bird upon his breast;
He shall no more slay hour after hour,
Seeking a word of magic to suggest,
Vaguely and faintly, his delight of such
Bewildering things, and not again shall be
Startled or stabbed by Beauty's sudden touch,
Nor serve her with his former gallantry.

What do you say to him, all you who come
In sombre garments? Oh, what do you say,
Since the sweet singing youth is stricken dumb,
And cannot shame you now as yesterday
He shamed you for your false and foolish words?
What could you say that he might understand,
Whose loved ones were the flowers and the birds,
Whose hands ne'er drooped beneath a human hand?

See, he is glad to die; he does not call
For music nor for wine nor anything;
From these veiled eyes no more bright glances fall,
From these still lips no rapturous murmuring.
Slowly he seeks the earth, as others seek
Grandeur and charm; and this shall be his gain;
Not Beauty's touch again to mark his cheek,
Nor Beauty's voice again to teach him pain.

*The Commonweal* *Helene Mullins*

## THE DAWN-STAR MAIDEN AND THE HONEY-BLOSSOM BLUES

Sing us a dance in jazz-land numbers
Of the honey-blossom blues!
Dance us a song of the Dawn-Star Girl
When the high noon slumbers
In the meadows of remembrance
And the slow angels twirl;
In the meadows of remembrance
Sing the honey-blossom blues.

The hour of her advancing
Is perilous with light,
For the swiftness of the glancing
Of her silver shoes of night
Has stilled the angels' dancing
To the quietness of trees
In the meadows of remembrance
Where our hearts are honey-bees.
The measure of her dancing
Is the measure of the world;
Cities gather, nations wonder
As her starry feet are twirled;
And the flower of her dancing
Is the blossom of the dawn —
Is a honey-suckle blossom
In the meadows of the dawn.
In the meadows of remembrance
Star-dawn and glinting shoes —
In the meadows of remembrance
Dance the honey-blossom blues!

Oh sun-flower thought,
Oh wind on-rushing,
Beauty half-caught,
Dawn-star flushing.

Oh mesa of our longing where our skyey dreams have fled,
Oh rocks of vanished thunder on horizons of the dead,
Oh child born dreaming of the dances yet to be,
Oh swift thoughts clustered in the godhead of a tree,
Oh tiny rootlets grasping the darkness of the sod,
Oh sheen of blossom-music from the carillons of God!

She is land beyond all rivers,
She is children gone to bed,
She is life that pays forever,
She is wisdom of the dead,
She is dust that is life spoken,
She is rustling of wings,
She is sinking hands of sunset,
She is what the dawn-star sings,
She is homelessness of beauty,
She is sunlight searching graves,
An everlasting wonder
And the peace that each man craves
In the meadows of remembrance
When the honey-humming bees
Rouse the murmur: "Death is worship, death is worship"
In the Quaker hearts of trees.

Oh sun-flower thought,
Oh wind on-rushing,
Beauty half-caught,
Dawn-star flushing.

Oh Dawn-star maiden
With feet star-laden,
In the meadows of remembrance
Dance the honey-blossom blues!

*Contemporary Verse* *Charles R. Murphy*

## SINGING DEATH

"Brown, brown, brown, brown, gold —"
(Locusts singing,
Singing death)
"Brown, brown, brown, gold —"
(Shuttles flying)
"Brown, brown, brown, gold — "
(Spinning the thread
Of eternal dying)
"Brown, brown, brown, brown, gold — "
(Locusts singing,
Singing death.)

Some of them are angels singing in the grass,
Weaving in chorus a carpet for their God,
Weaving a pathway for their God to pass,

Whistling for courage, jealous of the sod
That has God's silence and keeps God God.

Some of them are angels singing in the grass,
Weaving in chorus a carpet for their God,
Weaving a pathway for their God to pass,
Weaving in gold for Him who trod
Past the frost-silence, a meek, near God.

"Brown, brown, brown, brown, gold — "
(Locusts singing,
Singing death)
"Brown, brown, brown, gold — "
(Shuttles flying)
"Brown, brown, brown, gold —"
(Spinning the thread
Of eternal dying)
"Brown, brown, brown, brown, gold —"
(Locusts singing,
Singing death.)

*Voices* — *Charles R. Murphy*

## PAN IN WINTER

Yours is a pretty gesture, to dismiss
Habiliments of luxury, to trill
Your wind-reeds down a vale of daffodil
Beneath the Athenian Acropolis;
With gamboling flocks, in your bucolic bliss
Of Arcady you rule the woods, until
My thought intrudes — within what cave of hill
Do you defy the blast of boreal hiss?
I cannot tolerate the cruel idea
That your nude breast must meet a wintry wind,
Your dancing hoofs be numb, and ice coerce
Your song-lips' hush. For Pan a panacea! —
Come to my hearthstone when you are snowblind,
And I shall warm you with a glowing verse.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Benjamin Musser*

## OF A CERTAIN POET

Sanely they told the sensitive youth
He could not write a poem. And, sooth,
They spoke the truth.

He did not pen dull lines with care:
No; he shot winged words into the air,
And there
They caught the rustle of the breeze
In slim tall trees;
They sang the cadence of the stars;
They swept the bars
Of trailing sunsets; trilled the words
Learned of song birds.
Higher and wilder sped their verbal flight
As fleet as humming bird, as pure, as light,
Or mad as equinoctial sea at night —
Crying, sobbing, laughing, leaping along:
Thus went his song.

They were not wrong
Who sanely told the sensitive youth
He could not *write* a poem. Sooth,
They spoke the truth.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Benjamin Musser*

## WRECKAGE

Here by a churning surf, while breakers rave
In sibilant plume of green to yellow sand,
Low lie past dreams to the sea contraband
Strewn by her law in this unstable grave,
This patient shore bruised hourly by a wave,
Unheeding, or unable to withstand
A plume that sweeps a village from the land
And shatters every house its architrave.
If you must kill, great mother, let it be
Swift and complete, not a long agony;
Let your plume cut as clean as tempered knife,
Our burial balm the brine of your last kiss.
O child on a splintered beach, beware of this:
No bridge spans taut across your storm of life.

*Voices* — *Benjamin Musser*

## COSMOGRAPHY

John Milton saw the universe aswing
By a delicate golden cable from the floor
Of heaven, like a censer. Challenging,
Its cup defied black chaos, which before
Had raged against the crystal battlements
Where angels walked. A hollowed amethyst,
The censer hung; and its circumference
Embraced its flame, the earth, in coil and twist.
Up through the air, past sphere on singing sphere,
Earth's incense wound to heaven's glassy zone,
Where God the Father smiled as it drew near
And bent from his chryselephantine throne.
But William Blake, an urchin in a lane,
Saw God look at him through the window pane.

*Voices* — *Arthur H. Nethercot*

## PROLOGUE

Midnight, December Thirty-first,
In a blue coat buttoned with stars,
In an ermine stole and a crystal crown,
With sleighbells girt on his motor-cars,
Rides to a din and hullabaloo, —
Out of the Old year, into the New, —
Stands in the footlights and lifts his glass
To his best resolve and his oldest friend, —
To his highest aim and his dearest lass,
And a good time, world without end, —
Drains the flagon, and then is gone!
The curtain rises! The Play is on!

*The Spur* — *Edith Carolyn Newlin*

## VAIN

I sought a maiden who would be
Unconscious of her own fair face,
Sought far and wide, on lane and lea,
In city and sequestered place,
But found that maidens old or small,
Think of their beauty, first of all.

Undaunted still, I raised my eyes,
Where Luna pillowed her bright head
Against the velvet of the skies.
"What do you see on earth," I said,
That makes *you* smile?" She answered me, —
"It is my own face, brilliantly
Reflected in a silver sea."

*Contemporary Verse* — *Edith Carolyn Newlin*

## THE LAMENT OF A ONE-WAY STREET

All day,
One way,
Along my cobbled length,
Pass Youth and Age, — Pass Frailty and Strength,
The handsome equipage, the shabby hack, —
But none of these comes back.

I yearn
To learn
The Whither and the Hence,
The goal, the Mission and the Consequence,
But even milkmen, heralds of the day,
Go home another way.

Would Fate
A straight
Smooth pavement were my lot,
With blue-coats at each vulnerable spot
Where arteries and veins of traffic meet, —
And I, once more, a Two-Way Street.

*The Christian Science Monitor* — *Edith Carolyn Newlin*

## SURF

Sea-ache, and sea-scent, and the welter of white —
A panic as of angels that have come
Through sun-fire, and the golden terror of light
That juts forth a peninsula of some
Sea-Eldorado in a flooding rain . . .
Bleak stands the coppery headland where waves meet —

Stands like a martyr looking up in pain —
Racked by white flames that leap up to his feet.
Huge boulders comb green hair and lure the waves
That crowd like maids in bridal veils wind-blown —
Like maids caught by that ache whence nothing saves —
That sweep of perilous triumph to be thrown
In one white, blundering tumult and the scene
Of wave-heaps trailing tresses drowned in green!

*The Harp* — *Israel Newman*

## GLACIER

Your cool, selective memory moving slow
Is a smooth glacier down a mountain pass.
All those who slipped and fell in a crevasse
To the long track's appointed end must go,
Set preciously in old moraine and snow
The coldly treasured jewels you amass
Borne in a frozen pageant under glass.
This is the valley where the ice will flow:
I who am dead but living wait that space
Though it be years until it come so far,
To see, intact in you, my own dead face,
Waiting for light from an extinguished star
Would be like this: my life is held in trust
Until I see that dead face turn to dust.

*The Nation* — *Louise Townsend Nicholl*

## ENCOUNTER

Let life flow on and over me
  Wave after wave,
Its cold, black waters cover me;
  I can be brave.

I see the water rise to make
  A rushing hill,
And know the course that they will take;
  I can be still.

I am afraid, afraid to drown,
  But more afraid of fear;

I need not give as I go down
A cry to hear.

There is no reason in the sea's
Unreasonable riot;
But I can meet it as I please,
I can be quiet.

*The Nation* — *Louise Townsend Nicholl*

## ATALANTA

She danced like a swirl of petals down
Our quiet village street;
And followed a gleaming stardust trail
With steps that were lithe and fleet.

Far out and away on the high white road
Ere the day had well begun,
We could catch the gallant, eager tread
Of that runner in the sun.

But the shining dust blinded her eyes —
And the winds tore dreams apart.
And they found her at last with a slender shaft
Of dreams buried deep in her heart.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Ellinor L. Norcross*

## OH, LYDIA —

When Nero rode along the Appian Way,
His gaze would search, a darting arrowhead,
Beyond his foaming horses, as they fled,
To where the catacombs would know his day,
With nurtured wrath, unloosed, and free to play
In blood, to decorate with shining red
The puny, little festa of the dead —
Those mouthing idiots, his silly prey!
Oh, Lydia with silences of blue,
And skin, petunia-white, a breathing scent;
With hair like glinting shadows, grapevines through,
In which the amber threads of sun are blent —

He wreaked his anger for the lust of you!
In balked despair, his vengeances were meant!

*Voices* — *Sonia Ruthèle Novák*

## THE SPANISH STAIRS — ROME

John Keats, if he were living, with sad eyes
Might from his window view the Roman street
Turned to a bank of flowers where his feet
Wore the gray stones, as under alien skies
He fled familiar beauty. The vendors' cries,
Laughter, and all the bloom that makes earth sweet
Have filled this corner of his last retreat
With liberal loveliness that never dies.
Poor Keats, a cypress shade forever falls
Above your unnamed grave by Severn's side,
No sound, no step, no scent, while rose and musk
Rise to your window in these yellow walls,
And for memorial, at eventide,
Three blind men fiddle in the gathering dusk.

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Charles L. O'Donnell*

## WHEN FIRST THE THROSTLE

When first the throstle wakes to song,
  And green amid the hedgerow gleams,
Then daylight through and night-time long
  The Avon flows across my dreams.

Within its waters soft as down,
  So dreamy warm and singing slow,
My spirit flows through Stratford town,
  Past swaying banks where violets blow,

To where above a glimmering weir
  The nightingale, with swelling throat,
Brings twilit earth and heaven near,
  Then binds them with one crystal note.

*Poetry of Today* — *Wade Oliver*

## STRATFORD SKETCHES

### I

When sheep to shearing amble by,
  The hungry tradesmen gloat;
And overhead the wind-swept sky
  Gleams like a peacock's throat.

Why, then Dick staring in his rags,
  With heigh, the day is prime for wool,
Now up, now down, his thick head wags,
  Tempting the shears, the merry fool.

And were it not for the crooked rod
  The wagging clown is bearing,
'Twere meeter far the sheep should prod
  Their driver, Dick, to shearing!

### II

Dick and his wife doze i' the ingle;
What wouldn't they give if they were single?
The one with chucklings, nods and beams
Deep in the joy of tavern dreams;
The good wife, torn 'twixt yea and nay,
Bouncing with young rakes in the hay.
And so, the winter evening through,
They dream the deeds they'd like to do,
The while young Joan kicks in the cradle,
And Dickie beats time with a ladle!

### III

Walking up to Wixford, I passed an old crone
Pegging the highroad, rheumy and alone,
Her back bent sideways on a knotted staff,
And her wrinkled lips twisted in a sneering laugh.

"Wixford is a long mile; there I went to school;
In dancing Marston sweet sixteen played the trusting fool;
Bore a child in Exhall, lost it in beggar Broom,
And now to drunken Bidford in my old age come!"

Walking past to Wixford, I stopped and looked around;
Saw the lonely old crone sitting on the ground,
Rocking on her thin knees, haughty as a queen,
In dreams of dancing Marston, when she was sixteen!

*Poetry of Today* — *Wade Oliver*

## FARMERS

Farmers grow kindred to the soil they till,
One with the swart hills where their cornlands reach.
Granite is in their gaze, contained and still,
And the slow pulse of rivers in their speech.
They have their silences like those of loam
In winter, obdurate and indifferent.
They tread the land Antaeus-like, at home,
Fed from the turf, indomitable, content.
I cannot think of farmer folk apart
From the long acres where their slow shares creep.
They must be privy to the earth's dark heart;
Articulate in her councils. Even their sleep
Is like the sleep of frozen, fallow sod,
Warming to dim, great dreams of birth and God.

*Contemporary Verse* — *Ted Olson*

## IN OUR OWN IMAGE

There are no gods. Apollo — Ashtoreth —
Are dead. And which of you has mind or sinew
To hew new deities and lend them breath
Out of the dark, rebellious fire within you?
Time was when men had power to create
Gods ribald, arrogant, and crudely great,
Gods thewed and cuirassed for supernal war —
Baal, Osiris, Thor!
Ours is a race too lean of wit to swell
Mythology with one red, lusty hell.
Godless we go, immune to shame or grief
That Jahveh and proud Lucifer as well
Died of our unbelief!

*Voices* — *Ted Olson*

## UNDERTONES

### CHINESE EDUCATION

Baby faces mirthless as shovels,
Endlessly chanting
Lip-worn odes and codes —
When their voices flag
A mole-whiskered savant
Misses a puff
At his water pipe,
Slaps his desk with a stick
And up they chirrup again.

### IN THE PROVINCE OF CHILI

Farmers stark as stubble fields
Waiting for a sign from Heaven.
Tarnished Gods often keep them waiting
While the Great Tuchon
Buys at famine prices
Their work oxen.
Then the children buyers
Come from Shansi —
Hungry mouths do not drive shrewd bargains.

### CENTURY MINDED

They've had their ration of good luck —
Now there's the beauty of completeness
In the faces of old wise men
Talking in the sun.
Interior smiles
Hover like butterflies
About their eyes and lips
As they meditate on the old proverb:
"The more one digs
The more there isn't any water."

*Contemporary Verse* — *David O'Neil*

## NOT THE HUSHED GRAVE

Hill-folk, who long have lived among the stars,
Fret in the valley, as at iron bars.
And those who by the surging sea have lain,

Are deafened by the silence of the plain.
How then should I, who love the sea and sky,
Not dread the darkness when I come to die?
How then should I, who love the sky and sea,
Lie within a small grave quietly?
I think in some way I should be aware
Of earthly beauty that I might not share —
The first frail crocus and the wild bird's call;
A breaking wave beyond the graveyard wall.
I think I could not bear it, lying there,
Wistful and lonely as unanswered prayer.

Then let the white fire have its way with me,
And the wild gales of heaven set me free!
So shall my timid body, purged of pain,
White as my shriven soul, ride with the rain;
Laugh with the winds that kiss the buttercup,
And skim the shallows where the gray gulls sup.
It may be I shall tire of sky and sea,
And the quick dust that was the heart of me,
Like homing dove that seeks her nest again,
Will find some dear, remembered English lane.

*Harper's Magazine* — *Vilda Sauvage Owen*

## I'VE NEVER BEEN TO WINKLE

I've never been to Winkle, but
  Well I know
What I shall find if
  Ever I go —
A rose-hung door that is
  Trying to hide
From a gay little pathway
  (Not too wide)
With border of cockles,
  Marigold, gilliflower,
Blue periwinkle, and
  London Pride.

My little house in Winkle has a
  Roof of thatch,
Where silvery lichens

Cling and catch
The fluttering gold that
Every breeze
Shakes from the tall
Laburnum trees.
And musk and marjoram,
Lavender, honeysuckle,
Drift through the lattice,
Just to please.

I'll *never* go to Winkle! I
Never could bear
To find that my little house
Never was there.
So I'll dream by the fire when the
Day has died,
Of a gay little pathway
(Not too wide)
With border of cockles,
Marigold, gilliflower,
Blue periwinkle, and
London Pride.

*Harper's Magazine* — *Vilda Sauvage Owens*

## A KNOWLEDGE

I do not even love you any more.
You mean less to me than the poplar bough
Outside my window, black against the sky.
I do not know why I have cared before,
I am as calm as the gold evening now.
Yet I shall not forget you till I die.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Florence S. Page*

## RAINY AFTERNOON

Great pine-trees, gauzy in the mist,
A blur of fern leaves, silvered gray. The flutter
Of wide wings, heavy with the rain,
As an owl drifts over. Distant thunder.

Fragrance of forest leaves, and fresh
Scent that the wind brings from the lake.
Dreams drifting through the rain, and then,
The lightning — the keen memory of your face.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Florence S. Page*

## THE FARMER REMEMBERS THE SOMME

Will they never fade or pass!
The mud, and the misty figures endlessly coming
In file through the foul morass,
And the grey flood-water lipping the reeds and grass,
And the steel wings drumming.

The hills are bright in the sun:
There's nothing changed or marred in the well-known places;
When work for the day is done
There's talk, and quiet laughter, and gleams of fun
On the old folks' faces.

I have returned to these —
The farm, and the kindly Bush, and the young calves lowing;
But all my mind now sees
Is a quaking bog in a mist — stark, snapped trees,
And the dark Somme flowing.

*The Independent* *Vance Palmer*

## MILL ACCIDENT

Bright burns the pain against his breast and throat;
Deep, open wells of flame close out the light;
The wide, slow spirals of enclosing night
Circle and circle inward. Like a boat,
Urged by the eddies of its aimless float,
He drifts between the crimson barbs of fright,
Stabbed now with terror, now with strange delight;
Urged and repelled by one clear mystic note.
The shadow-line grows thinner . . . He can see
The glory of his comrades bending near.
He sees the boss, unhidden by his sneer.

An instant sees Perfection . . . Beauty free . . .
And then the Light! The long, long freedom won . . .
He hears his comrades murmur, "Hell! He's done."

*The New Republic* *Kathryn Peck*

## AMY

The schoolhouse squatted close against a hill
And penned up twelve protesting homestead kids,
Smothering their noise; and when the day was done
Sent every one away again, across forlorn
Gray miles of prairie.

Four cousins rode a buggy,
Squalling gaily at their horse. Eight more
Had ponies all their own — quick, agile beasts,
With close-cropped manes and shortened tails —
But one set out for home alone on foot. She knew
The silent terror ageing prairies bring
To one cut off by hills, the ache of two
Tired miles tramped quickly home before the dark.

Yet Amy gave no heed to that —
(Scarce ten, she still thought earth a lovely place)
She hurried. Late tonight — but what excuse
There was for lateness! In one hand swung
Her clanking lunch-pail. In the other fist she clutched
A gaudy printed card, the teacher's gift
For best attendance — it cost Amy
Twenty days of heartbreak, haste, and labor:
One must rise up before the sun to slop nine hogs,
Change dresses, eat, pack lunch, and run two weary miles
To win such cards — and Amy always had
Long chores to do before and after school.

"I can't keep help. You got to do your part!"
Said Jake, her father. Mother nagging chimed:
"And don't expect a horse to ride — we're homesteaders!"
(Now Amy wished her mother'd comb the hair that hung
Stringy and damp around her face, and she would care
No further bit for horses). Both complained
She brought no good grades home from school.
"You must be dumb — you never win no honors.
Try working harder once," they said.

But Amy didn't learn well — something seemed
To hold her back, and there was only this
Poor unsought prize that she might earn.
She'd kept it secret, planning how
They'd be surprised, and thinking how they'd pet
And flatter her when she brought home the card —
And so she stayed a little late this night,
Getting the thing.

Jake met her in the yard — he scowled:
"You're late again, I see ——" She handed up the card
Whereon were written words her father could not read;
"For good attendance," she explained, her eyes aglow —
"The teacher gave it! I'm the only one
That wasn't late a day this month. I won it!"

"Hum," he cleared his throat, reflecting,
Looking at the card. "The hell you say!"
And then, the frown returning, "That's why you
Been skimpin' work here in the mornin's,
Runnin' off with the job half done, throwin' things around —
Just you cut it out, an' git the hogs fed now.
They're squealin' fierce, an' tearin' down the pen.
There's both the slop pails; git to work!"
And he strode off.

Then Amy
Took back the card — her wage for twenty days;
And tore it quickly twice across, and looked away —
The fluttering pieces fell like heavy laughter
Into the barley slop.

*Contemporary Verse* *G. Edward Pendray*

## THREE WOOD SONGS

### I. TO A DOGWOOD IN SUMMER

They tell me that essential you
  Is just essential me —
Electrons shifting, you'd be man
  And I a twinkling tree.

That could have happened easily
  Odd twenty years ago,
But you, to match me, must have worn
  Your moonlight and your snow.

II. PATH'S END

Death is here, death is there,
And the darkness everywhere!
In the tree the bird is sleeping,
To the tree the snake is creeping.
O the sound of stifled weeping
None to hear, none to care!

Lost! Lost! No need to peer:
Ends the path here, never clear.
Starlight, no; nor candle's guiding;
Never, never, dark's subsiding,
Night-time holds the bird no hiding.
Death remains, and fear, and fear.

III. CHORALE

The branches of the sky bend grandly in the night wind,
The autumn pouring bows them and the stars
Through the tumultuous leaves glint and are hidden.
A thousand oceans rustle in the branches
As the boughs sway, as the heaving tangle glistens.
What is the earth and the sons of earth and the hearts of them?
They hear the night, the surging of the darkness,
They see for a moment the gusty wild starlight,
Then starlight no more and only the rustling of grass.
But beautiful in the infinite darkness the boughs still bend,
And splendor endures, and the glory of stars is forever.

*The Lyric* — *William Alexander Percy*

## THE GLEAM

This corpuscle that from my heart
Runs to and fro and to and fro
Can never guess by any art
His avenue is my blood's flow,
And all his personality
A part, diminutive, of me.

Nor does the sun that troubles but
One drop of heaven with his glare
Conceive his ancient golden rut
To be a sheep-path down the air
Traced out for him in ages flown
By herded stars to him unknown.

And I — in whose celestial veins
Ichored with lightning runs my course,
Despite my hand upon the reins
Fixed as the sun's by that dread force
That thinks a thought and dreams a dream
Betrayed to us but by some gleam,

Some momentary pang of light
Winging the cavern where we grope,
That crucifies us with delight
And breaks our hearts with splendid hope —
Seeing, although we cannot see,
Eternal Mind's activity.

*Contemporary Verse* *William Alexander Percy*

## CHIPS

Wild eyed with the light of April in his eyes,
Bright limbed with the light of April on his body,
Warm and cool, cool and warm, with the heats of the sun and
the earth in his breathing,
The poet comes on a gusty wind,
Out of the green loamy air of the wood,
Running, running into the city,
Singing, singing — hear him sing!
Life and love and everything!

. . . I saw an old man sitting by the gates,
Over a meagre kettle, over an empty pot,
Fanning his fire with scanty breath,
Feeding his fire with
Chips
Chips
Chips.

"Go get you wisdom," the old man said;
"Go get you wisdom — then you may sing
Of life and love and everything."
(He talked in rhyme,
Meter and time,
And he fed his fire with chips, chips, chips.)
"Go get you wisdom. Your song annoys me.
Your capering puts a wind upon me.
Your lusty breathing blows out my fire . . ."
(Chips — chips — chips)

And the poet did as he was bid.
He got him wisdom, a basketful,
Chips from the block,
A wondrous stock,
Sayings and saws and elucidations,
Adages, laws, and adumbrations
Settled and said, writ down and done with —
Wisdom, wisdom, a wondrous stock!
Till weary at last he sat him down,
Cold in the heart and chilled to the marrow,
Old and peak-nosed, bald and yellow,
All the shine gone from his body,
All the sun-bronze, all the marble,
All the wild and the heat-and-cool
Gone from his body, gone from his eyes,
Gone from his bones, gone from his soul —
Sat him down by the gates of the town,
And builded him there, where the gusty air of April came
with a tug and a flair,
A pull, a kiss, a caress, and a chuckle —
Builded him there a lonely fire
To warm his palsy, to soothe his knuckle
Sore from its weary knock, knock, knock
On the hard-locked doors of the wise and learned —
Kindled him there a thin blue flame,
And fanned it slow with scanty breath
And fed it over and over and over
With chips — chips — chips.

I saw an old man sitting in the street,
I saw an old man mumbling by the gate,
Shivering over a meagre pot,
Chattering over a beggar's fire. . . .
And a wind came out of the loamy wood,
Beyond the town, beyond the field,
With a wild-eyed poet riding on it,
Shouting, capering, running, leaping,
Singing and whirling, whirling and singing
"Life and love and everything!"

"Go get you wisdom," the old man cried,
Shielding his fire with his bony hands.
"Go get you wisdom — then you may sing
Of life and love and everything," . . .

And his cracked old voice went mumbling on,
And he talked to himself and talked and talked —
Meter and rhyme,
Meter and time —
As he sheltered his fire with scrawny claw,
As he fed his fire with chips — chips — chips.

And the poet did as he was bid. . . .
(Chips . . . chips . . . chips . . .)

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Charles Phillips*

## QUATRAINS

(*For Four Drawings by Jorge Palomino*)

### I. FREE WILL

Triune, Eternal, the All-Seeing Eye
  Beholds and measures . . . Or to win or lose,
The age-old puzzle stands — the maskéd Lie,
  The veiléd Truth . . . the puzzle stands — to choose . .

### II. DESPAIR

Now cracks the dead heart's ashen core in twain,
  Cloven by deathless pain,
When leaps the self-destroying soul from Light
  Plunged to abysmal Night.

### III. SORROW

Nay, look again, and up, blind eyes of fear —
  Behold how, high above grief's ashen fires,
High over heartbreak and the frozen tear
  The stricken soul still rises and aspires.

### IV. HATE

Cold in the chambered darkness of the brain
  Spins the slow barbéd fuse, the black desire —
Swift with the furied dart of vengeful pain
  Bursts the hot deed in flame of leaping fire!

*Pan, Poetry and Youth* — *Charles Phillips*

## SPECIFICATION

I'll never wed a woman
  Who would be lovelier
Than the blueberry bloom and the heather flower
  That the earth lifts up to her.

She must be swift in meeting
  A wind that sings from the sea,
And her words shall be like a dryad's words
  In telling of it to me.

Though the bread should burn in the oven
  And the needle rust in the gown,
I'll wed no woman who would not cup
  Her hands when the rain comes down.

*Verse* — *Thelma Phlegar*

## FROM AN ALBUM

A sonnet is no proper place for you.
  Its staid pedantic feet move solemnly;
  Your feet are light as leaves upon the tree
  When a wind blows. How could a pair of blue
Swift laughing eyes be captured here? Or two
  Red lips that dimple roguishly? They'd play
  Such tricks with rhythm! No! You call for, say,
  Rondel or triolet — either would do.
And yet your merry, wilful little voice
  Demands a sonnet. You shall have it then,
  But blame not if it lack the dignity
Which is its due, or lose somewhat in poise,
  For with your face above a sensible pen
  Even a sonnet must take wings and fly!

*The Commonweal* — *Maire nic Pilip*

## SONG OF THE AIRWAY

PROEM

*Prophets and Pioneers*

Where plodding saints once walked to dreamless sleep
And creaking leather softened in the foam
From steaming flanks that matched the pony's breath

Against man's hunger for plain words from home —
Man now forgets the trail's old shibboleth—
New thunder drones the plaint of his unrest.
Where foot-sore lagged, the sickly welcomed death,
The weak let drop the challenge of the West;
The Mormon wheel-tracks fill with powdered dust
And plunder's ranging starvelings lie at rest.
Now their dissolving spirits guide the thrust
Of driven wings that leap the creaking seams
Of desert wastes, and soar above the crust
Of inland basins, robbed of ancient streams.
The desert like a sullen buzzard waits
For man to stumble from his wind-flung dreams.

### FLIGHT

*West from Cheyenne*

Breasting the wind we rise till earth's a dome,
The town's great trees are stubble cropped by sheep,
And criss-crossed streets — a jewelled web that baits
The birdman with the thought of promised sleep.
Great buttes and sand-cliffs slump where rival hates
Of red and white men smouldered into feuds —
Where now, with flapping wings, the magpie prates
And coyotes, howling, voice the wasteland moods.
The ghosts of Sioux and Pawnee watch us here;
In every dust-swept gulch their spirit broods.
Against the flight of man's winged pioneers
The stubborn breath of their Great Spirit bears.
Our motor's barking that we dully hear
Drives forward with a rush and brusquely tears
The rooted silence from the snow-draped hills.
Far south the rearing head of Long's Peak wears
A cloud-white turban and the Big Horn fills
The plain to north with grandeur scorning change.
Our ship wings on. The giddy height distills
New splendor from the bowls of Snowy Range.
A score of rock-framed mirrors hold the fringe
Of trooping evergreens whose ranks arranged
Against the vaulting slope in lines, and cringe
In tattered groups beneath the threat'ning snow.
Thin plumes of spray are seen where streams impinge
Against the jagged walls which guide their flow
Through canyons muffled in a purple haze.

Ahead the green-splotched course of Medicine Bow
Drops from an upland gorge where cattle graze,
And soon beneath our perch the great North Platte
Ravels its silver band to pass a maze
Of scattered islands in a sandy flat.
The minutes split to thousandths while the screw
With pulse, electric, drives as from a bat
Sharp puffs of air which sting as though they blew
From off a glacier, carrying an age
Of silence with their drifting, misty dew.
We skim high, terraced battlements that wage
A nerve-less combat with the driven sand;
Then cross a "dude" town, set where even sage
Can find no foothold on the ice-burnt land,—
An oil town with its tanks set out in line
Like buttons on a card held in the hand.
High over Rawlins soon we catch the shine
Of sunlight on the drab Red Desert waste
Where sink-holes, ringed about by starving kine,
Mix with the rain a lifeless blood-red paste.
For weary miles the dun earth sprawls ahead
In lazy dunes that mock our nervous haste,
Until at last we soar above the spread
Of Table Mountain, like a polished ledge
Tufted in hollows as a mattress bed
And spilling trap winds from its scalloped edge.
We drift to west and follow Bitter Creek
Winding through tinted columns where a wedge
Of glacial ice has gouged the bone-gray cheek
Of mountain stone, to join a river dimly green
Where island castles tower and vainly seek
To hold their heads in light from dawn's first sheen
Until night's clouds in purpling splendor shake.
A twisting train winds north through a ravine
Searching for hiding like a wounded snake,
But we keep west across a seared landscape
Too new for death, too bleak for life to stake
A claim upon its surface where the scrape
Of slipping glaciers is but newly stilled, —
Land that has raised no living soul to shape
An altar to the God who could have willed
Such barrenness to a life-loving world.
Leaving the bench-land with our pulses chilled
We pass Fort Bridger where the first smoke curled

From out-post fires of the emigrant.
Along our left the snow's a javelin hurled
From Giant's hand and caught on high aslant
The peaks of the Uintas. There it guides
The airmen tracking with the clouds to plant
Dominion's banner where the eagle rides.
We nose up to a ceiling formed of cloud;
Tossed among wisps of spray our winged ship glides
Over the Wasatch range whose ridges crowd
The upper air as though to lift the sky.
And in its crazy furrows, deeply plowed,
No shadows yield but to a sun flung high.
With muscles tensed we ride the bumpy air
Through Emigration Saddle, then let fly
As from a catapult we pierce the glare
Which rises gilded, from a crater's bowl,
Above Salt Lake, where smoke like combed up hair
Lifts from the islands. Like an unnerved soul
Dropped in a sacrificial pit, we fall
And glide to silence on a man-built mole.

ENVOY

*The Call of the Trail*

Tonight we revel and tomorrow, part.
You shall be home with men upon the earth,
Crushing life's fragrance to your hungry heart.
I shall go back to trails where I had birth,
Leaving no answer to your troubled — Why?
Till time absorbs our lives like scattered mirth,
Climbing the ladder of the western sky,
Dimly discerned, in absence dimly missed,
I shall be gone where mate-less eagles cry.

*The Buccaneer* — *Dawson Powell*

## ON THE SAND

Do ghost lobsters mock this scrap,
Once a well-made lobster trap?

Shall I ever laugh to naught
This strange trap where I am caught?

Are you held by tide and shore,
Earth-bound, moon-caught, evermore?

Answer, old indifferent sea,
Knowing lobsters, traps, and me.

*The Lyric West* — *Ruth Clay Price*

## BALLADE OF LOST LOVES

The music dies away; the guests depart.
He leaves her home and saunters down the street.
Suggestion is the highest aim of art —
And one must ever strive to be discreet.
And yet his hours with Madeline were fleet;
And he had found enjoyment at her side.
But did he wish again the maid to meet?
The girls are many, and the world is wide!

The nearness of her made his pulses start.
What lovely hand was hers; what graceful feet!
How beautiful she was! And yet his heart
Was still uncertain of a love complete.
Were there not other maidens quite as sweet?
The years were young. He wanted not a bride;
And married life is, anyhow, a cheat:
The girls are many, and the world is wide!

And so he sought in carnal Pleasure's mart
To still the voice would evermore entreat.
He felt the blows of fickle Fortune smart:
Who scatters thistles, never garners wheat.
Returning broken, former friends to greet,
He found the girl he might have won had died.
Now old, forlorn, he curses his defeat:
The girls are many, and the world is wide!

L'ENVOI

O Man whose passion only is his meat!
Break not the heart of her to whom you lied.
The bread of fools turns ashes while they eat! —
The girls are many, and the world is wide!

*Interludes* — *William James Price*

## THE GHOST OF HARRIET SLOAN

The slow hours dragged themselves along
And left no peace for William Sloan.
He who had moved among the throng,
To-night was fearful and alone.

His eyes stared blankly into space
As though they saw some phantom there.
New lines were on his haggard face,
And in his heart was black despair.

What made the curtain flutter so?
Whose fingers tapped upon the pane?
To-morrow all the world might know;
And what would be his loss or gain?

He listened at the bolted door
For footsteps in the outer hall.
Though all seemed silent as before,
Distinctly he had heard a call!

He wondered after all if she,
That in his anger he had slain,
Could be alive. If not, then he
Was cursed by phantoms of the brain.

How would he meet the final doom?
His blue lips formed a wordless prayer.
He moved into the quiet room
And viewed the body lying there.

Though pale, she seemed as lovely now
As when a year ago they wed.
Except for wounds upon her brow
He'd not believe that she was dead.

He who had loved her dearly then
Was certain that he loved her still.
What crafty demon forces men
The creatures of their love to kill?

A ghostly presence filled the place
And followed everywhere he went.

He felt a hand caress his face,
And wondered vaguely what it meant.

He shuddered. Could he face the day
And all the tragic aftermath?
There was at least an easy way
To drive the demons from his path.

He lifted from the mantel-piece
The pistol used some hours ago,
Determined that his life should cease:
'Twas well, perhaps, to end it so!

*Interludes* *William James Price*

## TO A WOMAN POET

Sister Anne, look from the casement, tell me you see
Down the shining road my rescuers' lances leap
Where Truth comes riding. My youth was put to sleep
In love for the ogre Illusion who captured me.
But dream has gone, and I behold the slain:
The beautiful sisters, faith, hope and love, are dead.
Mine, like theirs, was a proudly lifted head —
Now I feel their deathlike sorrow and pain.

Sister Anne, look from the casement. What riders are known
With blue swords singing? What singing hearts will build
Dream and Ideal on Illusion's fallen throne?
Look, where the blood from his victims' hearts has spilled. . . .
— Sister Anne, answer me, sing to me! Sister, you must!

"All that I see on the road is the dust, the dust."

*Voices* *Idella Purnell*

## A SHOT AT NIGHT

A shot rings out upon the dreaming night.
Night shivers to pieces like a broken vase;
The stars are spangled on the sky like lace;
The moon is shedding a terrible cold light;
And, like the crystal running of a stream

Of water flowing from a broken jar,
Fear creeps across the earth, and every star
Stops moving, and a moment dulls the gleam.
Of the ivory moon. The rustling boughs of trees
Are silent, and a rare and breathless chill
Falls on the world, and makes it very still.
Then the cocks crow, a watchdog barks ill ease
And is chorused by a hundred yapping curs.
Men turn in beds. A wind like weeping stirs.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Idella Purnell*

## BABY BOY

I knelt to the Virgin Mary. Help me, Mary, to pray.
My man was very good to me, and he was killed today.

My four-year-old came to me, in his hand a broken toy.
Mary, was Jesus half so fair when He was a little boy?

My baby boy said, "Mother, Daddy is standing there."
My baby boy said, "Daddy, sit in this little chair."

I said to my baby boy, "Kiss your father, child."
The baby leaned with lifted arms, and oh, my heart was wild!

The baby leaned with lifted arms, and kissed the empty air.
I said to my baby boy, "Is your father there?"

"I kissed him on his mouth," my baby said to me.
Oh, Mary, make me as a child, and teach mine eyes to see!

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Idella Purnell*

## THE JARABE

Ten thousand tiny steps in the summer dust!
High heels, spurn the ground! With skirts held wide,
I shall throw my head far back to show my pride
And whirl faster than the music. People must
See how Juan's partner is fleeter than a river,
Falling in grace as does a waterfall,
To leap as a wild mare startled at a call,
With ankles fleeter than a fleet wing's quiver.

While Juan, hands clasped behind him, shakes his head,
And stamps like thunder on the hollow ground,
I must speed more swiftly than a doe is sped,
To drop like a spent doe, as his great bound
Lifts a leg in a rainbow arc above my comb,
And the audience breaks in quick applause, like foam.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Idella Purnell*

## AFTER MUSIC

Let life and its bewildering music stop
  At brassy noon, since morning's jocund strings
Which tricked the toe and heel of youth now drop
  The dance, and horn to horn in challenge rings —
Even though the later shadowy hours may breathe
  Into the tranquil hollow of a flute,
And evening gather up the notes and wreathe
  A lonely neutral chord which night will mute.

Death is a final consonance and pause
  Maybe, but if the music must go on,
Let bow and breath forget the former cause
  Of every sound, for after love has gone
There is a need of silence vast and gateless,
Or unremembering songs, airs that are weightless.

*The New Republic* — *Janet Ramsay*

## BUTTERFLY WINGS

Some far off summer day, when you shall see,
Above gold poppy-fields, gay butterflies,
Dark-winged, like pirate sails on sunset skies,
Perchance soft wings shall flutter timidly
And touch your cheek. From long-forgotten springs
Shall come a host of tender, vanished charms —
Soft fingers on your face, clinging white arms . . .
Oh, magic touch of dusky velvet wings!

*The Commonweal* — *Louise Crenshaw Ray*

## SAIL-BOAT

*(Biloxi, Mississippi)*

All day your snowy sails, Rose Marigold,
Have moved against the water's sapphire hue.
As evening falls, you pass beyond my view,
And mists of grey your wraithlike form enfold.
What tropic islands, coral-reefed and old
Await your mystic cargo and your crew?
Will you drop anchor at some rendezvous
Of storied treasure-trove and pirates bold?

My only answer, as you drift away
Is sound of water lapping on the shore —
Mysterious water, with an ancient spell
Recalling caverns — water nymphs at play
Where Triton stilled the waves' tumultuous roar
With music of a magic ocean shell.

*Southern Life* — *Louise Crenshaw Ray*

## FOLLY'S HARVEST

Superb impertinence of youth
That wears the scar of no defeat,
On you adversity will set its tooth
And find the morsel sweet.

That smooth blank of your countenance
Time cannot soften into wit,
Nor ease what lines will say you met mischance
And had the worst of it.

The swagger of your rotund hip,
The blithe assurance of your gait,
Trust not by such sweet insolence to slip
From all that lies in wait!

For though the winter's latest thaw
Work outwardly no change, decay
Concealed beneath the colored rind will gnaw
Its unacknowledged way.

*Voices* — *Bernard Raymund*

## WET GRASS

Tinges Corner dripped and sighed,
Clear silver in the sun,
And thin with music, like a song
Whose singing is half done.

As he and I came up that way,
Through the silver air,
The smell of wet grass hurt us so,
That we fell silent there.

Before we knew it, each from each,
Had moved a space apart,
Our eyes upon the drenched green road,
Each with a prick at heart.

For he remembered all at once,
A woman, who was dead;
I, a dead lad. It was too much.
And not a word was said.

*The Bookman* — *Lizette Woodworth Reese*

## GOLD

Rub the sleep out of your eyes,
Judith. Run out to the cold;
Cowslips there unpack their gold;
In the wet new grass it lies

Slender, mutable, and gay,
In a flurry of the rain;
Run before it is in vain;
Gold grows scarcer every day.

Doubtless there is still enough
To last on from year to year
Wildly permanent and clear;
Cowslips are not of that stuff.

Rosalind had this gathering, too!
Run into the house and fill
Shelf and corner of the sill;
It will last as long as you.

Rosalind went. And cowslips must.
Girls and cowslips cannot stay
Longer than the required day;
For the end of gold is dust.

*Saturday Review of Literature* *Lizette Woodworth Reese*

## PIOUS JOHN

"All's good in Nature," Pious John maintains
When all his crops washed out in last fall's rains.

That winter his wife, Lucy, peaked an' died
Of influenzy. John says, "I'll abide

What God has done." An' then his pigs an' sow
Was drowned in this spring's freshet, and his cow

Et poison oak. His chickens tuck the pip
An' turned their toes up. John jist bit his lip

Down tight an' says again, "All's good
In Nature." Then the heat killed Robin Hood,

His old bay mare, whilst plowin' late July.
John tuck to bed an' watched the weeds grow high

Amongst his corn. "All's good in Nature": so
He told the neighbors when they come to hoe.

A wind in August rent his house asunder.
John, struck by lightnin', lived to cuss like thunder.

*The Measure* *Henry Reich, Jr.*

## MRS. WINKLESTEINER

Mrs. Winklesteiner
  Made songs in her head;
You went to get eggs,
  You got songs instead,

Or a song about eggs
And the eggs in a sack.
It wasn't very long
Till you hurried right back.

Mrs. Winklesteiner
Sat around the room;
Her three brown daughters
Were handy with the broom,

And handy with the iron,
And handy with the bread,
But Mrs. Winklesteiner
Made songs in her head.

"*Little birdie in the tree,*
*Chirp a song to me.*"

"*Red cow sitting in the sun*
*Waiting for farmer to come.*"

"*Eggs so smooth and round,*
*Hens lay them on the ground.*"

Mrs. Winklesteiner's
Been a long time dead,
And all the songs she knew
Are cold in her head.

You go after eggs
And the eggs are in a sack;
It isn't very often
That you want to go back

Where the birds still chirp,
And the hens still call,
And the three brown daughters
Never sing at all.

*Contemporary Verse* *Dorothy E. Reid*

## MRS. DUGAN'S MIRRORS

### I

The shopgirls smiled when Mrs. Dugan came
To buy a dozen mirrors for a room
Already hung with mirrors; (in the gloom
A hundred Mrs. Dugans wore the same
Brown tattered shawl and bonnet, and were lame
In the same dingy bedroom-slippered foot).
The shopgirls wondered why she wished to put
Another dozen Dugans in a frame.
But with the mute philosophy that grows
Behind a counter, they would shrug and say,
"Well, customers like that don't grow on trees,"
Arrange their hair, and bend a bit to please.
Each year a dozen mirrors joined the rows
And ranks of that bewildering array.

### II

She never spoke to neighbors in the street
On rare occasions when she hobbled out —
To buy her bit of groceries, no doubt —
But what in goodness did the woman eat?
Miss Kate and Mrs. Curtis would entreat
Their goodness by the hour for a clue.
She never ate, that anybody knew,
And pointed questions wouldn't be discreet.
The Ladies' Aid conceded it was odd
(When they were met for charity and chat)
An annual dozen mirrors must be bought,
Paid for with gold, and wrapped, when meat was not.
If she was "touched," it was the will of God,
And they would never interfere with that.

### III

Jim Metzger's boy took berries to the door
One summer, just to get a look inside;
The open window led him to confide
In desperate means. His feet were on the floor,
And he was needing very little more
Than just the ghosts that leaped before his eyes,
A thousand ghosts in shirts and dotted ties,
To satisfy his longing to explore.

But when the light was better, all his dread
Was lost in admiration at the row
On row of Jimmy Metzgers grinning down,
Until he heard the swishing of a gown.
A thousand ear-lobes blushed a fiery red,
And several hundred fingers pointed "Go!"

IV

The mystery of how the fire began
Is classic in the annals of the town.
Someone saw Albert Heinlen running down
The street to it, and everybody ran.
There scarcely was an able-bodied man
Who didn't bring a bucket there that night,
And neighbors came as soon as it was light
In wrappers, to help Mrs. Dugan "plan."
They knocked, and poked the embers on the grass,
And pried a shutter loose, and all in vain.
They saw her, though, with shattered mirrors lying
Around her on the floor, and she was crying.
A funny thing, to weep for broken glass
When half her house was open to the rain.

V

They held a raffle on a patchwork quilt
To fix the roof and pay for all repairs;
The Brotherhood bought carpet for the stairs
And gave the chandelier a coat of gilt,
And when the roof and kitchen porch were built
You'd never know there'd been a fire at all;
But Mrs. Dugan, crouching in the hall,
Kept mumbling over milk already spilt.
It's strange, the needy poor exhibit none
Of those refinements money seems to bring,
Like gratitude, or love, or proper pride,
For Mrs. Dugan only sat and cried.
That year the shopgirls missed their usual fun;
She didn't seem to care for anything.

VI

She wasn't in the kitchen or the shed;
They found her in the parlor, on a heap

Of broken mirrors, very sound asleep,
With fifty mirrors hanging at her head.
They lifted her and carried her to bed,
More to be working, than because they thought
A doctor could revive when God would not,
And swept the carpet, sadly stained with red.
They couldn't break the mirrors, for the seven
Unlucky years that follow; and they couldn't
Ship them to Mrs. Dugan's home in Heaven;
And who should have them, if the neighbors shouldn't?
So fifty mirrors hang above the shelves
Where fifty townsmen try to shave themselves.

*Voices* — *Dorothy E. Reid*

## HISTORY

When Xerxes beat the sea with rods
Till bridge and sea were reconciled,
What woman out of all his train
Took note of the event, and smiled;
And pondered, in her heart of hearts,
"The Emperor of Asia — this?"
Then gathered Xerxes in her arms,
Uncertain if to shake — or kiss.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Dorothy E. Reid*

## THE EXPLORATION OF OLIVER

### I

Something was in the air — he didn't know
Whether it was the rain, or spring, or, stranger,
Something that hinted sharp of a lurking danger
New these twenty years since, but it was so.
There was the selfsame street he was wont to go
Trudging along, replete with cheerful greetings,
There were the usual commonplace words and meetings
Ranged for his homeward journey all in a row.
Didn't he turn, though, didn't he cross a byway
Into a street he never had seen before?
Three fat barbers looked at their clocks and swore

They must be wrong, when they missed his face in the high-
way.
And here was Oliver, bungling along in his shy way,
Five steps out of his road, by a grocery store.

II

Here he was going, gingerly stepping ahead.
Through a new street? A world, with everything in it
Freshly created for Oliver's eyes that minute
Out of a hundred things he had heard and read.
Gables rose incredibly tall, and fled
Into a sky incredibly far away;
Children or fairies called to him from their play.
Was it a princess, hoeing a tulip bed?
And see, swingeing the sunset like a cloak,
A coat flung crosswise over a jaunty shoulder.
Oliver's heart perked up, and his eyes grew bolder;
Something new in Oliver stirred and woke,
Something pierced his mind like a dagger stroke . . .
He swung his arms. The evening was growing colder.

III

Chilly it was, and the end of the street in sight,
And one lamp flickering back of a dingy pane;
Something was in the air — it must be rain.
Oliver buttoned his overcoat collar tight,
Turned at the corner, and with him turned the night,
Into the street where nothing ever occurred.
Oliver's hand shot up with a cheerful word
Greeting a passing neighbor under a light.
One block more, and he entered an open gate;
Dinner was warm on the stove, and a clock was striking,
Crisp brown liver and bacon, done to his liking —
Wasn't he hungry, though, and wasn't he late!
Oliver's wife piled hominy on his plate,
Hailing the hero home, hailing the Viking.

*Voices* *Dorothy E. Reid*

## DEAD AT ELEVEN

Make no threne!
Soldans uphold him:
Knights bear him up and place him
Upon a roan horse with bulging muscles,

Plated round with steel, sheathed in crimson trappings.
Homeric heroes hand to hand with brandished long-spears
Battle sonorously as in their creator's lines.
The brown, suspicious folk of Polynesia, Melanesia,
Flee from Captain Cooks in cloud-winged ships,
And from their sour, sea-hardened sailors.
Indians in never-ending conflict lose their lives
As they ride concentered about crawling trains of wagons.
And the war-horns sound at Svold:
Make no threne for him; he sees
Eric and Olaf Tryggvason in epic war-shock on the close seas meeting;
Sees too Einar Tambaskjelfer, eighteen, silk-haired,
Shooting his singing arrows —
How sweet to see the roll of Olaf's Svold-fight thunder!
In warlike dance Zulus prance
Majestically, tossing assegais and tufts of hair.
The air is full of flying carpets, rukhs;
He surveys the desert spaces and the crescent-bannered citadels above jostling bazaars;
Jinni fly to him.
Thermopylæ pass is held and is forced through;
Salamis shakes from the shock and the grounding grind of the galleys;
While throughout the Grecian ranks pass the dear tangible gods.
Hercules throws down his club and approaches,
The lion-skin-clad, great, fierce, adventurous, laughing friend of a boy
With him Theseus in his robe and long hair,
Perseus the wind-cleaver and Jason one-sandalled,
The wonderfullest trio, more tangible than the football team of the high school,
Come offering adventures in strange lands never described yet or charted.
Before him are laid out the lists for a tourney
(Patterned similar to those of Ashby-la-Zouch);
And the knights issue from pennoned pavilions:
Everywhere there is ring and flash of steel armor:
All is motion and color and deeds.
Make no threne:
Soldans surround him.

*The Measure* — *John E. Reinecke*

## PROPER NOUNS

I cannot master the common nouns
With their shading, precisive meanings.
But the proper nouns —
I need not understand them,
Not even place them,
I have but to see, to hear, to image them,
And immediately they blare
Or ring sonorous;
Each reverberating, dissolving, in ten thousand echoes,
Each word, whether it be
Ermintrude, Kenya, or Alor Star,
Libyssa, or Salmydessus.

*The Midland* — *John E. Reinecke*

## SOLOMON'S SHIPS

Ships, sailing so calmly,
Gliding so gracefully,
Why sail you, and whither?
— We sail at our lord Solomon's call
To Ezion-gaber.
— Ships, with your hulls of brass so burnished,
Burnished past the sheen of white silver,
What burthens bear you to your lord Solomon,
Of wisdom and kingly gifts the giver?
— Peacocks and slaves,
Apes anthropoidal,
Rubies and lapis,
Fine gold in coffers,
Diamonds from the womb of the Afric mountain,
And ebon wood to fashion three hundred cradles.

*The Midland* — *John E. Reinecke*

## MAJOLICA PLATE

Yellow and green, with garlands gay;
Pale Madonnas on fields of blue;
Plump bambini with birds, at play;
Coat-of-arms of Italian hue;

Perugian Griffin with Lion of Guelph,
Fighting to prove their civic prides;
Just at this point — I help myself . . .
A crack runs down where the Mayor decides
Which of the cities has won the fight . . .
Majolica chronicles have this plight.

*The Golden Quill* *Ruth Mason Rice*

## YOUTH ASKS

Gilliflower, gilliflower,
Flames of golden yellow,
Tell me, does true love abate
When the years grow mellow?

Gilliflower, gilliflower,
Flames of crimson red,
Tell me, does the heart live on
Although love is dead?

*The Golden Quill* *Elizabeth Davis Richards*

## THE HOSTESS

Tho' she was working in the zinnia bed
Or playing with the puppies on the floor,
She left what she was doing at the tread
Of someone's feet at the south-facing door:
And there she stood, golden and grave and gay,
A spirit of the nest and of the wing,
Making one glad in such a simple way —
This genius of the art of welcoming.
Just so she stood, smiling and very kind,
In special flowered frock for tea-time drest,
And watched a shadowy stranger doorward wind —
Stretched out her hand and welcomed this Last Guest.
Hostess indeed, true hostess to the end
Who met Death even as a gracious friend.

*The Harp* *Helen M. Richards*

## ANNUNCIATION

But for the violets . . .
and earth a gigantic bulb battened down
with stone . . .
violets
at which the wind
makes little shambling rushes,
unsteady wind,
milk-warm and dewy at the mouth,
stumbling and rising again,
smelling of the violets . . .
and but for the wind
scattering
such scented hearsay,
one might not veer
on this unleavened stone
to the sharp pull of earth
at tension with the violets —
one might hurry on unknowing over the cancelled spring,
spring . . . horned green
and curly as a ram's head . . .
desperately butting against the concrete.

*The Saturday Review of Literature* — *Lola Ridge*

## EYRIE

(*To E. A. R.*)

Only in silence can one hear, as you,
The single sounds that, harshly incomplete,
Yet throb to golden music when they meet,
As one clear symphony. With altered hue —
Turned faintly roseblush, faring to the blue
Vast grape of night — day lays down at your feet
Such tardy gifts as you, who for no sake
Find stooping easy, may yet leave or take —
You, who know stars by day where they go veiled
On secret silver thresholds, who have scaled
High sunsets, and have loved gold hair too much
To use . . . save for such moments as might leave
A strand of light that should forever weave
About the heart, and tighten at the touch.

*The New Republic* — *Lola Ridge*

## SHADOW

Though — statued to a savage innocence
That wills to seize and, seizing, to devour —
You hold your head stately as a flower
Of cactus, your wit tempered and made tense
To parry, as with medieval lance,
Life at its point, yet with a dread surmise
As one who fears old ambush you advance —
Rimmed in the golden distance of your eyes
A gone horizon reeling — and the stench
Of death — and only your eyes' roving spark,
Not all the rain of centuries can quench,
Two points of amber fire in the dark. . . .
And, nailed with stars above some Tyrian tree,
Night stretching a vast cross of ebony.

*The Nation* — *Lola Ridge*

## SPRING MORNING — SANTE FE

The first hour was a word the color of dawn;
The second came, and gorgeous poppies stood,
Backs to the wall. The yellow sun rode on:
A mocking bird sang shrilly from a nest of wood.

The water in the acequia came down
At the stroke of nine, and watery clouds were lifting
Their velvet shadows from the little town:
Gold fired the pavement where the leaves were shifting.

At ten, black shawls of women bowed along
The Alameda. Sleepy burros lay
In the heat, and lifted up their ears. A song
Wavered upon the wind and died away,

And the great bells rang out a golden tune:
Words grew in the heart and clanged, the color of noon.

*The Archive* — *Lynn Riggs*

## THE MILLION DOLLAR RAIN

Dawn after dawn flung up the sky
Great flags of flaming light;
Noon after clanging noon crashed by;
Night swooned to breathless night.

Men cursed, while ravening sun dogs leapt
Upon their fields and flocks;
But dream-eyed Joan, prayer spent, bewept
Her fainting hollyhocks.

And then, one vast, black cloud-hulk rolled
Above the thirsty plain,
And from its lightning riven hold
Poured floods of quenching rain.

Men slept, held by the tempest's might
In half-sensed lyric thrall;
But dream-eyed Joan staid up all night
To watch the miracle.

*The Commonweal* — *Helen Pursell Roads*

## THE KEYSTONE

The singing wire has spanned its perilous way
Into the vale of ancient holy things.
Across the Nile and desert waste it flings
Its babbling tongue; where once o'er kingly clay
The God of Silence held unchallenged sway.
Do sleeping monarchs hear vague whisperings
And mutter to the Sphinx, "These speaking strings
The straining peasants bear, whose gift are they?
The poet's dream the scientist made real;
He snared elusive fancies in his net
And wed them to achievement. Should the seal
Of royal favor on his brow be set
Or grace the dreamer's?" Hark! the Sphinx: "I kneel
To Egypt's straining peasant. Kings forget."

*Clyde Robertson*

## THE HEALER

A calm-eyed wraith, Sleep glides across
  Night's velvet-carpeted highway,
To heal the hurt of finite loss
  Before the burgeoning of Day!

*L'Alouette* — *Anne Mathilde Robinson*

## ADVENTURE

Open it slowly,
  The door of the Night,
Lest you uncover
  Too sudden a Light.

Muffle your foot-fall,
  Take by surprise
The joy of the dawning
  In Memory's eyes!

*L'Alouette* — *Anne Mathilde Robinson*

## FROM THE CASTELLO

My window is a frame for one dark tree;
A sentinel cypress focussing the eye
To fall beyond it, 'gainst a morning sky,
On one small town that nestles quietly
Against the gray-green hillside lovingly;
I hear the church bells; like a gentle sigh
The breeze moves slowly, lingeringly by,
Bringing their fuller meaning back to me.

O little town of dreams, and deep sweet bells,
That clings against a line of lilac light!
What mystery, within, of beauty swells,
Enriching all my being as I gaze,
Knowing, no matter what may come of night —
I shall possess thee now for all my days!

*Scribner's Magazine* — *Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*

## DESIDERATUS MERCIER

Go down, Tall Priest, to the iron sea;
Slough the old cross of clay and bone;
Kneel, and whatever gods there be
Let them proclaim you for their own.

Under your cassock shines your sword;
The open Book is in your hand;
You knew, and taught, and spoke the Word
Of high insuperable command.

No steel was sharper than the lance
Of scorn you hurled at Belgium's foes;
Under the glacier of your glance
A hot, invading torrent froze.

Your spired cathedral fell; each stone
Rained like a death upon your head;
You stood in the red storm alone,
Comforting all, uncomforted.

And mitred only by your soul
Drew round you all your ravaged flock;
Laying aside your scholar's scroll
You were their refuge and their rock.

The tired earth, like a broken wheel
May falter on its track of dust,
But you, strong-sinewed with the steel
Of man's immortal, Godward thrust,

Have broken the clay bonds of fear,
And blazing into astral flame,
Have set a new star in the tier
Of comets hallowing His Name.

*The Commonweal* — *Henry Morton Robinson*

## SUBURBAN DAWN

Nothing is paler than suburban dawn;
Nothing in mountain forests have I seen
More shyly tranquil than the dappled fawn
Of daybreak crossing squares of dusty green.
Dawn is a white doe pasturing between
The hedge and house, the sidewalk and the lawn,
Cropping the berried bush of darkness clean
While all the curtains in the town are drawn.

Over the pavement lean the dreaming trees
With lashes of their drowsy leaves turned down;
Brown ivy-sparrows tune their morning glees;
The day is trying on her newest gown —
And dons it quickly, hearing on the breeze
The whistle of the first train into town.

*The Century Magazine* — *Henry Morton Robinson*

## UBI LITERAE IBI LUX

They think I sit alone beside my fire —
The days of golden mornings all gone by,
And amber dusks where quiet blossoms lie,
The swift delights that spring and youth desire.
They cannot know that vastness of empire,
The pageantry of ages passing by,
Its immemorial folk, their dreams, their cry,
Their dignity of thought and high desire.
For Homer's heroes pass, and Sappho sings,
Great Shakspere's men and women live again,
And Goethe broods, and Shelley's passion wings;
Or Milton's loss is mine, and Dante's pain:
That first Creator, from eternal night,
Thought too of these, and said, "Let there be light."

*The Step Ladder* — *Edna Davis Romig*

## IN THE GARDEN

A king had proudly walked within my garden
And there were purple paths for him to go,
And golden bells, and silver trumpets blowing,
And many flaming tapers, row on row . . .
When he had gone, I sang away the terror
Of loneliness. I sang away the pain.
I toiled to keep the garden's old familiar beauty
Against the time when he should come again.
How could I, as with eagerness and laughter
Flinging the gate wide open for my king,
Know that a beggar entered, who would ravish
My proudest and my rarest blossoming?
Yet it is not a sob for that lost beauty
That breaks my breath: it is the shame to know
That afterward a beggar stumbled dully
Along the paths a king was wont to go.

*Poetry of Today* — *Edna Davis Romig*

## CLOUDLAND

A child, I wanted to explore
The airy and fantastic shore
Of cumulus continents that lie

Columbus' Indies of the sky —
Pale as, in skies of afternoon,
That filmy moth of night, the Moon.

I dreamed . . . so young! . . . what I should see
In Cloudland. Surely there would be
In valley or on chalken cliff
The pastures of the Hippogriffe;
Towers and snowy teocalis
To scale; or lonely cobweb valleys
For hammock; and, my silver pillows,
Ghost Andes soft as pussy-willows;
Or — growling in their purple lairs —
Fierce golden-taloned jaguars.
There, there, (I thought) I might discover —
There in the clouds — the perfect lover.
Heroes and hazards there had birth
Too epic for a dream-hostile earth.
Castled in cloud, I should be master
Of idle towers of alabaster;
Could win, from the disturbing sun,
An ivory oblivion.

I'm thirty now, and now I know
What it was I longed for so.
Conquestador of Cloudland, I
Voyaged at last the Atlantic sky.
Pizzaro of the sky, I went
To that far chalken continent.
Where, then, were my white teocalis,
My carven hills, my cobweb valleys?
I saw but mournful, monochrome,
Vague drifting fog of ashen foam.
My heroes and my Hippogriffes
Were phantoms amid phantom cliffs.
Vainly within such ghostly lairs
I sought the thunder's jaguars.
I found for lover fog that faded
From limbs it chilled while it evaded;
And, for oblivion, the dim ache
Of nightmare whence one cannot wake.

Cloudland was an inane expanse —
Limbo with no significance:

Frigid and vague, an iceberg's ghost,
Or mocking spider-webs of frost.

I turned my back on Eldorado:
Better Hell than Heaven's shadow!

*Verse* — *E. Merrill Root*

## RESTLESS

The World is but my restless self: The sun
Smoulders, a slow flamingo, in the East,
Abandoning Asia like a reedy nest.
The Ganges and the Mississippi run —
Swift hounds that hear the whistle of the sea.
The leaves, those gay boats from an elfin jetty,
Tho they set sail like Autumn's light confetti,
Return — to sail again from the bough's quay.
Ever the wind must chase, a trite buffoon,
His misty sheep, or ships for butterflies.
The earth, that fickle Ethiopian girl,
Wears roses now — and now the ice for pearl.
The sea, a silly child, forever cries
And reaches up his arms to have the moon!

*The Measure* — *E. Merrill Root*

## THE WALLS OF JERICHO

(*The words of this poem are intended to be spoken as an obligato to the Negro spiritual, "Joshua Fit de Battle ob Jericho," the music of which is first heard as a faint humming accompaniment to the opening stanzas and gradually swells to a forte chorus at the end.*)

*Watchman, what is your word?*
The night is quiet, but that white stone
That rolls above the city is the same
Unpitying moon that shone
On Nineveh, on Babylon
After the kings were gone.

*Watchman, what do you hear?*
I hear the frantic voice of the unseen

Incessant whippoorwill that raves
Of something lost; but it can mean
Nothing; it has never been.

*Watchman, what do you see?*
I see the outpost's fire that flickers red
Between the city and the dark; the black
Fagot wherewith the flame was fed,
Screamed for a while and bled.
Now it is dead.

*Watchman, why do you shake?*
I shake because there is no rain
To quench that fire, as they well know
Who kindled it; there will remain
Always the pain;
Something unslain.

*Watchman, what of our city?*
All's well and the streets are bright;
Few felt the cold when we achieved
Our heatless miracle of light.
Like ghosts bedight
They walk in light.

*Watchman, our singers sleep!*
Not so, but their frozen lips are sealed,
And though they break with furious hands
The altars where they kneeled,
Plow there is none to wield,
Barren is the field.

*Watchman, our priests are fled!*
Not so, they have gathered all
To the battlements; they shout and fling
Bread at the gates that the tall
Towers may stand, and the wall
May not fall.

*Watchman, they come to slay!*
Not so, there is no magic in the sword
Can slay what never lived.
Even so was poured
From heaven the word
Of the Lord.

*Watchman, they march with songs!*
Yes, they come singing; are we then so proud
Of our white silence? Yes, they come
Laughing and loud.
Unarmed, unbowed.

*Watchman, your lips do move!*
Yes, for I see the great walls fling
Their stones upon the plain,
And we too sing.

*Joshua fit de Battle ob Jericho,*
*Jericho, Jericho.*
*Joshua fit de Battle ob Jericho,*
*And de walls come a-tumblin' down.*

*The Nation* — *James Rorty*

## SONGS FOR MARCH

### FUTILE

Over March fields, the wild geese fly.
Below a fantastic poplar stands
Lonely, against the morning sky
With gesturing hands.

Instinctively I formed a thought:
How a foolish, scraggy man was long
Singing of things most subtly wrought
In a dying song.

### THE WISH

My window shows the March snow come
Stalking, swaying towards my door;
And on his shoulder is a bird
That I have seen before.

But he will pass, as strangers pass,
And I shall never, never hear
The music of his shoulder-bird
Though they are very near.

*The Lyric* — *Benjamin Rosenbaum*

## O PITY OUR SMALL SIZE

O little mouse, so frightened of each sound,
Each human voice, each stir along the ground;
Ants, tiny ants with that wee spark in you
That can be quenched by any careless shoe;
Rabbits that leap and hide yourselves in grasses
With panic in your breasts until man passes.
Man fears as you; we run into a house
When cyclones roar, as any dreading mouse.
When earthquakes come and press us with their feet,
We are like ants who can't oppose, entreat;
And we may leap as rabbits for a cover,
But Death with all his dogs will nearby hover.
You have known fear, small things, to make you wise.
We are so weak. O pity our small size.

*The Lyric* — *Benjamin Rosenbaum*

## JOHN EVERYMAN

In carrying more than mortals can
John was an ordinary man —
Of cares he was a caravan.
He staggered onward in the sun;
But for his load, he might have run.
How shamblingly his pace advanced
When joyously he might have danced!
He reached the wood at last; and then
They ambushed him — God's highwaymen!

Ah, when he reached the wood at last
Delicious rapine followed fast —
Pillage divine, celestial rape
From which no mortal could escape.
John shivered, trembled, cried, and pled.
Their purpose steeped his heart in dread —
Had he a chance, he would have fled.

Burdened, disarmed, he faced about:
A tall oak robbed him of his doubt;
Huge elms — those burly buccaneers —
Despoiled him of his priceless fears;
A cypress stole his fine disdain;

A dewdrop plundered him of pain;
The agate of his heart, they say,
A sunbeam melted quite away;
A laurel leaned to him and took
His aching eye, his anxious look;
A sunset-coroneted pine
Soon made him all his pride resign.

Disaster on disaster came!
Into her secret halls of flame —
The stately sorrow that he kept
Closest his heart — a wild rose swept.
His anger — he was sore beset —
He yielded to a violet;
Surrendered to a spray of rue
The dream that never could come true;
He gave sick hope that had been sleeping
Unto a greensward's quiet keeping;
And with a virgin lily left
A love whose heart long since was cleft.

Pillaged and joyous, ruined, glad,
Free, naked, reft of all he had,
John Everyman from yonder wood
Carried no more than mortals should;
Carried a heart for life made strong,
A hope, a faith, a friend, a song.

*O traveler somewhere on the way,*
*May God's good thieves your path waylay —*
*And this with all my heart I pray.*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Archibald Rutledge*

## A FRIEND

I knew him well; we fenced at many a bout
As boys; jested, as you and I do now.
He was my friend before, till fame reached out
And laid the wreath of laurel on his brow.

And now he walks in kingly paths, and seeks
Only such friends as kings desire to own;
Now, with his head held high, he boldly speaks
Of visions. But he walks no more alone.

The friends that gather at the beck of fame
Feed on the glamour of his brief renown.
Among this crowd I found him, spoke his name
And sought to add a jewel to his crown

With word well-turned. Though my intent was fair,
Between us two the message went astray —
His answer strangely smote the empty air;
Somehow there was so little left to say.

He does not mean, I fancy, to forget;
A wound is quite the last thing he'd intend.
The cunning world but trapped him in her net
Of shining fame . . . and I have lost a friend.

*Contemporary Verse* — *Sydney King Russell*

## TITHES

One tenth of what their acreage had grown
They gave unto Jehovah; so they made
With separate hands a sacrifice and trade,
And reaped what they penuriously had sown.
They had reward. We heard it in the tone
On every Sabbath evening when they prayed
Forgiveness for the paltry sins they laid
Concealed in cupboards. Virtues they made known.

They liked to get ahead of God and pay
Before he asked them to; they would not wait
For incandescence of a judgment-day,
But calculated on a homely slate
That just one tenth their corn and calves and hay
Would buy a mansion in the heavenly state.

*Voices* — *Harriet Sampson*

## THE UNKNOWN EARTH

In the cold rain the scents of spring will hurt:
This morning I have followed them with pain.
Nature becomes a jade, a bitter flirt,
Remembering what she must forget again.

The sky is like a winter skating pond;
I am evasive, and a little older.
The hundred trees in sight are limp and blond,
Leaning against Spring's flushed and girlish shoulder.

The old men with umbrellas, girls in boots,
And children driving galleys through the gutter:
A graceless reveller hid behind a cloud. . . .
The earth beneath is pierced and bound with roots,
While in the kitchen Jack eats bread and butter,
And every worm is cool and green and proud.

*Voices* *Paul Sandoz*

## THE YOUTH, GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, PROPHESIES

"Put by the lute, Girolamo, my son,
Else shall I break in tears. Put by this too,
Too sad, sweet music, sweetest son." She drew
Nearer to him, whose pensive hands played on,
Low music filling softness, longing in
The wild sweet eyes. "My son, tell me the true
Thing in your heart. You have been strange, with new
Consuming vision. Day and night has been
An agony. O my dear son, I fear
For you!" Then to her love and to her tear
Responded flame of the eyes. Dropping the lute,
"The garden is the Lord's; we are but fruit
Unto His hand. Apple of His desire,
I burn with sweetness till I burn in fire."

*Voices* *Edward Sapir*

## THREE HAGS COME VISITING

Those hags are in the hallway,
They've hardly opened the door —
It is as three long shadows
Had slipped in long before.

For hours they are patient,
Looking up the stair;

They hear a lady singing
And combing her lovely hair.

"Jenny, tell your mistress
There's company today,
And all fixed and ready
To take her a long way."

"Dear mothers, O sweet mothers,
Come out of the cold, please —
There's plenty of room in the kitchen,
And a cup at your own ease."

They sip their tea and mumble
With a meaningful air,
Thinking of the lady
Singing up the stair.

"Jenny, tell your mistress
Her company is here,
And she has barely the time now
To brush away a tear."

"Dear mothers, O sweet mothers,
She's singing a song there;
Not weeping at all, mothers,
But doing her lovely hair."

"Jenny, see your mistress,
And tell her company
If she is ready to go now,
Her hair all tidy."

The house is dark, the house is still;
The maid flies up the stair
And fumbles at the door-knob
The hags down there

Come slowly up the dark stair
And push the lady's door;
The comb has dropped from her lovely hair,
They find it on the floor.

*Poetry, a Magazine of Verse* *Edward Sapir*

## SHE WENT TO SLEEP BELOW

She went to sleep below
  The rootlets of the grass;
Her face waxen, composed,
  Like dark subtle brass.

She went to sleep below,
  Her face waxen, composed,
Her body cold as snow,
  The eyelids closed.

She took but little down
  Where there was little room;
She was at once the bride
  And her own bridegroom.

There shone upon her bed
  Neither candle nor stars;
Not the palest moon
  Straggled through the bars.

The sun rose from the sea
  Passing by her bed,
Yet thereby not at all
  Was her face illumined,

But rested very still,
  Neither darkened nor lit,
And there came hardly a word
  Through the lips' tiny slit;

Nor changed the two hands crossed
  Upon the quiet breast,
Not being weary at all
  Of their constrained rest.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Edward Sapir*

## TAMARACK BLUE

As any brush-wolf, driven from the hills
By winter famine, waits upon the edge
Of a settlement for cover of the dusk,

And enters it by furtive devious route,
Cowering among the shadows, freezing taut
With every sound, so came the widow Blue
In winter-moons to parish Pointe aux Trembles,
Doubled to earth beneath her pack of furs,
To ply her trade, to barter at the Post.
And if she ventured near the village inn,
The roustabouts, baring their yellow tusks,
Would toss a dry slow leer at her and stone
Old Tamarack numb with "Mag, the Indian hag"—
With ribald epithet and jibe and gesture.
And when they waxed melodious with rye
Pounding their ribs, and knew no way to free
The head of steam that hammered in their breasts,
Save in a raucous music, they would blare:
"She wears for petticoat a gunny-bag"—
Adding, with many ponderous knowing winks,
"O Skinflint Blue, with a shin of flint, too!"
And thus to the end they thumped their beery song
With laughter raw, big-bellied. There were days
When the Christian gentlemen of Pointe aux Trembles
Would welcome Tamarack with such cataract
Of bilious humor that the harried squaw,
Bruised by their epithets, with swimming eyes
Intent upon the dust, seemed well-nigh gone,
Stoned to the earth. There came a stumbling hour
When I put an arm around her bag of ribs,
And felt her bosom pounding with such fear
That had I dared to place my weight of thumb
Upon her heart, I could have pressed the life
From her as from a fluttering crippled wren
Held in my hand.

Nor was the widow's perfume
Of name and reputation without reason:
Penurious, forgetful of her own
Hungering flesh, she strangled every coin
And hoarded it against some secret need;
And slattern she was — a juiceless crone, more drab
To contemplate than venison long-cured
By the slow smoke of burning maple logs,
And quite as pungent with the wilderness.
What with the fight to draw the sap of life
From grudging soil, in sun and wind and snow,

Twenty-one years of Indian widowhood —
The cycle of labor, the desperate routine —
Will parch a soul and weather any hide
To the texture of a withered russet apple.
A moon of hauling sap in the sugar-bush,
And boiling maple-syrup; a moon for netting
Whitefish and smoking them upon the racks;
Two moons among the berries, plums, and cherries;
A moon in the cranberry bog; another moon
For harvesting the wild-rice in the ponds;
Odd days for trailing moose and jerking meat;
And then the snow — and trap-lines to be strung
Among the hills for twenty swampy miles,
For minks and martens, otters, beavers, wolves.
So steadfast was the bronzed coureuse-de-bois
On her yearly round — like hands upon a clock—
Given the week and weather, I could tell,
Uncannily close, what grove of balsam-trees,
What jutting rock or lonely waste of swamp
Sheltered the widow's shins at night from beat
Of rain or snow.

And when the spring thaws came,
And bread was low, and the pagan stomach lay
As flat against her spine as any trout's
After a spawning-season, there were nights
When Tamarack's ears were sensitive to silver —
Evenings when any lumberjack on drive,
Gone rampant with the solitude of winter,
And hungry for affection, might persuade
The otherwise forlorn and famished widow
To join him in a moment of romance.
Oh, not without demurring did she yield —
And not without reason: otter pelts are rare,
Cranberries buy no silken petticoats,
No singing lessons — for there was Suzie Blue.

Whenever Tamarack touched the world in shame
Or drudgery or barter, she had for end
The wringing of a comfort for her daughter —
As when a cactus pushes down its roots
Among the hostile sands for food and moisture,
And sends the stream and sparkle of its life
Up to a creaming blossom. None of us

In parish Pointe-aux-Trembles could fathom why
The outcast crucified herself for Suzie.
Some said that Suzie Blue was all the kin
The starveling had; and others, among the elders,
Held that the half-breed daughter carried every
Feature of Antoine Blue, who fathered her,
As clearly as a tranquil mountain pool
Holds on its breast the overhanging sky;
And added that the pagan drab was proud
That she had crossed to the issue of her flesh
The pure white strain, the color of a Frenchman.

Whatever the reason, when the voyageur
Let out his quart of blood upon the floor
After a drunken brawl at Jock McKay's,
The widow set herself to live for Suzie,
Bustling from crimson dawn to purple dusk,
And sometimes in the furtive black of night,
Hither and yon, in every wind and weather,
Scratching the mulch for morsels of the earth,
And salvaging the tender bits — a grouse
With a solitary chick. Of luxuries
Wrung from the widow's flesh there was no end:
Ribbons and scarfs and laces — all for Suzie;
And four long years at Indian boarding-school;
A year at Fort de Bois in business-college,
For higher education; and topping all,
Three seasons spent in culture of the voice.
Oh, such a dream as stirred the widow's heart —
A hope that put a savor in her world,
A zest for life! — a dream of cities thralled
By silver music fountaining from Suzie,
Cities that flashed upon the velvet night
In scrawling fire the name of Suzie Blue;
A dream wherein the widow would declare
In glory, comfort, rest, her dividends
Upon the flesh put in for capital.

How clearly I recall the eventful spring
When Sue returned from her gilding at the Fort!
Old Tamarack was away — at Lac la Croix
Netting for fish— and could not come to town
To welcome her. But when the run of trout
Was at an end, she cached her nets and floats

And paddled down in time for Corpus Christi.
Some circumstance conspired to keep the two
Apart until the eucharistic feast —
Perhaps the village-folk who always took
A Christian interest in Suzie's moral
Welfare. But Thursday found the derelict
Stiff on a bench in Mission Sacré Cœur,
More taut for the high sweet moment of her life
Than quivering catgut strung upon a fiddle —
For Suzie was to sing in Corpus Christi,
The pagan was about to claim her own.

I'd never seen the squaw in her Sunday-best:
Soft doeskin moccasins of corn-flower blue,
Patterned with lemon beads and lemon quills;
Checkered vermilion gown of calico
To hide her flinty shins, her thin flat hips;
And umber shawl, drawn tight about her head
And anchored at her breast by leather hands —
A dubious madonna of the pines.
Somehow the crone had burst her dull cocoon
Upon this day, was almost radiant
With loveliness, as if, on the new-born
Wings of desire, she was about to leave
The earth and know the luxury of sunlight.
The apologetic eyes, the mien of one
Bludgeoned to earth by rancid drollery,
Had vanished; on her face there was the look
That glorifies a partridge once in life —
When after endless labor, pain, and trouble
Rearing her first-born brood, she contemplates
Her young ones pattering among the leaves
On steady legs, and clucking pridefully
She spreads her shining feathers to the wind.
And when the widow shot a wisp of smile
At me from underneath her umber cowl —
A smile so tremulous, so fragmentary,
And yet so shyly confident that all
The dawning world this day was exquisite —
A whisk of overture so diffident
And yet so palpitant for friendliness —
Somehow the poignant silver of it slipped
Between my ribs and touched me at the quick,
And I was moved to join her in the pew.

Oh, how her eyes, like embers in a breeze,
Flared up to life when Father Bruno led
Her daughter from the choir, and Suzie set
Herself to sing! Suzie was beautiful,
Sullenly beautiful with sagging color;
Blue was the half-seen valley of her breast;
Her blue hair held the dusk; beneath her lids
Blue were the cryptic shadows, stealthy blue,
Skulking with wraiths that spoke of intimate,
Too intimate, communion with the night,
The languor of the moon. Beneath the glass
Of hot-house culture she had come to fruit,
A dusky grape grown redolent with wine,
A grape whose velvet-silver bloom reveals
The finger-smudge of too many dawdling thumbs.

She braced herself and tossed a cataract
Of treble notes among the mission rafters,
While Sister Mercy followed on the organ.
Something distressed me in the melody —
A hint of metal, a subtle dissonance;
Perhaps the trouble lay with Sister Mercy,
Or else the organ needful of repair;
To me there seemed a mellow spirit wanting,
As if the chambers of the half-breed's soul —
Like a fiddle-box, unseasoned by the long
Slow sun and wind, and weathered too rapidly
Beside a comfortable hot-house flame —
Lacked in the power to resonate the tone.

But the widow sat beatified, enthralled;
To her the cold flat notes were dulcet-clear,
As golden in their tones as the slow bronze bell
That swung among the girders overhead
And echoed in the hills. And Suzie sang,
Serene, oblivious of all the world —
Save in a dim far pew a florid white man
Whose glance went up her bosom to her lips
And inventoried all of Suzie's charms.
For him she chanted: for him she lifted up
The tawny blue-veined marble of her arm
In casual gesture to pat a random lock;
For him she shook her perfume on the air —
Bold as a spike deer rutting in October,

Drenching its heavy musk upon the wind,
And waiting, silhouetted on the moon,
Waiting the beat of coming cloven hoofs.

When Sue dispatched her final vibrant note
In a lingering amen and came to earth,
She undulated down the aisle with swash
Of silken petticoat, to greet and join
Her glorified old mother — so it seemed.
And when she came within the pagan's reach,
The widow, bright with tears, and tremulous,
Uttered a rivulet of ecstasy
As wistful as the wind in autumn boughs,
And strove to touch the hand of Sue, half stood
To welcome her. The daughter paused, uncertain,
The passing of a breath. Haunted her face;
The dear dim ghosts of wildwood yesterdays
Laid gentle hands upon the half-breed's heart,
Struggled to bring her soul to life again.
She wavered. Then, conscious of the battery
Of parish eyes upon her, the village code
Rich with taboos of blue and flinty flesh,
And mindful of the gulf between the two
Sprung from her Christian culture at the Fort,
She gathered up her new-born pride, and froze.
With eyes as cold and stony as a pike's,
She looked at Tamarack — as on a vagrant wind;
With but the tremor of a lip, a fleeting
Hail and farewell, she slipped her flaccid palm
From out the pagan's gnarled and weathered hand,
And rustled down the room and out the door —
The stranger at her heels, a coyote warm
And drooling on the trail of musky deer.
The widow held her posture, breathless, stunned;
Swayed for a moment, blindly groped her way,
And wilted to the bench: as when a mallard,
High on a lift of buoyant homing wind,
Before a blast of whistling lead careers,
Hovers bewildered, and crumpling up its wings,
Plummets to earth — to lie upon the dust
A bleeding thing, suffused with anguish, broken.
At last she gathered the remnants of her strength;
Huddling within her corner, stoic, cold,
And burying her head within her cowl,

She parried all the gimlet eyes that strove
To penetrate the shadows to her mood.
And when the curé lifted up his hands
And blessed his flock, the derelict went shuffling
Along the aisle and vanished in the mist
Of Lac La Croix.

Some untoward circumstance
Stifled my breath — perhaps the atmosphere,
The fetid body-odors in the room.
I hurried from the hall to sun-washed air.
Bridling my sorrel mare, I found the trail
That skirts the mossy banks of Stonybrook,
And cantered homeward, to all the kindred-folk
That ever wait my coming with high heart:
My setter bitch asprawl beside the door,
Drowsy, at peace with all the droning flies;
The woodchucks, quizzical and palpitant,
That venture from their den among the logs
To query me for crumbs; the crippled doe,
Who, lodging with me, crops my meadow-grass
And tramples havoc with my bed of beets,
Gloriously confident that I shall never
Muster the will to serve her with a notice! —
To all that blessed vagrom company
With whom I band myself against the world
And all its high concerns and tribulations.
Somehow the valley was uncommonly
Serene and lovely, following the rain,
The mellow benediction of the sun.
The beaver-ponds that held upon their glass
The clean clear blue of noon, the pebbly brook
Meandering its twisted silver rope
Through hemlock arches, loitering in pools
Clear-hued as brimming morning-glories, placid,
Save when a trout would put a slow round kiss
Upon the water — these were beautiful.
The rustle of winds among the aspen-trees,
The fragrance on the air when my sorrel mount,
Loping upon the trail, flung down her hoofs
Upon the wintergreen and left it bruised
And dripping — these were very clean and cool.
And I was glad for the wild plums crimsoning
Among the leaves, and for the frail blue millers

Glinting above them — chips of splintered sky;
Glad for the blossoming alfalfa fields
Robust with wining sap, and the asters bobbing
And chuckling at the whimsies of the breeze;
Glad for the far jing-jangling of cattle-bells
That summoned to a land of deep wet grass
And lazy water, a world of no distress,
No pain, no sorrow, a valley of contentment.

Until I came upon a mullein-weed
Withered and bended almost to the ground
Beneath the weight of a raucous purple grackle —
A weed so scrawny of twig, so gnarled, so old,
That when I flung a pebble at the bird
Heavy upon the bough, the mullein failed
To spring its ragged stalk from earth again,
The suppleness of life had gone from it.
Something in this distressed me, haunted me.
Something in mullein, stricken, drooping, doomed —
When I can hear the rustle of a ghost
Upon November wind, a ghost that whispers
Of chill white nights and brittle stars to come,
Of solitude with never a creature sounding
Save lowing moose that flounder in the snow,
Forlornly rumped against the howling wind —
Something in palsied mullein troubles me.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Lew Sarett*

## THE BEGGAR

The old sea-fog, in a tattered veil,
Comes to my door with a beggar's tale.
Her grey eyes wander with eager desire.
(She shudders and turns from my driftwood fire)
Till her gaze is held on a lacquered tray
Etched by the shadow of a spray
Of wild plum blossom . . . the tray is old,
With dragon handles of painted gold.
As she reaches a thin and bony hand,
The wind calls here with a sharp command,
And she turns away, a cowering slave,

Hurrying off to her grey sea cave;
Forgetting the plate of Chinese red
With the plum's white beauty overspread.

*The Lyric* *Whitelaw Saunders*

## JUNGLE POOL

There was a doe that came for water,
There was a lion gaunt and grim;
Treacherous pool with peaceful shadows
Hiding the tawniness of him.

Hesitant footsteps falter downward
Nearer and nearer to the cool
Vine-covered tangles shedding darkness,
Down to the dreamy, limpid pool.

I would accuse both God and nature
But of a truth I do not dare; —
I am the doe that came for water,
I am the lion waiting there.

*The Golden Quill* *Frances Sawyer*

## LEACHED

In France they martyred one progenitor,
Another one in English air they burned,
Troublesome fellows doubtless who had earned
That swift dispatch the litanists abhor;
He flamed within, the jibed-at warrior,
While though restrained the other blood was turned
To proper wrath, — they should not be concerned
Over the thing a man is destined for.
Now never fires of zealous martyrdoms
Nor victims for cold generosity;
Under this nothingness the race succumbs
Unless the boldest men alive should be
Displayed to public view with a stir of drums, —
Heroes set forth in a menagerie.

*Voices* *Frances Sawyer*

## "WHEN I WAS A CHILD"

### I

Once, when I was a big brown bear
  Down on my hands and knees
Walking through an awful wood
  With blades of grass for trees —

I scared the grasshoppers away
  And trampled down the clover
To let the forest people know
  A bear was passing over!

When suddenly I broke upon
  A blue-green sea of flowers,
I curled up soft along the shore
  And rested there for hours.

The sky was very blue that day,
  The trees were very tall,
And then — like bird-song in the light
  I heard my mother call!

### II

Anna and Emily,
  Arthur and me,
Are going to climb
  The apple tree.

Anna says,
  "Please give me a boost.
I'm going to be
  A chicken, and roost."

Anna's fat,
  So it's better for her
To stay down low
  And be quieter

Than Emily,
  Who's climbing high
And fast as a monkey
  Into the sky.

But they're just girls. —
  Arthur and me
Are sailors, watching
  Over the sea!

III

I'm going to hide behind that chair.
Mother won't find me hiding there.

Oh, she's calling louder than before,
But I don't want to go down to the store.

I want to see the train go round
Just once — through the tunnel, underground.
(It makes such a lovely, rattling sound.)

Oh, mother is calling, calling again.
She wants me to go to the store in the rain.

Perhaps I had better, she's so much to do.
(And I can wade in the puddles, too.)

IV

In the land where the Chinamen grow
  Do they have snow?
And do they wag their pigtails
  When they want to say no?

I want to go
Where the Chinamen grow.
Let's dig faster, Jo.

*Contemporary Verse* — *Marshall W. Schacht*

SUDS

O would you dream of poems in a wash-tub,
The washer-woman's pose like one of art,
Her rub-a-dub to mean a French translation
Or steaming suds of rainbow clouds a part?

Yet what an art to cleanse the sordid linen,
Life's masterpiece, the worker drab and plain,
What palaces of dreams, what thoughts and fancies
The suds reveal, what memories enchain!

Ah, blowing in the wind, green sward beneath them,
Sweet smelling, spotless, purged of all one loathes,
Most surely art, the washer woman's Rembrandt—
Portraits clean cut, her swinging line of clothes.

*The Harp* — *Lulu Minerva Schultz*

## AS I WENT UP TOWARD LEBANON

As I went up toward Lebanon,
The turbaned guardian of the gate
Glowered at me like the face of Fate,
As if to say — "thou Christian cur,
In Allah's name, where goest thou?"
I gave my Arab steed the spur,
Drew eager breath, and bared my brow
To greet the scepter of the sun,
While ardor thrilled me like a vow
As I went up toward Lebanon.

As I went up toward Lebanon,
A crooning wind came creeping down
From the great cedared mountain's crown,
And shook the citron and the lime
Until their attared blossoms fell
As softly as a woven rhyme
Whose measure is inaudible;
With murmurous ripple and with run
The voice of Barada kept time
As I went up toward Lebanon.

As I went up toward Lebanon,
I passed where drowsy Bessima lies
In its pomegranate paradise;
The path before me stretched afar,
And I, ascending, seemed to see,
Above bright cliffs of cinnabar,
White heights that touched infinity,

And vintage raptures to be won
Where terraced grapes gleamed goldenly
As I went up toward Lebanon.

As I went up toward Lebanon,
A lingering look behind I cast
As one might pause to view the Past.
The slim Bride's Minaret like a spear
Pierced the blue distance of the sky,
And faintly falling on my ear
Was borne a lone muezzin's cry.
Beyond, a web-like waste was spun —
The desert parching to the eye,
As I went up toward Lebanon.

As I went up toward Lebanon,
I dreamed the olden dream again
Of Saladin and Tamerlaine.
As though upon a painted screen
I marked the ancient pomp unfurl,
Where, in its garden-close of green,
Vocal with nightingale and merle,
In loveliness surpassed by none,
Damascus glimmered like a pearl
As I went up toward Lebanon.

*The Virginia Quarterly Review* *Clinton Scollard*

## A PLACE I KNOW

There is a place I know,
  A plot of turfy ground,
Where amber waters flow
  With an ebullient sound;
And yet despite their noise
  That never seems to cease,
It is a place of joys,
  It is a place of peace.

The air is clear and thin;
  It has the tang of wine;
The sunlight filters in
  Through braided boughs of pine.
A casual dragon-fly

Will tilt then disappear;
A butterfly flit by
And dart and dip and veer.

And there are banks above,
With copses either side,
Where mating birds make love
From dawn to even-tide;
Outstretched upon the moss
In this dear place I know,
I watch them flit across,
The wren and vireo.

When I would flee the rout
Of cares that will intrude,
Then I alone seek out
This sylvan solitude;
Therein I may divest
My soul of sordid schemes;
It is a place of rest;
It is a place of dreams.

*The Archive* — *Clinton Scollard*

## BLACK KITCHEN

Down around the kitchen
The old cook shuffles;
Out on the back porch
A black hound snuffles.

A cockroach waits
In the basement shady;
Dinner is cooking
For a gentleman and lady.

*Food in a dark heart,*
*Hunger in a wish —*
*The cook stirs the kettle*
*And serves up the dish.*

"Come, pretty lady,
Come to the table!
Eat, fine gentleman,
Eat if you are able!

"This isn't food
For any common boarder —
I cooked this meal
To your special order!"

Looking at the black stew,
Both turn pale.
"I ordered cherries — "
"And I ordered quail!"

The cook says: "Madam,
I beg your pardon —
There's no more cherries
Down in the garden.

"And surely you know, sir,
Quail is out of season —
What you order
Must be in reason!"

They look at the food
With querulous fear:
"What are you serving us
That looks so queer?"

"You know best
The meat you carve —
Food from your heart,
Eat or starve!"

Thoughts they have hidden
Far out of sight
Come crawling to their eyes
And blink in the light.

Nervously the diners
Begin to speak,
And his voice thickens
And her voice is weak.

"We're not very hungry —"
"It's quite all right —"
"We don't care for dinner —"
"At least, not tonight!"

The hungry cockroach
  Scuttles in and waits;
The hound comes whining
  To lick the plates.

Says Cook: "Set the platter
  Down on the floor,
So my second-table boarders
  Need wait no more

But feast together;
  For the platter is wide
Where Fear and Lust
  Feed side by side."

*Food in a dark heart,*
  *Hunger in a wish,*
*Poison in the kettle*
  *And death on the dish.*

Some go hungry,
  And some are fed,
And some lie silent
  In a dark cold bed,

Dreaming of heaven,
  And a golden plate
With cherries and a quail
  That nobody ate.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Marjorie Allen Seiffert*

## BALLAD OF A MAN-MADE WOMAN

*Sing-a-ling-lo, of a man-made woman —*
  *Why — no — forever;*
*More than human and less than human —*
  *Yes, and never.*

She stood like a white unfinished tower,
And men were filled with a lusty power —
Filled with implacable god-like duty
To shape this woman with dreadful beauty.

*Her incompleteness was a cry*
*That challenged every passer-by —*
*Why — no — forever.*

One by one they came to her side
Glowing with Jove-like power and pride.
The first carved dreams in her empty eyes,
The next tuned her ears with heavenly lies.

*A woman of flesh, or clay, or stone,*
*That each would fashion, and each alone —*
*Yes, and never.*

One man worked an age-long while
To change the shadow of her smile.
Another molded her curving breast
Till it offered rest, and gave no rest.

*Their hands made her body ripe and sweet,*
*Yet she was forever incomplete —*
*Yes, forever.*

And she was plastic — with each change
She grew less human and more strange.
As gods of beauty, light, and lust,
They shaped her unillumined dust.

*And none was able, no, not one,*
*To finish what he had begun —*
*No, and never.*

Till she longed for a god with hands of fire
To shape her after his own desire,
To kindle her till she illumed,
Blazed high, was utterly consumed.

*Alas, that no immortal breath*
*Wakened her from her stony death —*
*Why — no — forever!*

Like an unfinished tower she seemed
To hint a thing some god had dreamed —
A careless god, who leaves his plan
For mortal to finish, if mortal can.

*A man-made woman, sing-a-ling-lo —*
*Why — no — forever.*
*Less than human, as humans go,*
*Yes, and never.*

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Marjorie Allen Seiffert*

## BALLAD OF THE WISTFUL LADY

She was a wistful lady,
A wishful wistful lady,
She did not know nothing
But she did not know much —
Heigh-ho!

She wished when she was twenty
And she had time a-plenty;
But after-while she was forty —
Ah me, life is such,
Well-a-day!

And she gave over wishing,
As a man comes home from fishing
Who has not caught nothing
But who has not caught much.
Heigh-ho!

She had a silver minny,
A skimpy thing and finny.
It would not be no supper,
But none grew fat on such —
Well-a-day!

It would not do for the skillet
As codfish, pike or millet,
For she had not learned nothing
Though she had not learned much —
Heigh-ho!

And gold-fish are more shiny;
But this was bright and tiny,
So she put it in a gold-fish bowl
And treated it as such —
Well-a-day!

She wished no more to be wistful,
Of fish she had no fistful;
But she did not have nothing,
And she did not need much —
Heigh-ho!

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* *Marjorie Allen Seiffer*

## THREAD FOR A NEEDLE

I had walked a long way
By the end of afternoon,
Trying to forget
The needle in my heart;
My lone path lay
Across the bare dune.

I walked toward the east
And could not see
How the sun sank down,
Forsaking me;
But the sand that was gold
Changed to grey,
And the dune looked empty;
The dune looked old.

Then far to the right
I saw an old woman
Climbing up the dune.
"It's good," I said,
"To see something human."
Like the sand she was grey, —
Like the dune she was old;
Then I saw her clearer;
She was walking away,
But she kept coming nearer,
And my heart went cold.

My heart stood still
And then began to throb
And crowded in my throat
Like a choking sob;

The sand came alive
And cried beneath my track:
With crumbling fingers
It tried to hold me back.

The woman leaned over
And scooped up sand
That ran between the fingers
Of her skinny hand.

I caught my breath
While my heart swelled up,
And like a bubble quivered,
And like a bubble broke.
I listened and shivered
While the old woman spoke:

"Threads of sand
On a crumbling spool,
Dreams for a wise man,
Dreams for a fool,

"Magic thread
That runs and gleams,
Thread of sand
That men call dreams.

"With thread of sand
You sew your shroud
To wrap your heart
In a dusty cloud,

"A crumbling shroud
But heavy as lead
To crush your heart
When your dreams lie dead.

"There never was a dream
That any man stole;

For threads of sand
You pay your soul!"

"If my soul is money,"
I heard myself say,
"It's only good for spending
Or to give away,

"And all immortal
Things are sewn
With dreams for thread
And dreams alone;

"There's a white-hot needle
Buried in my breast
That stabs me, and burns me,
And gives no rest,

"I'll thread it with a dream
And sew my heart whole;
For thread such as that
I'll give you my soul!"

Then silence fell
In that lonely place.
I looked at the woman
And she had no face.

I was blind for a moment
In a whirl of night;
Then my heart grew easy,
My heart grew light,

And pale as a shark's tooth
Up came the moon;
I stood all alone
On the empty dune,

While the needle in my heart
Began to sew a song;
Softly I hummed it
As I trudged along.

## AFTER ÆSCHYLUS

There are numb silences in tragedy
When shrouded heads are bent into a wave
Shrunk listless at the break; when dumb hands crave
Our utmost gift of sorrow, silently
Pleading for naught. Over the passive sea
Hangs heavier weight of cloudless mystery.
There is a well of silence in the grave;
From this they draw, with this they gently lave
Their worn and stricken souls. Let vengeance be
The torment of the quick! Let prowling lust
Consume the self-concerned! There is no fire
To sparkle them to things that pass, no thrust
To wake them from the stillness of their woe.
They droop to form the pillars of the pyre
And they are ashes when we turn to go.

*The Gypsy* — *Joseph I. Shipley*

## GODIVA MOON

He fashioned in the heat of August noon.
He wrought the tenderness of springtide eves
Into the art that equably receives
A summer or a sorrow as its boon.
He looked across the rippled lake: a loon
Dove suddenly, in the swift flight that leaves
No trace, rose far, and in a voice that grieves
Forever, called its mate. The early moon,
A round white wraith, stole furtive through the skies
Like fair Godiva, whom the relentless sun
Brightened in beauty no man might behold.
He watched the glimmer of the burnished thighs
Of day, that over the western hills had run
Unto her bed of amethyst and gold.

*Voices* — *Joseph T. Shipley*

## SUNDAY

The preacher's voice droned on and on —
  My restless eyes were watching her;
She seemed athirst for platitudes
  And made a patient listener
Who sat and did not stir.

Her hands were red and kitchen-scarred:
"The world is for the low and meek,"
I heard the stumbling parson say
And then a feeble wave of red
Went creeping up her cheek.

"The humble they inherit all —
Theirs be the cattle and the lands:"
She drank the hollow, booming words —
Between my stifled yawns I watched
Her gemless, withered hands.

*Council Bluffs Nonpareil* *Jay G. Sigmund*

## SCOURGE

He has built a pyre on his feed-lot hill —
Its rancid smoke sends ribbons to the sky;
What solace can be offered now to him
Who finds his dreams all shattered by a scourge
Which flung its curse upon his barn and sty?

Were this the year's first plague he might be brought
To see that sun above his wind-break's crest,
But since the drifts turned mist in early spring
It seems some evil charm of death has worked
Until it choked the hope within his breast.

One needs abundant faith to tide him through
The span of snow-days when the fields are wrapped,
But if his herds are thinned when seed-time comes
And he must spade deep graves at foaling time
His heart is sickened and his soul is sapped.

Now after toiling down the parching rows
All summer through with furrow-weary tread,
He hears in answer to his whispered prayers
No sound of clicking hoofs about his pens,
And he is wordless like his creature dead.

*The Midland* *Jay G. Sigmund*

## RIVERS

O sleeping earth! What ruthless lover
Marked you with these silver scars,
Or were you wounded to uncover
The need of mirrors for the stars?

*The Will-O'-The Wisp* — *Challiss Silvay*

## VIGIL

No one will ever really know
Where I came from nor where I go.

This is not I, this body's mold,
The hair that you touch nor the hands you hold.

A voice to hear and a face to see
These are the outward signs of me.

Come close, come close, come near, come near,
I am keeping a vigil here.

Here in a little house of clay
Something is now that will go away.

Something leaping and something light
To go like a flame on a windy night,

To go like a flame in a windy sky,
O this is I, this is I!

*Voices* — *Mabel Simpson*

## PRAYER

O beauteous growth of all the earth
Springing for ever into birth,
Lighter of meadow and of hill,
Journeying ever where you will,
Sing to me! Sing to me, let me lie
Under your loveliness when I die.

Very silent a grave must be,
Come O Grasses and cover me!
Four little walls and never a light,
Never a voice in the silent night,
Never an open eye to see
Moon on a meadow nor sun on a tree,
Grasses, Grasses be near to me!

O how the rain leaps overhead!
Four little walls and a narrow bed,
Down underneath in the secret ground
Something changing with never a sound,
Grasses, Grasses be near to me,
Certain and sure the chemistry,
Certain and sure there will arise
Something of me in another guise,
Something to hail the eternal skies!

I am believing God will know
All that will happen there below,
Down in the darkness always He
Watches His children lovingly;
You will not see me when I wake
Out of that sleeping, but I will break
Open the ground with my bladed breast
And side by side in your garments dressed
Rise again in another birth
Changed into loveliness for the earth.

Wait . . . Wait . . . Blow . . . Blow
Do not leave me, do not go!
Wait . . . Wait . . . I will come,
A grave is never a lasting home.
O how the rain leaps overhead!
Four little walls and a narrow bed,
Down underneath in the secret ground
Something changing with never a sound,
Certain and sure the chemistry,
Grasses, Grasses be near to me!

*The Dial* *Mabel Simpson*

## SPRING

Sunlight like myriad shining white gulls skimming the water—
*Beloved, my longing for you hurts*
*Like the repeated pecking of sharp-billed birds at my heart.*
Radiant blue sky, all but singing with color —
*Beloved, have you guessed at the mystery of my eyes after kisses?*
Trembling spring-green of trees —
*Beloved, do you know the shyness that clothes like a silver mist*
*The glowing passion of a woman?*
Miracle of flowering blossoms —
*Beloved, can you guess at the despair*
*Of one who trembles forever at the verge of Spring*
*Never to flower?*

*The Lyric West* — *Sigrid Sittig*

## NOVEMBER

The year returns, his armies in the air,
Come from the tundras, shadowing this place
Of dunes, a ruined tower, and cliffs that face
The swift gray myriads moving everywhere;
Dune, tower and cliff, the bones of earth that dare
The meshes of the winter's windy seine
That combs the sea below, and whips the pane
With ropes of rain,
And whistles through the withered grass to tear
The beauty from the world and leave her bare.

The earth's wings rustle like a golden moth
Trembling to some far imminence of doom.
The northwind calls to life, "Come home, come home",
And now a leaf, and now a seed flies south.
The darkened ocean weeps with driven froth
Her azure prime. The gray sky mourns the sun.
Till on a swift blast of the season's wrath
The soul mounts and is gone.
Dune, tower and cliff stand grim into the north
And the snow eagles of the void swoop down.

The empty earth forgets the fading moan
Of life, like music born to dying ears.
"You too are falling beauties on the years",
The northwind croons to water and to stone.
Then through the whirls of dust, the weary drone
Of waves, and blown snow from the freezing spheres,
The last gull wheels and screams. God on his throne
Trembles and hears
The thunder of a Titan, chained and fierce,
Wounded, unconquerable, and alone.

*Voices* — *Chard Powers Smith*

## SEEDS

The world is barren now,
And now I know
There is a world beyond all worlds, and there somehow
My flowers grow.

There when it seemed
That I might understand,
A lily spread to catch the dew of stars I dreamed,
Like God's night-silent hand.

And when I wrote
The poem that none will read,
A moonlit poppy bared its freighted throat
And scattered seed.

There when I dared the wise
And fear and pain,
My night-bound seeds began to swell and rise
With morning rain.

And there the soul of her
Whom death set free
Waters the twilit beds, my gardener
Busy for me.

And one by one
She counts all our love words
Crowding the branches there like sleepy birds
Waiting the sun.

I am a thing of flame
Hid in a beast,
Drawn from the reservoirs of fire beyond the east,
And given a name.

And when the name is gone,
Then all the sparks of me
Will flood the sky as surely as the seeds of flower and tree
Are skyward blown.

So all my hours
Of truth beyond desire
Go out to sow a promised mead with flowers
And store a dawn with fire;

While I, a mountain blossom in the winds of fall,
Waste seed by seed,
Scattering, each to its immortal need.
And when they all

Have sped and left a withered stalk of sallow green
That leans and dies,
Then I rise populous along the plains of endless skies
Where I have always been.

*Contemporary Verse* *Chard Powers Smith*

## ONE-HUNDRED-PER-CENT FRENCH

A fellow never understands the French.
At home we all have systems for our lives —
Molds in which to pour the people we meet;
And when we've poured them in, we like to look
Important at the cast, thinking we've put
"Things in their true relation."
But in France
They have no systems, and they don't fit mine.

I'm in Cote d'Or, on a white-washed plaster farm
That steams with purple clematis and bees.
Madame, still well on this side of an age
You couldn't guess, is an articulated
Statue of Pallas — marble, with blue-glass eyes
And hair of golden straw. When I first came,

She met me wearing organdie, pink and white,
Framed in the clematis around the door.
I shot a look at her — not showing it
Of course — to put her in her proper place
In my ideas. But I'd hardly started
To size her up when with a jerk she turned
Into the house, and shortly reappeared
In a full-length apron, and, with proper smiles
And protestations all about the heat,
Showed me my room. As I recall it now,
I haven't seen the organdie again.
Monsieur the husband, handsome, with blue eyes
That never laugh, yet never cease to smile,
Permits Madame to do the work. I asked her
If she was never tired. Her face lighted —
"C'est l'habitude" — that was the end of it.
But then Monsieur, a hero three times wounded,
Covered with medals, seemed the family symbol,
The link that bound their lives to France. I classed
These people with our own best Yankee farmers —
Steady and moral, practical, yet having
Unconscious idealism. What fools we were
To call the French unstable and erotic!
I told Monsieur my judgment, and his eyes
Almost jumped from his smile, so wide they opened.

The near-by village is a walled-in pile
Of gothic roofs and medieval smells,
Where Madame Morin, a leathern wench of fifty,
Parades the streets of sewage, screaming tales
Of lovers past and future. Back at home
She would be mad, but here she's only drôle.
She first encountered me one shadeless noon
Before the main café. Her voice went up
An octave, prophesying dire events.
I saw and pitied, and she saw I saw —
At least that was my diagnosis then.
All raving stopped, and since that day my name
Is absent from the legend of her lovers.

In the buvette beside the canal dike,
Where starlings squeak like old signs in a wind
That never comes, and marsh-birds squawk and flop,
Yvette is bar-maid. Her dark beauty seemed
Not the original but the ideal

Of Leonardo's Madonna of the Rocks —
Dark eyes, unconscious, conscious power, the power
Of France who works and suffers as she smiles.
The second time I went my neighbor whispered,
"Elle n'est pas mariée," and pointed out
A baby. So I changed my dark madonna
To Mary Magdalen. I hoped I might
Get Yvette's story, but I never did —
The first time I went there she saw me once,
But never looked again.

It was a shock
To learn my host, the gay poilu, the hero,
Was keeping Magdalen. But then, I thought,
I didn't know her story, and that's life,
Most tragic where it is most beautiful.
The thing had been there once, and was there still —
I'd seen it.

Yet, though I refused to judge
Yvette, the ugly knowledge of the fact
Swelled the respect I had for my Madame:
Innocent womanhood, too pure to doubt;
Life consecrated to the ritual
Of an ideal. What if that ideal
Was actually a lie? For all we know
Any of us may live on lies. It is
The ritual that counts.
One day Madame
Was pulling lettuce. I was eating lunch
Under the arbor. Earlier Monsieur
Had gone to town, and something prompted me
To ask Madame if she knew where he was.
She humped a forty-kilo bale of lettuce
Up on her back, and smiled: "Oh, il s'amuse,
Perhaps with that cocotte-de-luxe Yvette,
Perhaps with Madame Morin, or more likely
With both at once. Oh, il est fort," she laughed,
Proud as if showing off her best prize heifer,
"To hold them both so long." She took her load
Around the clematis, into the barn;
And as she passed, the big black Cerberus —
The red-eyed watchdog Madame had chained up
To save my life — stood up and wagged his tail.

That night on my straw mattress, I recalled
Madame's white organdie, Monsieur's wide eyes,
Madame Morin's original prophecies,
Yvette's first look; but how they all by now
Had learned to smile and ask, "Ca va, Monsieur?"

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Chard Powers Smith*

## TEARS

When I have seen you weep, I hear the drum
Of marching years, and other tears to be;
And there is less of love than irony
In my soft words, and tenderness is dumb.
For I am too long twinned with tragedy
To look for beauty on this side of pain;
And tears I dry, I wait to see again —
This is my falsehood, this my cruelty.
But through the tears, I see an avenue
Like wet Leviathan, his rainy mail
Lamp-spiked straight up the hills; and there we two
Singing from glistening scale to glistening scale
To where he dips, mist swallows the last spark,
And we take hands and leap into the dark.

*Voices* — *Chard Powers Smith*

## JOHN REMEMBERS

Then I saw the Ascension
Saw the gnarled form, and the feet
Broken, and with the brown clots of blood still upon them
Seeming suspended in air, seeming as though the earth
Drew away from them.

Then I saw His face, the grey-eyed face of the Master
Seeing no longer my tears, raised and exalted
In my heart I heard the song of the sparrow, freed from its prison.

Long I stood so, my heart also ascending to heaven
Filled with a curious harmony of memory —
Laughing or wistful faces of children (Peter had thought they annoyed him),

Marks in the yellowing sand, and a woman crouched in the sunshine,
The stiff wet nets, bearded with mossy sea-weed,
Our childhood, watching the spattering thumping fish in them!

Bitterly all my soul rose up in me, crying
"Why have you left me thus, barren without you?
Why have you left me lonely with bullying Peter
And Thomas who knows no music but what he can whistle!"

Silent, the blue mists of Heaven swallowed the feet of the Saviour.
Looking, I saw at my feet the grass,
Fresh and odorous with the greenness of springtime
Over the hill were the olive trees
Peacefully green, and eternal.

*Contemporary Verse* — *Paul Smith*

## I KNOW IT IS JUNE

And now it is June —
I knew it as soon
As ever I heard
That sweet singing bird!

A thrasher is he,
On the branch of a tree;
And O how he fills
My heart with his trills
Of melody!

I know it is June!
Can you doubt, can you doubt,
When that's what the thrasher is telling about?
I know it is June!
Can't you see, can't you see,
That all of his rapture is surging in me?

*The Cog* — *James Harvey Spencer*

## THE DRYADS

I was a lonely seeker of lost Health —
Twin-brother, laughing at my side from birth,
Who won our games, though all the cheers were mine,

Where a white stadium in gracious curves
Bows toward her doughty knight, the college field.
He fled from me the day a ghoul of war,
Haunting far battles in a fetid shroud,
With poisoned kisses caught me, unaware. . . .

* * * * *

I sought my brother in a lifted land
Of new horizons where the granite west
As though directing to his hiding place,
Upraises stark brown fingers to the sky.
A cripple, maimed by men and capitols,
Diseased with plague of crowds whose high crusades
Are soon sick hopes that die of weariness,
I came to giant hills. Their brows of stone,
White-crowned or bare, serene against the sun,
Are adamant to puny frets of earth.
And I saw peace in that august retreat,
Kneeling with silence where great vistas spread
Unending rapture over range and range.
I too was dumb; for only He can speak
In light and shadow, forest, peak, and storm
Words that can tell the glory fittingly.

The wilds, an eager gypsy host, swung wide
My inn, a poor deserted cabin. Spring
Laid flowered carpets to the door and rang
A welcome on the bells of columbine.
Kings have not ruled such splendid realms as I
Who owned the brown and green, the blue and gold.
I slept and heard a lost voice call my name
In lusty challenge from the utmost height.
Do they make answer who reply with tears?
The brown, white-tonsured hills made offering
To my wan misery of healing wine
Poured from a turquoise chalice on the world;

At night the cup was gold-flecked ebony.
I drank at evening's altar, lenten-draped
In purple vesture, lit by them that bear
The twinkling candles of the universe.
Low in the west blazed peerless Sirius;
The Hunter bowed by Taurus and his maids;
All, weary of the chase and reconciled,
Departing side by side to summer rest.

I thought with Job: "Canst loose Orion's bands,
Bind up sweet influence of Pleiades,
Or guide Arcturus?" Now that wonder star,
Heaven's most ardent runner, climbed the east,
Swinging his ruddy torch triumphantly;
And at his feet Virgo's bright taper burned.
Gold-haloed, treading rosy ways of dawn,
Each day came like a sweet girl-saint to prayer,
Telling on chaplets of auroral dew
Her happy orisons. The wide blue nave
Of her great temple echoed with the chant
Of swift-winged choristers that hurried north
For April matins. Ardent hours held
Life, in sharp nectar, to my thirsty lips.
Their jealous, watchful lord, the sun, looked on,
And when his crimson galleons set sail,
From ports of twilight carried them away.
I was not left unsolaced. Hesperus
Stole from the fading azure out to me.

Nor was I lonely now, for Health hallooed
In joyous hide-and-seek through near high zones.
My watchdog was a coyote. Does he bark,
I wonder, yet, beside the weeping rocks —
My spring that trickles down the mountain's breast?
Daily a messenger shrieked up to me
And waved a signal flag of thunder-cloud;
Then, pausing in the canyon rift below,
Threw off my mail and provender and went,
With one long piercing whistle of disdain
About the trifling business of the world.
I saved the newspapers, unread, to use
For kindling.
I had neighbors, dryad girls,
Tall, white, and beautiful. June brought them gowns
Of shimmering jade. They grouped about the door,
Girdling my borrowed acre with a ring
Of magic, as they danced in every breeze
Like green light turned into a waterfall.
Men call them aspen trees, but they to me
Are song and laughter of the golden age
Still lingering upon these holy hills.
They were my gentle friends, saluting me
With fair leaf-laden arms, and when I dared

Lay reverent touch on their blanched loveliness
I found it marble cold, but hand and cheek
Bore fairy powder from their pure caress.
Aspens are always tremulous with joy
Save when a marvelous hushed moment comes
And kisses them to silent ecstasy.
They nestle, timid babes of yesterday,
Beside the age-old pines that dote on them.
The eagle from his eyrie in the spring
Beholds pale nymphs and sombre foster sires;
Then, they seem captive pools of far-strayed sea
Surrounded by dark jailers like its cliffs.

O here was balm indeed for all my wounds!

So, summer passed. . . . The hills dismissed me, healed,
But I was drugged with their sweet habit now.
The lost was found: Health clutched my arm's new brawn
And cried: "Your work is waiting. Let us go!"
I had forgotten it. I would forget,
Who had been here before the Scorpion
Began his long slow crawl across the south
With old Antares, patriarch of suns,
Whose final glare bade me depart as well.
But the immortal shepherd lad and lass,
Altair and Vega, roamed high pastures still,
And why not I? The great horns of the Bull,
A down-arched threat, retreated up the east.

Aldebaran, his red eye, winked at me
In promise of rare sport should I remain.
Orion was in chase! How could I go
Where city walls shut out the friendly stars
And pavements spurn the press of dryad feet?
The birds went in my stead. Still, in my grove
The darling witches danced, but now they told
Gay secrets to the first chill winds. I heard
The scintillating talk, yet could not guess —
And rabbits cocked their knowing ears in vain.
Now, nights arrived with menace from the north
And morning wore a filmy veil of rime
Whose white clouds lifted when the warm noon smiled.
Then — suddenly — the aspens blazed. I knew!
On all the hills it was their marriage day

To winter. They were decked in bridal gear,
Rifled from autumn's treasure chest, and climbed
In blithe processions heavenward; their ranks
A dazzling panoply of quivering gold.

Gold! Gold! Wealth vast enough to ransom all
Life's ugliness as dower for a spouse
Whose kiss and bed are cold and withering —
Yet they but lie beneath his snowy sheets
Asleep until that gallant lover, spring,
Comes courting them again with gifts of green.
My dryads wore the brightest robes of all.

This heart of mine, that scorned the creeds of men,
Believes — converted by a hermit saint
Named Beauty, who performed a miracle
On those dear heights with yellow aspen trees,
Turning the universe and my gray soul
To flame . . . *God lives!* And I have seen His face.

My brother spoke: "The time has come!" I cried,
"No, not till I have walked with Him awhile!"

My dryads waved farewell. Their shimmering scarves
And hair and garments were a golden rain.

The sun my guide, the moon my sentinel,
I mounted as my heart sang *glorias*
Where saffron rivers at the flood tide ran
Between high-towered walls of conifer.
By far, stilll streams I came on tragedy
Of aspens slain for food and roof-tree use;
I had not thought that I could learn to hate
The beaver, master of such solitudes.
I dared the crags and wrestled with the winds;
Transparent pinions beat me to the ground
While pines but nodded. They were casual,
Indifferent, — so many storms had passed.
I reached the eagle's eyrie. . . . God, Who gave
Eyes that can see all ecstasy at once,
Why not a tongue to tell it? Even here
Familiar loveliness soothed anguished awe
At too great vision of His world. Below

Aspens were burning lakes whose bright waves dashed
Against dark circling walls of evergreen.

From that high hour of pinnacle I turned
Toward home. My neat wee nest well merited
The sacred name, for it had mothered me
And soon would send me out to life, a man.
Down, down I hurried, laughing — then — I saw —
No little cabin set in groves of fire. . . .
Here stood a squalid hut, a bare stripped field,
And their first owners. Paid assassins, all,
Though other men would call them woodcutters
And even kindly fellows! Never I! —
For they had murdered my girl goddesses.
O pale prone victims! Robes and hair of gold
Were strewn, soiled, trampled on by ruthless feet;
And in the shambles white limbs that had danced
Lay flayed, dismembered, piled in dreadful rows.
My nymphs and their enchanting sisterhood
On near-by hills had suffered martyrdom.
Like Ursula and her ten thousand maids,
Their pure hosts, girt with shining armor, fell
In the red carnage of barbaric war.

The butchers grinned at me. One yawned, one swore,
One shoved before my grief a printed page
Torn from the close-sealed stack of newspapers
I kept for kindling. On its blackened front
I read this legend: "Wanted aspen wood
For mattresses."

O, may sleep wander far
From those who lie on dead joy of the hills!
Let nightmares gallop on the evil couch
Wrought from a slaughtered forest! There are shrines
That nature's will declares inviolate.
It is not good to rob the spring of glee,
Steal summer's laughter, autumn's chant of praise —
The aspens are all these.

I bowed my head:
"Yes, brother, it is time. I wait the cry
Of that which seeks me in the canyon depths.
Today it shall not summon us in vain.

The spell is broken, and those small white stumps
Are tombstones; each one marks a grave of dreams.
I go forever. Here spring comes no more."

* * * * *

And yet I bear spring always in my soul.
No thieving town can steal the blue and gold,
The green and brown, the dryads and the stars
From one to whom God spoke upon the heights —
And though I walk on crowded city streets,
Gray, like the rest, with weariness, I smile,
Knowing He lives, for I have seen His face.

*The Lyric West* — *Lilian White Spencer*

## PUEBLO LEGEND

The ancient tribes, when they and earth were new,
Dwelt on lush emerald fields, set in a frame
Of silver streams, and hunted willing game;
Fat with unending feasts: for Awanyu,
Plumed serpent-god of water sources, threw
His rivers down to them . . . till they became
Indifferent and ceased to bless his name.
Then, to the deeps of heaven he withdrew.

Long must dry lips of thirsty deserts pray
Before the rain's cool cup is theirs to take.
Still, Awanyu, who is the Milky Way,
Unpardoning, swims down his dark sky lake.
Did padres know, who at San Felipé
Carved round a font the image of a snake?

*The Nation* — *Lilian White Spencer*

## STARS

Our little earth fares bravely through the night,
For though before her stranger darkness lies,
A host of friends attend her in the skies.
Northward, the two Bears lead her with their white
Lantern, Polaris, and the Great Dog's light
Blazes a nearest trail. When Sirius dies
Out of the springtime east new torches rise
As down the west old beacons fade from sight.

That whirl of golden moths, the Pleiades,
Orion's giant suns, the red-eyed Bull
Depart, and the wee wanderer knows loss
Of Gemini's twin flames: instead, she sees
Altair and Scorpio, the beautiful,
Between the Northern and the Southern Cross.

*The Commonweal* — *Lilian White Spencer*

## KING'S GARDEN

Who was the royal Ming
That bade his tinkling musicians play
All through a wide and windy day
Of spring
To the royal flowers?

— Bliss
Of tall iris,
Discreet applause
Of cherry and almond boughs
Along the ledges
Of sun-lacquered hours;
Pursed lily-pods
Out-lipping one by one,
And sudden hush
Amid the lush
Green sedges! —

There walked the king
Beneath the quivering
Leaves,
The weary players bidden
Play on and on,
With slight, imperial nods;
And in his satin sleeves
His hands, omniscient, hidden,
As are the hands of gods.

*Voices* — *Leonora Speyer*

## BALLAD OF OLD DOC HIGGINS

Old Doc Higgins shot a mermaid:
Vowed he'd ketch her, fish or woman, fiend or human;

Carryin' on along the river, caterwaulin' up the river,
Scarin' fish where they lay hid!
Swore he'd hev her, lights an' liver (and what Doc Higgins swore, he did).

Old Doc Higgins cleaned his gun:
The proper fishin'-hook, he'd swan, fer mermaids' gills;
The slickest tackle! (Leaning on the pasture-wall, old Doc Higgins gave a cackle),
Watch him git her, pesky critter,
Tail an' all.

No one knew but old Doc Higgins:
No, an' none wuz goin' to know, 'twarn't no need fer folks to know.
*He* saw sister Mame's boy go swimmin' to her, natteral fool!
All uncovered wuz her breast, hair all streamin', shiny'z gold,
An' the rest — a fish's tail gormin' up his troutin' pool!

Higgins saw and never told:
Hev the hull town call *him* crazy? Sister Mame's boy, loony, lazy, heard him shoutin';
Turned an' laffed ez they went under, started kissin' — let 'em wonder,
Knowin' how the boy cud swim —
They'd make no laffin-stock uv him!

But here's the thing that riled him so:
Jest ez he wuz settlin' down to a peaceful mornin's fishin',
(How his baited line would hum up the stream to some swift eddy),
Settin' there enjoyin' things while the fish got good an' ready — he cud feel their noses pushin'—
*Jest* ez they wuz bitin' some — up she'd come!

Naked to the waist; an' sassy! Wavin' to him, swimmin' by, shameless hussy;
Or jest singin' ez she floated, kind uv high,
No toon at all . . . (And he noted how her tail would flash and swish —
Gorry, how she scared the fish!) Old Doc Higgins on the shore
Yelled and swore.

And he'd watch her at the turning of the river, see her sink
Where the willow near the brink dipped to touch the mermaid's locks;
"Shucks," said old Doc Higgins, "Shucks!"
*His* ears didn't need no wax (thinking of the deafened crew,
And Odysseus, fettered fast), Oh he knoo a thing or two,
All the Higginses hed learnin'; needn't tie *him* to no mast!

Smilin' at him ez she passed -- any lunk-head cud see through her —
Like to take a cow-hide to her!
Poor old Mame; her only son . . . (yes, but listen as you hasten,
Listen to the lonely singing, old man with a gun!)

*Ah who will seek Muirish,*
*The lost one, the sea-swan?*
*Ah ripples, ah road*
*Where the foolish, the frolicsome*
*Strayed to her sorrow!*
*Muireis is gone*
*From the waters of Kerry,*
*Ah tarry not, sisters,*
*But speedily come!*

*Beneath a strange willow*
*She grieves with her sorrow*
*And all the bright sea-shells*
*Are fall'n from her hair;*
*Ah sisters, my friends,*
*Where the ancient tide ends*
*Will you fare,*
*Will you follow*
*The track of the tears?*
*To Muirish the lost one,*
*The sea-swan of Kerry,*
*Ah tarry not, sisters,*
*My loves and my dears!*

*Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . .*

Heathen singin', fit fer Satan! Creeping close as she rose
From beneath her willow-bough, old Doc Higgins held his breath . . .

*Now!*
And a singing turns to sighing, and a sighing pales to dying,
And a dying lifts to death.

Ripples reddening as they float, rippling from a tender
throat,
Reddening from a cry of pain . . .
Old Doc Higgins stood there blinking, and his thoughts were
not all pretty
As he watched a whiteness sinking: wished he'd hed a good
look at her,
Never'd git that chance again.

Gosh, it wuz a fust-rate shot! — Kissin' Mame's boy ez she
drowned him,
Lips all pursed up when they found him,
Died uv kissin' like ez not —
Wal, there warn't no use in wishin';
An' tomorrer he'd go fishin'.

* * * * *

Mist can do strange things to rivers, make a ghost of any river:
Such a day is good for fishing; old Doc Higgins vowed he'd
never
Seen the like, it did beat all, the way the pike
An' pickerel came a-crowdin' round; cat-fish too; and Lord,
the trout
Jumpin' out!

Peter wuz a fisherman; guessed he's hev to let *him* pass —
There wuz bass over there lyin' low — Higgins thot he'd
like to go,
His time come to meet his God, with fishin'-rod an' basket
spillin';
He'd be willin'! . . . *Say you so?*
*Old Doc Higgins, say you so?*

Mist that reaches thick and sallow up the ledges of the land
Up to where a tired old man sits a while beneath a willow,
(Willow-tree, you remember! But does he?)
And his pipe slips from his hand . . . What's that creeping
through the sedges?
Have a care, old Doc Higgins, sleeping there!

Mist that swirls . . . mist . . . mist . . .
Something holds him by the wrist; white and wet and cool and strong —
Fish or woman, fiend or human!
Oh, the shoal of leaping girls all about him, all about him,
Beautiful and baleful throng . . .

*Muirish! Muirish! White sea-swan!*
*Sister slain, sister slain!* . . . And an answering crimson stain
Rises rippling where she sank.
Oh, the whimpering little man, fighting, frightened on the bank
As he wakes:

Sees a face — pale — pale —
Sees a tail —
Snatches at a bough that breaks!
(Vengeful little willow-tree),
"God-a-mighty! Leave me be! Leave me be!"

* * * * *

Thus they drowned him, old Doc Higgins, with their arms like wreaths around him,
Heavy silver wreaths around him,
Struggling, strangling, tightly pressed to a soft ironic breast.
Thus he lies. . . .
In a grave of running water — who had slain a deep-sea daughter.

Old Doc Higgins, old Doc Higgins, wishing so to die — a-fishing —
Thus he lies, till all things rise; if there still be aught to rise.

*The Nation* — *Leonora Speyer*

## FIDDLER'S FAREWELL

Fold now the song within the songster.
Small sturdy one,
Roistering down the centuries,
Drunk with the fiddlers' fingers,
(Never a dearth of these,
The living crowding where the dead have been).
Pure promiscuous dandled violin!

Cæsar of sound, my songs in passing, cry,
*Morituri te salutamus!* . . . and passing, die.

Fold now the song away.
Close the lid down
Upon the gradual dismay
Of disconcerted singing,
Unloose the fingers' clinging
That has so lost its cunning,
Turn from the faltering renown,
Fame of the little town
After the flag-hung city;
Deny the ruin pity!

Pity? Yes, for the failing song
That like a droughty stream
Crawls, drips
Over an arid land,
(Yet deep enough to drown)—
O violin that slips
From the relinquishing hand,
Brown brightness hid —
Let fall the incurious lid.

* * * * *

Let me find words
With which to sing of silence,
Better than all this blurred half-sound
Of tattered music trailing on the ground,
(That was a banner in the wind),
Words
And their pacing pride
For the frustrated heart,
That stoic singer in the side,
Unviolined!

Be not afraid,
My songs, my full-throats,
Be not stampeded into muffled herds,
Mouthing and terrified—
O fierce white music that I made,
Proud notes,
Chords, choirs of taut tuned strings,
And slender strength
Of bow that was a bough;

Tread this last length
Of singing, mellow and muted, staid,
Pass unbewildered now
With this processional of rhymed recording words.
Be not afraid.

* * * * *

What is a violin?
Who shall reveal this mystery of thin
Vibrating wood?
Of forest voices multi-voiced —
Wind, rain, on many leaves,
Bent branches moaning under
The crash of clouds that meet,
The cool pale hiss of snow?
And birds?
And pattering furry feet?
(Young cries along the leaves!)
All musics and all seasons
Seeping and soaking in,
Into the very core
Of the green bud
Of destined fiddle-wood —
Long long before
The master-mind conceives,
The hand achieves
The carven whole,
The curving sides, the twisted scroll,
Shapes it and stains it to this red russet thing
Of expectant string,
Names it, invests it
With its adolescent voice,
Fondles it, fingers it,
Breasts it!

How light it seems,
Swinging between the abdicating finger and thumb,
How frail this unbarred stronghold
Of sweet gold —
All fortunes and all raptures and all dreams —
Kind horn of plenty!
And who shall count the glittering sum?

* * * * *

Words for my fiddle now,
Abundance of goodly words:

My deft, my dear,
My witty one
With your brave answer ever ready,
My box of birds,
Crony and hearty,
Winged hubbub,
Tool,
And tear —

Fiddler, fiddle,
To leave you lying here!

What then?
Stand stripped of music?
Resolutely attain
A dull and obdurate ear
For the blithe hurricane?
Shiver, and gather closer these aphonous rags
Like a begger's coat;
Shut the bland thunder out?

Acknowledge silence —
But what if there be none?
What if all sound go sounding on and on
Upon a loftier air,
The green note and its fellow
Roused to a greener loudness
Forever lifting there?

Let me declare
That music never dies;
That music never dies.
Let me in potent mood create
Of this my fantasy a faith,
A little paradise
Immaculate,
True as the tested string is true,
For all the lovely cries
Of all the violins —
And of mine too!

* * * * *

In time
A stranger with the supple fiddler's hand,
And the rapt eye
That sees the sound sublime,

Will come,
(Must come, I wish it so!)
To coax these stagnant strings,
Kindle their numb
And awful apathy with one imperative blow
Of the fleet accurate bow;
Release the fiddle-cry.

O faithless —
Faithful only to sound,
(That loud-lipped passer-by),
You will forget straightway
The player for the player;
And both for the tune you play!

In time I too shall turn
To others' music,
Shall learn
A niggardly delight
In some slight
Lord of nimble fingers
Tossing me sops of song;
The long
And measured wisdom of wide symphonies
Will find me listening;
A singer, a child's hand on the candid keys,
A whistle on the wing;
All these!

I'll not disdain the fine
And effervescent draught,
Filling the echoing cup
(That was so full!)
With others' wine.
I'll not refuse to drink.

But first
I must know thirst.

So must this violin of mine,
I think.

* * * * *

How still it lies;
An empty shell along the empty sand

Is not more still;
But put your hand
To the shining thing
As music passes!
Do you feel the quickening
Of the languid wood?
Come, lay your ear
To the shell —

Heart, leaning near,
So near —

Do you hear
The stirring and the throbbing
Above your tuneless sobbing?

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Leonora Speyer*

## INDIANS!

(*Deerfield Memorial Hall*)

Dulcimer, play me a little tune —

*Mercy, died at the age of two,*
*Read the tablets, and find her name,*
*"Killed on the door-stone," does it say?*
*(Whimpered once as the Redskin came),*
*I remember the winter day.*
*What shall I play?*

Dulcimer, play me a dancing tune —

*David trod them merrily,*
*"Died on the Meadows," as settlers die*
*(You passed the meadows, piled with hay),*
*And never a curl to know him by;*
*Jig or reel, or a minuet?*
*What shall I play?*

Dulcimer, play me a song of love —

*Hannah Sheldon, thirty-nine,*
*Died like a woman, beside her man,*

*There's the door where they hacked their way,*
*Back in the days of good Queen Anne:*
*Bullets or scalps, or a ransom to pay.*
*What shall I play?*

Dulcimer, dulcimer, play no more!
Or tell me a tune of wedding-bells —

*Eunice, Joanna, little ones,*
*"Redeemed," at last, but they chose to stay,*
*Married their savages, bore them sons,*
*Happily prayed as Redskins pray —*

Ancient dulcimer, dusty old friend,
Praise be for the story's end!

*The Lyric* — *Leonora Speyer*

## NORDIC

Rainbows and stardust found no room
In the dark wood, in the grey gloom,
  Until a strange god poured a flood
  Of sweetness in this brutal blood;
Then from their gothic chrysalis
They flew to meet his melting kiss;
  They drank his blood as starry wine
  Beyond the sources of the Rhine;
No Alpine pinnacles possess
A faith beyond their soaring stress;
  Until at last they found his home
  Hid in a sunlit altar of Rome.
"O sons of Thor," (do you hear his cry?)
"In me you live, in him you die;
  Athens, Sinai, Nazareth
  Taught you the meaning of life and death;
The glittering Mediterranean sea
Has cradled you as well as me."

*The Commonweal* — *J. E. Spingarn*

## A WOMAN — GROWN

In grief I would have cried out yesterday,
  At cruel words, sword-points for my bare feet;

I would have questioned with no thought's delay,
With childish eyes and lips that must entreat!

But this new hour — I bandage every bruise,
I put on sandals — and I am not told —
There is so much to win and all to lose —
A woman — grown. Perhaps a woman old!

*The Archive* — *Virginia Stait*

## FEUD

When the cruelest word of them all is spoken,
And the eyes stab deep, to the devils of old;
When to starving lips the bread is unbroken,
For hostile things retold —
Then I go where the roses have known such grief,
That the thorn was first and the gift the last;
And I gather and gather, from the sin to the sheaf,
All the bud — and its past!

And I bring them, beyond our passion and weighing,
And my fingers are red where they spoke to me,
And my eyes hold the wordless petition of praying,
And my body — the plea.
And I lift them to you, as brimmed as a lake,
This convoy of color, this gift — and this debt,
And by memory, anointed, they overtake
What a rose would forget!

*Verse* — *Virginia Stait*

## VOICES

(*To James Lane Allen*)

"*I should like the memory of my life to give out the sound of a flute.*" — *The Choir Invisible.*

I am not dead, I think,
But all unlessoned where the dead should know,
For every pipe that plays is still the link
For thought to come and go!

The lyre strings are dear,
  And bring me to a halting place of dreams,
That every convoy takes down every year,
  And every ghost redeems.

And all the organ tones
  Of ancientry still pass my narrow door,
And I march with the chords one longer owns
  When longer heard before!

And harp by harp I keep,
  With *falas* that the day and night have sung,
Unto immitigable things of sleep,
  Unto vales restrung.

But oh, the flute to me
  Brings the abiding-places of the past
As close — as close — as shipwreck to the sea,
  Or flesh to dust made fast!

*The Lyric West* — *Virginia Stait*

## THE LITTLE QUEEN'S SLEEP

Where is the little queen Amaranthene
  Who wore singing dreams
  Like pearls in her hair?
    Where, where and where?

Where are the feet that once were so fleet
  To kick off the royal shoes
  And run bare on the lawn?
    Gone, gone and gone.

What's become of the brownies, the droll clumsy clownies,
  Who followed our queen
  Wherever she led?
    Fled, fled and fled.

A silence keeps since the little queen sleeps.
  No rose makes a sound of blooming;
Still is the lark, and the days are dark,
  For the sun has forgotten his grooming.

Even the great moths hide at the dusking-tide,
While baby queen
Amaranthene
Sleeps a sleep
Deep and deep.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Irene Stewart*

## E O S

The enchanted self she brought him perished when
He squandered all the secrets of her breast;
But while he slept one morning, she was drawn
Out to the moor to greet the awakening dawn.
She felt her heart, worn threadbare, pulse again,
And wondered if it could endure the test.

The dawn became her magic cloak, and she
Was wrapped in folds of shadowy amethyst;
The flame was hers, the pearl-grey and the gold;
Rose mallow-buds that one by one unfold,
The vagrant breeze, a marsh-wren's melody —
The filmy curtain wrought of opal mist.

Then suddenly the radiant heavens were cleft;
Soft clouds, like feathers, floated from the brim.
How could she bring the self, dawn-glorified,
To languish where the other self had died?
Releasing it, she came, again bereft,
To dwell within his prosy walls with him.

*The Golden Quill* — *Roberta Stiles*

## LUNCH IN TOWN

I like you better far in country places
Where no hat hides the candor of your brow
The daylight on your hair — and fewer traces
Of coquetry about your dress than now.
Perhaps some spirit of your fathers' lingers,
Along your green New England roadsides still,
Comforts your quick heart there with quiet fingers,
Lends ancient stone to steady your blown will.
I'd gladly seek one turning and another

Threading long miles through windy, beating rain
To see those blue-eyed boys around their mother,
To sit with you beside the fire again.
But futile all this chat of book and play,
I wish I had not come to town today.

*Junior League Bulletin* *Mildred Whitney Stillman*

## PRESENCE

I thought that I should miss you on this hill,
Where we have watched the slow cows passing down,
The black and white, the white one and the brown,
Cropping the grass between each daisy frill.
Here where we saw so many evenings spill
Their misty silver — tenderly to drown,
The corn crib and the silo and the town,
Till dark came — lonely as the whippoorwill.
Each buttercup, each bird note speaks of you.
Through the dim trees I nearly see your face.
Each stretching twig weaves memories that are dear.
I thought to shun the too familiar view,
To feel an emptiness about the place,
But, no, I do not miss you. You are here.

*Contemporary Verse* *Mildred Whitney Stillman*

## EXPERIENCE

### I. EMBERS

It is not your fault, and you need not know
If the too sudden glow
Has dimmed to ashen ember.
I will bring in your cordwood just the same
As though there still were flame,
As though I still could warm my hands and face
At your fireplace.
And for the sake of all that I remember
I will sit with you, though there come with night
No heat, no light.

### II. SAWDUST

Why did I think you finer and more strong
Than other women,

Quite as fair as you?
I was a goose
With all my lessons wrong,
To think an old dream would at last come true.
So I forgot
What I have known so long.
Who takes the doll, must take the sawdust, too.

*The Lyric* — *Mildred Whitney Stillman*

## A PRAYER FOR A VERY NEW ANGEL

God, God, be lenient her first night there.
The crib she slept in was so near my bed.
Her blue and white wool blanket was so soft;
The pillow hollowed so to fit her head.

Teach me that she'll not want small rooms or me
When she has You and Heaven's Immensity!

I always left a light out in the hall —
I hoped to make her fearless in the dark;
And yet, — she was so small, one little light,
Not in the room, — it scarcely mattered. Hark!

No, no; she seldom cried. God, not too far
For her to see, this first night, light a star!

And in the morning, when she first woke up,
I always kissed her on the left cheek where
The dimple was, and oh, I wet the brush, —
It made it easier to curl her hair.

Just, just tomorrow morning, God, I pray
When she wakes up, do things for her my way!

*Good Housekeeping* — *Violet Alleyn Storey*

## ADEQUATE

"A true philosopher!"
Glad news to tell —
Had not the gods made her
Half poet as well.

Her mind was no bisque vase —
  Just kitchen ware,
Squat; yet the gods would place
  Tall dream-flowers there.

Thus bent, these died. Her soul
  Laughed out in her.
Half poet she was, but whole
  Philosopher!

*The Commonweal* — *Violet Alleyn Storey*

## ADOLESCENT

Half-man, half-child, his whole limp body nods: —
More listless he than "Adam" long ago
Born of the brush of Michelangelo,
For Adam's finger was held out to God's
While this boy's langour is impalpable.
The world, that won Christ's Life and Death, to him
Is like an empty kettle, soot-stained, dim.
Skies Galileo watched, for him prove dull.
He yawns while men weave threads of dream, soul-spun,
Into firm fabrics of reality; —
His mind too sluggish now to feel or see
That thence a trek of half-gods has begun.

Yet when these go, he'll leap up to receive
The gods themselves as Adam leapt to Eve!

*Contemporary Verse* — *Violet Alleyn Storey*

## SESQUICENTENNIAL ODE

*For July 4, 1926*

### I

Where is your promise,
Flag of our country?
Where is the vision
You fanned to a glow?
Drab as the faded
Crimson of sunset?
Foul as the mud-soiled
Whiteness of snow?

What of your stars,
Almost quadrupled?
Are they the beacons
Of changeless truth,
Or is their lustre
Far off, unmeaning.
Cold as the fact-slain
Fancies of youth?

II

One hundred years and fifty has the world
Beheld our nation tested without cease
Alike in the insidious calms of peace
As in the gales of war. The challenge hurled
Against the tyranny of the titled few
Stings Europe still. "This mob, this chartless crew
Without a captain — whither will it steer?"
Echoes the classic sneer.

Yet in the shock when older nations reel
And founder we have weathered safely through.
With full devotion, unconstrained, our crew
Keeps each his place from topmast down to keel.
Our chart records the will of God in man
Fulfilled increasingly with every span
Of history, and our compass is the hope
That points a wider scope.

What if the doubter think our land in thrall
To Mammon? Has he marked that up to now
There have been roads to build and fields to plow?
We have as yet but squared the pedestal
On which to rear the living monument
Where simpler, kindlier beauty shall be blent
With the bold ecstasy of former time
In a new birth sublime.

III

Comrade Americans,
You are the vision,
You are the promise,
Daughter and son.
Yours the wise industry
Patterned by Franklin,

Yours the firm ardor
Of Washington.

Weave then the banner
Into your being;
Weave its white purity,
Weave its red love;
Weave the unwavering
Truth of the star-field
Gleaming united
In glory above!

*New York Times* — *Charles Wharton Stork*

## IN EARTHEN VESSELS

Though from a jar unseen the waiting bowl
Be crowned with gallant liquor to the brim,
A lurch may spill, a crack may drain the whole
Red joy and set the pavement flags a-swim.
And if the goblet be of Grecian birth
Embossed with shapes heroic or divine,
Prize it no less nor more than painted earth
Privileged a while to hold Olympian wine.
Beware, O Ganymede, the banquet law
That pardons neither stumble, jolt nor slip;
Guard well the goblet against every flaw
The while you bear it to the parching lip
Firmly, unlagging, not a step too fast —
Nor heed the less that it must break at last!

*The Commonweal* — *Charles Wharton Stork*

## PERPETUA

With you all women fall:
Through you all women rise.
There is no tale at all
Whispered of rape or wrong
Nor one exultant song
Strange to your steadfast eyes.

Upon your cheeks have flamed
Old fires of sacrifice:
You stood nigh Vashti, shamed.
Your little hands are red
From Holofernes' head
And sweet with Miriam's spice.

I am the slave of years,
You of all time made free:
I fail mid doubts and fears.
You, by one impulse stayed,
Gracious and undismayed
Marvel that doubts can be.

*The Commonweal* *Henry Longan Stuart*

## VESTIGIA

O'er his last cruse of oil — last measure of grain,
See Love sit brooding! If no prophet pass,
Bidding the shrunken sack — the cavernous vase
His wantonness hath spent, be filled again,
No counsel reach him, woven of the refrain
Of ripple of hot winds along dry grass,
Or beat of desert sands, against his glass
Driven, that mock him with the patter of rain,
Once he may eat — then perish. 'Tis such drouth,
Foredoomed him 'mid his surfeit and disdain
Of husbandry in joy that God alloweth.
. . . Tread softly, man of God, where Love lies slain,
With white fair limbs misshapen, and the stain
Of earth and leaves on his unthrifty mouth.

*The Commonweal* *Henry Longan Stuart*

## THE STEAM SHOVEL

Voracious monster of the road and pit,
You tear your way beneath the rock and sod.
Has man made you a demon or a god —
Panting and belching in a savage fit
As some strange unicorn? You strain the bit
But answer to the faintest beck and nod

Of him who holds the reins. What potent rod
Is his, that makes submission requisite?

The rugged beauty of your swaying head;
Your smoking nostril, and each gleaming tusk;
This greed of earth that fills your spacious maw —
All give to me more song than dactyls' tread,
More fragrance than the soft Arabian musk,
More logic than some vague Platonian law.

*Interludes* *A. M. Sullivan*

## CORPUS CHRISTI

HIBERNAL

*At Eastertide, there had been in a certain province a tale that the Christ had risen again (or descended) and was abroad on the earth. Many caught glimpses of him during the spring, and a few tried to follow. They searched as summer wore on — and the continuing search through fall and winter is here recorded.*

### I

Legend in a country-side
Spreads like a rambling rose,
And many mouths are telling now
Where the Risen goes;
How Martin in the meadows,
When the night was falling,
Said, "Someone is here,"
Thought to bend the knee,
And Trenton in the orchard
Heard a new voice calling,
Saw a sandalled husbandman
Prune a flowering tree.

### II

*A worshipper comes barefoot from the marshes, singing:*

In these my days of seeking I have found
How lavender the bush burns near the ground,
And flaming upward, lifts red, reaching hands,
To what it neither sees nor understands.

And though the One is hidden from my eye,
As I come near the plaintive marsh birds cry
And flash me orange as they seek the orange sky,
While glimmering and holy, the hills and meadows lie.

Oh, little I have learned except the tone
And shape of bark and leaf and soil and stone,
Oh, little I have learned except that they
And man, are all the rosary I can say.

But lovely woods and fields, as I came through,
I heard, "This is my body which I break for you;
From it I arise, and to it I return,
When I am gone, then let your altars burn.

Build a church, if you must, to keep alive your hope
Until you see me standing on the nearest flowering slope
Tell me to each other, until without surprise,
You see me smiling faintly in your brother's eyes."

III

The world turns on the shoulders of the night,
And dawn slips farther and still farther west,
Now it is East again — Emmanuel walks
Once more within the lands that first he blessed.

Unnamed but not unknown he goes,
And sages rise to find new wisdom in the rose,
While lovers only tell how closely to her breast
The young year holds them. For the rest —
Enough if in one pair of eyes
Burning as brightly as his own,
With the same compassion, never dies
The vision of his raiment blown
Over all mankind — for *He*
Walks with the joy of each new sun,
Swings with the wind and is free,
*He* makes his home with everyone,
Binds up a broken tree.

IV

Now the woods are plangent with the cry
Of crimson, scarlet and a russet gold,
The hedges blaze with autumn, and the fields are dry

With stubble.
Who is this goes by
Listening to an old wife's tale of trouble,
Who has grown so patient and so old?

She said, "He wore a russet cloak, was singing when he found me,
He took the russet cloak, and wrapped it snug around me;
He wore a russet cloak, and he bore a heavy pack,
— It carried all the troubles that he took off from my back.
I think he said no word to me, but spoke a kindly smile,
And his arm was around me, and he walked with me a mile."

"Did he have a halo?" the worshipper said.
"I think there was a wreath of thorns about his head."

"Why did you let him go, then bear this tale to me?"
"Looking up, I only saw a russet old thorn-tree."

V

Blaze above the meadows, proud red maples,
Shift your crimson shadows, scarlet sumach,
Oaks unfurl your banners high,
He goes by.

Branches bend with rapture, wave and toss
Your million golden circlets to the sky,
There never was a glory and a loss
Not contained in this;
He goes by beneath the cross.

VI

Now candles by the altar burn
Within the gloom of winter dusk,
And all the land lies white outside
As one who has been crucified.
The people huddle in their seats

Or sway in plaintive litany;
The fine young rector rises up,
The pulpit steps mounts solemnly.
A practical young preacher, he,
Who is convinced that Jesus was
A glorious, wild, young visionary,
Pursuing courses to undo
Any poor priest or missionary.
"A wild young dreamer," so thinks he
"Who found a sweetness that will carry
Down the ages till it grows
To ultimate reality,
That is, if it is helped, of course,
By my discerning practicality."
This is his task to ponder on
That Dream of Dreams, Wonder of Wonders,
Solemn before the sacred ark,
Then rise and help undo its blunders.
So now he calls his thoughts together,
So now he sounds his evening's text,
So now he starts — but soon he stops,
And starts again, a little vexed.
— Where has he seen that man before
Who came in late by the open door?
The eyes beneath the wide brimmed hat
Burn so very brightly — that —
But why does he keep on his hat?
Then, curiously, he felt, instead,
"It hides a halo round his head."

Oh, what wild wandering thoughts are these
For one of tradition's staunch trustees?
He goes on firmly as before
But his eyes will wander toward that door,
Where faint, familiar laughter slips
Strangely over bearded lips.

## VII

There is no more that I can say —
A jester well might tell the plot,
How those who hunted never found,
And those who found forgot.
A seraph might weep out the tale

Or sound its high sublimity,
The mystic holds it in his hand
And in it gazes silently,
The skeptic shakes his honest head
And on his search goes steadfastly.

There is no more that I can say,
My lips are hushed with falling snow,
— That will be hushed with clay too soon —
But when the winter's body breaks
And in the wind azaleas blow,
When footsteps lead to all the lakes
And upward floats the petal moon;
A thousand vibrant throats will sing
That Something walks behind the spring,
And some new worshipper will start
To see the world a flowering heart.

*Palms* — *Margery Swett*

## GIPSY CONFESSION

There was a lad as cold ice;
He was my lover — twice.

(Don't ask me more; it isn't nice.)
Cruel cold, or I wouldn't be
Counting them up now. Listen to me.

There was a fellow once — I hoped . . .
He and another girl eloped.

A certain lad had let me think:
He went away and took a drink.

Then came a poet suave as oil —
But I was much too giddy to spoil.

There was a man with a bold black beard,
But he was nothing to be feared. . . .

Yet there have been, and there will be,
One or two or even three
Could make a wanton girl of me:

(A wanton girl is hard to find
When so many men are dull or blind,
Or take a drink, or change their mind. . . .)

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Genevieve Taggard*

## DAY'S END

The task is over for beast and men.
Twilight and night . . . what then?
Soft moonlight and a jeweled sky:
A shattered rose; a silenced sigh.

The cool and lyric winds of night
Across a pool that's silver bright;
An ended song, an old, old story
Of life with all its dust and glory.

* * * * *

The soul puts by its trivial things
And finds its God . . . and love . . . and wings.

*Will-O'-The-Wisp* — *Elkanah East Taylor*

## CROSS ROADS' BURIAL

(*Suggested by Galsworthy's Apple Tree*)

Green at the crossroads lifts the narrow mound
Of one who chose by her own hand to pass
And lie in quiet under this bright grass,
A suicide, refused in Christian ground.
We who live on without her singing sound,
Forever silent as the years go by,
Never again shall hear her laugh or sigh,
Never again shall see her, flower-crowned.
But always at this place where two roads cross
She lies incurious in her slender grave,
While those she knew sleep smug in churchyard loam;
Nothing will wake her to our aching loss,
For all her radiant self in love she gave
And her proud feet have found a pathway home.

*Voices* — *Mary Atwater Taylor*

## OLD ENDING

So that's our parting, and our shining pain;
And yet the dim wood arches as before,
And the wind stirs our brown pine-needled floor,
And you go stainless, — you who are all stain.
You still are beautiful and fierce and vain,
And your strange shackles leave my wrists still sore,
And yet I wait your knock upon the door
Even while I know it cannot come again.
I have the memory of your thirsty voice,
And the long touch of your tempestuous hands,
Stilled by the chasm of your final choice
And your departure to remotest lands . . .
You were the wiser, chose the safer thing . . .
But I am weary with remembering!

*New York Sun* — *Mary Atwater Taylor*

## MOUNTAIN WATER

You have taken a drink from a wild fountain
  Early in the year;
There is nowhere to go from the top of a mountain
  But down, my dear;
And the springs that flow on the floor of the valley
  Will never seem fresh or clear
For thinking of the glitter of the mountain water
  In the feathery green of the year.

## MIDSUMMER NIGHT

Midsummer night, without a moon, but the stars
  In a serene bright multitude were there,
Even the shyest ones, even the faint motes shining
  Low in the north under the Little Bear.
When I have said "This tragic farce I play in
  Has neither dignity, delight nor end,"
The holy night draws all its stars around me —
  I am ashamed, I have betrayed my Friend.

## WINTER NIGHT SONG

Will you come as of old with singing,
  And shall I hear as of old?

Shall I rush to open the window
In spite of the arrowy cold?

Ah no, my dear, ah no,
I shall sit by the fire reading,
Though you sing half the night in the snow
I shall not be heeding.

Though your voice remembers the forest,
The warm green light and the birds,
Though you gather the sea in your singing
And pour its sound into words,

Even so, my dear, even so,
I shall not heed you at all;
Though your shoulders are white with snow,
Though you strain your voice to a call,
I shall drowse and the fire will drowse,
The draft will be cold on the floor,
The clock running down,
Snow banking the door.

*Scribner's Magazine* *Sara Teasdale*

## AUGUST NIGHT

On a midsummer night, on a night that was eerie with stars,
In a wood too deep for a single star to look through,
You led down a path whose turnings you knew in the darkness,
But the scent of the dew-dripping cedars was all that I knew.

I drank of the darkness, I was fed with the honey of fragrance,
I was glad of my life, the drawing of breath was sweet;
I heard your voice, you said, "Look down, see the glowworm!"
It was there before me, a small star, white at my feet.

We watched while it brightened as though it were breathed on and burning,
This tiny creature moving over earth's floor —
" '*L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle,*' "
You said, and no more.

*The Yale Review* *Sara Teasdale*

## INDIANAPOLIS MARKET

Behind heaped fruits in a jumbled row
Stand Josephine, Angeline, Antonio,
Maria, Raphael, Mimi small,
And tiny bambino — a luscious stall —
Dazzling, gay, Neapolitan —
Children of Tony, the market man.
Their skins are touched with the same warm gold
That gilded the oranges; their curls hold
The purple sheen of grapes that grow
In Italy's vineyards; their lips glow
Vivid as ripe pomegranites do;
And the veins on their temples are lapis blue
As the sky at Naples is in spring —
The look of them's a singing thing —
Their speech is music — hush, a breeze
Stirs distant dark-leaved olive trees,
And boatmen's songs drift off the Bay,
Lilting, lovely, far away —
Warmth and laughter, melody,
Color, romance — Italy!
Their *names* are a poem: Josephine,
Maria, Raphael, Angeline —

*Contemporary Verse* — *Ethel Arnold Tilden*

## ACCEPTANCE

This house is ugly — but it is the house I live in.
Tomorrow I will plant a rose-bush by the door-step
And edge the gravel path with homely scented spice-pinks,
And I will weed the path and rake it smoothly over.
Before my wide-flung door, jesting, I'll spread my prayer-rug;
Before my clean-swept hearth-stone I will lay my hearth-rug.
In summer I will bank the hearth with pungent pine boughs.
And fill my copper lustre-jug with cool blue larkspurs.
In winter I will keep a fire of beech-logs burning,
And put my lustre jug where the firelight will strike it.
And yet, when night blots out this house I live in, often
I'll sit long in the purple dark — nor light the candles.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Ethel Arnold Tilden*

## A POEM

(*Not forgetting Paul Laurence Dunbar*)

Poets I have loved so deeply,
  Poets I have loved so long,
Teach me, ah gravely teach me
  The wonder of broken song.

Teach me the language of moonlight
  Which speaks on waters at Dawn,
That I may syllable moonlight
  Ere my brief Dark is gone.

Teach me the error of Twilight,
  The wilful change of the moon,
Teach me the malice of April,
  Teach me the terror of June.

Teach me the error of Twilight,
  Teach me to wander at Dawn,
Teach me the vagrant knowledge
  Of why a heart was born.

Teach me to utter that pallor
  Which is the lips of Day,
Teach me the small, grave words
  Wherewith the flowers pray.

Teach me to fold my heart
  In a little scrap of song,
Teach me to tie it gaily,
  Teach me to weep long.

*The Dial*

*Scofield Thayer*

## ON THE MASK OF A PAINTER RECENTLY YOUNG

So this the face the sculptor saw
  On him who had been young
Not many years gone by. The claw
  Of Time had not yet strung
His entries here. No ledger this.
  Nor chart of suns and seas

Imperative to mar. Dismiss
The years: they wrought not these.

Who then accuse of devastation?
What hand wrought these wrongs?
Wherefore and to what grim oblation
Was Youth's quick bound by thongs?

It was not bound, No wrong was done.
It grew as flowers grow.
Their nature takes them to the sun:
His to a shrewder glow.

A smithy is no garden plot,
Nor steel a petalled thing:
What though the forge be black-begot?
Coals there be finding wing.

And thence shall bloom the rapid line,
The purged and salient wit,
The temper of an arch design
Wherein a flame is writ.

Thereout shall flicker, gay and nice,
What flames alone anneal;
Thereout shall tongue, gay and concise,
The salutary steel.

Wish not a smithy to a flower
Nor chide that noble din:
Tall be the flames, and swart the power
Which writhes and works within.

Will not a smithy to a flower
Nor to a nest a bin:
These also birds, and God's the power
Shall pulse and beat therein.

* * * * *

Trail not the seas from pole to pole
To document this case:
For hard as cinders that burnt soul
Whereof the socket was this face.

*Scofield Thayer*

## DAWN FROM A RAILWAY DAY-COACH

(*En route Frankfort-Hamburg*)

The nickeled orb Apollo
Brays.
The disarticulated limbs of life
Assemble.
And Time walks.

Across lymphatic fields
Thin shadows are spun out
Tubercular.
The heavens adulterate
Crows blond.

And the immediate noise
Of myriad such planets
Wandering derelict,
Like leagues on leagues of tolerantly-winding whales
Not easily to be not,
Against insensible light
Sickens.

*The Dial* — *Scofield Thayer*

## ON A CRUCIFIX

### I

ROMAN FRIDAY

*Rome fut tout le monde, et tout le monde est Rome.*

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

O face well-pared of dross and bracken,
  Concision of a flame gone stone,
The torture of that will shall slacken
  Only with that tired bone.

Only when that tired skull has sunken
  Shall will and flesh be Rome's,
Only when that tried flame has shrunken
  Shall carcass, quiet, be Rome's.

Nor flower nor tree nor fronded bracken
  Can grow upon a star,
Nor clouds can veil nor dust can blacken
  The madness that You are.

O mad and sane, pared-perfect Spirit,
  Illuminant of our Night! . . .
Come crucify the unclothed Spirit!
  Come crucify the Light!

Rome is the world and Rome the foison
  Of all things born of death:
O Kingly Flask! O Kingly Poison!
  Shall abrogate Rome's breath.

O face most drained of all but loving!
  O Poison of chased truth!
O close, true flesh. O amorous gloving
  Of that emaciate ruth!

O ribs of service! Hairs of anguish!
  O ear of noble heart!
O hard-pinned soul, not wove to languish,
  Snail-slow at dying's art.

O nose of light! O cheeks of glory!
  O lips of hopeless hope!
O hands well-nailed! O sumptuous story
  Of bitter and intemperate scope.

I fall upon my knees and wander
  In gradual flames around your feet.
O grow upon me that wild candour
  You flowered and flowed in Roman street!

## II

IN WHICH THE WAVES OF THE SEA, BEING OF A GENTLE NATURE, INVITE OUR LORD TO FORGET BOTH HEAVEN AND EARTH

Weep not, O comely lover,
  Nor droop your golden head;
The waves shall give you cover
  When you are gently dead.

The waves shall beckon dearly
When Earth's grey pastures flee,
The waves shall trust you nearly
When you shall trust the sea.

When those apparelled creatures
Whose wings are broken light
Shall wash your starry features
And kiss your lips good-night,

When they shall bear you gently
Among their games away —
O keep your heart intently
Where we toss back the Day!

Let not the harp or cymbal
Deprive you of our might:
Angelic feet be nimble —
But not to steal the light!

If you remembering April
Slip off your golden crown,
If you remembering April
But gently dwindle down!

Stay not among Earth's children,
Button your heart from them:
Their ways are too bewildering
For such gay stratagem.

But travel gently seaward,
Climb down the sea-pink air,
And if you keep to seaward
Our hands shall touch you there.

Our feet shall dance you gaily,
Our songs shall toss you sleep,
Our smooth white fogs shall greyly
Amend you of the Deep.

But trust us gently, Lover,
And we will love you back:
The waves shall not discover
A gentle recreant track.

And if you tire of greenness
  Go sit upon a beach,
For there a gentle keenness
  Shall gentle happenings teach.

If there you weep and ponder
  Upon Earth's tested showers. . . .
Accosting watery wonder
  A child shall give you flowers!

## III

IN WHICH IS NOTED THAT FAMOUS AND INVINCIBLE OVERTHROW SUFFERED BY THE ARMIES OF IMPERIAL ROME, UPON THE HILL CALLED GOLGOTHA, NEAR BY THE CITY CALLED JERUSALEM

How odd that on a common hill
  Beyond a rabble town,
That there a felon cross should spill
  The Roman Empire down.

How odd that an enduring heart
  Well-rooted in rich soil,
How odd that such could spend a smart
  An Empire to despoil.

How odd that from a race of men
  Unversed in crowns and flowers,
How odd that from small Mary's ken
  Should leap Ten Thousand towers.

How odd that all their flowery summits
  Attacking the gold sun,
That with nor saws nor planes nor plummets
  One Carpenter has run.

How odd that he should grow to be
  The centuried King of Kings:
How odd when an earth-rooted tree
  Its shadow Moonward flings!

How odd that on a certain day,
  When men got up to work,
When infants turned to infant play,
  When shopmen turn to smirk,

That He was nailed upon a cross,
And stood upon a hill,
That not a shopman counted loss
That evening in his till.

How odd that he who pushed a plane
And smelled of wood and nails,
How odd that thumb did give the stain
Whereat Rome's purple pales.

That he upon a well-planed cross
Which smelt of wood and nails,
That He should teach the Stars a loss
Whereat the Great Sun quails.

That he who spoke as children speak
And kept his mother's knee,
That He should make the Heavens creak,
And turn the Heavy sea.

How odd that this Maid Mary's son
Who was a simple boy,
That he should teach Great Kings to run
This Earth's unsimple toy.

That he should cancel Roman hope
And build a lordlier crown,
That he with but a heart's bare scope
Should touch an Empire down.

That He about whose gleaming feet
Our hearts in darkness cling,
That he once trod a rubbish street
Unbuttoned to the Spring!

## IV

IN WHICH, THE CRUCIFIX BEING AGAIN REGARDED, OUR LORD IS AGAIN ADDRESSED AS A STAR; AND IN WHICH THE CROSS UPON WHICH HE DIED IS NOTICED FOR FIDELITY TO THOSE LAWS AND FORCES OF WHICH IT HAD BY NATURE COGNIZANCE

O traveled heart! O travailled seeing!
O feet that cry no more!

Ah, squeezed-out Expletive of Being;
Expostulated Core.

You had no quarrel with the mountains
Nor parley with a star:
You are the hoed, spondaic mountains;
Unconjugated Star!

O hammered excellence of madness!
Cruel flower of writhen death!
O spent is all the twisted madness,
And spent the flower's breath.

Your eyelids close for a long silence;
The show is out for You.
But in men's hearts there is no silence
And seldom falls there dew.

In Galilee the fish are crying
For feet that trod on them;
And in Samaria women lying
Along Your Memory's hem.

O cross that stays dramatic heaven!
O business shortly done!
Whence will ye purchase us new leaven
When this Fare's term is run?

Ah sturdy cross! Ah faithful servant
To such power as you know.
Ah would I were as close a servant
To Him you cannot know!

*The Dial* *Scofield Thayer*

## CHANSON GAIE

Tell me not the heart tells wrong,
For I would tremble all day long,
Tremble and break in a Flower of Song.

Tremble and kiss the Rose's bed,
Tremble and touch the Sun's great head,
Tremble and break, and Sing instead.

Tremble over the Moon's bright hair,
Waste my tears on the valleys there,
And touch at breakfast Stars and Air.

Take that wild and sunken thing
With the twisted head and the blemished wing
And make it Madrigals to Sing.

I tremble the heart as it were a Tree.
I blow it wide with Minstrelsy.
I cry the rooted Morning Free.

I ask what of it, So Song Be?

*The Dial* — *Scofield Thayer*

## DES CHOSES QU'IL CONVIENT DE LANCER AU PRINTEMPS

*Few objects are so pleasing as a boat.*
*Marianne Moore*

An anchor is a lovely thing
And boats were made to launch in spring.

A dilly-castle quite of sand
Is nice, if patted all by hand.

While parasols for lady dolls
Are Life's most innocent folderols.

* * * * *

I love the texture of the strand
And sun, I think, is mixed with sand.

And when the waves put on their hair
My spirit also batters there.

My spirit kicks the solid beach
And eyes the sun, just out of reach.

* * * * *

But most I like to take my peace
The while 'scried girls take their caprice.

When having peeled off every stitch
And brought my heart to an odd pitch

They indolently happen in
To waters where stern fish have been.

And they inherit a vast deep
And flutter an immortal sleep.

* * * * *

Now slippery satin gussets be
In the male tegument of the sea.

A thousand wrinkled crests of hide
Frown up to frown a girl outside.

And wide the somnolent ocean brims
Rebarbative to virgin's limbs.

These yet assume that mighty deep
And delicately snub that sleep.

These follow as on tight-rope wire
The singular gleam of girl's desire.

They reck not what his sex beseems
And sometimes trouble that with dreams.

* * * * *

They splash, they twist, they snap, they run
(Two arms, two legs, two breasts — each one).

They tangle breasts and thighs and knees
With salt and sun a boy to please,

A boy who lies upon the sand
And winks them with nor eye nor hand,

But batters till his heart will break
For their limbs' mad and darling sake.

* * * * *

I think that girls are happy things:
They also should be launched in springs.

*The Dial* *Scofield Thayer*

## JESUS AGAIN

### I

RENCONTRE AMOUREUSE

I met beneath an olive-tree
Lord Jesus Christ who died for me.

He eyed me, and I smiled at him
As girls, or flowers, or seraphim

Do smile at heaven. He spoke not.
But in my heart he straightly got.

And I was mighty like a tree
Which roots in heaven gloriously.

Its branches being firm in air
Wrinkled about the sunlight there,

And twisted into noble fault;
There being in the sun more salt

Than trees which should have grown from earth
And kept to that mill-water birth

Can stomach without pain. He died for me.
And I was angry like a tree
That Jesus Christ should lonely be.

I do not know whereat he smiled
Or if indeed that heart beguiled

Gave any sign at all. He seemed.
And I awoke; and I had dreamed.

### II

PROUD BLASPHEMY

Ah Jesus of the lonely smile,
Lord of the Heart, and twister of men's dreams,
I have not found the luxury to beguile
Your white drained self from that which is proud dreams,

The dreams are all your own, dear Christ,
And you the knotted cormorant of a dream.
The tapestry of sleep, O lonely Christ,
Is but the blasphemy of your proud theme.

You are the naked shuttle of the heart
And weave more subtly that the mind can do;
I cannot clasp you, for you would depart
If I were I, and you but naked you.

In dreams we have accosted your proud eyes
And touched your feet, incredulous at our lips,
But in dream's blasphemy the beauty cries
And we are not the loin-cloth on your hips.

We are the dust wherein your shuttle plies;
We are the stars, and you but light, and skies.

*The Dial* — *Scofield Thayer*

## ON AN OLD PAINTING OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOR

REPRODUCED IN "THE DIAL," AND PERUSED IN EUROPE BY AN EXPATRIATE

*(For Alyse Gregory)*

I too, a child, have known those waters
Ungenerous to fledgling limbs,
No weedy god nor green-got daughters
Have eased the waves where cold dawn swims.

Where morning bites in ribbed reminder
That fish, not men, were gendered here,
And where the very sea is blinder
That Europe is not ever near;

That she wherein my heart was cradled
By song and speech of sweeter men
Shall not by all the ships be ladled
To answer my wan heart again.

Though I should stand upon the binding
Of that cement and rock-torn coast
And every well-wrought ship be minding
That brings us Europe's hard-won boast,

Though all those ships be smooth like apples
And packed inside with Gothic worth,
Chuck to the gills with Gothic Chapels —
Shall that then give us Gothic Earth?

You cannot plant the inward sorrow
That grows in European hills,
Nor can you buy, nor steal, nor borrow,
The rooted oak of Northern wills.

You cannot pluck a sprig of heather
And stick it in your foreign cap
And think that you have got your tether
About the sober moorland's lap.

There is no sense in buying pictures
And swimming them across the sea:
The sun and moon have laid old strictures
On what a continent shall be.

There is no sense in trying to furnish
A continent against its will,
There is no love will ever burnish
A stream, though gold, to run up hill.

Nor is there use to clip and narrow
Your heart from your ancestral tree:
You may expunge your noblest marrow —
You shall not scotch the sundering sea.

Give over the ridiculous battle,
Leave Portsmouth Straits to narrower men;
Nor count the cost, nor list the tattle,
Of what new pain shall follow then.

Give up the lilacs which your sorrow
Had woven round the grim, spare house,
Give up the twilight, loose the morrow
Of scarlet fall and backwood grouse.

Forget the singing on the river
When girls are wild, and water black,
Forget the gift, forgo the giver —
For girls, as mad, shall never lack.

The lilac blooms in holier gardens
Wet from a sea as nobly salt,
The twilight is alive with pardons
Wherever you may call your halt.

The heart of Europe shall accept you
And hold you closelier for your pain,
For all the foolish miles that kept you
Beyond the foolish, idle main.

You shall sit down, and almost wonder
If you are not come home at last,
You shall sit down, and almost sunder
The pain that ties you to your past.

* * * * *

The dear assent of each child's laughter
Has made that pain but straightly clear:
I shall not be my whole, hereafter,
Because I was a boy not here.

Because I swam in Portsmouth Harbor
And naked strove with fishes there,
Because I sat in a spruce arbor
And sniffed and munched a Bartlett pear;

Because I gathered huckleberries
On hills where only boulders grow,
Because I climbed for blackheart cherries
Among black boughs where white winds blow;

Because I played Old Cat at Baynter's
And Prisoners' Base in Portsmouth streets,
Because I spoke a girl at Painter's,
And sailed toy boats in Holbrook's fleets;

Because I cracked horse-chestnuts gladly,
Because I lit Jack-lanthorn men,
Because I loved my Portsmouth badly,
Because I loved all Portsmouth then;

Because I played with agate marbles
And packed my nails with Portsmouth dirt,
Because it is old play which garbles
And ties the soul beyond desert, —

Therefore the Portsmouth Light has made me
What I cannot leave off to be;
Therefore my birth had once betrayed me
Before I saw the Portsmouth Sea.

The heart of Europe shall accept you
And hold you closelier for your pain,
For all the foolish miles that kept you
Beyond the foolish, idle main.

You shall sit down, and almost wonder
If you are not come home at last,
You shall sit down, and almost sunder
The pain that ties you to your past.

The dear assent of each child's laughter
Can make that pain so subtly clear:
I shall not be my whole, hereafter,
Because I was a boy not here.

I have no home, unless it be
The wide esurience of the sea.

I have no home, unless it be
The tortured excellence of the sea.

*The Dial* *Scofield Thayer*

## RETROSPECT

I wonder where the sheep is
  Whose wool is in my socks,
And where the little silkworm died
  Whose silk is in the clocks?

My clothes which in the latest vogue
  Cling to me gracefully
Last year were munching in a field
  And dining in a tree.

*Palms* *Philip Rhodes Thorn*

## GOD'S EDICT

Let the wind-rolled waves tell the tale of the sea,
And the talkative pines tell the tale of the tree;
Let the motored purr of an automobile
Tell the hum-drum tale of power and steel.

Let the blithesome chirp tell the tale of the bird,
And sad, low sounds tell the tale of the herd;
Then enthrone man on the dunce's stool
And let his tale be the tale of a fool.

*Opportunity* *Wallace Thurman*

## IN SPRING

Under the sun
  Are these things new,
Or only so
  To me and you?

Was April ever
  Like this before?
Daffodils . . . swallows . . .
  An open door . . .

Did Camelot's towers
  Shine half so bright
As the far village
  To our rapt sight?

Did Guinevere loose
  In the warm south wind
Her golden hair
  For her love to bind?

And did they kiss,
  Then let the birds
Say on what couldn't
  Be said in words?

Three thousand years
  Or three days ago,
Did any one know
  The things we know?

*The Lantern, N. Y. Herald-Tribune* *Margery Atwood Todahl*

## OCTOBER

There is a sense of rich fulfilment here
  Sweeter than all the promises of spring.
Youth in his April, man in full mid-year,
  Storms through his days with nervous questioning.
Only at last, when life is toward the close,
  Desire done, and fruits of labor heaped
Around him, does he mellow to repose
  And smile, contented, on the good he's reaped.
So is the earth these quiet autumn days,
  After her passionate flowering. Now she lies
Lovelier for her labor, and there strays
  An halo of mist above her golden eyes.
Man and the earth are one, and ever must
Share the character of their common dust.

*The Lantern, N. Y. Herald-Tribune* *Margery Atwood Todahll*

## UNREVEALED

No one will know that poems, which lie
Like faded flowers, left to die
On some old dusty closet shelf,
Proclaim her very lovely self,
That like a queen she moves through them,
Arrayed in silk and diadem.
Oh, the mute poignancy of page,
Crumbled and yellowing with age!
Once could the voice of Beauty stir
The very roots and depths of her,
But this the world will never know
Of one, who hears the grasses grow.

*The Archive* *Lucia Trent*

## GRAY AFTERMATH

Seasons are very much like men.
Some are kind tender things,
And some are cruel,
Born to mock the virgin loveliness of dreams.
And so she thought in this gray lonely waste
Of pale years drifting down

On Time's strange river.
Once she had known a spring of April stars,
Once she had known a winter in a home,
New-built for her alone,
And warm with love.
But the next spring had taken him away
To sleep among his tranquil lonely kin,
While there below her heart
One cool sad dawn
She felt the eager stirring of new life.

Now it is spring again, and how she fears
A sky of April stars.

*The Archive* — *Lucia Trent*

## ANY WOMAN TO ANY MAN

Man, earthbound, goes to God an arduous way,
Wresting his bounty from the very heart
Of life, while all its pulse beats through his clay
Firing his blood, making him throbbing part
Of earth and men; their hatreds, friendships gay,
Tears, laughter, love; love's joy and stinging smart.

One of a venturous, toiling brotherhood,
He lives by strength, by courage to retrieve;
By keen unrest that works him greatest good
When all his plans and hopes can die, yet leave
Him in more forward place than e'er he stood,
Because he hungers, avid to achieve.

Seeing, he knows that all his body's gain
Has been but symbol of reality;
Now, spirit-hunger, aspiration's pain,
Become his dearest actuality —
Seeking to loose his last corroding chain
To win him pledge of immortality.

He finds it in the only sentient thing
That man creates — the child, the hallowed fruit
Of passion's high endeavor — the angel-wing
That lifts his love to blend with God — transmute
The symbol of His image, and so bring
His flower of love divine to earthsprung root.

So, dawn to moontime, love is Sacrament
And dedicates itself a thousand ways
By recreate loveliness, divinely spent;
Touching the disillusion of men's days
With radiance; causing transfigurement
In all the things that wantonness betrays.

*The Forum* — *Elizabeth Stanley Trotter*

## TO YOUR HEART

The path to your heart is a New England roadway
Under autumn skies,
Sudden with loop and twist and turning,
Sharp with surprise.

At the edges asters smile, and gentians lift
Their delicate faces,
And the birches murmur their leafy secrets
Above the fern's laces.

But the way grows rough, and the wind blows shriller,
And colder than death.
There are cruel hills which stifle the courage
And steal the breath.

The path to your heart is a New England roadway
That I tread alone.
It begins with the whisper of friendly birches
And ends with a stone.

*The Archive* — *Virginia Lyne Tunstall*

## FEBRUARY TWILIGHT

The willow tree, which took the blast
With every slender pointed sail,
Has flung her final leaf at last,
And bends stark naked to the gale.

Among the frozen garden walks
In sombre vestments screams a crow,
Disputing in the tattered stalks
The stealthy tenantry of snow.

Swept by the hurrying wind's unrest,
The drifts against the hedge lie blown.
One tranquil star, deep in the west,
Watches the world alone.

*Virginia Quarterly Review* *Virginia Lyne Tunstall*

## "BROTHER"

I do not think the rearing of her brood
Caused Effie much anxiety, although
Their food meant endless labor at the tubs.
Brother was eldest of the noisy tribe,
Swarming about her like so many flies,
To which each passing year contributed
Another.
"Effie," asked a patron once,
"How can it be that all your children are
A different color?"
"My Gawd, honey,
Dey got a right, for evy one of dem
Is got a diffrunt paw!" And then she said,
"Dey worries at me so dat if it warn't
I fears de law, I'd sholy cut de thoats
Of evy one of dem!"
The visitor
In scandalized amusement quoted this
Above the teacups late that afternoon,
And there was laughter, and the rustling sound
Of costly garments stirred by winds of mirth,
And a sweet voice cried,
"Oh, how terrible!
But aren't they funny?"
Still, it must be said
For Effie that her children never lacked
For food, and that she fed them by her toil.
Brother's complexion took that festive shade
Known as "high yellow." He was short and thin,
But strong, and of an agile wiriness.
There was a school to which he might have gone,
But he did not, and no one cared.
"It made
No difference."
That is one view of it.

As he grew up he learned to cut the grass
On the green lawns up town, and pull the weeds
Out of the flower beds, and carry coal,
And be of service in a score of ways.
Flowers he loved, and so they grew for him
In sandy places, and in shady spots
Where people said no flowers could ever thrive.
One sweltering summer when a parching drought
Threatened the growing friends he loved so well,
He carried water for them tirelessly.
"Seem lak dey look, en ax me fer a drink!"
He said, in explanation of his toil.
Children, and music too, he loved.
Now there
Are men who walk respected through this world,
With no loves in their hearts as pure as these.

Brother had other talents. Deference
Was paid him for his knowledge of the "bones,"
And all their chance peculiarities.
"Brother kin sho *talk* to dem bones!" they said
Of him in dusky circles where he moved.
Also he knew that grim commodity
Which those who traffic in such wares call "snow,"
But in no wise resembling God's own snow
Except in color.
Then the bootleggers
Found Brother useful too, for he was small,
And very quick, and best of all, he knew
How to "Lie low, and keep his mouth shut."
"If
You want the *real* stuff that yellow boy
The darkies all call 'Brother,' is the man
For you to see."
But on one winter night
Things did not go so well. Some one had squealed,
And the police were there. There was a brawl,
Shouts in the dark, and running feet, and shots, —
Confusion vast and terrible to one
Whose sole reaction to authority
Was fear of punishment, and Brother found
Escape cut off, and foes on every side.
Driven and desperate, he pulled a knife,
And stabbed a young policeman to his death.

They tried him early in a blustering March,
Convicted him and sentenced him to die.

Effie was there, and heard the sentence read.
She wailed, and called on God to help her son,
And then went home, and drowned her woes in gin.

One April morning when the air was soft,
And throbbing with birds' cries, just as the sun
Appeared, a sinister procession formed
Within gray prison walls. Two guards in front,
And then a sad-faced chaplain reading prayers,
And then the prison doctor, and behind,
Two wardens with a small and shrunken form
Between them,
To a dirty ashen shade
Had the "high yellow" faded, and the step,
So quick in kindness, and so light in sin,
Grown slow and heavy, but the march went on.

No sound from Brother but his shuffling feet . . .
Some strange paralysis compact of fear
And vague incomprehension of the swift
Crime, and swifter punishment which brought
This retribution on him, who had not
In all his life wished harm to any man,
Held his tongue silent, and no one can tell
What waves of surging memories there beat
Upon his dull half-savage consciousness . . .
His mother's face, perhaps, above the tubs;
The low-voiced, furtive man who sold him "snow";
The flowers that he watered, and the child,
"Miss Annie's baby," who had loved to walk
Prattling, beside him while he cut the grass;
A soft breast in the dark, the smell of musk,
And all the swift excitement of the flesh;
The friendly gentleman who sent him for
The whiskey; or the church choir where he sang
In proper dignity on Sunday night . . .
Phantasmagoric snatches of a life
Cursed to this end before it was begun.

With still no sound, the path to death he walked,
But at the end a seat had been prepared,

A seat whose ghastly comfort roused him from
His lethargy, for just before the last
Strap was adjusted, thrilled a broken voice: . . .

"*Oh Marse Jesus, oh please suh, forgive me!*
*Oh Marse Jesus, please suh, Oh Marse Jesus*" . . .

The slight form strained and slackened, strained
again . . .
Brother had paid, with Christ's name on his lips.

*The Lyric* — *Virginia Lyne Tunstall*

## THE WAVE

The wave stretches its instant body
Apart from the eternal sea.

Swung and shaped apart,
Reflecting, "This shape am I,"
The wave mirrors its own image
Arresting the falling crest.

Brief vision of completion,
Haughty will, watery wing,
Spread against space —
But not for flight.

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Mark Turbyfill*

## ODE TO A MOCKING-BIRD

All hail blithe songster of the South,
Gay warbler of the rolling hills
And verdant fields! From thy sweet mouth
Sing rhapsodies and gurgling trills,
Like limpid streams that ripple soft
'Mid cooling shadows of the vale;
Thou peer of skylark soaring loft,
And silvery throated nightingale!

Art imitator thou and shrewd,
Skilled mimic of thy singing herd?
Gay little cheat and fellow rude,

For shame, thou thievish mocking bird!
And yet consummate artist, thou,
And skilled and perfect melodist;
We will forget, forgive, allow
Thy seeming theft, sweet plagiarist!

Capricious fellow thou and gay,
Careering ever on the wing;
Thy Quaker dress of modest gray
Belies thy heart; that man-like thing,
Inconstancy, dwells in thy breast,
While thy own loving, trusting mate
Coos to thy young in the home nest;
'Tis the eternal female fate!

Sweet singer of the Southland gay
Where flowers, fruit, and lake and stream,
And sparkling water-fall and spray
Murmur of love, in romance dream,
Pour out thy rhapsodies in song!
Sing to the everlasting hills
And let them echo all day long,
And we'll forgive thy faults and ills!

O spirit of the South divine,
O singer of the wood and dale,
Where grow the rose and columbine,
Thou peer of lark and nightingale,
Lend forth thy voice in perfect note!
Sing in thy rapt ecstasy, sing!
O thou in dark, modest gray coat,
Bird of the South, bird of the spring!

*The Rainbow* *Anne Arrington Tyson*

## AUTUMN DIALOGUE

"No, no," she cries, "I will not warm my fingers
On these charred sticks you long to huddle over.
Wait, if you like, to see if a spark still lingers;
I know the sort of ash you will discover."

"But look," he urges, "you who love strange *timbres*,
Here are new harmonies of dying color.

Have you no joy in such pale gold and amber?
  Does gray mean nothing more to you now than dolor?"

"No, no," she answers, "it is you who relish
  This dwindling death; you like to feel the smoulder
Creep into words which, as you scrape and polish,
  Make the thin air about us even colder."

Then he, "And what are yours but words that crumple
  Their borrowed colors like those clouds at sunset
Which seemed more fixed than any earthly temple
  Yet turned to smoke before the first dark onset."

A stone grinds under her heel; he does not hold her;
  The twig she snaps falls with a flaking of rust.
The moon shows an edge like the curve of a dead girl's shoulder.
  And earth continues to fondle its acre of dust.

*The New Republic* — *Louis Untermeyer*

## NIGHT–LILAC

Lilac alone —
  Standing so quiet, so dim, outside
Till the door-light died
  On cricket and stone —

Do you sleep at last?
  Or — beyond this night that has taken my yard —
Do you stare more hard,
  In a night more vast,

At the great white things
  That move the outermost world — the whale,
The stallion, the pale
  High planet with rings,

The raven, the bull,
  And the midnight mountain that never is black?
Lilac, come back!
  My lawn is too full

Of the dark; and the fine,
  Impalpable shadows will never be still.
Return as you will,
  Dim lilac, and shine!

*The Century Magazine* — *Mark Van Doren*

## RECLUSE

She moved, a saint among us, more concerned
With altitudes and vistas out of sight
Than with the things at hand, and so she turned
Her back upon the world, and that was right.
And yet we always felt in spite of her
Acceptance of the tenets and the Book
She might have joined the cult of Lucifer
Instead of following the path she took.
She was too versed in rubrics of the mind
To heed the body's hunger and be fed,
Too skilled in prayer and fasting, too refined
To look beyond the sacramental bread.
And if her passion ever had been stirred,
No one had known it by her spoken word.

*The Century Magazine* — *Harold Vinal*

## THIS SPINNING EARTH

This spinning earth we prattle of so much,
This whirling sphere forever turning round,
May go to ashes at a single touch,
Vanish completely at a trumpet sound.
As Jericho was blown to bits it may
Be blown to bits, and all these things we prize
May go to dust today or any day,
And the long darkness fall upon our eyes.
The seasons pass — mid-summer and the spring;
Promise and hope, If Only and Perhaps —
These are the frail designs we pattern by.
And if there be a more eternal thing,
God will declare it when his golden taps
Rings like a terrible bugle down the sky.

*The Archive* — *Harold Vinal*

## SEA THUNDER

Green water cover me,
Soft wave and sea thunder;
Let me slip to the tide
And be drawn under.

Nightly, the white sands slide;
Daily, the slow tides fall,
Wind is among the pines,
And the wind covers all.

Green water cover me,
Soft wave and sea thunder;
Let me slip to the tide
And be drawn under.

Slip, as an anchor slips
Into a shoal, a deep . . .
Green breaker cover me
And let me sleep.

*The Commonweal* — *Harold Vinal*

## ADVENTURER

He hopes for greater circumstance; he dreams
Of Eldorado or a bright Yukon
Where gold is washed in ever-flowing streams.
A road where other vagabonds have gone
Leads him beyond the pillared hills of home,
A yard, a garden and a little house;
A finger points to Xanadu or Nome,
Far from the thraldom of a nagging spouse.
He dreams and dreams . . . Headlong the seasons roll:
Summer and Winter, Autumn and the Spring,
And yet he is no nearer to his goal
Than when he first began his wandering.
And yet, no matter how he builds his walls,
The mortar crumbles and the glory falls.

*The New Republic* — *Harold Vinal*

## HERITAGE

Lover can never still in me
  The ancient fire —
Helen, Lais, Sappho,
  I am their desire!

Not a hundred lovers
  Nor their sharp embrace,
Nor the awful meeting
  Of Beauty, face to face . . .

The need of all women
  Dwells in my blood —
The thirst of all ages,
  The burden of womanhood.

Not Phaon's kisses
  Nor Paris' desire
Could still in my being
  The ancient fire!

*Voices* — *Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff*

## A BALLAD OF OLD POPE JOHN

*How Pope John's table was made ready for the feast of the Holy Apostles*

When there were Popes in Avignon
  Great wonder came to pass,
And there was cheer, and benison,
  At tourney, fair, and Mass,

Till John was Pope, and his feast was spread
  All on Apostles' Day
Whereon the beggar mouths were fed
  By cardinals in array.

They decked the papal shoulders old
  In robes of baudekyn,
And took his heavy chair of gold
  And proudly bore him in.

*How he beheld a strange guest among his bedesmen.*

"Ho, Steward," did he whisper then,
  "Come hither unto me!
Did I not call for twelve poor men,
  Yet thirteen here I see?"

"Most Holy Father, grace I pray" —
The steward blanched with fear —
"I fetched but twelve as for this day
You bade me welcome here."

*How they deemed the holy Pope was become distraught.*

Pope John, astounded, looked around;
"My cardinals and lords,
Are there not thirteen to be found
Here seated at our boards?"

The courtiers all let droop their eyes;
The Gascon cardinal spoke —
"Your Holiness would deign surprise
His household with a joke?"

*How the Pope challengeth the unbidden guest to declare his state.*

The Pontiff shook his head for nay,
"By Lady Mary, now,"
He cried and pointed, "Fellow, say,
I charge thee, who art thou?"

'Twas then the outcast raised his head
And threw his hood aside;
His face was like the unshrouded dead
As "Judas," he replied.

"And darest thou, accurséd one,"
Cried out the Pope in rage,
"To venture near the sacred throne
Where Christian men engage!"

*How the outcast maketh mock of Pope John's anger.*

The stranger scoffed — "Nay, I have sate
At higher feasts than thine,
Whereat Rabboni brake and ate,
And changed to blood the wine."

And seeing not whence came that sound,
The court went on its knees;
Pope John half staggered to the ground,
But the stranger kept his ease.

*How Pope John saw that his feast must go on.*

He drew his hood upon his head,
  As though no more to heed.
Pope John upraised his Ring, and said,
  "So must our feast proceed."

*The Commonweal* *Thomas Walsh*

## LYRA MYSTICA

Song, since thou wilt not grasp
One solid chord of all
The harp-strung universe, nor clasp
A human breast, nor on a brow let fall
One kiss of warmth, nor give responding strain
To aught but echoes back thine own refrain —
Since else seems fruitless, since the asp
Rifles the flower life holds
And 'gainst us darts its glittering head
Of failure — sweep us in thy velvet folds
Of leaves that fall, thy music round us bring
With throb unmeasured, and the words unsaid,
Till that with thee we sing —
Thyself, the all and none,
The unseen divinely fair,
Attained in unattaining — glad despair
And maiméd victory against the sun.

'Tis thou alone couldst call
The atom and the star remote
To be unto eternity —
Voice of Cumæa's sibyl, golden throat
Of Patmos, singing in the sparrow's fall,
In hissing sands against the Sphinx's brow,
In dawns on Parthenon,
Or in the gluttonous caverns of the sea —
Song of eternal azure, thou
That fail'st us never, lead thy minstrels on.

*The Commonweal* *Thomas Walsh*

## AFRICAN MOON SONG

Step down from the waters,
O Walker-by-moonlight,
Step down from the waters

That flood through night,
And lean to earth
Your carved arms lonely,
And lean to earth
Your stern breast, bright
With the white milk
Of darkness!
For he is crying, he is crying,
Walker-by-moonlight —
On a hill of stone
He is crying for your breast.
A mad, mad thing,
O Walker-by-moonlight,
A man who dreams
Is crying for rest!

*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* — *Eda Lou Walton*

## CONCEPTION

I am not barren though I shall conceive
No child of yours except a lonely song.
Another woman in your arms will leave
Your little son to whom I shall belong
Only as memory in a father's heart,
Ever forsaken therefore not forgot, ——
Yet shall my seed become a living part
Of every word you sow within the plot
Of his young mind, until within his life
The orchard of our dreams shall bloom and bear
Threefold the richness we in weary strife,
Even in self-destruction, planted there.

A motherhood most potent I assume
Since we conceive within a stranger's womb.

*Palms* — *Eda Lou Walton*

## THE TWINGE

I was fifty when Mother died.
  Really I do not mind
Living alone. My thoughts range wide;
  Everyone is kind;

Life slips smoothly along the groove.
  I am too schooled to miss
What I never was free to have —
  Love and a lover's kiss.

Only my vanity feels a twinge!
  Now I shall never know
Whether Love would have turned the hinge
  Had I been free to go,
For I have the chin of the Wentworth clan's
  Unsought women; but then
I have eyes like my mother's eyes
  That had the "come hither" for men.

Life is good, and I am content
  With its peaceful ebb and flow,
Only — my vanity feels a twinge.
  Now I shall never know!

*Voices* *May Williams Ward*

## THE NICKNAME

It is a very little thing
  To spoil a life . . .

Anne is still unwed, who should
  Be Robert's wife
And a mother. Her breast is deep
  And her heart not cold.
She has outgrown the clumsiness
  Of ten-years-old
When Robert gave her the queer nickname
  That clings so tight —
Blunder Betty, he calls her still.
  Her body, white,
Slim, with the grace of a tree in wind,
  He does not see,
Stupidly picturing her in his mind
  As she used to be.

*Voices* *May Williams Ward*

## MOTHER

She loved redbirds and bright mornings,
  Honeysuckle and sweet spring rose,
Children's laughter and pansy faces,
  All brave things that the sunlight knows;
She was frail at the last like lilies,
  But her smile was sunshine across the snows.

Music she loved and friendly greetings,
  Kind words spoken and ill forgot;
She never faltered at any grievance
  Though her heart was hurt and her eyes were hot. . . .
There was nothing honest and wise and merry
  And brave and tender that she was not.

Long ago in a lonely garden
  Where dim leaves of the olive stir
A young man knelt; but had he never
  Died for his truth and been laid in myrrh
I should have heard of the heart's high courage
  And God's great mercy — because of her.

*The Outlook* — *Willard Wattles*

## WIND

The sea, the hurtling sea is at the shore;
The grey rocks shatter by our cottage door;
The sea is mighty, like a broken mind;
But who is this who shouts out of the wind?

A dweller only in the shoreless sky,
Or where the mountains rise terrific high?
I know the voice; I hear his thunder roll
Through all the coastless reaches of my soul.

God's in the wind! God is in the wind!
The sea is but lank water going blind.
I know the voice! I hear the thunder roll
Through the eternal spaces of my soul!

*The Midland* — *Bennett Weaver*

## THE BRIDGE

(*Pittsburg*)

Dull thunders troubled the great hills
And moanings lay upon the land.
Close where the Beaver outward spills
I saw the cantilever stand.

I saw him take ten thousand tons
Of charging steel across the flood;
There where the strong Ohio runs
I saw him make his purpose good.

The poisoned fathoms of the stream
Licked at the piers and lost their prey;
I saw the lightning gild the steam
As the great engines fled away.

Beneath a heaven whose crowding power
Bellowed and struck the thickened earth,
I saw this giant hour by hour
Doing a mighty thing with mirth.

And then I thought, What power is there
To take the soul across the flood?
The drifting atoms of despair
Gathered and sank within my blood.

*The Midland* — *Bennett Weaver*

## SWALLOW

Swallow, swallow, swiftly you and I
Shall pass above the blossom and the fern;
O sailor of the far and sunset sky,
O skilled one, shall we nevermore return?

Your nest but moulder on the mossy beam?
My house but sink in ruin on the loam?
O swift and sweet, was all, then, all a dream;
And were these places, then, not home, not home?

I am not sure but your thin ghost may drop
Glinting with stars from some high heaven place;
I am not sure that death can bid all stop
Here where the light was fresh upon my face.

*The Midland* *Bennett Weaver*

## LULLABY FOR A PRAIRIE TOWN

Little prairie town,
You are a sleeping infant
At the breast of a great brown woman.

The starry attitude of new-born things,
The promise of beauty
Is yours
As you lie sleeping
Under the prairie night.

With wild sweet fragrance
Prairie dawn
Breaks over you.
Not of the earth only —
I know.

Little prairie town
At the breast of that brown beautiful woman —

Sleep.

*The Midland* *Lee Andrew Weber*

## DEFENSE OF DESOLATION

Patiently poverty will tarnish
This old house if it is left alone;
If riches' brushes, suave with varnish,
Will somehow miss this moss, and the cracked stone,
Through which the green grass bursts, can but be saved
From those glib tools so keen to bevel,
Block and glaze, so sharp to plane all waved
And beautiful unevenness, to level
Alders into hedges and gentians to a lawn.

May those, who ruin with repair, be drawn
Down other roads, here may old metals
Rust like the sumach, let this sodden crust
Of brown, rain-honeyed eaves green over with the petals
Of the roof-flowers' slow rosettes, and through this dust
Loose many-footed mildew's tufted tread.
What though the living leave it? How the dead
Will love the gray and silver skeleton
Of their once golden home, and, terrifying none,
Return to whisper, till the beams and slanting posts,
As boughs with lilacs, blossom with their small, white ghosts

*The New Republic* *Winifred Welles.*

## HERD-GIRL

You are the herd-girl who has lost her herd —
  Now can the river-grass, unrumpled,
  Shade the river, and uncrumpled,
The perfect flower lift up the unruffled bird.

Now you are free. Your wistful beasts are gone,
  Gone the great, golden eyes, the wrinkling
  Of golden brows, the silvery tinkling
Under the roving throats. You are alone.

And you are free. Now, at the close of day,
  No pensive creatures wait, none call, none need you,
  The herd, run far afield, have freed you,
Lie down and rest you on the sweet, stacked hay.

You are alone. May all your care now be
  For your own thirsts, for your own hungers,
  The tender pity of your fingers
Close on your own full breast, for you are free.

*The New Republic* *Winifred Welles.*

## BUSY FLAME

Oh, child, with what a will
You keep from being still!
How bonelessly you bend,

How tensely reascend —
Five fingers stretch, five fingers close,
One hand a starfish, one a rose.

My head is in a whirl
To see each antic curl
On yours point up and prance
An individual dance —
Wistful, I watch and never tire,
Still as a dog before a fire!

*The Commonweal* — *Winifred Welles*

## THE HOLY EARTH

In the immense cathedral of the holy earth,
Whose arches are the heavens and the great vault above
Groined with its myriad stars — what miracles of birth,
What sacraments of death, what rituals of love!

Her nave is the wide world and the whole length of it,
One flame on all her altars kindles her many fires;
Wherever the clear tapers of trembling life are lit
Resound for joy the old indomitable choirs.

The holy church of earth with clamorous worshippers
Is crowded and fierce hungers, faithful every one
To the one faith; that stern and simple faith of hers
Contents the heart that asks no pity, giving none.

Each on the other feeds, and all on each are fed,
And each for all is offered — a living offering, where
In agony and triumph the ancient feast is spread,
Life's sacramental supper, that all her sons may share.

They mingle with one another, blend — mingle — merge, and flow
Body into wild body, in rapture endlessly
Weaving, with intricate motions of being to and fro,
The pattern of all Being, one mighty harmony.

One Body of all bodies, woven and interwrought —
One Self in many selves, through their communion
In love and death, made perfect; wherein each self is nought
Save as it serve the many, mysteriously made One.

And all are glad for life's sake, and all have found it good
From the beginning; all, through many and warring ways,
In savage vigor of life and wanton hardihood
Live out, like a brave song, the passion of their days.

With music woven of lust and music woven of pain,
Chapel and aisle and choir, the great cathedral rings—
One voice in all her voices chaunting the old disdain
Of pity, the clean hunger of all primal things.

From the trembling of Arcturus even to the tiny nest
Of the grey mouse the glories of her vast frame extend:
The span of her great arches stretching from east to west
Is endless — the immense reaches are without end.

* * * * * * *

Evening closes: the light from heaven's high window falls
Vaguer and softer now; in vain the twilight pleads
With stubborn night, his shadow looms on the massive walls —
Darkness. The immemorial ritual proceeds.

The spider in her quivering web watches and waits;
The moth flutters entangled, in agony of fear
He beats amid the toils that bind him; she hesitates
Along the trembling wires — she pauses — she draws near.

She weaves her delicate bondage around him; in the net
As in a shroud he labors — but, labor as he will,
The cunning threads hold fast; her drowsy mouth is set
Against the body that shivers softly, and is still.

And through the leafy dark the owl with noiseless flight
Moves, peering craftily among the tangled trees
And thickets of the wood all slumbrous in the night —
The fledgling's bitter cry comes sharp upon the breeze.

With dreadful ceremony all things together move
To the one end: shrill voices in triumph all around
Prolong deliriously their monotone of love —
Arches and aisles are heavy with incense and dim sound.

Hush — the whole world is kneeling! Murmurous is the air —
The Host is lifted up. Upon the altar lies
The sacramental Body. The wind breathes like a prayer —
Solemnly is renewed the eternal sacrifice.

With mingled moan and might of warring wills made one
The vast cathedral shudders. From chancel, nave and choir
Sounds the fierce hymn to life: her holy will be done!
Upon her myriad altars flames the one sacred fire.

*Scribner's Magazine* *John Hall Wheelock*

## TUMULT

You came — and like a stormy wind your love
Blew over the lone waters, and the sea
Of my heart's life was shaken violently,
And all the trembling waves began to move.

And cried their love out to the shore, and cast
Their love upon the shore — but you were gone!
Yet still that restless flood is roaring on,
Where once so great a wind of beauty passed.

And still, from the calm heaven of my mind,
My thought, like a great hawk on lonely wing,
Watches those waters laboring, laboring,
In troubled multitude, broken and blind.

*The Saturday Review of Literature* *John Hall Wheelock*

## ONCE IN A LONELY HOUR

Upon my breast
Once, in a lonely hour, your head was laid,
And you had rest
From much that troubled you — you were no longer afraid.

But, now even here
No refuge is; you shall not ever lie
As once in my heart's shelter here,
Poor heart, while the great hounds of Time go roaring by.

Vain was the strength
You leaned on in that hour; you did not guess
How vain the strength
Whereon you propped your ignorant lovingness.

And yet — what more
  Has life to offer life, here in the lone
Tumult? A little rest, no more —
  Upon a heart as troubled as its own.

*Harper's Monthly Magazine* *John Hall Wheelock*

## DOORS

The doors close softly, one by one,
At set of sun.
They close, and who shall count the sorrowful cost
Of keys, long lost?

There was a garden once, beyond a door —
A garden set with iris, and a pool
Silver and cool;
And one that opened on a floor
Of crumbling flags, as dim and cold
As they were old.
A lamp flung lights and shadows on a wall;
I spoke and someone answered — that was all.
There was a door into a place of song,
A door that yielded to the call of birds,
And little words
A child may dream of, all night long.
One led into a holy place,
That holds one face,
Where lighted candles burn, and common things
Go wrapped in sudden glory, and with wings.

Is life a garden, and a lighted wall,
And that is all?
Or shall we seek forever, as before,
Another door?

*The Commonweal* *Mary Brent Whiteside*

## LOST — IN APRIL

How can new Aprils come, when one was lost
  Out of the withering gold of all the years —
Brief fires burned to silver of long frost;
  Spent ardors cooled in quietude of tears?

Last year I knew the beauty of a sea
  Where faded cities hold an opal dream,
And climbed warm olive slopes of Italy,
  And walked in Egypt by a glamorous stream.

These lands know starlight beautiful as death,
  And year long wear their ardent colors still, —
Oh, shall there come again the March wind's breath,
  And wild arbutus on a waiting hill?

How can they truly know the raptuorus Spring,
  If Beauty never lies upon a bier?
Oh, magic past the heart's imagining,
  In that one April that I lost last year!

*Harper's Magazine* — *Mary Brent Whiteside*

## THE BEACH OF ACRE

The camel train moves slowly in the dawn
  Across the ivory crescent of the beach;
Dark shapes against a sky of pearl and fawn,
  Where darker silhouettes of palm trees reach.
They bring gold oranges and silk and myrrh;
  Candles they bring, and incense for a shrine;
Tributes for every humble worshiper
  Of three religions of an ancient line.

Here is the past made visible anew, —
  Shapes of antiquity, and high above
This shore of ancient hope; through heaven's blue,
  Flash suddenly the pinions of a dove.
This is the path the old crusaders came, —
Godfrey of Bouillon, a remembered name.

*The Step Ladder* — *Mary Brent Whiteside*

## A HOST OF THE ARKANSAS VALLEY

The river creeps through arid lands,
(Born in the Rockies' gloom and light,
Flowing yet at a mountain height),
Creeps over or under the wide, level sands.

The tall weeds flare in the channel mud;
White, yellow, red, are blossom and bud.
By the low clay bank
The magpies chatter,
The flickers clatter,
While along the cottonwoods' single rank
The crows assemble and scatter.

The summer suns and winter moons
Gleam on mile after mile of barren dunes;
The stranger takes the road on trust
That reaches out through sand and dust,
Down into the hollow, across the swell,
Into silent spaces where no man seems to dwell.
In days gone by, desperation
Brought a settler here and a settler there,
Or a search for health, or bravado;
They came with a curse or a prayer,
One from the blue-grass hills,
One from the forest beneath seaside stars.
Now, as then, the silence calls to bliss, or desolation;
Now, as then, the desert makes or mars
Human wills.
A few leagues south, Oklahoma; a few leagues west, Colorado.

In the lobby of the little wooden hotel
Sits an ex-Captain of the Seas.
Consider him well.
He is the host;
He keeps the register, jingles the keys
Here midway between coast and coast.
Note the long black hair under black slouch hat,
Grizzled beard, and steady blue eyes
That gaze at the stranger without surprise.
He is seventy-five, perhaps a bit older.
He carries a parrot upon each shoulder
(South Sea twins,
With veering virtues and steady sins),
"Pro" upon this, and "Con" upon that.
From the beak of each bird
Bursts a welcoming word —
"Hail!" "Hail!",
For each passer-by,

Be his mood that of smile or of sigh.
Fancy continues, "La'b'd, a sail!"

"Sir?
Yes, I've been a good bit 'bout the world,
With the funnels belching or sails unfurled,
With the seas all bright or in foggy blur.
I've scraped by the crags of Labrador,
Stared at old bridges of Lunnon Town,
And my men tippy-tipsy at Singapore.
I've wallowed for days with seas lashing the house;
I've seen old Neptune still as a mouse.
By golly, it's a life up and down
In more senses than one;
Freeze in the sleet, roast in the sun,
Half like a king, half like a clown.
East and west, north and south,
And aye with the taste of salt in your mouth.
'Storms?' Midship, fore, and aft;
One washed away my first mate;
I've starved five days on a raft.
But — for seamen — fate's Fate.

"Hard to say; reckon I like the South Seas best,
When all's told —
Little reefs shining like gold.
(You've read about 'em at school).
'Pro' and 'Con' were born down there;
A reg'lar native gave 'em to me —
The heathen got down on his knees
Tryin' to please.
Wish you could see
How little he had to wear.
All the same, he wasn't a fool.

"Now? — Well, Sir, getting old;
Health a bit failin' —
Come close to the end of my sailin'.
Got by the bar and the rock
Into dry dock.
Time to call halt,
As you land-lubbers say:
Time to wash out the salt,
Quit cussin', and pray.

See the ground, east end of the street?
Reckon it's waitin' all right for me.
By golly, the Church ladies keep it neat,
And I'll have a good mark!

"But when it gets dark — you know, *dark* —
And the fog rolls heavy as pitch,
Dead sartin I'll have an itch —
Well, by golly, I'd *rather* be buried at sea!

"Yes, trim spot, but an old sailor's grave
Ought to be down under current and wave.
Take the six-twenty? — Well, come and eat.
'Tain't just what I want, but they'll keep it neat."

*Palms* — *Selden Lincoln Whitcomb*

## THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Man of the rugged frame and calm, worn face,
  Sitting colossal in thy marble chair,
Oh for a voice to ring through star-strewn space
  And tell thee that, though dead, thou livest there!
Kings have for queens built spire and monument —
  Still gleams the jeweled Taj in moonlit pool;
In Buddha's bronze a woman's grief is pent;
  Once Rome's grim warriors carved in stone their rule;
But what is Orient dome or royal shrine
  Or crumbling arch's half-forgotten fame
Before the glory of a home like thine,
  Erected in a grateful people's name?

The Nation which thou savedst this splendor gave,
  Proportioned with strict care the flowing lines
Of colonnade and porch and architrave,
  The lofty seat, the panels' rich designs.
Thy seerlike brow no fleeting laurels bind;
  But circling round the great memorial's height
Thy mighty wreath the States united wind.
  Below, the mirror of the pool, sun-bright,
Reflects the stately pile, as if to show
How pure the soul that healed a Nation's woe.

*The Ladies' Home Journal* — *Alma Adams Wiley*

## FORGOTTEN

Beneath the great pine tree we rest,
  Dear John, Elizabeth and I —
(I think I really loved him best),
  Elizabeth was first to die,

And then I came. I knew his heart
  Was in the green mound on the hill;
But I was glad to have a part
  In caring for his comfort still.

And did he learn to love me some?
  I never knew. With his last breath
He smiled and said his time had come
  To sleep beside Elizabeth.

I kept their graves, and still lived on,
  Until I too was called; and so
The neighbors buried me by John —
  I had no other place to go.

And here we've lain for many years.
  The hill is now a pasture field
In strangers' hands; nobody clears
  The sunken mounds by weeds concealed.

The clumsy cows above us tread
  To gain the friendly pine tree's shade.
I shudder in my narrow bed,
  A little lonesome and afraid!

I'd like to reach my hand to John,
  But I am held by more than death —
I fear to learn he thinks upon
  None other than Elizabeth.

*The Lyric West* — *B. Y. Williams*

## NORTHBOUN'

O' de wurl' ain't flat,
An' de wurl' ain't roun',
H'its one long strip

Hangin' up an' down —
Jes' Souf an' Norf;
Jes' Norf an' Souf.

Talkin' 'bout sailin' 'roun' de wurl'—
Huh! I'd be so dizzy my head 'ud twurl.
If dis heah earf wuz jes' a ball
You know de people all 'ud fall.

O' de wurl' ain't flat,
An' de wurl' ain't roun',
H'its one long strip
Hangin' up an' down —
Jes' Souf an' Norf;
Jes' Norf an' Souf.

Talkin' 'bout the City whut Saint John saw —
Chile you oughta go to Saginaw;
A nigger's chance is "finest kind,"
An' pretty gals ain't hard to find.

Huh! de wurl' ain't flat
An' de wurl' ain't roun'
H'its one long strip
Hangin' up an' down.
Since Norf is up,
An' Souf is down,
An' Hebben is up,
I'm upward boun'.

*Opportunity* — *Lucy Ariel Williams*

## THE SENIOR

You will go out this June from cloistered halls
Of academic wisdom, from quiet walks
Beneath the campus trees, from starlit talks
Of youth and life and God. Your future calls
You into the swirl of cities and of men;
You will not come this way again.

You touch my hand and speak sweet, awkward words
Of thanks and parting. You will remember me
As long as singing birds and stars shall be —
And yet —
You will forget.

I watch you go —
I who have trembled for you, hoped, rejoiced,
And stretched a careful finger forth to guide you.

Your soul is a clean, white book whose pages glow
Scarlet and gold and blue — I shall not know
The ending of the story therein voiced.
Your soul is a fragile moth with pale gold wings,
New-broken from its chrysalis; it clings
Vibrant upon youth's stem; I shall not see
The beauty of your flight, radiant and free.
Your soul is a delicate plant I have watched unfolding
Green leaf by clear green leaf;
But you will flower far from my beholding,
So frail remembrance is, so rare, so brief.
Your soul is a small brown bird whose hesitant flying
I follow anxiously; I cannot shield
You from rough winds and storm. You flutter on,
A gleam of sunlight round you prophesying
Your soaring strength. Across the ripening field
You drift, and lift above the wood — on — on — until
You flash beyond the hill —

And you are gone.

*Scribner's Magazine* *Irene H. Wilson*

## LULLABY FOR A TIRED LADY

Is there any need so deep?
Sleep, I think, only sleep.

Only sleep and music move
Bosoms travel-stained with love.

Only they relax the brow,
Weary now, weary now —

Wash in even rhythms — flow
Over Time's "I told you so,"

While the pageant past becomes
So much noise of dying drums,

Like the rumble of a storm —
Distant, sober, uniform.

*The Dial* *Robert Wolf*

## EDEN

The garden; the first year and the first June;
Bees, in the cherry-blossom snow,
Rehearsed the earliest honey-humming tune,
Mignonette and candy-tuft below.
"Eve, there is a very steady ache
"In my own side, where once you laid.
"Can you not for Pity's sake
"Heal the wound your coming made?"
"Adam, I was born for your delight.
"See how our roof of blue
"Is fretted by the cherry-blossom white,
"The green grass new;
"See how our leopards play, and playing bite.
"Hold me against your side; close, close to you."
Dear little Eve, she was so sweet,
Her girlish breasts, delicately small;
Flower bells upon an ivory wall;
White doves, her slender feet;
Serpent-like, her firm, resilient arms;
Lily stalks, her virginal, white thighs;
Holding for him the infinite surprise;
For her — what harms!
The bees sang on. The boughs, above,
Scattered snowy rain.
Dear little Eve. She gave us love;
Adam gave us Cain.

*Voices* — *Charles Erskine Scott Wood*

## GIVE ALL

The maiden-cheeked, fine smelling peach has come,
The purple and the yellow plum.
Walk with me beneath the tree
Where the wasp and banded bee
Rifle the broken sweet
With fiercely amorous mouth and feet.
Hold up the golden cup,
Your mouth, to me.
Soft is the sunny air
And almost like to swoon
With the hot scents of noon

Which circle everywhere.
Drying leaves and dying,
And wide-armed Earth
Crying in voluptuous mirth,
"O is it not enough?
"Take all I have to give,
"All, all the precious stuff
"By which you live.
"Globed grapes are cups of wine,
"Acorns drop for snouted swine;
"Lovers, see what way is mine;
"Give all you have to give."

*Voices* — *Charles Erskine Scott Wood*

## GOATS

What I liked best in Sicily
Was not cloud-making Ætna, nor the fanes
Of old Greek gods, silent in majesty
Of death, but the early fresh-milk trains
That come while borage leaves hold dew
And the starry flowers of lapis blue
Are wet with Night; herds of whimsical
Black, brown, and spotted grave she-goats,
With stare indifferent and quizzical;
Furry tassels dangling at their throats.
Nonchalantly sauntering to town,
They bite the wayside weed
With dainty, lip-selecting greed,
Skipping lightly to a wall,
Or even a house top, looking down
To mock with wag of beard the herder's call.
Through the narrow streets they pass from door to door
And full of sympathy for motherhood
Fill frothing bowls for babies of the poor,
From bulging udders, soft and round and good.
By the dripping fountain of the public square
Women wait for them, chatting the while
They squirt white jets through bottle-necks; a stair
Of stone one climbs to feed the sick; looking back to smile
A sly satiric grin of goaty guile.
Then all lie down to rest in a shadow place

Against a wall, chewing their sidewise cud
Till presently, with pretty mincing pace
They seek the mountain and the tumbling flood.

*The Nation* *Charles Erskine Scott Wood*

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I dug a square hole
With midnight toil,
And buried my soul
In garden soil,
Under the roots
Where the ants creep,
And the pale shoots
Waken from sleep.

And deep in mire,
With spade all muddy,
I buried the fire
That is my body,
Where swampfires hung
Within the dark,
With adder's tongue
And yew to mark.

And where sky clings
Low to a hill,
I buried my wings,
Folded and still,
Within a narrow
Trodden spot,
Under the yarrow
And melilot.

Where silence is,
And no feet pass
Eternities
Of tufted grass,
As long miles roll
Into a plain,
In a jagged hole
I buried my brain.

In a toil for bread
I buried my youth;
Under beauty dead
I buried my truth,
With Solomon
And his loves forgotten,
And Helen gone,
And Cæsar rotten.

And then my tongue,
Half-severed, spoke
Flatly among
The world's pale folk:
"I am one of you:
I am not as high
As the low dew
That knows no sky;

"I am less than one:
I am as low
As any man
Can ever go.
Then take me in
In the crawling herd
Of other men!"
This was my word.

They took me in.
I was no higher
Than buried men
Under the mire;
I was as gay
With golden mirth
As a somber day
Beneath the earth.

They took me in —
And then they found
My secret sin
Still underground:
For out of sight
And out of knowing
My body white
Was lifting, growing;

My supple brain
Was clouding out,
My youth again
Woke like a shout,
My wings were longer,
My truth was breathing,
My soul, grown stronger,
Was waking, wreathing

Its melody
To a sword and a spear!
And on this tree
They have nailed me here;
Above this narrow
Trodden spot,
Over the yarrow
And melilot.

*Contemporary Verse* *Clement Wood*

## SAPPHO

How could a water hyacinth
Burn with a red moon's red?
How could an orchid's heirless kiss
Hold ones forever undead?

How could a blue lobelia's song
Stay blue as the sky,
Blue light on the hill of tone,
With centuries in full cry?

How could a body pink and proud
Headland a great gross planet
Till every drowsy sigh she breathed
Stands stiff as granite?

How could a love that woke to sleep
Again, as all loves must,
Alter not till the last heart's stone
Is a mist of dust?

*Contemporary Verse* *Clement Wood*

## THE EAGLE FLIES

*A Sonnet Sequence*

*(Selections)*

### V

THE RED HOUR

The maple burns to airy lemon leaves,
With drops of scarlet oozing quaintly through;
The sumach crimsons, under lifted sheaves
Of somber red; wild ivy has a new
Magnificence in lacy threads of fire
Leading from earth to the sky caught in the trees;
The poison ivy is a flaming lyre
To brighten the wind's chilly harmonies.
There is red — gay red — on the dogwood; there is red
On the sweetgum; there is dull red on the oak;
The shrubs, the withering herbs, have openly bled
To crimson anger, like a stolid folk
Who stood too long the unobtrusive knout,
Until their slow wrath blazed bloodily out.

### VII

FORECAST

There was a summer flame I knew, a slim
Gladiolus, a flame out of the dust.
Its hot magnificence at last grew dim,
Its thin green swords dulled with the autumn's rust,
And it was dead, men told me. But I knew
That out of sight, and huddled underneath,
The next year's beauty curled, and slowly grew
Complete within its squat repulsive sheath.
Sear the red flower, and the next spring's bud
Folds hidden, to its final petalled wonder;
Sear the green leaves, and the green hidden blood
Builds a new splendor out of sight: as under
Our desolate days, our withered winter, move
The splendors of long springs budding in love.

### XV

THE OBSERVER

I have observed love: with incautious eyes
Reading the passion ripples on blank faces,

Clutches, evasions, pale connubial lies —
The wealth of ugliness, the dearth of graces:
The vows, believed or not, that flood a way
To victory for the amorous infidel:
The boundless, restless, and depressing play
Everywhere — in myself, chiefest of all.
And so I have grown cynical — do you wonder? —
As cynical . . . as subsiding snow,
Or rain pelting blackly after the thunder,
Or the bright hours of spring, waking with low
Glad cries, as of a lover with his love,
Finding the world too dear, too glad, too brave!

## XVI

### THE EAGLE'S MATE

Not a soft breast to ease my tired head,
Not a soft brain by which my own must glitter,
Not a mere woman for a restless bed,
Who kneels before such ancient shameful clatter
As "Man is woman's lord!" "Let man play freely
With lesser women, while his mate chills pure!"
I hold that such a one is far from holy,
An anemic relic impossible to endure.
I face the world, sword out, the wall at my back:
Who stands beside me with her bared blade?
I step like dusk the shyest woodland track:
Who drifts by me through sun-glow and shade?
My winged breast cleaves clouds, and warms the sky:
When was there eagle's mate, that could not fly?

## XIX

### THE NEW HEAVEN

Only when we are cupped in sky-swung rocks
As a libation to the round sky;
And the gray breasts of trees swell and relax,
Shivering joy as the wide wind treads by;
Only where orioles circle in flame
That love alone can make of birds and men,
And the hot sighs of insects dart and gleam
Over the pool under our jagged glen —
Thus, and thus only, here, and here only, now,
And now only, do I dare to try

To catch in pale words the serene and new
Heaven in which you have taught my wings to fly.
I cannot hold my heart from sharing this tune,
As we lie nested in the sun's moon.

## XX

### THE QUIET SONG

There were tall ferns once, in whose stalwart boles
The apteryx and pterodactyl nested;
They rustled drowsily like wind-swayed bells,
They stood as silent as great rocks, red-breasted
In sunset. And the rocks stood lean and longing
Above a stolid and untidal sea,
As quiet as their locked hearts, dumbly singing
Yesterdays young as the last hour to be.
The wordless murmur of the hushed wood
Enfolds us now: we have subdued our cry
To no more clamor than leaves earthward strewed,
Or tall hot stars clinging icily by.
And we have learned from stars and rocks and trees,
Till our love is no noisier than these.

## XXV

### HILL SONG

O wild, wild, wild bridal night,
O spring field ploughed by a burning plough,
O last sweet torture of delight,
O breathless incarnation of a vow,
A quivering pledge of two in the silver wood
Who paused in wonder, and in rapture grew,
As the night died, to end their solitude
And wing through bright gates barred to all but two.
O breathless explorations, tentative
Touches that shivered like a wind-stirred pool,
To the last throbbed communion, as two leave
Forever the hot quest, for the great cool
Emptiness which was the first of things,
And is the last of man's high blossomings.

## XXVII

### CIVIL WAR

In me a mating of anvil and of hammer.
Life has thundered upon me blow on blow,

And I have bent with bruised and tuneful clamor,
Not quite believing that I willed it so.
And I have domineered, as sires forgot
Blustered bloodily over a fettered race:
Men have seen man in me — brute man; and they have not
Guessed the weak maid back of the stern face.
In me a mating of woman and of man,
As in all poets. Too much of the maid
Had sent me, flustered, to fail ere I began;
Too much of man had dulled me to the shade,
The half-note, the serene earth's whisperings:
I walk, a war of balanced, deathless things.

## XXXIII

### TOWARD THE STARS

High over the hills, and high over
The trees, and high over their clouds, and high
Over the stars that blossom like sweet clover
When June is old, stepping the scented sky,
A spirit stirs — I shall not spell his name —
A spirit grows — I shall not bare his face —
A spirit ever nevermore the same,
Yet rippling waterwise from his high place,
Till in the sightless eddy of his flowing
The shining stars, the clouds, the glowing trees,
The hills that are forever downward flowing
Into their mother and their tomb, the seas,
Shiver and bud and blossom, thus to be
One with his being, which is ecstasy.

*The Step Ladder* — *Clement Wood*

## FLORIDA MEMORIES

The old rose color of crepe myrtle trees
Waving against a time-stained plaster wall,
The sweetness of a mocking bird's low call,
Faint orange blossom scents, a lazy breeze,
Are woven into haunting memories,
Recalling magic isles and glamorous ports
Where crumbling mission walls and ancient forts
Drowse in the sparkling glare of tropic seas.

A flock of sea gulls, arguing with the sun,
Slide down the wind into a snowy spray,
Low clouds, like rolls of carded wool, drift near;
But soon, the sea gulls vanish one by one,
My dream ends with a northern wintry day —
That salt taste on my lips — must be a tear.

*Poetry of Today* — *Franklin N. Wood*

## TAMPA

Low, rambling docks along tidewater ways,
Delicious sunlight, spilling down the street
In shallow, golden pools; the fragrant, sweet
Perfume of oleanders, lazy days
Beneath old palms, are memories that blaze,
When through a northern blizzard's stormy sleet,
I seem to hear the warm gulf's pulsing beat,
And mocking birds, in madrigals of praise.
When like a full-blown rose the sun droops down,
In dreams, I see thee, glamorous port of call,
Thy sapphire sea and glorious evening star;
Within the Spanish quarter of the town,
In fancy, I can hear, behind a wall,
The tinkling of a troubadour's guitar.

*Christian Science Monitor* — *Franklin N. Wood*

## BEAUTY

I know the variable day will bring
A plethora of beauty in some form;
An eddy of dry leaves before a storm,
Or in the shadow of a pigeon's wing.
Some count it an inconsequential thing
To see an ash-can heaped with colored glass,
A daisy in a patch of dusty grass,
Or gulls, past city docks, low, pinioning.
But those who love the river's changing lights,
The quietness of ships, the afterglow
Of sunset on some sea-dog's face;
The witchery of over-jewelled nights,
The amber of street lights on falling snow.
These find rare beauty in the commonplace.

*L'Alouette* — *Franklin N. Wood*

## NEW ENGLAND PORTRAIT

She faces life across a willow plate
And makes her buckler of a Wedgwood jar.
How can you crush by any sort of fate
A soul that sits behind a samovar,
Drawing ancestry round it like a shawl?
She has to harbor paying guests at last
In the lilac-guarded house whose every wall
Tells of the twice three generations past.
Yet she can wear her service like a crown
And condescend with every silver spoon.
Sitting at tea, she will describe the gown
She wore for Grant one long-gone afternoon.
You cannot call her keeper of a boarding place
Who rings herself with aureoles of race!

*Harper's Magazine* — *Kathryn Worth*

## WHITE HUNGER

Softly the silly flocks of snow
Drop wool across the meadowlands;
I dig my frightened thoughts below
Seeking the grass's lost green hands.

Did ever crimson flagon-rose
Make Summer drunk with elder wine?
My heart is desolate for those
Blue days of phlox and columbine.

I kneel among the vanished bees,
Starving for color in my mind,
Since frost has eaten up the trees
Leaving no golden crumbs behind.

*The Archive* — *Kathryn Worth*

## THE POET

I never had a schooner
  With pink, delightful sails
To roll me into Shanghai
  Alongside silken bales.

Never my hands held title
To airship floating free
Across the roofs of Corinth —
But never pity me.

I carry in my pocket
A sail and a balloon
Ample for exploration
In mountains of the moon.

*The Archive* *Kathryn Worth*

## Part III

# YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY FOR 1926

# INDEX OF POETS AND POEMS PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

## August 1, 1925 to July 31, 1926


Anon—To My Son — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Leo Arrogans — *Dial*, June '26
Aaron, Madeline—You Set My Love-Built House Afire — *Harp*, Mar. '26
Ackerman, Barbara—Shifting Colors — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Adams, Carl B.—To a Modern Girl — *Gammadion*, Win. '26
Autumn Sunset — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Robin Hood to Marian — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Adams, Leonie—Prelude Pastoral — *New Repub.*, Aug. 12, '25
The River in the Meadows — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
Bell Tower — *New Repub.*, July 7, '26
Addison, Medora C.—The Village Store — Arizona — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Because of You — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Aravoipa Canyon — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Adelsperger, Dorothy—Garden and World — *Magnificat*, Feb. '26
Adler, Frederick H. Herbert—An August Night — *Lariat*, Aug. '25
Pebbles — *P. Scroll*, Aug. '25
To An Epicurean — *Elem. Eng. Rev.*, Sept. '25
Companion Gardens — *Educa.*, Sept. '25
A Bit of Mull — *Harp.*, Sept. '25
To a Messenger — *Circle*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Star Mystery — *P. Scroll*, Oct. '25
To M. A. — *Sun Dial*, Oct. '25
White Roses and Red — *Sun Dial*, Oct. '25
Autumn Moments — *Sun Dial*, Oct. '25
A Little Song (from the German of Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach) — *Step Ladder*, Nov. '25
To — — *P. Scroll*, Jan. '26
Night Thoughts — *Clev. Pl. Deal.*, Jan. 4, '26
If Winter Winds — *Clev. Pl. Deal.*, Jan. 4, '26
Don Juan In a Quandry — *Clev. Pl. Deal.*, Jan. 4, '26
Consolation — *Clev. Pl. Deal.*, Jan. 28, '26
A Misty Evening — *Clev. Pl. Deal.*, Jan. 28, '26
To M. S. — *Clev. Pl. Deal.*, Jan. 28, '26
To Marie S. — *Clev. Pl. Deal.*, Jan. 28, '26
A Dream, Volkslied — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Ivy On the Poet's Grave — *P. Scroll*, Feb. '26
To a Skeptic — *Rectangle*, Feb. '26
March — *Rectangle*, Feb. '26
The Emigrant's Return — *Harp.*, Mar. '26
A Poet's Prayer — *P. Scroll*, Mar. '26
Companion Days — *Clev. Pl. Deal.*, Apr. 19, '26
The Answer — *Lariat*, May '26

ADLER, FREDERICK H. HERBERT (*Continued*)
Venice — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
Illusion and Reality — *Rectangle*, May '26
Whiff of Smoke — *Rectangle*, May '26
When Woken Pray for Fishermen — *Rectangle*, May '26
Thoughts While Reading Emily Dickinson — *Rectangle*, May '26
Magic Stuff — *Clev. Pl. Deal.*, May 19, '26
To a Pet Seagull — *Poetry of Today*, Sum. '26
AE (G. W. Russell)—Protest — *New Repub.*, Sept. 30, '25
AGUSTINI, DELMIRA—Tears Against the Moon (trans. by T. Walsh) — *Commonweal*, Aug. 12, '25
Elegies of Sweetness (trans. by T. Walsh) — *Commonweal*, Aug. 12, '25
AIKEN, CONRAD—King Borborigmi — *Poetry*, Sept. '25
Sea Holly — *New Repub.*, Oct. 14, '25
ALDEN, ADA—Progress — *Harper's*, June '26
ALDERSON, ALETHEA TODD—Why? — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
ALDIS, DOROTHY—Three Nibbles — *Voices*, Dec. '25
The Reason — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Insight — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Tongues — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Intruders — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Vegetables — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Unheralded — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Spring Puddle — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
ALDRICH, MARIE—Orientale — *Interludes*, Win. '25–26
Frogs — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Possessions — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
ALEXANDER, CHARLES T.—O Land, My Land! — *Baylor Mo.*, May '26
ALEXANDER, LEWIS—Japanese Hokku — *Opportunity*, Sept. '25
Negro Woman — *Opportunity*, Apr. '26
ALLEN, ELEANOR—Chant Of the People To Genius! — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
ALLEN, DEVERE—Young Words — *W. Tomorrow*, Dec. '25
ALLEN, HERVEY—The Harp, For E. M. C. — *Harp*, Sept. '25
Come Home — *Outlook*, Oct. 21, '25
ALLEN, STERLING—Fall of the Year — *Opportunity*, Nov. '25
ALLEN-SIPLE, JESSIE—Playing the Game — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
The Old Crab Apple Tree — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
A Forest Fire — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
ALLING, KENNETH SLADE—Marsh Music — *Voices*, Oct. '25
Starry Night — *Voices*, Oct. '25
Roots — *Voices*, Oct. '25
Portrait of the Artist in Death — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Praise — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Source — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Consummation — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Undiscoverable — *Voices*, May '26
White — *Voices*, May '26
Events — *Voices*, May '26
Triad — *Voices*, June '26
Orpheus — *Voices*, June '26
Vague — *Voices*, June '26
Orpheus — *Commonweal*, June 9, '26
ALTROOCHI, JULIA C.—A February Fancy — *Chic. D. N.*, Feb. 26, '26
ALYEA, DOROTHY COLLINS—Witches Say— — *Measure*, May '26
AMBLER, H. DON—Drag-Line Dredge — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25

AMBLER, H. DON (*Continued*)
Doloroso — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Red Lips — *Pan*, Feb. '26
AMES, DELANO—Actaeon — *Voices*, Jan. '26
ANDERSON, FLORENCE BELLE—Just Ahead — *Ladies H. J.*, Feb. '26
ANDERSON, PEARL A. C.—I Have Loved the Rain — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
ANDERSON, WARD—Compliment — *College Humor*, Apr. '26
ANDREWS, ARNOLD—At Twilight — *Wisconsin Mag.*, June '26
Capitol Dome — *Wisconsin Mag.*, June '26
Lines By a Horse on a Bitter Cold Day — *Wisconsin Mag.*, June '26
ANDREWS, GEORGE LAWRENCE—Alder Blooms — *America*, Mar. 6, '26
Time Slips By — *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
The Elf Child — *Commonweal*, Oct. 21, '25
To a Little Girl — *America*, Nov. 7, '25
Moth and Flame — *Harp*, Jan. '26
Mountain Frolic — *Southwest R.*, Apr. '26
Roaring Gap — *Commonweal*, Apr. 21, '26
The Little Blue Flower — *Circle*, May-June '26
At Daybreak — *America*, May 8, '26
ANDREWS, MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN—The Admiral Sails — *Scribner's*, Sept. '25
ANGUS, WILLIAM—The Fit — *Tanager*, Dec. '25
ANKNBRAND, JR., FRANK—The Slave Block — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
ARCHER, F. IRENE—
The Song of the Lark (trans. from the French of De Laprade) — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
ARMITAGE, H. B.—Evolution — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
ARNOLD, MARGUERITE—The Box — *Nation*, Aug. 26, '25
ARNSTEIN, FLORA J.—Life — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
ARVIN, NEWTON—Metaphysics — *Commonweal*, Sept. 30, '25
Ambiguity — *Brooks: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Feb. 28, '26
ASHLEY, LILLAH A.—"When the Sound of the Grin ling is Low" — *Step Ladder*, Sept. '25
Transcience — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
The Bookmobile — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
AUGHILTREE, RUTH—The Interloper — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
Quiet — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Nov. 3, '25
Freight Cars — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Dec. 19, '25
Ghost — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Travel — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Jan. 26, '26
Wanderfoot To His Wife — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
The Old Gardener — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Who Cannot Hear — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
April Madness — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Wanderfoot to His Wife — *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
The Mesa Verde Cliff Dwellings (Colorado) — *Circle*, May-June '26
City Slave — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
Steel — *Am. Mercury*, Aug. '25
AUSLANDER, JOSEPH—Farewell and Farewell — *Commonweal*, Aug. 26, '25
Drizzle — *Commonweal*, Sept. 9, '25
Protest — *Bookman*, Sept. '25
The Riveter — *Lit. Rev., N. Y. Eve. P.*, Oct. 31, '25
Elegy — *Dial*, Nov. '25
Nostalgia — *New Repub.*, Jan. 20, '26
An Eye — *Dial*, Mar. '26
Ulysses in Autumn — *Harper's*, Mar. '26

AUSLANDER, JOSEPH (*Continued*)
Water Woman — *Yale R.*, Apr. '26
Steel — *Am. Mercury*, Nov. '25
AUSTIN, MARY—Drouth — *Southwest Rev.*, Jan. '26
AVERY, CLARIBEL WEEKS—Quatrain — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
The Child Mother — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
This Earth — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
The Listener — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Second Birth — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Shivered Starlight — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Riches — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
The Spoiler — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
AYOTTE, MYRTLE—The Snake — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
BABBITT, EDYTH—The Shadow of Life (from The Talmud) — *Step Ladder*, Feb. '26
BACON, LEONARD—Cotton-Moth — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 17, '26
"The Siege Is Over" — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 8, '26
BAER, GRACE—House of the Novitiate — *Forge*, Nov. 12, '26
Summer Night — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Aftermath of Passion — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Memories — *Forge*, Spr. '26
BAGSTAD, ANNA—He Who Seeks Shall Find — *Pasque Petals*, May '26
BAIN, READ—My City: Portland — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
BAIRD, LESLIE E.—The Pearl of a Summer's Sea — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
BAKER, ALSON—On Cumberland's Hills — *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, July '26
BAKER, FRANCES WYATT—Blue Bowl — *Scribner's*, June '26
BAKER, JEANNETTE—Anchor — *Harp*, Mar. '26
BAKER, KARLE WILSON—The Happy Dead — *Scribner's*, Oct. '25
BALDWIN, MERCY—Appreciation — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Intangible Extremes — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
BALLARD, GRACE W.—Grey Day — *Kentucky F-L*, Apr. '26
BANCROFT, ALBERTA—The Gargoyle — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Treasure — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Genoa — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
The Frances Ann — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
The Exile — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
BARBER, MARY FINETTE—Drift — *Step Ladder*, Sept. '25
Words — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
The Workman — *Circle*, May-June '26
BARBER, RUTH JANET—The Cheat — *Nation*, Sept. 16, '25
BARD, W. E.—Fog Fantasy — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
Fog Fantasy — *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
BARKER, ELSA—The Two Selves — *Scribner's*, Dec. '25
BARKER, SEMELE—A Summer Twilight — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Infirmity — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Wakefulness — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
In the Temple — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
BARNETT, HENRY—Rains — *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 4, '26
BARNETT, MAVIS CLARE—New England — *Harp*, Sept. '25
The Sculptor — *Lyric*, Sept. '25
Names — *Verse*, Win. '26
Masterpiece — *Voices*, Jan. '26
The Critic — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
Connoisseur — *Harp*, Mar. '26
Romance — *Lyric*, Apr. '26
Adventure — *Voices*, May '26

BARNETT, MAVIS CLARE (*Continued*)
Nocturne — *Minaret*, May-June '26
Gulls — *Step Ladder*, July '26
BARNEY, ANNA LOUISE—The Gypsy Wife — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
The Beauty Shop Speaks — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
The Country Bard — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
On Buying Lavender Sachet — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
BARR, RONALD WALKER—Vincit Omnia Veritas — *Archive*, Nov. '25
Requiescat — *Archive*, Dec. '25
Barter — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-26
Epitaph for a Spinster — *Archive*, Jan. '26
To Senorita Hortencia Herrera, Dancing — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Helaine — *Archive*, Feb.-Mar. '26
Street Woman — *Archive*, Apr. '26
Sic Itur Ad Astra — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
BARRET, BERNICE ELSOM—To R— — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
BARROW, ELFRIDA DE RENNE—Penetralia — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Silence is a Stranger Here — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
An Old Burying-Ground — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Twilight — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Facing an Hour-Glass — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Interim — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
BARROWES-DONALD, H. C.—Solitude — *Voices*, June '26
BARROWS, MARION—Truancy — *DePauw Mag.*, Dec. '25
BARSAM, JEAN—Stravinsky (Free-Bird) — *Forge*, Nov. 12, '26
Sarcophagus — *Forge*, Nov. 12, '26
BARTLETT, RUTH FITCH—Portrait in the Horizontal — *Nation*, Aug. 19, '25
Bluebeard — *Harper's*, Jan. '26
Shallow Love — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Love Postponed — *Harper's*, Mar. '26
Comfort — *Harper's*, June '26
BARTON, ELIZABETH H.—Cobwebs — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
A Ghostly Tune — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
BARRY, JEROME B.—Reason for Wrath — *Verse*, Win. '26
BASSETT, RUTH—Cosmos — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Cosmos — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Widowed — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
Rest Time — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
BASSO, J. HAMILTON—Questioning — *Double Dlr.*, May '26
BATCHELOR, JEAN M.—The Balloon Man — *Harper's*, Aug. '25
Finality — *Harper's*, May '26
BATES, KATHARINE LEE—In the Streets of Tiberias — *N. Y. Times*, Sept. 25, '25
The Salem Witches — *Forum*, Oct. '25
For Deeper Life — *Congregationalist*, Oct. '25
The Star of Courage — *Ch. End. W.*, Oct. 1, '25
Up from the Jordan — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Oct. 17, '25
Alone in the Mountain — *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 29, '25
Let Life be Royal — *House Beautiful*, Nov. '25
Bethlehem and Nazareth — *Churchman*, Dec. 12, '25
Listening — *Churchman*, Dec. 12, '25
A Stranger in Scythopolis — *Unity*, Jan. 25, '26
The Rising Tide — *Congregationalist*, Feb. 19, '26
Broadcast — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Mar. 15, '26
Despised and Rejected — *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 18, '26
Going Up to Jerusalem — *Congregationalist*, Mar. 18, '26

BATES, KATHARINE LEE (*Continued*)
The Horns of Hattin — *Churchman*, Apr. 3, '26
The Sun at Play — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Apr. 24, '26
BAUER, OSCAR H.—George — *Wisconsin Mag.*, June '26
BAXTER, J. HARVEY L.—The New Year — *Opportunity*, Jan. '26
BAYNE, WILLIAM M.—The Pine Tree — *Commonweal*, Jan. 6, '26
BEALES, CARLETON—Mound-Builders — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
BECKER, GOLDIE—I Vow! — *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
BEEBE, LUCIUS M.—Ballade of the Year's End — *College Humor*, June '26
BEECHER, MARION E.—South Jersey — *Century*, May '26
BEELER, FLORENCE ASHLEY—Waiting — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Kismet — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Absence — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
The Doer — *Tacoman*, Oct.-Nov. '25
The Dreamer — *Tacoman*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Nightfall — *Harp*, Jan. '26
Midnight — *House. Mag.*, Jan. '26
Atmosphere — *Pegasus*, Nov. '25
The Warning — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Premonition — *Pegasus*, Feb. '26
Shrines — *Voices*, Mar.-May '26
The Dancer — *Pegasus*, May '26
Shadows — *Circle*, May-June '26
Ashes — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
BEER, ARTHUR WILLIAM—The Unmasking — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
BEER, MORRIS ABEL—A City Piper — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Sept. '25
The Moon — *N. Y. Evening Telegram*, Jan. '26
Achievement — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Jan. '26
Poets — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Feb. '26
Piety — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Feb. '26
BEK, HERSCHELL—Plea — *Opportunity*, Mar. '26
BELL, LUCIA OSBORNE—For This Is June — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June '26
An Italian Garden — *Independent*, May 15, '26
A Sailing Song From Brittany — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
Faith — *Association Mag.*, Aug. '26
BELL, ROBERT—Of Old Men — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
BELLAMANN, HENRY—The Wind — *Lyric*, June '26
BENET, STEPHEN VINCENT—Archimedes' Last Foray — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 19, '26
BENET, WILLIAM ROSE—Harlem — *Theatre Arts M.*, Aug. '25
BENJAMIN, ISAAC—A Portrait — *Palms*, Jan. '26
For a Resting Dancer — *Palms*, Feb. '26
Afterward — *Palms*, Feb. '26
Cripple — *Palms*, Feb. '26
BENNETT, GERTRUDE RYDER—Midnight — *Bookman*, Mar. '26
Sold — *Century*, July '26
BENNETT, GWENDOLYN B.—On a Birthday — *Opportunity*, Sept. '25
Street Lamps in Early Spring — *Opportunity*, May '26
Hatred — *Opportunity*, June '26
Lines Written at the Grave of Alexander Dumas — *Opportunity*, July '26
BENNETT, KATHLEEN—Emotionless — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
BERENBERG, DAVID P.—The Romantic — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25

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| Berenberg, David P. (*Continued*) | |
| Fragment | *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26 |
| The Songs of Tai Ling | *G. V. Quill*, July '26 |
| Berman, Berel Vladimir—Died, 1920 | *N. Yorker*, Mar. 13, '26 |
| Bernard, Raymond—A Wreath | *Voices*, Oct. '25 |
| Bernasconi, Melvin—Nature's Secrets | *Palms*, Nov. '25 |
| Berrien, James G.—Mounds | *Scribner's*, Mar. '26 |
| Berry, William—The Blind Girl | *America*, Aug. 29, '25 |
| Revealment | *Verse*, Au. '25 |
| Inscription for a Brass Knocker | *Verse*, Au. '25 |
| Whimsey | *Verse*, Au. '25 |
| Old Serenade | *Verse*, Au. '25 |
| For a Young Girl | *Commonweal*, Jan. 6, '26 |
| White Spiritual | *Verse*, Win. '26 |
| Georgiana | *Poetry-Folio*, Mar.-Apr. '26 |
| Old Men | *Gypsy*, June '26 |
| Beverley, Eleanor Scott—A Wish | *Harp*, Mar. '26 |
| Beverly-Smith, Eleanor—The Fog | *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26 |
| Biber, Barbara—The Great Steel City | *Nation*, Mar. 17, '26 |
| Bickley, Beulah Vick—A House on a Hill | *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25 |
| Grey Shadows | *Country Bard*, Spr. '26 |
| Hill Born | *Country Bard*, Sum. '26 |
| Biggar, H. Howard—My Kind of a Man | *Pasque Petals*, May '26 |
| The Boy | *Pasque Petals*, July '26 |
| Bilac, Olavo—Serenade of Romeo (trans. by T. Walsh) | *Commonweal*, Jan. 27, '26 |
| Bird, J. C.—The Flowers of Evil (for a Tomb) | *Minaret*, Nov.-Dec. '25 |
| Birdno, Ethel Grace—Jest My Style | *Wisconsin Mag.*, Sept. '25 |
| Birk, Julia—Episode | *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26 |
| Bishop, Flora—Babies | *Measure*, Sept. '25 |
| A Negro | *Measure*, Sept. '25 |
| Bishop, Morris—Marsyas, An Old Tale with a Modern Moral | *Harper's*, Nov. '25 |
| Helen, Thy Beauty is to Me — | *Harper's*, Dec. '25 |
| Black, MacKnight—Sword Prayer | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Structural Iron Workers | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Street-Cleaner Stops for Lunch | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Farm Wife | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Bird of the Sun | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Slag | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Ball Park | *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25 |
| Negro Foundation Gang | *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25 |
| Walt Whitman | *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25 |
| Machine-Born | *Measure*, Jan. '26 |
| Machine-Strength | *Measure*, Jan. '26 |
| Turbine Heart | *Measure*, Jan. '26 |
| Turbine at High Speed | *Measure*, Jan. '26 |
| Turbine | *Measure*, Jan. '26 |
| Lightnings | *Measure*, Jan. '26 |
| City Eyes | *Measure*, Jan. '26 |
| New Mother | *Measure*, Jan. '26 |
| Stark | *Measure*, Jan. '26 |
| Blackburn, Irma Grace—Vision | *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25 |
| My Lover's Gone | *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25 |

BLAKE, ADELINE O'BRYON—I Had Not Dared To Dream — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
BLAKE, MARIE—Heritage — *Century*, Jan. '26
The Winds — *Catholic W.*, Apr. '26
Enchantment — *America*, July 31, '26
BLAKESLEE, MABEL F.—Red Gold — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Ragged Grass — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Sand — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Where to See Angels — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
BLAKENEY, LENA W.—Leaving England — *Voices*, June '26
BLANCHER, ROSETTA LEVINGS—My Heart and I — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
BLANDEN, CHARLES G.—Books — *Step Ladder*, Aug. '25
Before Music — *Ch. Cent.*, Sept. 17, '25
Quatrains — *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 18, '26
BLANDING, HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE—Grandmere — *Harper's*, Sept. '25
Isolation — *Harper's*, Dec. '25
Question — *Harper's*, Feb. '26
Taliessin — *Harper's*, Apr. '26
BLAYKER, MARY AVIS—Rain Girl — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Guarded Truth — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
BLUNT, HUGH F.—Mary Enthroned — *Magnificat*, Aug. '25
Death's Carnival — *Magnificat*, Oct. '25
Comforter of the Afflicted — *Magnificat*, Nov. '25
The Nuptials of Saint Cecelia — *Magnificat*, Nov. '25
Friend Death — *Magnificat*, Nov. '25
The Dreamer — *Pan*, Nov. '25
Sunset in the City — *Pan*, Nov. '25
Quest — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Mary to the Child Jesus — *Magnificat*, June '26
Lady-Day in Spring — *Magnificat*, Mar. '26
Milady Spring — *Magnificat*, May '26
Our Lady of the Eucharist — *Magnificat*, June '26
To the Blessed Sacrament — *Magnificat*, June '26
BODENHEIM, MAXWELL—Thoughts of a Precocous Child — *Bookman*, Oct. '25
Margaret — *College Humor*, Dec. '25
The King of Spain — *Poetry*, Mar. '26
Sonnet to E. W. — *Bookman*, Apr. '26
Upon Her Face — *Dial*, July '26
Cheap Dance Hall Girls — *Bookman*, July '26
BOGAN, LOUISE—If We Take All Gold — *Nation*, Oct. 21, '25
Winter Swan — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Jan. 10, '26
BOGGS, THOMAS—Diurnalia — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
BOLAND, CHARLES—Viaticum — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
BOLEYN, DONNA—A Brevity — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
BOLL, HELENE MARTHA—Cherry Blossoms — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
A Gift — *Circle*, May-June '26
BOLLMAN, GLADYS—To François Villon — *Bookman*, Nov. '25
To Daphne — *Bookman*, Feb. '26
BONALDE, J. A. PEREZ—Return to the Fatherland (trans. by T. Walsh) — *Commonweal*, Sept. 16, '25
BONER, H.—Ghost Nights — *Palms*, Nov. '25
July Wheat Harvest — *Palms*, Feb. '26
For Our Lady of Sorrow — *Palms*, Feb. '26

BONTEMPS, ARNA—Blight — *Opportunity*, Aug. '25
Here is the Sea — *Opportunity*, Jan. '26
Homing — *Opportunity*, Feb. '26
The Day-Breakers — *Opportunity*, Feb. '26
The Shattering — *Opportunity*, Mar. '26
Golgotha Is a Mountain — *Opportunity*, June '26
Holiday — *Crisis*, July '26
BOOE, NADINE—Echoes — *Lyric W.*, May-June, '26
BOOKER, ROBERT—The Day She Died — *Harp*, May '26
BORGIA, RENE—Dialogue at Twilight (trans. by T. Walsh) — *Commonweal*, Sept. 16, '25
BORLAND, HAL—Caravans — *Bookman*, Aug. '25
BORLAND, MARY—So To Forget — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
BORST, RICHARD WARNER—Traffic Warning — *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 6, '25
Mob — *Ch. Cent.*, Sept. 17, '25
Springs of Life — *Midland*, Dec. '25
The Right of Way — *Midland*, Dec. '25
BOSTICK, LOUISE STEDMAN—Sunset — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
BOSTON, EVERETT—A Man — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
BOSWELL, ALAINE—In a Cathedral — *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
BOSWELL, BELLA HARGROVE—Jealousy — *Harp*, Mar. '26
BOURQUIN, MABEL—"Behold, Your House Is Left" — *America*, Sept. 26, '25
Shut in With Spring — *America*, May 8, '26
BOYCE, FAITH—Armor — *Magnificat*, Nov. '25
BOYD, DANIEL HESTON—Baby's Hour — *Ladies H. J.*, Mar. '26
BOYD, LINDA—Dawn — *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, July '26
BOYD, MARION M.—There Is An Island — *Bookman*, May '26
BOYD, WILLIAM C.—Sunrise on the Moon — *Harp*, Mar. '26
BRADFORD, GAMALIEL—The Gift — *Lyric*, Sept. '25
At Last — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Words — *Lyric*, Oct. '25
The Kingdom of Heaven — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
The Witch — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Ideas — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Faces — *Harp*, Nov. '25
John Jones — *Bookman*, Nov. '25
Deeds Undone — *Lyric*, Dec. '25
A Porcelain Vase — *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Blot — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Thou — *Harp*, Mar. '26
BRADLEY, DORIS L.—The Bondage-Breaker — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
I Do Not Know What Color Is — *Midland*, Dec. '25
I Am Lost in a Forest — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Japanese Sketch — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
I Cannot Die Today — *Lyric*, Feb. '26
You Are Flame Thro' My Heart — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Laughter — *Harp*, May '26
BRADLEY, WILLARD KING—Unhonored and Unhung — *Philadelphian*, Jan. '26
BRAINERD, E. M.—Fairy Antics — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
BRALEY, BERTON—Carcassonne — *Commonweal*, Sept. 16, '25
Oversize or Undersize — *College Humor*, Feb. '26
Importance — *College Humor*, May '26

BRANCH, DOUGLAS—Buzzards — *Midland*, Nov. '25
The Horse-Drive — *Midland*, Nov. '25
BREGY, KATHERINE—Interlude — *Pan*, Aug. 25
BRESNAN, CATHERINE—The Pilgrim — *America*, Jan. 23, '26
BREWER, MABLE WILFONG—Love — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
Longing — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
Song — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
Before the Dawn — *Step Ladder*, July '26
BRIER, HOWARD MAXWELL—Moon Path — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Hero Worship — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
BRIGGS, MARGARET PERKINS—Silence Is Best — *N. Y. Sun*, Aug. '25
Late August Days — *N. Y. Sun*, Aug. '25
Sonnet — *N. Y. Sun*, Sept. '25
Golden Rod — *N. Y. Sun*, Sept. '25
These Winds — *N. Y. Sun*, Oct. 25, '26
Harvesters — *New Repub.*, Oct. 21, '25
Pastures — *N. Y. Sun*, Feb. '26
Winter Trees — *N. Y. Sun*, Feb. '26
Old House — *N. Y. Sun*, Apr. '26
To a Spring Flower — *N. Y. Sun*, Apr. '26
Lovers — *N. Y. Sun*, Apr. '26
Inconsequential — *N. Y. Sun*, Apr. '26
BRIGHT, VERNE—Dreams and a Sword — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Lad Pan — *F. G. News-Times*, Oct. 1, '25
Hallowe'en — *F. G. News-Times*, Oct. 31, '25
Chained — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Reaper of Dreams — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
Harbor Dusk — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Dream Journey — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
April — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
Dream Journey — *Beaverton*, Apr. 9, '26
Black Pansies — *Ore. S. J.*, Apr. 11, '26
Harbor Dusk — *Ore. S. J.*, Apr. 11, '26
Sea Lure — *Ore. S. J.*, Apr. 11, '26
Sailor — *Ore. S. J.*, Apr. 11, '26
Manila — *Ore. S. J.*, Apr. 11, '26
This Loveliness — *Beaverton*, Apr. 23, '26
Interlude — *Beaverton*, Apr. 30, '26
My Mother's Garden — *Beavert on*, May 7,'26
Sea Hills — *Beaverton*, May 14, '26
BRINKLEY, MAY—House Cleaning — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Convention — *Lit. Lan.*, Feb. '26
Houses — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June '26
The Traveller — *Lit. Lan.*, June 21, '26
The Secret — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
BRINK, CAROL BYRIE—The Nun — *Gypsy*, June '26
BRISTOW, GWEN—Office Desks — *Verse*, Au. '25
BROCK, E. L.—Jumilhac-the-Grand — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Mar. 21, '26
BRODY, ALTER—Portrait of the Artist as a Ghost — *Menorah Journ.*, Feb. '26
BRODY, RACHEL—To a Dead Swallow — *Poetry Folio*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Silence — *Scholastic*, May 15, '26
BROOKER, LOUISA—Farm for Sale — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26

BROOKS, OLIVE—Pleistocene — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Reaction — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
BROOKS, WILLIAM E.—The Master — *Continent*, Feb. '26
The Magdalene — *Continent*, Apr. '26
Pilate Remembers — *Scribner's*, Apr. '26
BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL—The Luster Pitcher — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
The Old Clipper — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Ancient Humor — *Bookman*, Feb. '26
BROWN, ALICE—The Lilac Tree — *Harper's*, May '26
BROWN, ALTA WRENWICK—Paisley — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
BROWN, CHRISTINE DAVIDSON—June — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
BROWN, EARL BIGALOW—My Window — *W. Tomorrow*, Feb. '26
BROWN, GRACE EVELYN—Tapers — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
A Prayer — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
BROWN, HELEN—At the Play — *Scholastic*, May 15, '26
BROWN, MARGARET—Transfiguration — *Dial*, Feb. '26
BROWN, MARION FRANCIS—Profanation — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
Dismissal — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
BROWN, W. V.—Cobwebs on Dem Gold'n Stairs — *De Pauw Mag.*, Dec. '25
BROWNELL, HARRIETT—De Diaboli — *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
BROWNELL, EVELYN B.—Perfect Happiness — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
BRUNCKEN, HERBERT GERHARD—Like Water Dripping — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Now Comes the Night — *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
I Who Am Deathless — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
BRUNER, MARGARET E.—Autumn Flowers — *Pegasus*, Nov. '25
Poetry — *Pegasus*, Feb. '26
The Dream Picture — *Ind. Star*, Apr. '26
The Dream — *Pegasus*, May '26
My Heritage — *Ind. Star*, May 23, '26
BRUSH, ALBERT—Dynamic Symmetry — *Dial*, July '26
BRYAN, SAM—The Playground — *Wisconsin Mag.*, Oct. '25
Lake Pepin — *Wisconsin Mag.*, June '26
BRYANT, DOROTHY E.—To a Mosquito Dying Young — *Bookman*, Jan. '26
BUCKLEY, NANCY—In an Old Fashioned Garden — *Magnificat*, Aug. '25
Perchance — *Magnificat*, Oct. '25
Compensation — *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
I Heard Sweet April Singing — *Magnificat*, Apr. '26
April's Here — *Magnificat*, Apr. '26
Jasmine — *Magnificat*, May '26
Alien — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
BUEHRLE, MARIE—The Hem of a Garment — *Commonweal*, Dec. 9, '25
BULLINGTON, W. H.—A Cry — *Harp*, Jan. '26
BULLOCK, WALTER—Pierrot Profaned — *De Pauw Mag.*, May '26
BUNKER, JOHN—Autumn Rain — *Commonweal*, Oct. 21, '25
BURGESS, R. L.—The Grey Counselor — *Unity*, May 17, '26
BURGESS, STELLA FISHER—Stars — *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 11, '26
BURKE, KENNETH—Anthology — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
BURKE, MARY ELIZABETH—At Sea — *Harp*, Jan. '26
BURLINGHAME, ROGER—Locarno — 1925 — *Independent*, Dec. 19, '25

BURNAP, NANEEN—Seeing — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
BURNS, AUBREY—Autumn Sonnet — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
To a Courtesan — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
Sonnet for Critics — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
BURNSHAW, STANLEY—Sceptic — *Midland*, Sept. 15, '25
Lonely Worshipper — *Midland*, Sept. 15, '25
Sonnets To Shelley — *Echo*, Jan. '26
For Those Who Seek — *Palms*, Jan. '26
Inland Tugboats — *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
Wild Girl — *Echo*, June '26
Speculation in February — *Echo*, June '26
BURNSTINE, NORMAN—Lose Not Your Heart — *Voices*, June '26
BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE—House Furnishings — *Ladies H. J.*, Apr. '26
BUSH, GRACE E.—Interpretations After Music, to Sol. Cohen, Violinist — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
BURTON, CLARA MOORE—Requiem — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
BUSCH, NIVEN—Footnote in Filagree: For a Biological Encyclopedia — *Harper's*, June '26
BUSEY, GARRETA—Once — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Dec. 20, '25
Scars — *Bookman*, May '26
BUTLER, JESSIE STORRS—Demonstration: Cosmetic Goods Counter — *Verse*, Win. '26
Old Churches of Yates County — *Harp*, May '26
BUTLER, THOMAS—Fasting — *America*, Mar. 27, '26
The Lost Chord — *America*, July 10, '26
An Old Lady Sings — *America*, July 31, '26
BYNNER, WITTER—Witness — *Independent*, Aug. 1, '25
A Night in Mexico — *Nation*, Sept. 9, '25
Oh For a Witless Age — *New Repub.*, Sept. 16, '25
Pallor (As told in Africa to explain the white race) — *New Repub.*, Sept. 30, '25
A Dance for Rain (At Cochiti, New Mexico) — *New Repub.*, Sept. 30, '25
Epithalamium and Elegy — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
At the Door of My Adobe — *Midland*, Nov. '25
Sandstorm and Cockcrow — *Midland*, Nov. '25
Rose — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Even the Bats — *New Repub.*, Nov. 11, '25
The Blue Room — *Forum*, Dec. '25
To American Flyers in Morocco — *New Repub.*, Dec. 16, '25
Pasture — *Virginia Q. R.*, Jan. '26
El Gallo — *New Repub.*, Jan. 13, '26
Syrian Prayer — *New Repub.*, Jan. 20, '26
The Foreigner — *Nation*, Feb. 24, '26
High Neighbor — *Commonweal*, Mar. 3, '26
The Ancient Lovers — *Commonweal*, Mar. 17, '26
A Young Man — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
Flight — *Nation*, Apr. 21, '26
Inventory — *Voices*, June '26
Cafe — *Nation*, June 9, '26
Idols — *New Repub.*, July 21, '26
BYRN, OLIVE RIGGS—On Talbot Shore — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
BYRNES, LILLIAN—The Tramp — *Nation*, Sept. 16, '25
BYRON, ELIZABETH—Petition — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June '26

C., B. M.—When We Love Thee Most — *Wisconsin Mag.*, June '26
C., L. E.—Runners — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
C., L. E.—The Pilferer — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
CABLE, ALICE TRUESDALE—Twilight — *Christ Mind*, July '26
CAHN, DOROTHY ROSE O.—Autumn — *Interludes*, Sum.-Aug. '25
CAIE, HARRIET—Iridescent — *Forge*, Spr. '26
CAIN, HELEN—Manna — *L. H. J.*, Jan. '26
CALDWELL, CLYDE B. CALDWELL—Temptation — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-26
Sleeping Hayfields — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Enchanted Winds — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
CALDWELL, EDNAMAE—Will-O'-The-Wisp — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
CALLAGHAN, GERTRUDE—As a Leaf — *Poetry of Today*, Aug. '25
Elementals — *Poetry of Today*, Aug. '25
Before Youth Goes — *Poetry of Today*, Aug. '25
Sorrow's Ladder — *Commonweal*, Oct. 21, '25
Old Youth — *Commonweal*, Dec. 9, '25
Crucifixion — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Caught Under — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Dumb — *Measure*, May '26
Witch Girl — *Blue Faun*, Mar. '26
The Idol — *N. Y. Sun*, May 29, '26
CALLAND, ANNICE—The Sea at Carrenage — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
Seafarers — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
Voodoo — *Voices*, June '26
CAMP, WILLIAM S.—Memory's Trail — *Tanager*, Apr. '26
CAMPBELL, GLADYS—Evening Walk — *Dial*, Mar. '26
CAMPBELL, JOSEPH—The Cock — *Dial*, Aug. '25
The Star — *Dial*, Dec. '25
CANDLER, BEATRICE POST—The Test — *Commonweal*, Dec. 23, '25
Lying in Grass — *Guardian*, Oct. '25
Clouds — *Commonweal*, Nov. 11, '25
Fog, the Magician — *Commonweal*, Dec. 16, '25
Snow Toward Evening — *Dial*, Jan. '26
Fog — *Dial*, Jan. '26
West 58th Street — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
CANFIELD, ALICE—Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde" — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
CANFIELD, LILLIAN CAROLINE—The Arcanum — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
CANON, RALPH—Atlas — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Seein' the Sights — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Minnies — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
Thunder-Shower — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
CANTY, CATHAL—Cantante Ariose — *America*, Dec. 5, '25
Chromo Tones — *Bookman*, May '26
CAREY, NEITA—Two Women and a Lady — *Echo*, Nov. '25
CARLIN, FRANCIS—Bed-Time — *America*, Aug. 15, '25
Intercession — *America*, Aug. 15, '25
Inspiration — *America*, Oct. 17, '25
The Genealogist — *America*, Oct. 24, '25
Magnifiers — *America*, Nov. 21, '25
The Greenhorn Yank — *America*, Dec. 12, '25
Folding Time — *America*, Jan. 16, '25
White-o'-Caps — *America*, Jan. 23, '26

CARLIN, FRANCIS (*Continued*)
Isles of Eden — *America*, Jan. 30, '26
The Parish Bard — *America*, July 10, '26
CARMER, CARL L.—Sonnet — *Bookman*, Aug. '25
CARNEY, S. WALDRON—The New Year — *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
CARR, EVA DORSEY—Surcease — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
CARRIGAN, FRANKLIN PIERCE—At Christmas — *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
CARRINGTON, MARY COLES—Exile — *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
CARRINGTON, JOYCE SIMS—An Old Slave Woman — *Opportunity*, Mar. '26
CARROLL, ELLEN M.—Bitter Choice — *Harp*, Sept. '25
Question — *Lit. Lan.*, Nov. 28, '25
Evening in a Church — *Harp*, Jan. '26
Jure Divino — *Gammadion*, Win. '25
In a Dark House — *Gammadion*, Win. '25
Charity — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
In Sorrow — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
A Poet's Plea — *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
Body and Spirit — *Harp*, May '26
Compensation — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
Morning in the Low Country — *State: Col., S. C.*, May 30, '26
Resurgence — *Lit. Lan.*, June 13, '26
The Fortune Teller Speaks — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
CARROLL, MARY TRAVERS—The Alps — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
CARVER, GERTRUDE NASON—Gossamer — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
CASSIDY, INA SIZER—The Red Man's Altar — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
CARY, ROBERT—The Winds of Luxor — *Pan*, Aug. '25
Retrospection — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
I Stood Upon a Cloud — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Shining Summits — *Pan*, Dec. '25
July 4, 1926 — *St. Paul P. P.*, July 5, '26
CHADWICK, S. F.—Words Written to a Biography — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
CHALLISS, JAMES COURTNEY—Nocturn — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
CHAMBERLAIN, BEULAH—I Sometimes Envy — *Step Ladder*, Sept. '25
CHAMBERS, WHITTAKER—Lothrop, Montana — *Nation*, June 30, '26
CHAPMAN, GERALD—Comes Peace at Last — *Measure*, May '26
CHAPMAN, KATE MULLER—On a Mesa Trail — *Midland*, Nov. '25
In a Zauguan — *Midland*, Nov. '25
CHASE, CHILTON—White Butterflies — *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
CHASE, POLLY—Married — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Palliative — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Autumn Walk — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Broadway at Night — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Suburban Idyl — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Encounter — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Discovery — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
CHEYNEY, E. RALPH—A Tryst with Dreams — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
The Ineluctable — *Circle*, Sept. '25
Portrait of a Place at Dusk — *N. Leader*, Dec. '25
To a Sky-Scraper — *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
The Juggler Fate — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Lazarus — *N. Leader*, Apr. 10, '26
Solace — *G. V. Quill*, July '26

CHEYNEY, E. RALPH (*Continued*)

Leg-Note — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
Of a Certain Generous Lady — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
Her Room — *L. I. D. Press*, July 2, '26
Pity Don Juan — *L. I. D. Press*, July 2, '26
Complaint — *L. I. D. Press*, July 2, '26
Cartoon — *L. I. D. Press*, July 2, '26
The World Will Not Fail For Lovers — *N. Leader*, July 3, '26
A Lover For Death — *Independent P. A.*, '26

CHEYNEY, OUIDA LOUISE—The Hurt — *Circle*, May-June '26
Of Papa Al (Her Grandfather, Who is Dead) — *Ind. Poetry Anth.*, '26
Walnuts — *Ind. Poetry Anth.*, '26

CHICHESTER, JAMES—The Meeting — *Nation*, 30, '25

CHIDESTER, KATE M.—Life's Day — *Pasque Petals*, July '26

CHILDS, F. CARTER—Whistler's Mother — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25

CHIPP, ELINOR—I Shall Forget as Men Forget . . . — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26

CHOCANO, JOSE SANTOS—The Mocking-bird (trans. by Muna Lee) — *Minaret*, Nov.-Dec. '25

CHOKLA, SARAH—To a Dull Lover — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26

CHOU, MURIEL—Cinquaines — *Bookman*, Jan. '26

CHRISTOPHER, ROBIN — Hide and Seek — *G. V. Quill*, July '26

CHRYST, DICK—To J— H— — *Emory Phoenix*, Mar. '26

CHU, CHI-HWANG (English verse-form by Edna Worthley Underwood)—The Orient Visits New York — *Lyric W.* Jan. '26

CHUNG, NIEH I.—Travail (trans. by Li-An-Che and Stella Fisher Burgess) — *Ch. Cent.*, May 13, '26

CHURCH, PEGGY POND—Rain — Pojuaque Valley — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
Autumn Shadows — *Archive*, Apr. '26

CHURCH, WILLIAM PENNANCE—A Triolet — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26

CLAIRMONT, ROBERT—O I Would Build Me a Private Cataract — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
Reverses — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
Mr. Allen — *G. V. Quill*, July '26

CLAPP, MARY BRENNAN—Pro-Cathedral — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
An Eagle Flew Across the Trail — *Pan*, Nov. '25
The Sunken Cathedral (Debussy) — *Pan*, Nov. '25
Parasols, Fifty-Nine Cents — *Pan*, Nov. '25
Corybantiast! (After reading Chesterton's "Heretics") — *Pan*, Feb. '26
Cloistered — *Pan*, Feb. '26

CLARK, FANNIE HUNTER—Summer Night — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25

CLARK, IMOGENE—Mutation — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26

CLARK, MURIEL—Milton Was Blind — *Pan*, Nov. '25

CLARK, THOMAS CURTIS—Poet's Immortality — *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 13, '25
The Poor — *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 13, '25
Heaven — *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 27, '25
Earth's Story — *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 22, '25
To the Sleeping City — *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 5, '25
God Is! — *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 19, '25
The Mighty Hope — *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 17, '25
New Horizons — *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 7, '26

CLARK, THOMAS CURTIS (*Continued*)
Lincoln at Gettysburg — *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 11, '26
Life — *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 18, '26
I Am Life — *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 25, '26
Mystery — *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 4, '26
Judas — *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 25, '26
The Kingdom — *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 22, '26
Prayer — *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 22, '26
Prospect — *Ch. Cent.*, May 13, '26
CLARKE, ISABEL C.—Fidelity — *America*, June 5, '26
CLAUDIUS, R. HOWARD—Changeling — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
CLEAR, ALICE E.—Wind — *Bookman*, Nov. '25
CLEPHANE, ROSLYN—Dream-Buds — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Threshold — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Death in Spring (Hokku) — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
CLIFFORD, CARRIE W.—Brothers — *Opportunity*, Dec. '25
CLINE, LEONARD—Fear Not Love — *Scribner's*, Dec. '25
Cannel Nights — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
CLINE, MARY SYLVESTER—Freedom — *Harp*, Mar. '26
CLOSE, KATHLEEN—Love Does Not Sleep — *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 27, '25
CLOUD, VIRGINIA WOODWARD—Going Back — *Virginia Q. R.*, Oct. '25
CLOUGH, WILSON O.—To One Grown Blasé — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
CLOW, ROBERT C.—Smiles — *Harp*, Nov. '25
COAD, BRITTA—The Faithful Herder — *Harp*, May '26
COATES, FLORENCE EARLE—Tomorrow — *Unity*, Apr. 19, '26
COATES, GRACE STONE—The Spirit's Garden — *Lariat*, Aug. '25
Child-Heart — *Harp*, Sept. '25
Requited — *Lariat*, Oct. '25
Marriage Moods — *Lariat*, Nov. '25
Insight — *Lariat*, Nov. '25
Gifts and Incense — *Lariat*, Dec. '25
Pay Day — *Breezy S.*, Dec. '25
Over My Sill — *Lariat*, Jan. '26
Letters — *Lariat*, Jan. '26
Brothers — *Lariat*, Jan. '26
Vicissitude — *Lariat*, Jan. '26
One — *P. Scroll*, Jan. '26
Fruit — *Harp*, Jan. '26
For a Past Lover — *Lariat*, Feb. '26
Submission — *P. Scroll*, Feb. '26
For Mischief — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
A Medic Gathers Mushrooms For His Lady — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Flawed — *Lariat*, Apr. '26
April — *Lariat*, Apr. '26
By Surprise — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Syringa Hedge — *Midland*, May '26
Cadence — *Midland*, May '26
Toys of Hoersel — *Harp*, May '26
Diathesis — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH—Pirates — *Century*, Aug. '25
The Song of the Wilful Lady — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
The Song of the Murderous Damsel — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
On a Portrait of Mary Tudor in Prado — *Voices*, Nov. '25

COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH (*Continued*)

Alchemy — *Voices*, Nov. '25
A Lady Comes to an Inn — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
Announcement — *Southwest R.*, Apr. '26
Preparation — *Voices*, May '26
Cape Sable Island — *Voices*, May '26
Silver — *Voices*, May '26
Johnsonia — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 26, '26
The Cat and Northern Lights — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 26, '26

COBB, ANN—"The Knittin'est Woman" — *Outlook*, Aug. 26, '25
A Funeral Sermon — *Outlook*, Aug. 26, '25
Mother-Hunger — *Outlook*, Aug. 26, '25
Fall Daisies — *Outlook*, Aug. 26, '25
To a Thoughtless Guest — *Outlook*, Aug. 26, '25

COBLENTZ, CATHERINE CATE—He Who Dies When the Leaves Are Falling — *Boston Trans.*, Dec. 2, '25
The Drug Traffic — *White Cross*, Dec. '25
Stone Walls of New England — *Vermonter*, Dec. '25
Narcissus — *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 18, '26
God — *Ch. Cent.*, May 6, '26
Combinations — *Lyric*, June '26
Women — *Lyric*, June '26
Like the Red Roses — *Boston Trans.*, July 24, '26
The Bequest — *Boston Trans.*, July 24, '26
Poems — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26

COBLENTZ, STANTON A.—In Any City — *Voices*, May '26

COCKCROFT, JULIA WALCOTT—His Rosary — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Portrait — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26

CODY, S. J., ALEXANDER J.—God's Beauty Endureth — *Magnificat*, Dec. '25
Soeur Teresa's Troubadour — *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
Tennyson — *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
Fairy Rings — *Magnificat*, Apr. '26
Silver Scales — *Magnificat*, Apr. '26
Aline Kilmer — *Magnificat*, May '26

COE, ALICE ROLLIT—Ravenna Park — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25

COE, MERWIN—Sonnet — *Verse*, Au. '25

COFFIN, HELEN LOCKWOOD—Another Sunset — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26

COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM—Iffley — *Century*, Oct. '25
Hawk's Beauty — *Bookman*, Dec. '25
The Homecoming — *Forum*, Dec. '25
High Men, Yeomen, Sing Nowell — *Ladies H. J.*, Dec. '25
Charm for Warming an Old House — *Ladies H. J.*, Apr. '26
Towers and Silence — *Bookman*, May '26
Madonna of the Coverlets — *Ladies H. J.*, May '26
The Cook — *Bookman*, July '26

COLBY, NATHALIE SEDGWICK—Words — *Scribner's*, Nov. '25

COLLINS, KENNETH L.—Sea Bound — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Amy Lowell — *Scholastic*, May 15, '26
Trees — *Scholastic*, May 15, '26

COLUM, PADRAIC—A Man Bereaved (from the Scots Gaelic) — *New Repub.*, Nov. '25
Sandalwood — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Trespassers — *New Repub.*, July 7, '26

COLUM, PADRAIC (*Continued*)
Trespassers (To Llewellyn Powys) — *New Repub.*, July 7, '26
The Landing (To Llewellyn Powys) — *New Repub.*, July 7, '26
A Mountaineer (To Llewellyn Powys) — *New Repub.*, July 7, '26
COLWELL, ALBERTA WING—The Wine of Life — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Monody — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Chalice — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
A Rain Drenched Moor in My Heart — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Night Screen — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Communion — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
As the Sun Gives — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
The Smile Behind the Face of Age — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Winds of Eternity — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
COLWELL, LAVERNE WEBSTER—Preface Poem, For Dorothy — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
COMPTON, MARGARET S.—To Poe — *Harp*, Mar. '26
COMSTOCK, MARY EDGAR—The Dancer — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
My Little Town — *Scribner's*, Sept. '25
CONANT, ISABEL FISKE—Anesthetic — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
Rose-Breast Genius — *Verse*, Au. '25
Steadfast Pine — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Mate — *Palms*, Dec. '25
Protest — *Palms*, Dec. '25
Pioneer — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
Less Than Kin — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
Philosopher's Stone — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Old Glass Factory — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Sent With Roses — *Palms*, Feb. '26
The Book — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Apochrypha — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Sentence — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
Piper Divine — *Archive*, Apr. '26
Martian Returned from Death — *Voices*, May '26
The Last Decaturs — *Voices*, May '26
Cloister Cobwebs — *Commonweal*, May 12, '26
Wealth — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
Poet and Merchant — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
Time-Space — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
Time — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
Children — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
New Friend — *Lyric*, July '26
Moth — *Step Ladder*, July '26
Passing Hour — *Commonweal*, July 14, '26
Rose Hawthorne Lathrop: In Memoriam (Mother Alphonsa, of Rosary Hill Home, Hawthorne, New York) — *Commonweal*, July 21, '26
CONE, C. EDWARD—On Trust — *Echo*, Aug. '25
CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD—Canyon Trail — *Palms*, Sum. '25
In the Palm Forest—Rainy Season — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Proposed Barter — *Measure*, Feb. '26
Like a Winter Swan — *Commonweal*, Mar. 17, '26
Brahms, No. 2 D Major, Op. 73 — *New Repub.*, Apr. 21, '26
Guadeloupe — *Poetry*, June '26
Steamer Letter — *New Repub.*, July 21, '26
CONLEY, FLORENCE G.—Bottles — *Pan*, Nov. '25

CONNOR, D. J.—The Moon's a Mirror (from the Italian of Guido Mazzoni's "Forse") *Cath. World*, Apr. '26
CONNOR, RUTH IRVING—The Race *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
It Is Enough *Lyric*, Mar. '26
Where Half-Gods Enter *Step Ladder*, May '26
CONSTINER, F. MERLE—Witches' Dance *Double Dlr.*, May '26
CONWAY, KATHERINE E.—The Law of the Cross *Magnificat*, Mar. '26
COOK, ALICE CARTER—To My Father *Va.-Pilot*, Mar. 29, '26
The Crisis *Spr. Rep.*, Apr. 18, '26
Self-Defence *Spr. Rep.*, Apr. 25, '26
The Wanderer's Song *Poet's Scroll*, June, '26
COOK, HAROLD LEWIS—Mother and Son *Midland*, Sept. 15, '25
Eucharist *Midland*, Dec. '25
COOK, MADELYN VIRGINIA—The Reckoning *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
COOK, MOLLIE OSILEEN—Inspiration *Interludes*, Win. '25–26
COOK, REGINALD L.—Harvest Moon Figures *Verse*, Win. '26
Silos *Verse*, Win. '26
Suckering Corn *Verse*, Win. '26
Moon-Slants *Bookman*, Jan. '26
Hurt *Bookman*, Mar. '26
COOK, SARAH MARIE—Green Corn Dance, Santo Domingo, Pueblo, New Mexico *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
COOKE, EDMUND VANCE—Extenuations: Belshazzar *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Extenuations: Seven Devils *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Adam *Bookman*, July '26
COOKE, LE BARON—Disillusion *N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Aug. '26
Exasperating *New Yorker*, Sept. 12, '26
The Storm *Measure*, Sept. '25
Bride and Groom *Measure*, Sept. '25
Lines *W. Tomorrow*, Sept. '25
To a Sophisticate *New Yorker*, Nov. 14, '26
In the Fenway *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Oct. 8, '25
Oriental Phantasy *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Oct. 22, '25
Impatience *Commonweal*, Dec. 23, '25
Question *Town and C.*, Feb. 1, '26
Phantasy *Town and C.*, Feb. 15, '26
Sorrow's Strange *N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Mar. 14, '26
Fingers of the Dark *Town and C.*, Mar. 15, '26
COOKSLEY, S. BERT—Charlonette *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Equator *Verse*, Au. '25
The Guest *Verse*, Au. '25
Portrait of a Quiet Man *Harp*, Sept. '25
The Wandering Jew *Voices*, Dec. '25
School Teacher *Midland*, Dec. '25
Haunted House *Gypsy*, Win. '25
Blue Magic *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-26
Requiem *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-26
Spring Dusk *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
Rain *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
Alice *Step Ladder*, Jan. '26
Return *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Forests *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
David *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Suicide *Poetry Folio*, Mar.-Apr. '26

COOKSLEY, S. BERT (*Continued*)

After Church — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
Poet — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Serenade — *Measure*, May '26
Sara — *Step Ladder*, May '26
School-Teacher — *Nation*, May 26, '26
Pussywillow — *Step Ladder*, June '26
Raymond — *Step Ladder*, June '26
Start of Autumn — *Voices*, June '26
Silences — *Dial*, July '26
For a Lady in Black — *Echo*, July '26
Song For Little Sisters — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26

COON, MARION—Nostalgia — *Harp*, May '26

COOPER, ANICE PAGE—Wild Goats — *Bookman*, May '22

COOPER, DORIS—Ghosts — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Autumn — *Poetry*, Jan. '26

COPPARD, A. E.—Epitaph — *New Repub.*, Dec. 23, '25
The Shadow — *New Repub.*, Dec. 23, '25
Bereavement — *New Repub.*, Dec. 23, '25
The Tinker — *New Repub.*, Dec. 23, '25
Christmas Eve — *New Repub.*, Dec. 23, '25
Nocturne, New Moon — *New Repub.*, Jan. 27, '26
Winter Field — *New Repub.*, Feb. 24, '26
Betty Perrin — *New Repub.*, May 26, '26

CORBIN, ALICE—Age — *Midland*, Nov. '25
Song — *Midland*, Nov. '25
Vision — *Midland*, Nov. '25

CORNELIUS, MARY CHASE—Japanese Cherry Trees in Washington — *The Voice*, Spr. '26

To a Pegasus Suffering from Lyric Anemia — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26

CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY—Sometimes, Like Water Falling — *Harp*, Sept. '25

Doors — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Narrative — *Measure*, Oct. '25
Wind Maiden — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Mending Dreams — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Drench — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Portrait — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Paradox — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Resurrection — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Evening Anchorite — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Crowned — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Midnight — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Children of Grace, Asleep — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Such Things — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Sampson — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Reading Epitaphs — *Measure*, Jan. '26
Time Is a Spade — *Measure*, Jan. '26
Protest — *Commonweal*, Jan. 13, '26
Ezra — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Vanquished — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Buccaroo Boy — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Jude — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Alone — *Harp*, Mar. '26
Foam Wave — *Lyric*, Apr. '26
Advice — *Lyric*, Apr. '26

CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY (*Continued*)

In Some Elusive April — *Harp*, May '26
The Proudest Heart — *Voices*, May '26
Lost Lad — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
Ramshackle: A Spring Nocturne — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
Color Singer — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Too Often Told — *Forge*, No. 12, '26

COTTER, JOSEPH S.—A Babe Is a Babe — *Opportunity*, Dec. '25
The Tragedy of Pete — *Opportunity*, July '26

COUGHLIN, FRANCIS C.—Triolet — *College Humor*, Feb. '26

COUILLARD, EMMA D.—The Moccasin Flower — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26

COWAN, MARY I.—Truth — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26

COWDIN, JASPER BARNETT—The Secret — *Harp*, Jan. '26
Optimism — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Belle of Hushville — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Qualified Kisses — *Minaret*, May-June '26
Phantoms of Fear — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
The Abandoned Farm — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26

COWELL, HARRY—My Heart is Full of You — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Mountain Speech — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Dan Adair — *Poetry*, Feb. '26

COWLEY, MALCOLM—Kenneth Burke — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
Robert M. Coates — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
Hart Crane — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
Matthew Josephson — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
Gorham B. Munson — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
Walter S. Kankel — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
Malcolm Cowley — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
Several — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26

COX, ELEANOR ROGERS—Saint Joseph, Friend and Guide — *Magnificat*, Sept. '25
The Hero Worshiper — *Magnificat*, Dec. '25
The Poet Answers — *Magnificat*, Apr. '26

COYISH, REGINALD SAMUEL—Thoughts — *Minaret*, Nov.-Dec. '25

CRABB, A. L.—The World's Not Bad — *Kentucky F-L and Poetry*, Apr. '26

CRAMER, MIRIAM ANNE—Illusion — *Harp*, May '26

CRANE, HART—Paraphrase — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Legend — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Lachrymae Christi — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
Again — *Dial*, May '26
Voyages — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26

CRANE, VIOLET—Be Not Afraid of Grieving Me — *Pan*, Feb. '26

CRESSON, ABIGAIL—The Tryst — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Interlude — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Someone Remembers — *Ladies H. J.*, May '26
The Swimmer — *N. Y. Sun*, May 28, '26

CREVER, ANNA ROZILLA—A School of Love — *Var. Voices*, May 6, '26
Offerings — *S. J. Mer. Her.*, May 9, '26

CROCKETT, DORIS L.—Flight — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26

CROKER, MARIA BRISCOE—Hollyhocks — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26

CROLL, VIRGINIA MOORE—My Neighbor's Window — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb '26

CROSS, MARGARET VIRGINIA—The Empty Hearth — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25

Crouch, Pearl Riggs—The Snowstorm — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
Crowell, Grace Noll—Windy Twilight — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
To One Grown Very Old — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Cruikshanks, Dorothy—Monotone — *Measure*, Sept. '25
Moon Magic — *Commonweal*, Oct. 28, '25
Cruelty — *Lyric*, Feb. '26
Cullen, Countee—Wisdom Cometh With the Years — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Lament — *Crisis*, Oct. '25
If Love Be Staunch — *Crisis*, Oct. '25
Two Who Crossed a Line — *W. Tomorrow*, Nov. '25
For Amy Lowell — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Love in Ruins — *Opportunity*, May '26
Lines to Certain of One's Elders — *Opportunity*, June '26
Confession — *Opportunity*, July '26
Culnan, Ralph—Among the Pines — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Night — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
In Memoriam — *Step Ladder*, July '26
Cummings, E. E.—A Poem — *Dial*, Oct. '25
Four Poems — *Dial*, Jan. '26
Poem — *Dial*, Apr. '26
Cummings, Marion—Eugene Debs in Cincinnati — *W. Tomorrow*, Mar. '26
Cuney, Waring—No Images — *Opportunity*, June '26
Cunningham, Margaret Louise—A Princess Comes — *Magnificat*, Sept. '25
No More — *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
Cunningham, Nora B.—Warning — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Vacarious — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
On Reading a Poem of "High, Far-Seeing Places" — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Linens — *Measure*, May '26
Curran, Mrs. George (taken down by Witter Bynner)—William Marion Reedy — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Castle on the Danube — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Tulips — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Curran, Pauline—A Lad of Londonderry — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
Cutler, Dorothy—The Ambiguous Armadillo — *Forum*, Dec. '25
Cutajar, Mary Wight—The Radiant Morning — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Castanets — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
Nature's Shrine — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26

D., H.—Leucadian Artemis — *Poetry*, Nov. '25
All Mountains — *Poetry*, Nov. '25
Daley, Edith—Luther Burbank — *San Jose, Mer. Her.*, '26
Daly, James—For One Who Accused the Sun — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Phoenix — *Commonweal*, Aug. 26, '25
Completion — *Nation*, Oct. 14, '25
Legend — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Against Wind — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Memory — *Palms*, Nov. '25
The Dark Night — *Palms*, Dec. '25
Man with His Nimbus — *Palms*, Dec. '25
An Adventure — *Commonweal*, Mar. 24, '26
The Eagle — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Fodder — *Poetry*, Apr. '26

DALY, JAMES (*Continued*)
Faith — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Another Phoenix — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
For the Praiser of Perilous Lips — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Flight — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
DALTON, POWER—Of Summer — *Harp*, Sept. '25
Glimpses: (In the Emergency Hospital)—Laborer; Old Woman;
A Dying Child — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
The Great Play — *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
"Two for Tea, Tea For Two . . ." — *Voices*, May '26
Twig — *Lyric*, June '26
Blowing Sand — *Commonweal*, June 30, '26
One Day — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
DAMON, S. FOSTER—Tamora — *Bookman*, Dec. '25
Epitaph Upon a Young Soldier — *Harper's*, May '26
To Lieut. E. S. C. (Killed February 5, 1918)
*Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 19, '26
Hotel Lobby — *Commonweal*, June 23, '26
DANTON, LORES—Nathalia Crane in "Lava Lane" (rhymed review)
*Throstle*, Spr. '26
"Poems for Youth" (rhymed review) — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
Eucharist — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
Intentions — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
DARGAN, OLIVE—Obsequies — *Lit. Lan.* '26
DARLING, MARCELLA—Night-Silence — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
DA SILVA, FRANCISCA JULIA—Dona Alda (trans. by T. Walsh)
*Commonweal*, Jan. 27, '26
DAVENPORT, LOWRY—Repression — *Emory Phoenix*, May 26
DAVENPORT, RUSSELL—To Lilith — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Winter — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Song from Memory — *Poetry*, June '26
Movement for an Imaginary Violin — *Poetry*, June '26
DAVIDSON, DONALD—Sudden Meeting — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Lines for a Tomb — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Projection of a Body Upon Space — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Echo — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
Advice to Shepherds — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
A Dirge — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
Hit or Miss — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
All Fools' Calendar — *Voices*, Jan. '26
X, Y and Z — *Archive*, Apr. '26
Wild Game — *Nation*, June 2, '26
DAVIDSON, GUSTAV—All of These (to E. C.) — *Voices*, Oct. '25
Astarte — *Voices*, Oct. '25
Summer Madrigal — *Voices*, Oct. '25
You, as You Are — *Commonweal*, Oct. 21, '25
The Golden Tickseed — *Commonweal*, Oct. 28, '25
Lucifer — Astarte — *Verse*, Win. '26
Atque Vale — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Havana Sonnet — *Double Dlr.*, May '26
DAVIDSON, WINIFRED—September Burns — *Lyric*, Sept. '25
Folded Hands — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
Pavlash (Indian Song) — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
City Sunrise — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Loma Hillside — *Harp*, May '26
DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN—Moonrise Song — *Verse*, Au. '25
The Death of the Sun — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25

DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN (*Continued*)

A Prayer for a Marriage — *Commonweal*, Sept. 9, '25
Of a Song — *Commonweal*, Sept. 30, '25
But of Her Lips — *Commonweal*, Oct. 28, '25
Impatient Trees — *Commonweal*, Nov. 11, '25
Consort — *Commonweal*, Dec. 9, '25
Luck Was With Me — *Verse*, Win. '26
Dance! — *Philadelphian*, Jan. '26
I'll Buy a Rainbow — *Commonweal*, Jan. 13, '26
Unless — *College Humor*, Feb. '26
When I Awake — *Ladies H. J.*, Mar. '26
Autobiographical Notes — *Commonweal*, Apr. 21, '26
To Give One's Life — *Ladies H. J.*, May '26
You Said Of Me — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
A Mask For a Heart — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
Butterflies — *Commonweal*, June 9, '26
The Lighter of Dreams — *Poetry*, Feb. '26

DAVIES, W. H.—The Rock — *New Repub.*, Aug. 12, '25
New Delights — *Harper's*, Oct. '25
Light — *Yale R.*, July '26

DAVIS, DORCAS—Amalfi, Italy — *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
DAVIS, ELLEN HOVEY—From the Dunes — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
DAVIS, ETHEL M.—Unrest — *Archive*, Oct. '25
Being Inland — *Archive*, Nov. '25
Esthetic Experience — *Archive*, Jan. '26
Sonnet — *Archive*, Apr. '26
DAVIS, HELEN BAYLEY—The Shen-Yin Tree — *Step Ladder*, Aug. '25
Crimson Petals — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Ascension — *Harp*, Mar. '26
DAVIS, GEORGE JOSEPH—Brown Boy — *Opportunity*, Oct. '25
DAVIS, JULIA JOHNSON—Moonlight — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Song — *Pan*, Aug. '25
To a Little Boy Three Years Old — *Extension*, Sept. '25
On Hearing the Climate of Southern California Praised — *Lyric*, Nov. '25
To a Primrose Growing in a Pot on a Window Sill — *Lyric*, Nov. '25
Hidden — *Lyric*, Nov. '25
"I Love All Quiet Things" — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Gesture — *Pan*, Feb. '26
Foro Romano — *Lyric*, May '26
On Living in a Third Floor Apartment — *Lit. Lan.*, June '25
DAVIS, LEICESTER KNICKERBOCKER—Hillside Plowing — *Ladies H. J.*, May '26
DAVIS, LEROY G.—The Chatterbox — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
DAVIS, LESLIE G.—Sweet Patsy McGuire — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
The Frost — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
DAVISON, EDWARD—Once— — *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Owl — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Password — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Any Street — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
To R. V. L. (In Hampden Church) — *Bookman*, Feb. '26
The Lamp — *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
To a Girl at the Library — *Bookman*, Mar. '26
The Girl Remembers Her Dead Lover — *Harper's*, May '26
DAWSON, GRACE STRICKLER—Search — *Century*, Feb. '26
This Day — *Century*, Apr. '26

DAWSON, LULU BRUNT—The Land of Heart's Desire
*Country Bard*, Spr. '26
DEARMER, GEOFFREY—The Original Cat
*Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 26, '26
DE ASSIS, JOAQUIM MARIA MACHADO—The Vicious Circle (trans. by T. Walsh) *Commonweal*, Jan. 27, '26
The Blue (trans. by T. Walsh) *Commonweal*, Jan. 27, '26
DE FORD, MIRIAM ALLEN—The Loveliest Things
*Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
Reflection On An Old Controversy *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Clouds (from the Bulgarian of Sirak Skitnik)
*Step Ladder*, Feb. '26
Finality *Overland*, May '26
Coal Fire *Stratford Mag.* '26
DEEGAN, THOMAS—Lock and Key *Pan*, Feb. '26
DE IBARBOUROU, JUANA—As the Spring (trans. by T. Walsh)
*Commonweal*, Sept. 16, '25
DE LA MARE, WALTER—Christmas Eve *Harper's*, Jan. '26
DE LEEUW, ADELE—Triangle *Verse*, Au. '25
DENBY, EDWIN—Winter *Poetry*, June '26
During Music *Poetry*, June '26
Wind Song *Poetry*, June '26
DENNIS, MILDRED—O Venusta Sirmio *Archive*, Apr. '26
DENSMORE, FRANCES—Poems from Desert Indians
*Nation*, Apr. 14, '26
DEREZINSKA, HELENA—The Roses of Love (Rondel)
*Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
DE ROULET, MARIE ANTOINETTE—A Dream Come True
*Magnificat*, Oct. '25
When Sheila Sits Before Her Harp *America*, Dec. 19, '25
Kind Hands *Commonweal*, June 23, '26
DERRY, SELMA—I Am Bitter Earth *Poetry Folio*, Mar.-Apr. '26
DEUTSCH, BABETTE—The Heathen . . . Bows
*Virginia Q. R.*, Jan. '26
Lullaby *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Jan. 17, '26
Thoughts at the Year's End *Nation*, Feb. 10, '26
Sonnet *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 22, '26
DEYB—Love Songs and Madrigals *Emory Phoenix*, Dec. '25
The Days *Emory Phoenix*, Jan.-Feb. '26
DICKINSON, KATE L.—Consecreated Ground *Voices*, June, '26
DICKSON, MARGARETTE BALL—Strangled *Harp*, Jan. '26
Mid-Channel (A Father's Day Poem) *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
When the Spring Was Tender *Pasque Petals*, May '26
Aftermath *Pasque Petals*, July '26
The Sweetest Spot Under the Dome *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
Two Ways *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
DIEHNEL, ELLIE T.—Home Trails *Kan. C. Star*, '26
Bickering Tongues *Kan. C. Star*, '26
DIETHELM, SARA KOUNTZ—My Gifts *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
DILLEY, MILLICENT DAVIS—To Ruth *Magnificat*, Feb. '26
DILLINGHAM, ELIZABETH—Red Geraniums *Scribner's*, Aug. '25
DILLON, GEORGE H.—Song on Death *Poetry*, Aug. '25
No Question *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Toe Ballet *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Elemental *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Compliment to Mariners *Poetry*, Aug. '25
The World Goes Turning *Poetry*, Aug. '25

DILLON, GEORGE H. (*Continued*)
Penalty — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
The Summer Sea — *Dial*, Nov. '25
Elegy on a Poet — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Lifer — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Pigeons — *Palms*, Nov. '25
On a Dead Comrade, Who Listened Well — *Palms*, Dec. '25
Autumn Wind — *Voices*, Dec. '25
The Street — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Sojourn — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Pantomime — *Voices*, Dec. '25
The Tree of Night — *New Repub.*, Jan. 6, '26
Serenade — *Dial*, Apr. '26
Biography — *Dial*, Apr. '26
Birds Everywhere — *Measure*, May '26
Boy in the Wind — *New Repub.*, May 12, '26
DIVINE, CHARLES—I Know a Certain Woman — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 24, '26
DIX, FRED K.—The Family Bible — *Pro. Monitor*, Feb. 25, '26
Trackin' in the Snow — *Pro. Monitor*, Feb. 25, '26
Trees — *Pro. Monitor*, Apr. 8, '26
Mother — *Pro. Monitor*, May 9, '26
DODD, LEE WILSON—Amusement Park — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 13, '26
DODGE, LOUIS—Sailor's Song — *Scribner's*, Feb. '26
Syrian Songs — *Scribner's*, Apr. '26
DODGE, ROBERT NEIL—April Morning — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
DODGE, RUTH MARGARET—The Spinner — *Unity*, Apr. 12, '26
For Gandhi — *Unity*, Apr. 26, '26
DOERR, ISABEL—Vers Libre — *Pan*, Nov. '25
DOLSON, EUGENE C.—Your Letter — *Commonweal*, Nov. 4, '25
DONOVAN, LOIS—September — *Magnificat*, Sept. '26
Emmanuel — *Magnificat*, Dec. '25
A Visit to Sister M. W. — *Magnificat*, Dec. '25
Prayer for Humility — *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
Christmas Day — *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
Catechumen — *Magnificat*, Apr. '26
June Again — *Magnificat*, June '26
To Our Eucharistic Lord, A Sheaf of Tributes — *Magnificat*, June '26
June — *Magnificat*, June '26
Always — *Magnificat*, July '26
DOOLITTLE, MAUD MERO—A Tree, New-Green — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
A Favorite Sonnet — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
DOOP-SMITH, ETNA—God — *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 8, '26
DORAN, CAROLYN RUTH—Silent Grief — *America*, Dec. 12, '25
Temptation — *America*, Jan. 30, '26
DORAN, LOUISE A.—Arcady — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
DOTY-HULL, FREDERICK—Red Sandals — *Century*, July '26
DOUGLAS, GILEAN—The Sea-Rug — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
DOUD, MARGERY—Hands — *Pan*, Aug. '25
To a Norwegian Mackerel — *Pan.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Vaudeville — *Pan.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
At Parting — *Pan.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
DOW, DOROTHY—One Weary of Too Much Passion Makes Lament — *Bookman*, Sept. '25

DOW, DOROTHY (*Continued*)
A Lady Tells the Truth — *College Humor*, Dec. '25
The Little Things of Love — *College Humor*, Dec. '25
A Promise To a Lover — *College Humor*, June '26
DOWNING, ELEANOR—Transmutation — *Commonweal*, June 23, '26
DOWLING, MILDRED—Patricia Pat — *Scholastic*, May 15, '26
DOYLE, ANNA C.—On the Altar Steps — *Magnificat*, June '26
Reflection — *Magnificat*, July '26
DOYLE, CAMILLA—In Pockthorpe — *Poetry*, Sept. '25
House in the Chilterns — *Poetry*, Sept. '25
DOYLE, S. J., LOUIS F.—Courage — *America*, Sept. 5, '25
October — *America*, Oct. 31, '25
Show Us a Sign — *America*, Dec. 26, '25
DOYLE, MARION STAUFFER—Stolen Gems — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
My Heart is a River — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
DOYLE, S. J., WILLIAM V.—Cap and Bells — *America*, Nov. 14, '25
The Singing Troop — *America*, Dec. 26, '25
DRACHMAN, JULIAN M.—Choice — *Palms*, Feb. '26
DRAKE, SIDNEY—Laudamus — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Night From a Pullman Window — *Midland*, Dec. '25
DRAPER, BEATRICE ALLEN—Blind Woman — *Voices*, June '26
St. Jean De Luz — *Century*, July '26
DRAVO, MARGARET DUNCAN—Revelation — *Poetry*, Nov. '25
Compatibility — *Lyric W*, Feb. '26
Rainy Sunday — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
DRENNAN, MARIE—A Song by the Way — *Circle*, May-June '26
A Bargain — *Step Ladder*, July '26
DRENNON, HERBERT—The Passing of Methusaleh — *Double Dlr.*, May '26
DRESBACH, GLENN WARD—Who Lifts a Cup of Dreams — *Verse*, Au. '25
Upland Harvest — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Jungle Laughter — *Verse*, Win. '26
If Scars Are Worth the Keeping — *Measure*, Jan. '26
Mountains — *Measure*, Jan. '26
To a Pigeon — *Voices*, May '26
DRINKWATER, JOHN—Dialogue at Christmas — *Ladies H. J.*, Dec. '25
DRISCOLL, LOUISE—Advice — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Skeptic — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Fireflies — *Scribner's*, Aug. '25
Hieroglyph — *Verse*, Au. '25
Dust of a Dancer — *Commonweal*, Dec. 9, '25
Advantage — *Verse*, Win. '26
Pressure — *W. Tomorrow*, Apr. '26
Charm — *Poetry*, July '26
Portrait — *Poetry*, July '26
DRURY, JOHN—At Anchor: Off the Hook — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
DUFOUR, M. J.—Youth Sings — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-26
DUFFY, P. J. O'CONNOR—The Inn — *America*, Dec. 26, '25
DUFFY, T. GARVAN—For Such as Did Not Go — *Commonweal*, June 30, '26
DU MAURIER, EUGENIE—Adjustez Vos Flutes — *Echo*, Aug. '25
DUMONT, HENRY—The Recorders — *Step Ladder*, Nov. '25
DUNCAN, IDA CROCKER—Good Gifts — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Cedars — *Pan*, Dec. '25
DUNCAN, JAMES—The Minor Poet — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
To a Boy Smoking a Cigarette — *Throstle*, Spr. '26

FALSTAFF, JAKE—The Cock — *Nation*, July '26
FARRAN, DON—Antique — *Chic. Trib.*, Aug. 13, '25
Impudence — *Chic. Trib.*, Aug. 27, '25
Panels — *Harp*, Sept. '25
The Old Road to Londron — *Chic. Trib.*, Sept. '25
Coming Back From Londron — *Chic. Trib.*, Oct. 6, '25
The Little Songs — *Chic. Trib.*, Oct. 14, '25
Autumn-Ioway — *Chic. Trib.*, Oct. 21, '25
Requiem — *Chic. Trib.*, Nov. 10, '25
The Fool's Heart — *College Humor*, Feb. '26
FARWELL, GERTRUDE—Resurrection — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
FAUST, HENRI—What Night Bird Calls? — *Lyric*, Dec. '25
T'Ang Fu In Exile To a Courtesan — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
Symphonie — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
Change — *Measure*, Feb. '26
Postlude of a Visionary — *Measure*, Feb. '26
Soft Music — *Lyric*, Mar. '26
Definitions: Age — *Double Dlr.*, May '26
The Pagan Queen — *Harp*, May '26
It Is An Autumn Love — *Voices*, May '26
FEARING, KENNETH—Carmichael — *Nation*, Sept. 30, '25
Medusa — *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
Old Story — *W. Tomorrow*, Oct. '25
FEENEY, S. J., THOMAS B.—Favorites — *America*, Sept. 19, '25
A Field of Wheat — *America*, Nov. 28, '25
A Fledgling Robin — *America*, Dec. 12, '25
Achievement — *America*, Jan. 9, '26
The Undertaker — *America*, Jan. 30, '26
My Grandmother's Death Bed — *America*, Feb. 27, '26
To a Blacksmith — *America*, May 1, '26
The Teacher — *Commonweal*, June 16, '26
FEIBLEMAN, JAMES—Il Greco — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
He Visits An Oculist — *Double Dlr.*, May '26
FEINSTEIN, MARTIN—Semitic Interlude (fifteen sonnets) — *Menorah Journ.*, Apr.-May '26
FENSTERMAKER, CARRIE ALLEN—The Sea — *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
FENTON, JEANNETTE—Rondel (To H. E. M.) — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
FERREIRA, MARIA EUGENIA VAS—Flashing Eyes (trans. by T. Walsh) — *Commonweal*, Sept. 16, '25
FERRERO, FRANCES LANCE—Following the Sun — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
FERRIL, THOMAS HORNSBY—Bride — *Nation*, July 28, '26
FIELD, ARTHUR—From War, 1919 — *Palms*, Nov. '25
FIELD, BEN—Sonnet to a Painter — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Paso Del Norte at the Rio Grande — *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
You All — *Lariat*, June '26
Violets — *Lariat*, June '26
Lovetime — *Lariat*, June '26
FIELD, MILDRED FOWLER—Shells — *Commonweal*, Sept. 30, '25
Leaf-Falling Moon — *Chic. D. N.*, Oct. '25
Purple Veins — *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
Prayer — *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 5, '25
Mary — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Matin Song — *Commonweal*, Dec. 23, '25
Biography — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Far Frontiers — *South*, Jan. '26

Moments — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
Hope Chest — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Barren — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Verities — *Lyric*, Feb. '26
Mummer — *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
Scribes — *Chic. D. N.*, Mar. '26
Benediction: For a Hospital — *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 4, '26
Puritan — *Harp*, May '26
Eavesdropper — *Chic. D. N.*, June '26
Tapestry — *Chic. D. N.*, June '26
North — *Chic. D. N.*, July '26
FIELD, SARA BARD—The Icy One — *Harp*, Sept. '25
Witch Wife and I — *Voices*, Nov. '25
At Twilight — *Minaret*, Nov.-Dec. '25
Systole! Diastole! — *Voices*, June '26
Successful Pessimist — *Voices*, June '26
The Pale Woman — *Nation*, June 2, '26
FIELD, WRIGHT—Mattie Lane—Her Book — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Autumn Whimsies — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
The Dead Bird — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Conscience — *Cath. World*, Jan. '26
A Caroric Complaint — *Hygeia*, May '26
FILLERY, WILLIAM EDMUND—Sea-Storm — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Immaculate — *Lariat*, Sept. '25
Butterflies — *Home Mag.*, Oct. '25
Yellow Tulips — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
The Spirit of God — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
FILLMORE, HILDEGARDE—Fool's Burial — *Harper's*, Jan. '26
FINLEY, LORRAINE NOEL—Flight — *Town Top.*, Apr. 1, '26
FINN, JOHN J.—Snow — *Commonweal*, Mar. 10, '26
FISH, MARGRETTA—To You — *Boulevardier*, Mar. '26
FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD—How Were It Strange — *Voices*, May '26
FITCH, EDITH M.—Common Clay — *Pasque Petals*, May '26
Ships O' Dreams — *Pasque Petals*, July '26
FITCH, GIRDLER B.—In Confidence — *Step Ladder*, Oct. '25
FITCH, HARLAND—Valley of the Yakima — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
FITZPATRICK, GEORGE M.—To Mah Sal — *Verse*, Win. '26
FLACCUS, BELLA—God's Color Pots — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
New Found Glory — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
FLAURIER, NOEL—Pierette Asks for Love — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Those Who Know May — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
FLETCHER, BELLE HODGES—Finger Tips — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Capture — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
A Knight of the Road — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
FLETCHER, FRANCES—Peonies — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
FLETCHER, MARY—The Quilt — *Lyric*, Aug. '25
FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD—The Star-Scatterer — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
FLEXNER, HORTENSE—Moment in Marble — *New Rep.*, Apr. 21, '26
Surfeit — *Voices*, May '26
FLINN, PATRICIA—To a Pessimist — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Who Come to Kneel — *America*, Dec. 26, '25
FLOHR, NATALIE—The Martyr — *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 13, '25
"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep" — *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 24, '25

FLOHR, NATALIE (*Continued*)
Portrait — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
The Word — *Gypsy*, June '26
FLOYD, RAYMOND—Margaret Tod Ritter in "Mirrors" (rhymed review) — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
Feber Veris — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
FOGHT-JONES, THELMA—Whimsy — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
FOLEY, VIRGINIA J.—The Invalid — *Commonweal*, July 14, '26
FOLWELL, ARTHUR H.—A Musical Novelty — *Ladies H. J.*, May '26
FOOTE, ELVIRA—O Come and Have Spring — *Palms*, Nov. '25
FOOTE, MARION F.—Lone Wolf — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
FOREMAN, CHERIE—Rebellion — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
FORREST, ELIZABETH CHABOT—June in the Arctic — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
FORRESTER, SHIRLIE SWALLOW—Morning Meeting — *Ch. Cent.*, Sept. 3, '25
FORSTER, IGNATIUS—The Song of the Pasque Flower — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
FORSYTH, ALICE WHITCRAFT—"Sowing the Hempstead" — *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
FORT, ESTELLE—The Choir Singer — *Ladies H. J.*, May '26
FORTUNE, JAN ISBELLE—Autumn — *Bohemian*, Win. '25
Sonnets to Lovers — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
FOSTER, INAZEL CROWLEY—Beaufort Castle — *Step Ladder*, Sept. '25
FOSTER, KATHARINE ROSE—The Return — *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
Aftermath — *Circle*, May-June '26
The Return — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
FOTLAND, CHRISTOPHER—A Bouquet — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
FOX, RUTH MARY—The First Christmas Holidays — *America*, Jan. 2, '26
You Are the Wingless — *America*, Mar. 20, '26
Petition — *America*, Apr. 3, '26
Silenced — *Commonweal*, June 9, '26
FOWLER, WILBUR HUMPHREY—The Struggle — *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 28, '26
FRANK, EDGAR—Goshen — *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 15, '25
Spring — *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 1, '26
FRANCIS, HELEN M.—Delilah — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
FRANDEGARIS, C.—Scarf-Dancer — *Poetry*, Sept. '25
FRANK, FLORENCE KIPER—For Lydia — *Step Ladder*, Oct. '25
Concept — *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
December, A Sonnet Sequence — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
FRANKLIN, VIOLET PRICE—A Quatrain — *Alb. Dem.* '25
FRANT-WALSH, JOSEPH—The Astronomer — *Commonweal*, Feb. 3, '26
Attitude for a Duse — *Commonweal*, Apr. 21, '26
Air for Viola da Gamba — *Commonweal*, May 19, '26
Interlude for Harp — *Commonweal*, June 23, '26
FRANTZ, MILTON NEWBERRY—Love's Thankfulness — *Nir., Evan. Col.*, Sept. 11, '25
My Love's Heart — *Nir., Evan. Col.*, Sept. 22, '25
My Epitaph — *Nir., Evan. Col.*, Oct. 25, '25
Bethlehem in Judea — *Nir., Evan. Col.*, Dec. 22, '25
The Over-Soul — *Norristown T. H.*, '25
FRAZER, JOHN WILLIAM—James, the Less — *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 8, '26
FREEMAN, ROSE FLORENCE—Disguises — *Harp*, Mar. '26
"This Too Shall Pass" — *Harp*, May '26
FREEMAN, TOM—Men of One Talent Pray — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Fragment — *Palms*, Nov. '25

FRENCH, HERBERT GREER—Fog — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
Fireweed on a Sea-Swept Cliff — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
Driftwood — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
FRIEDLAND, LOUIS S.—On the Tenement-Roof — *Pan*, Aug. '25
Gettysburg Square — *Pan*, Aug. '25
FRITH, IVO—Limerick — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
The Humanities — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
FROST, BARBARA—Possession — *Scribner's*, Jan. '26
FROST, ROBERT—The Passing Glimpse (To Ridgely Torrence) — *New Rep.*, Apr. 21, '26
FRY, MARJORIE CANAN—Ballad of the Three Horsemen — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
My Songs Are Little Songs — *Step Ladder*, Jan. '26
FULCHER, PAUL M.—Bitter Comfort — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
FULLER, ETHEL ROMIG—Stars — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
When I Am Old — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Sullen, Silent Waters — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Sunset on the Columbia — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Prayer — *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 29, '25
If— — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
A Reflection — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
That Soul of Mine — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
The Poet — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Whiteness is Silence — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Mary's Child — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Dame Grundy's Slave — *Harp*, Jan. '26
A Silver World This— — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
Tomorrow and Tomorrow — *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 18, '26
Front Row Seats in a Balcony — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
Request — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
Wheat Field — *Forge*, Spr. '26
The Cowboy — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Night Sounds — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Rebel — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Window Shopping — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
Resurrection — *Ch. Cent.*, May 6, '26
FURNAS, PHILIP W.—A Conservative — *Measure*, Sept. '25
FUSON, H. H.—Love Will Last — *Kentucky F-L and Poetry*, Apr. '26
The Cardinal — *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, July '26
The Burning Bush — *Pineville* (Ky.) *Sun*, '26
G. H. W.—L'Ombre — *Bohemian*, Win. '25
GAILEY, EUNICE—Saturday's Child — *Palms*, Nov. '25
GALLATIN, NEAL—To a Pensive Pilgrim — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
To a Young Poet — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
For a Husband — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Wistful — *Step Ladder*, Sept. '25
Carbon — *Harp*, Jan. '26
The White Horse — *Verse*, Win. '26
They Might Get Lost — *Harp*, Mar. '26
Remembrance — *Midland*, May '26
Into Waters — *Midland*, May '26
Landscape — *Midland*, May '26
Boys Fly Kites into the Sky — *Harp*, May '26
GALE, MARION PERHAM—On the Shore — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
GAMBLE, WILLIAM MILLER THOMAS—Mediæval Appreciations — *Commonweal*, Oct. 7, '25
GANE, HOMER G.—Dawn — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26

GARD, LILLIAN—The Little Corner-Cupboard *Ladies H. J.*, Oct. '25
A Breadwinner *Ladies H. J.*, Mar. '26
Her Thimble *Ladies H. J.*, July '26
GARD, WAYNE—Philip de Brito *Step Ladder*, Jan. '26
Song *Tanager*, June '26
GARDNER, ORPHA M.—Lilac Bloom *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Christmas In June *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
GARNETT, LOUISE AYRES—Ballad of the Door-Stone *Poetry*, Mar. '26
GARRISON, D.—Retribution *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
GARRISON, THEODOSIA—A Song of Marco Polo *Harper's*, Aug. '25
Pierrot at Fifty *Scribner's*, Aug. '25
Two Shepherds Speak *Gammadion*, Win. '25
Villages *Century*, Apr. '26
GARVIN, MARGARET ROOT—Braille *Voices*, Dec. '25
The Dark Day *Voices*, Dec. '25
GAUSS, H. C.—I Said to a Certain Person *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
The Fountain *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
GAW, ETHELEAN TYSON—Summer Storm in Los Angeles *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
The Voice of Francis Drake, from Nombre de Dios Bay *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
GEAR, LUELLA GLOSSER—Covert *Voices*, Oct. '25
GERMAIN, ANDRE—Poems from "Songs in the Mist" (trans. by Madeline Mason-Manheim) *Minaret*, Nov.-Dec. '25
GESSLER, CLIFFORD—Dark Bamboos *Honolulu S-B*, Oct. 24, '25
Dark Wisdom *Palms*, Nov. '25
The Missionary's Son Writes in His Diary *Palms*, Nov. '25
Changed *Harp*, Nov. '25
Sampans at Night *Palms*, Nov. '25
Hawaiian Serenade *Forge*, Jan. '26
Jealous Gods *Forge*, No. 12, '26
You Will Remember *Lyric W.*, '26
GIDDINGS, HARRISON—The Oil Field *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
GILBERT, DOROTHY—Puritan Dress *Measure*, Sept. '25
GILBERT, ELLEN FRANCES—Perspective *Magnificat*, May '26
GILBERT, HELEN—Sunday in November *Poetry*, Nov. '25
Winter Moment *Verse*, Win. '26
GILCHRIST, HELEN IVES—Unwelcome Advice to a Mother *Ladies H. J.*, Oct. '25
White Oaks *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
GILCHRIST, MARIE EMILIE—The Diviner *Poetry*, Sept. '25
Beyond *Poetry*, Sept. '25
Judgment *Poetry*, Sept. '25
An Unofficial Epitaph *Poetry*, Sept. '25
Reason Speaks *Poetry*, Sept. '25
Part of Autumn *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
Tillie *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
Portrait Sketch *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
Preserved *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
Only Color *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
There Must Be Music *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
Lost Sounds *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
An Epitaph *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
Filiae *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
The Old Clock *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
Situation Wanted—Young Woman with One-Year-Old Boy, Wants Housework in the Country *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25

GILCHRIST, MARIE EMILIE (*Continued*)
Butter and Eggs for Sale — *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
For Sale—A-1 Roadhouse with Billiard and Bowling Parlors.
Owner Selling on Account of Health — *Midland*, Oct. 15, '25
Chance-Fallen Seed — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Restricted — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Broken Seal — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
GILDEA, JOHN ROSE—Lexicon Definitive (To E. W.)
*G. V. Quill*, July '26
GILE, BLANCHE F.—The Quarrel — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
The Quarrel — *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
GILL, ANNA KNAPP—To a Birch Tree
*Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, July '26
GILL, OTTIE—Not These — *Bohemian*, Win. '25
After Twenty Months — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
GILLESPIE, JOHN—Le Siffleur Du Bois — *Poetry*, June '26
Poignards — *Poetry*, June '26
GILLESPIE, RICHARD CHARLES—To One Who Sings of Water
*Poetry*, July '26
GILLILAN, STRICKLAND—Uncle Benny's Dream — *Ladies H. J.*, May '26
GILMORE, FLORENCE—Narrow Streets — *America*, May 1, '26
GILMORE, LOUIS—Leda — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Judith — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
GILTINAN, CAROLINE—The Secret (E.P.D.) — *Lyric*, Dec. '25
Epiphany — *Lyric*, Sept. '25
Sacrifice — *Lyric*, July '26
The Night Watch — *Lyric*, July '26
The Fog — *Lyric*, July '26
GINSBERG, LOUIS—Reasons (For Naomi) — *Pan*, Aug. '25
Rain Sorcery — *Harp*, Sept. '25
The Piper — *Jewish T.*, Sept. 25, '25
The Watch-Maker Muses — *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
Frail Strength — *Minaret*, Nov.-Dec. '25
The End of the World — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Rush Hour (To. N. B.) — *Measure*, Jan. '26
Buried Cities — *Measure*, Jan. '26
After Rain — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Song — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
To a Rare Vase — *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
Frozen Fire — *Harp*, Mar. '26
Wells of Spring — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Caterpillar Theology — *Voices*, Apr. '26
GIRDLER, JOHN—Almost Attained — *Century*, Mar. '26
GLAENZER, RICHARD BUTLER—To the Soft South Wind
*Virginia Q. R.*, Jan. '26
GLAVIN, MERLE ROBERTA—I Caper on a Piece of String
*Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
GLINES, ELLEN—The Mistress of the Inn — *Century*, Sept. '25
La Jazmincita — *Poetry*, Dec. '25
Pegasus — *Poetry*, Dec. '25
No Roses — *Palms*, Jan. '26
GOEBEL, DOROTHY BURNE—Tears — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
GODDARD, GLORIA—There is a God — *N. Leader*, Aug. 15, '25
Little Folk — *N. Leader*, Aug. 15, '25
Paen to the Sixth Avenue El. — *N. Leader*, Aug. 22, '25
To An Electric Fan — *N. Leader*, Sept. 12, '25
To the Commonplace — *N. Leader*, Oct. 10, '25

GODDARD, GLORIA (*Continued*)

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| The Mistress Speaks | *N. Leader*, Dec. 5, '25 |
| Pruned Trees | *Bookman*, Dec. '25 |
| Storm | *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26 |
| City Birds | *Commonweal*, Mar. 10, '26 |
| Song to Myself | *Harp*, Mar. '26 |
| Noon | *Voices*, May '26 |
| Summer's Isle | *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 24, '26 |
| Sirens | *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 24, '26 |

GOLDING, LOUIS—The Midnight Singer *Poetry*, Sept. '25

Older Heliopolis *Poetry*, Sept. '25

GOLDMAN, MARCUS SELDEN—Saint Gregory *Commonweal*, Sept. 23, '25

GOLDMAN, WILLIAM SIGMUND—The Poet Prays *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26

GOODYEAR, ROSALIE—On Contemplation of a Department Store *Unity*, May 17, '26

GORDON, ARMISTEAD C.—Achnacarry *Virginia Q. R.*, July '26

GORDON, DON—Moon-Men *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25

The Shadow of the Swan *Lyric*, Feb. '26

GORDON, RONALD—Tomorrows *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26

GORMAN, HERBERT S.—Antaues *Voices*, May '26

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| Mine Adversary | *Poetry*, June '26 |
| Colloquy in Brass | *Poetry*, June '26 |
| The Birds | *Poetry*, June '26 |
| The Fountain | *Poetry*, June '26 |
| Inquisition in Mist | *Poetry*, June '26 |
| Viaticum | *Poetry*, June '26 |

GOTTSCHALK, LAURA RIDING—Ahead and Around *Guardian*, Aug. '25

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| Mater Invita | *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25 |
| For One Who Will Love God | *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25 |
| Mary Carey | *Fugitive*, Sept. '25 |
| The Only Daughter | *Fugitive*, Sept. '25 |
| Virgin of the Hills | *Fugitive*, Sept. '25 |
| Nothing | *Voices*, Oct. '25 |
| For One Who Will Stand in the Wind | *Voices*, Oct. '25 |
| Back to Mother Breast | *Voices*, Oct. '25 |
| Ode to Love | *Reviewer*, Oct. '25 |
| For One Who Will Go Shivering | *Lit. Rev.*, *N. Y. Eve. P.*, Oct. 10, '25 |
| Hair | *Poetry*, Nov. '25 |
| Head Itself | *Poetry*, Nov. '25 |
| Forehead | *Poetry*, Nov. '25 |
| Eyes | *Poetry*, Nov. '25 |
| Nose | *Poetry*, Nov. '25 |
| Ears | *Poetry*, Nov. '25 |
| Mouth | *Poetry*, Nov. '25 |
| Many Gentlemen | *Nation*, Nov. 18, '25 |
| Sonnets in Memory of Samuel | *Fugitive*, Dec. '25 |
| The Fourth Wall | *Fugitive*, Dec. '25 |
| Plaint Not Bitter | *Voices*, Dec. '25 |
| Numbers | *Voices*, Dec. '25 |
| Beauty Was Once . . . | *Voices*, Dec. '25 |
| Instead | *Voices*, Dec. '25 |
| Prothalamion, I, II | *Voices*, Dec. '25 |
| Song of the Lyre | *Lyric*, Dec. '25 |
| Philosopher's Morrow | *Palms*, Jan. '26 |
| My Hunger | *Palms*, Jan. '26 |
| For One Who Will Keep a Mirror | *Palms*, Jan. '26 |

GOTTSCHALK, LAURA RIDING (*Continued*)

Three Miles Away — *Palms*, Jan. '26
Free — *Nation*, Jan. 27, '26
As Well as Any Other — *Lyric*, Mar. '26

GOWEN, HERBERT H.—The Vision of the Kings — *T. Crier*, Dec. 12, '25

GRANDY, W. B. S.—Now Close the Purple Curtains — *Lyric*, Sept. '25

GRANICK, HARRY—Smoke — *Bookman*, Dec. '25

GRATE, ROXANNA—Surrender — *Commonweal*, June 9, '26

GRAVES, ROBERT—The Corner-Knot — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25

GRAY, AGNES KENDRICK—The Spotted Horse — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Siyaka to His Horse — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Lament for Kimimila-Ska (White Butterfly) — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
The River-Road — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
The Towers of Garfield Place — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
Wild Poppies of California — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
The Formal Garden — *Lyric*, July '26
The Battle of Gettysburg — *Harper's*, July '26

GRAY, PHILIP—At the Point of Departure — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Gravitation — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
The Reason — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Body of Beauty — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Are You Afraid of God? — *Lyric*, Dec. '25
Apologia — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
To a Young Poet — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Dance Alchemy — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
To a Good Woman — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
The Rower (Cape Breton Island) — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Discovery — *Lyric*, Mar. '26
Floral Offering — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Lyrics for a Week — *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Quarter-Mile — *Poetry Folio*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Insomnia — *Harp*, May '26
Brush Away the Ashes — *Lyric*, July '26

GREEN, EMMA—Lorraine — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
The Hanging Mosses of the South — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Dear Old Drowsy August — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26

GREEN, JULIA BOYNTON—A Tip for Cupid — *Forum*, Dec. '25
At Morning — *Circle*, May-June '26
But When a Voice— — *Forum*, July 4, '26
Indispensables — *Forum*, Mar. '26
Winter's Away — *Sunset Mag.*, May '26

GREENE, PATTERSON—The Artist Receives Notice of a Bequest — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25

GREENHOOD, DAVID—Dream of Death — *Palms*, Sum. '25
What Matters Now? — *Poetry Folio*, Mar.-Apr. '26

GREEN-LEACH, LEACY NAYLOR—Under a Gas Mantle — *Harp*, Sept. '25
The Lass in the Yellow Frock — *Gypsy*, Win. '25
To a Poet — *Harp*, Mar. '26
In the Alleghanies — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
May — *Circle*, May-June '26

GREENWOOD, R. R.—At the Year's End — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25

GRENNY, MARY E.—Songs of Long Ago — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
Today's Demands — *The Voice*, Sum. '26

GREGORY, HORACE—Decoration for a Girl's Room — *Nation*, Sept. 9, '25
There Was a Pale Gold Girl — *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26

GREY, LESLEY—Night Prayer — *Independent*, Oct. 24, '25
GRIERSON, SAMUEL—Four O'Clock at the Gas Works — *Echo*, July '26
GRIFFITH, WILLIAM—Nocturne in Erebus — *Scribner's*, June '26
Autolycus Employed, Extols Labor as Love — *Step Ladder*, July '26
GRIMKE, ANGELINA W.—For the Candle Light — *Opportunity*, Sept. '25
GROESBECK, HALLEY W.—To Mary Stuart — *Gypsy*, Au. '25
Understanding — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
GROSS, RAY H.—Night's Playtime — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
Unforgotten — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
GRUN, JUSTUS—Variations and Fugue on a Well-Known Theme — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Sin — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
GUE, BELLE WILLEY—Beside the Sea — *Southwest Mag.*, Aug. '25
An Open Door — *P. Scroll*, Aug. '25
The Valley of Peace — *Pegasus*, Aug. '25
Breaking Pegasus — *Pegasus*, Aug. '25
Selfish Pride — *Girls' W.*, Aug. 2, '25
Juan Cabrillo — *Los Angeles Times*, Aug. 2, '25
Your Work — *Boys' W.*, Aug. 9, '25
My Live Dolly — *Ch. Reg.*, Aug. 27, '25
Unto the End — *Lariat*, Sept. '25
Life — *P. Scroll*, Sept. '25
Paradise — *P. Scroll*, Oct. '25
A Song — *P. Scroll*, Nov. '25
A Magnolia Blossom — *Pegasus*, Nov. '25
The Spirit of Christmas — *Kind. Mag.*, Nov.-Dec. '25
The Sea — *Lariat*, Dec. '25
Beyond Defeat — *P. Scroll*, Dec. '25
Universal Law — *P. Scroll*, Jan. '26
A Victim — *Pegasus*, Feb. '26
A Magician — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-26
A New World — *Lariat*, Feb. '26
She Walks Alone — *Overland*, Feb. '26
Storm-Clouds at Night — *P. Scroll*, Feb. '26
Spring Will Return — *P. Scroll*, Mar. '26
You and I Together — *Lariat*, Mar. '26
The Moon-Lit Sea — *Lariat*, Mar. '26
Youth and Strength — *Outdoor L.*, Apr. '26
Evening Memories — *Lariat*, Apr. '26
The Magic Key — *P. Scroll*, Apr. '26
The Cares of the World — *P. Scroll*, May '26
The Foothills — *Lariat*, May '26
His Representatives — *Pegasus*, May '26
Fagots — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
The Stars and Stripes — *Kind Words*, June 2, '26
Two Mornings — *P. Scroll*, June, '26
Our Journey — *Kind Words*, June 20, '26
A Bumble-Bee Ballad — *S. S. Mag.*, June '26
America — *Poetry D. B.*, July 4, '26
Sagebrush — *Lariat*, July '26
The Old Doctor — *Lariat*, July '26
GUITERMAN, ARTHUR—Mizpah — *Outlook*, Aug. 5, '25
Seventeen — *Ladies H. J.*, Sept. '25
Revelation — *Ladies H. J.*, Nov. '25

GUITERMAN, ARTHUR (*Continued*)

Independence Square, Christmas, 1783 — *Ladies H. J.*, Dec. '25
Tradition — *Scribner's*, June '26
Stephen Vincent Benet — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 3, '29
Robert Frost — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 3, '26
Edwin Arlington Robinson — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 3, '26
Edgar Lee Masters — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 3, '26
Padraic Colum — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 3, '26

GUNDERSON, GERTRUDE B.—Disillusionment — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Understanding — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
Angelus — *Pasque Petals*, July '26

GUY—In My Garden — *Emory Phoenix*, Apr. '26
A Simple Fool Met a King — *Emory Phoenix*, May '26
A Philosophy and a Poet — *Emory Phoenix*, May '26
Ave Maria! — *Emory Phoenix*, May '26
"Whatnots" — *Emory Phoenix*, May '26
Scegliere — *Emory Phoenix*, May '26

GWATHMEY, MARGARET CABELL—Reverie — *Lyric*, Nov. '25
Mirage — *Lyric*, Nov. '25

HAAG, EDWYN E.—Senescence — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
"A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath" — *Throstle*, Spr. '26

HADLEY, FLORENCE JONES—Love's Depths — *Magnificat*, Aug. '25
Standing Alone — *Magnificat*, July '26

HAEUSSLER, LILLIAN PAULINE—The Song of the Strong Woman — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26

HAFFER, PAUL H.—Idyll — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26

HAGEDORN, HERMANN—Leonora (Who went forth at sixteen) — *Outlook*, Sept. 9, '25

HAGER, ALICE ROGERS—On a Japanese No Dance — *Gypsy*, June '26

HAINES, HELEN—To a Modern Pagan — *Lyric*, Oct. '25

HAINES, M. RAINSFORD—Telegraph Operators — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26

HAINING, J. A.—Bridge Building — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
A Leader Incognito — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
Ol' Trim — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26

HALE, ALICE FIELD—Straitways — *Pan*, Dec. '25

HALEY, MARGARET—Swashbuckling Ballad — *Verse*, Au. '25
To Death — *Gypsy*, Win. '25
Top O' the World — *Gypsy*, Win. '25

HALEY, MOLLY ANDERSON—"How Far to Bethlehem?" — *Ch. Cent.* 17, '25
The Loveliness of White Things — *Step Ladder*, Sept. '25
"How Shall I Mourn?" — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Plant Salvia For Me! — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
Spring on the Gulf Coast — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Stratagem — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Housed Hyacinths — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26

HALL, AMANDA BENJAMIN—Marriage — *Voices*, May '26

HALL, FRANCES—If We Could Talk — *Midland*, May '26

HALL, JOSEF WASHINGTON—Release (trans. from the Chinese) — *Poetry*, Sept. '25
The Water Clock (Clepsydra)—(trans. from Chinese of Three Hundred T'ang Poems) — *T. Crier*, Dec. 12, '25
Two Pearls (trans. from Chinese of Chang Chi) — *T. Crier*, Dec. 12, '25

HALL, JOSEF WASHINGTON (*Continued*)
When the Heart Swells (trans. from the Chinese of Szu K'ung-Tu) *T. Crier*, Dec. 12, '25
After the Season *T. Crier*, Dec. 12, '25
The Lute Player (A Woman)—(trans. from Chinese of Han Yu) *T. Crier*, Dec. 12, '25
HALL, LENA—"I Knew It Not" *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Nov. 27, '25
"Let Us Now Go" *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Dec. 24, '25
Shore Line *Voices*, May '26
HALL, WILLIAM LAFOY—From Wands of Beckoning: Yesterday; Triolet; Cats and Tongues; Water; Tomorrow *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Vulgarity *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Veneration *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Vengeance *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
HALSEY, VIDA—I Looked Into the Heart of a Rose *Harp*, Nov. '25
HAMAN, CORALIE HOWARD—Sunrise *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
The Return *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
HAMIL, HELEN—A Craven Speaks *Gypsy*, Au. '25
HAMILL, R. F.—Morning *Interludes*, Spr. '26
Morning *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
HAMILTON, ANN—Pilgrim Tower *Voices*, June '26
HAMILTON, CHRISTIAN—Trapped *Harp*, Nov. '25
Regret *Harp*, Mar. '26
HAMILTON, MARIE PADGETT—The Wife *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
HAMILTON, MARION ETHEL—Hallowe'en *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Gauguin *Voices*, Apr. '26
HAMILTON, MARY GLENN—Unrest *DePauw Mag.*, Dec. '25
HAMMOND, ELEANOR—A Lover *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
There Are Strange Things *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
HAMMOND, HALA J.—Inheritance *Step Ladder*, Oct. '25
HAMMOND, JOSEPHINE—Go, Faithless, To Sicilia! *Lyric*, Sept. '25
". . . I Picked Up on the Heather" *Lyric*, Oct. '25
Tragedy *Lyric*, Oct. '25
Amy Lowell (cremated at Mt. Auburn Cemetery, May 15, 1925) *Lyric*, Dec. '25
Many a Woman to Many a Man *Lyric*, Mar. '26
HAN HUNG—After the Cold Feast (trans. by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu) *Voices*, Oct. '25
HANES, LEIGH BUCKNER—I Shall Not Think of Leaves That Die *Lan., N.Y. Her.-Trib.*, Sept. 16, '25
April Is a Dreamer *Boston Trans.*, Apr. 18, '26
April Reverie *Lyric*, Apr. '26
Wild Larkspur *Lyric*, Oct. '25
HANLON, JOHN—City Night *Commonweal*, July 28, '26
Market Bouquet *Ladies H. J.*, Aug. '25
Lyric *Commonweal*, Sept. 2, '25
The Solitary Soul *Commonweal*, Nov. 18, '25
Coastwise Graves *Commonweal*, Mar. 3, '26
Farm-Wife *Commonweal*, July 21, '26
HARBOR, ALLEN—Mine is Not a Singing Voice *Bookman*, Oct. '25
HARDING, KATHERINE WASHBURN—Bells *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Violins *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
HARDY, THOMAS—No Bell-Ringing—A Ballad of Durnover *Ladies H. J.*, Dec. '25
HARE, AMORY—April Hills *Harp*, May '26
The Altars *Harp*, Mar. '26

HARE, DONALD—Old Times — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
HARLAN, HERBERT H.—Seance — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
HARMAN, BEATRICE—Ecce Homo — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
Two in a Seaside Garden — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
HARPER, DON—Sonnett — *Bohemian*, Win. '25
HARRIER, JESSIE VAUGHAN—The Oak Valley — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
HARRIMAN, ALICE—A Stranger in Judea (In Memoriam) — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
HARRIS, HAZEL HARPER—Blue Ghosts — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
HARRISON, HENRY—Epitaphs — *Spr. Rep.*, Aug. 27, '25
Hokku of the Wise — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Epitaph for a Woman Hater — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
To a Relation of Abraham Lincoln — *All's Well*, Dec. '25
Autumn Is Dead — *Spr. Rep.*, Dec. 21, '25
Epitaph for a Real-Estate Dealer — *Oracle*, '26
Epitaph for a Novelist — *Oracle*, '26
On a Cincinnati Street — *Gammadion*, Win. '25
Women I Have Known — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
Epitaphs — *Spr. Rep.*, Feb. 1, '26
When Peace Will Come — *Pan*, Feb. '26
For a Hopeless Poet Who Wrote His Own Epitaph — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
A Caravan of Memories — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Release — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
A Lunatic Has an Idea — *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
Epitaphs: For Austin Dobson; For Joseph Conrad — *Harp*, Mar. '26
Tanka of the Wise — *Strat. Mag.*, Apr. '26
Epitaph for a Negro Porter — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Amantes, Amentes — *Echo*, Apr. '26
A Wind's Orgy — *Circle*, May-June '26
To An Aunt Slowly Dying (in an Insane Asylum) — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
For a Sailor — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
For Another Sailor — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
HARRISON, SHEA—Cloth of Arras — *Palms*, Nov. '25
HARRISON, SONIA C.—Euthanasia — *Circle*, May-June '26
"Retaining the Best Features" — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
Premature Anticipation — *Echo*, July '26
Achievement — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
HARRISS, R. P.—September Transient — *Archive*, Oct. '25
Sounds — *Archive*, Nov. '25
Sonnets from a Forester's Notebook — *Archive*, Nov. '25
There Have Been Summer Days — *Archive*, Dec. '25
The Homespun Huntsman — *N. Y. Sun*, Jan. 22, '26
Gone — *N. Y. Sun*, Jan. 22, '26
The River Road — *Lit. Lan.*, '26
Winter Visitor — *Archive*, Feb.-Mar. '26
April—From a Hospital Window — *Archive*, Apr. '26
After-Notes — *Archive*, June '26
Trollop April — *Lit. Lan.*, Apr. '26
HART, MARJORIE COMSTOCK—Winter Farm — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Love — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
HART, STANLEY—The Stranger — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
HARTMAN, JO—Shelley In Our House — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
HARTMUS, LAURENCE—City — *Poetry*, Apr. '26

HARTMUS, LAURENCE (*Continued*)
Iron — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Shards — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
HARTSWICK, ERNEST—Mute Return — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Twilight — *Emory Phoenix*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Moonrise — *Emory Phoenix*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Amaryllis — *Emory Phoenix*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Vampire — *Emory Phoenix*, Dec. '25
Dream by Moonlight — *Emory Phoenix*, Dec. '25
For a Dead Love — *Emory Phoenix*, Dec. '25
Certainty — *Emory Phoenix*, Dec. '25
Thalassa! — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
Testament — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
To a Friend — *Emory Phoenix*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Epitaph for Job — *Emory Phoenix*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Pretty Lady — *Emory Phoenix*, Mar. '26
Incognito — *Emory Phoenix*, Mar. '26
Philosophy — *Emory Phoenix*, Apr. '26
God, the Soviet — *Emory Phoenix*, Apr. '26
Epitaph for Nero — *Emory Phoenix*, Apr. '26
Epitaph for Falstaff — *Emory Phoenix*, May '26
Epitaph for Chaucer's Prioresse — *Emory Phoenix*, May '26
The Heard Silence — *Emory Phoenix*, May '26
HARTWELL, HAZEL—The Last Night in April — *Palms*, Feb. '26
HASTE, GWENDOLEN—The Old Farm Wife — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Cumae — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Recluse — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Winter Homecoming — *Harp*, Jan. '26
The Harvest Hand — *Scribner's*, July '26
HASTINGS, CRISTEL—My Prayer — *Echo*, Nov. '25
HATTEN, TERRY—Violins — *College Humor*, Feb. '26
HATTON, SALLIE LYTTLE—The White Rose — *Kentucky F-L & Poetry*, Apr. '26
HAWE, MAYE—Let Me Forget — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
HAWKINS, DOROTHY—Epigram — *Poetry*, June '26
HAWKINS, HELOISE M.—Bestowal — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
HAWTHORNE, MAVIS—Words — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
HAYES, FLORENCE—Blind — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
HAYNE, WILLIAM HAMILTON—Sea Winds — *Scribner's*, Feb. '26
Imperishable — *Scribner's*, July '26
HAYNES, CAROL—Tenement Pictures — *Scribner's*, Dec. '25
HAYNES, LOUISE MARSHALL—The Color of Romance — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
To Grandmother's House — *Storyland*, June 20, '26
Fourth-of-July Night — *Storyland*, July 4, '26
Celebrating — *Storyland*, July 4, '26
HEAZLITT, C. W.—Salome Dances — *Buffalo A. J.*, Dec. '25
Epitaph for a Sybarite — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Demas at Thessalonica — *Congregationalist*, Jan. 28, '26
HEDGES, ADA HASTINGS—My Days are Troubled Dreams — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
November — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Night — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Autumn in the Desert — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Cinderella Speaks — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Homeless — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Alien — *Commonweal*, June 9, '26

HELFRICH, ESTHER JANE—Faith *Lyric*, Sept. '25
HELLER, HARRIET HICKOK—My Own Street *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
HELLER, SAMUEL—April Dirge *Verse*, Au. '25
Ghosts *Harp*, Nov. '25
In Galilee *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
Salvation *Voices*, Dec. '25
In Autumn *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Before April *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Winter Etching *Forge*, Spr. '26
To Scheherazade *Commonweal*, May 12, '26
Nebraska Night *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June '26
Possessed *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
HELMAN, REBECCA—Stoic *Verse*, Au. '25
The Vagabond Wife *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
Charlotte *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
HELTON, ROY—Old Christmas Morning *Bookman*, Dec. '25
HENDERSON, DANIEL—Scorn Not the Sonnet *Bookman*, Feb. '26
For a Diana *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
The Mormon Trail *Poetry*, Mar. '26
Spite Fence *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
The Poet's Path *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
HENDERSON, OLGA—At Death's Door *Echo*, Aug. '25
HENDERSON, ROSE—Desert Night *Southwest Rev.*, Jan. '26
HENDERSON, RUTH EVELYN—New World *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
And a Night Also *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 27, '25
Alcove *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
A Child's Death *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Little "Questionnaire" *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
HENDRICKS, NORMA—"Having Eyes, See Ye Not?" *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 6, '25
HENDRICKS, WALTER—Specialization *Measure*, Sept. '25
HENDRICKSON, ANNE—Winter *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
Silver Music *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
HENRY, S. W.—Black Satin *Poetry*, Feb. '26
HERALD, LEON SERABIAN—Tornado *Poetry*, Sept. '25
I Mourn the Dead *Nation*, Nov. 4, '25
The Beggar *Dial*, Dec. '25
A Dancer *Dial*, Dec. '25
Ballad *Dial*, Dec. '25
HERFORD, BEATRICE—The Old Man *Ladies H. J.*, May '26
HERFORD, OLIVER—The Snowman's Summer Vacation *Ladies H. J.*, July '26
HERMANN, EDWARD A. G.—Death, the Deceiver *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 1, '25
HERRON, HADASSAH—I Asked of Life *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
HERVEY, HARRY—Myself *Century*, June '26
HEWITT, ETHEL M.—The Haunted Orchard *Harper's*, Dec. '25
HEYWARD, DUBOSE—Prodigal *Bookman*, Dec. '25
HICKEY, AGNES MACCARTHY—Autumn Wind *N. Y. Tel.*, Nov. 17, '25
Who Go the Road to Bethlehem? *Sign Mag.*, Dec. '25
Triolet *N. Y. Tel.*, Dec. 18, '26
Popcorn Man *N. Y. Tel.*, Jan. 14, '26
When *N. Y. Tel.*, Mar. 22, '26
When April Comes *N. Y. Sun*, Apr. 6, '26
At New York Harbor *N. Y. Tel.*, Apr. 23, '26

HICKEY, AGNES MACCARTHY (*Continued*)
Cherries — *N. Y. Tel.*, May 4, '26
Dreams Woven in a Skylight Room — *N. Y. Tel.*, May 22, '26
Grievance — *N. Y. Tel.*, June 21, '26
Gossamer — *Sign Mag.*, July '26
HIGGINS, JOHN LEE—Drouth — *Mesa*, Oct. '25
Come Friend And Rest — *Mesa*, Oct. '25
Refuge — *Mesa*, Oct. '25
Leaves — *Gypsy*, Au. '25
Blown Leaves — *Pan*, Feb. '26
Foreshadows — *Pan*, Feb. '26
Fears — *P. Scroll*, May '26
Tales — *Pasque Petals*, July '26
Sheila — *Step Ladder*, July '26
HILL, DANA—Memory — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
HILL, ESTHER CLARK—Constancy — *Pan*, Nov. '25
HILL, FRANK ERNEST—Tennis — *New Repub.*, Oct. 21, '25
These Lovers Will Reject Eternity — *Voices*, Dec. '25
The Friend — *Nation*, Dec. 9, '25
Stone into Rose — *New Repub.*, Dec. 23, '25
Carved — *Commonweal*, Dec. 23, '25
Rebels — *Commonweal*, Dec. 30, '25
The Lady Who Is Chaste — *New Repub.*, Dec. 30, '25
The Amazon (Copy of a statue by Polyclitus of Argos, 5th Century, B. C.) — *Voices*, May '26
HILL, MARVIN LUTHER—Haunted — *Midland*, Sept. 15, '25
The Perfect House — *Midland*, Sept. 15, '25
Love's Alchemy — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
As Wind — *Voices*, Jan. '26
HILLEGAS, E. G.—When I Retire — *Step Ladder*, Feb. '26
HILTON, CHARLES A.—Searchers for the Drowned — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Dirge — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Winds — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
Like Dim October Suns — *Harp*, Mar. '26
To— — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
Blinded — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
Gather, Child — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
To Be Inscribed on a Tomb — *Minaret*, May-June '26
To a Lady — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
HILLYER, ROBERT—Ballade — *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
Remote — *Dial*, Oct. '25
Autumn — *Poetry*, Nov. '25
HINTON, LEONARD—Foray — *Palms*, Feb. '26
HOARD, PRESCOTT—Market Place — *Measure*, Sept. '25
Altitude — *Measure*, Oct. '25
Contrasts — *Measure*, Oct. '25
Masks — *Palms*, Nov. '25
HOFFMAN, GAIL—A Favorite — *Pasque Petals*, May '26
To a May Basket — *Pasque Petals*, July '26
HOFFMAN, PHOEBE—The Little House Speaks — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
The Cats of Paddeck — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
HOISINGTON, EDITH NATALIA—The Leprechauns — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Will o' the Wisp — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Pan-Pipes (Hokku) — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
The Sea-Pool — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26

HOISINGTON, MAY FOLWELL—The Wanstead Cherry Pie *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Nan Tsama! (Today for Thee) *Pan*, Aug. '25
The Hollow Apple Tree *Pan*, Aug. '25
Song of Cleander (From the Adventures of Charicles by Nicetas Eugenianus) *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
White Bane-Berry *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Fiddle-Heads *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Hedger and Ditcher *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Campanile *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Give Back My Dream *Harp*, Nov. '25
Anselma *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
Candle-Flame *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-26
Sea Islands *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Counting-Out-Rune *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Song *Archive*, Feb.-Mar. '26
Primavera: A Group of Haikai (Old Japanese Forms) *Interludes*, Spr. '26
Scarlet Maples *Golden Quill*. Spr, '29
Last Safari — Lament of Majid Shah *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Chinese Cloth-of-Gold Bush *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Song *Archive*, Mar. '26
March in the Country *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Three Hokku for Spring *Archive*, Apr. '26
The Liberator *Harp*, May '26
Travel's End *Step Ladder*, July '26
Judas—Woman *The Voice*, Sum. '26
The Poet Reads *The Voice*, Sum. '26
HOLDEN, RAYMOND—All That By Any Feat of Light *Nation*, Oct. 14, '25
Forest *New Repub.*, June 30, '26
HOLLAND, GERALD—Progress *Pan*, Dec. '25
The Humble Philosopher *Pan*, Dec. '25
A Clever Beautiful Woman *Pan*, Dec. '25
Sentimental Justice *Pan*, Dec. '25
The Good Daughter *Pan*, Dec. '25
HOLLOWAY, ROBERTA—Twilight for Pierette *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
The Fox *Palms*, Dec. '25
Waxing Moon *Palms*, Dec. '25
Let Us Construct a God *Palms*, Feb. '26
Mouth *Forge*, Spr. '26
To a Lover *Midland*, May '26
HOLME, JAMIE SEXTON—Vagabond *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
Immortality *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
Extenuation *Harp*, Jan. '26
The Song Unsung *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Recompense *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
The Jester to His Audience *Circle*, May-June '26
HOOKER, BRIAN—Prologue (To a production of "Henry IV," read by John Drew) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 12, '26
HOPKINS, RUTH E.—When I Get to Heaven *Lyric*, Apr. '26
April *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 15, '26
HORNE, FRANK—Letters Found Near a Suicide *Crisis*, Nov. '25
On Seeing Two Brown Boys in a Catholic Church *Opportunity*, Dec. '25
To a Persistent Phantom *Opportunity*, July '26

HOUSMAN, LAURENCE—Short Steps to Knowledge, Patriotism *Forum*, Dec. '25
HOUSTON, MARGARET BELLE—Magic Wisdom *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
HOUSTON, ROSABELLE—To Bloom Again *Scholastic*, May 15, '26
HOWARD, JOHN ZOLLIE—Warning *Poetry*, June '26
HOWE, FAYE—Amber Hair *Harp*, Jan. '26
HOWE, MARSHALL V.—Recurrence *Palms*, Sum. '25
Black Penny *Palms*, Dec. '25
Interlude *Palms*, Dec. '25
Perhaps *Palms*, Dec. '25
HOWELL, MRS. M. ELLEN—A Kiss *Pasque Petals*, June '26
HOWES, HANNAH CUSHMAN—If I Were a Sawdust Doll *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
To One Who Left Her Garden *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
HOYT, HELEN—The Stone *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
Waiting *Harp*, Jan. '26
Cooking *W. Tomorrow*, Feb. '26
Parsley *W. Tomorrow*, Feb. '26
HUBBELL, LINDLEY WILLIAMS—Forgive Me *Measure*, Oct. '25
Poems *Measure*, Oct. '25
Four Sonnets *Voices*, Oct. '25
Allegro Risoluto *Verse*, Win. '26
You Will Remember *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
The Tactful Man *Commonweal*, Feb. 3, '26
HUDSON, ADDIE CROPSEY—A-Losin' Effie *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
HUFFMAN, ADRIAN—To Llasta *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
HUGHES, GLENN—Wonder *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Chinese Cemetery At Victoria *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
HUGHES, LANGSTON—Young Bride *Crisis*, Oct. '25
The Jester *Opportunity*, Dec. '25
Soledad (A Cuban Portrait) *Opportunity*, Dec. '25
To a Negro Jazz Band in a Parisian Cabaret *Crisis*, Dec. '25
To the Black Beloved *Crisis*, Dec. '25
Disillusion *Crisis*, Dec. '25
Minstrel Man *Crisis*, Dec. '25
Cross *Crisis*, Dec. '25
Summer Night *Crisis*, Dec. '25
Songs to a Dark Virgin *Palms*, Jan. '26
Young Sailor *Palms*, Jan. '26
To Midnight Nan at Leroy's *Opportunity*, Jan. '26
Joy *Crisis*, Feb. '26
Star Seeker *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Feb. 14, '26
Prayer *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Feb. 14, '26
African Fog *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Feb. 14, '26
Strange Hurt She Knew *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Feb. 14, '26
Lullaby *Crisis*, Mar. '26
The Ring *Crisis*, Apr. '26
My Man *New Repub.*, Apr. 14, '26
Gypsy Man *New Repub.*, Apr. 14, '26
Midwinter Blues *New Repub.*, Apr. 14, '26
Teacher *Opportunity*, May '26
Love Song for Lucinda *Opportunity*, May '26
Minnie Sings Her Blues *Messenger*, May '26
HUGHES, ROBERT M.—Alcaeus and Sappho (Sapphic Fragments) *Lyric*, Feb. '26

Hughes, Russell Meriwether—"Give a Man a Horse!" *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
Chaps *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
Yucca Canyon *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Maverick Minutes *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
Hult, Gottfried—Blizzard *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Humphries, Rolfe—Homo Additus Naturae *Century*, Aug. '25
Against Fog *New Repub.*, Nov. '25
Sonnet in Vain *New Repub.*, Mar. 17, '26
Hunt, Robert Booker—This Men Call Beauty *Lyric*, Sept. '25
Hunter, Agnes Monks—Marriage *Ladies H. J.*, Jan. '26
Hunter, William F.—A Builder *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, July '26
Huntington, Edna Mae—The Magic Garden *Tacoman*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Fogbound *Tacoman*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Hurlbutt, Helen—Nancy Doane *Tanager*, June '26
Hurn, Douglas—Admiration *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Hurst, Haven Charles—The Journey *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
Hutchison, Hazel Collister—Fear *Harp*, Mar. '26
Song *Harp*, May '26
Hutchinson, R. Bosworth—Gratia Supplex *Echo*, May '26
Hyer, Helen von Kolnitz—African Sunset *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
Dragon Flies *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25

Inge, Benson—Cold Prayer *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
Inman, Arthur Crew—Avaunt *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
A Certain Headmaster Speaks *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
Ives, Mabel Lorenz—My Daughter *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Ivey, B. S.—An Invitation to My House *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
Blue Butterflies *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
The Burden of Time *Circle*, May-June '26

J., S. H. C.—A Child Leaving Its Mother *America*, Aug. 8, '25
A Meditation *America*, Mar. 20, '26
Jackson, Winifred Virginia—Fear Flame *Ellsworth J.*, Sept. '25
Monday, Wash-Day *Ellsworth J.*, Sept. '25
Clem's Fool *Maine Bulletin*, Nov. '25
Quills *Maine Bulletin*, Nov. '25
John's Mary *Maine Bulletin*, Nov. '25
Scuffled Dust *Maine Bulletin*, Jan. '26
A Witch's Daughter and a Cobbler's Son *Maine Bulletin*, Jan. '26
On Meeting Father Goose *Maine Bulletin*, Jan. '26
Captive Threads *Gypsy*, Win. '25
On Ellen Going Wrong *Gypsy*, Win. '25
Weights *Maine Bulletin*, Apr. '26
Pattern *Gypsy*, June '26
Jacobs, Allen—The Dreamer *Forum*, Dec. '25
Jacobs, Kay A.—My Mother *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
Jacobs, Thornwell—Omnipotent *Archive*, Oct. '25
James, Charles Brega—Songs *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Jaques, Edna—In a Kitchen *Ladies H. J.*, Mar. '26
Jeffers, Robinson—Boats in a Fog *Nation*, Sept. 23, '25
Fog *Nation*, Sept. 23, '25
Haunted Country *Nation*, Sept. 23, '25

JEFFERS, ROBINSON (*Continued*)
Birds — *Nation*, Sept. 23, '25
Promise of Peace — *New Repub.*, June 9, '26
Noon — *New Repub.*, July 21, '26
JENKINS, JOHN—Hearing Debussy's "L'Apres Midi Di Un Faun" — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
Death at Dawn! — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
JENKINS, OLIVER—Hill — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
Half-Sonnet — *College Humor*, Apr. '26
JENNINGS, ELEANOR—A Christmas Memory — *T. Crier*, Dec. 12, '25
JENNINGS, LESLIE NELSON—Disinherited — *New Repub.*, Aug. 19, '25
After the Event — *Verse*, Au. '25
Tomorrow's People — *Commonweal*, Sept. 9, '25
Sequel — *Commonweal*, Sept. 30, '25
Tapestry — *New Repub.*, Dec. '25
Nomads — *Bookman*, Oct. '25
"They Also Called Me Carpenter" — *Commonweal*, Dec. 23, '25
Ballade of a Week-Ender — *Philadelphian*, Jan. '26
Words with Wings — *Commonweal*, Jan. 13, '26
Astrology — *Nation*, Jan. 13, '26
Beaten Tracks — *New Repub.*, Feb. 10, '26
Savor — *Commonweal*, Mar. 17, '26
JERNIGAN, GRACE N.—The Dreamer of Far Places — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
JEROME, O. S. B., FATHER—A Holt Moment — *Magnificat*, July '26
JOHN, CECIL—Values — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Afternoon — *Palms*, Jan. '26
Morning — *Palms*, Jan. '26
Sic Transit — *Poetry*, July '26
The Semliki — *Poetry*, July '26
The Grave at Kibati — *Poetry*, July '26
Two Soldiers — *Poetry*, July '26
The Doctor — *Poetry*, July '26
The Poacher — *Poetry*, July '26
Moonlight — *Poetry*, July '26
Answered — *Poetry*, July '26
Irrevocable — *Poetry*, July '26
Finis — *Poetry*, July '26
Knowledge — *Poetry*, July '26
Exit — *Poetry*, July '26
JOHNS, EDNA—A Dancer—Grown Old — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Love Danced By — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
JOHNSON, ARTHUR—Mountains of Release — *Echo*, Nov. '25
JOHNSON, EDGAR—Warehouse District — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
JOHNSON, GEORGIA DOUGLAS—Companion — *Crisis*, Aug. '25
The Black Runner — *Opportunity*, Sept. '25
Old Black Men — *Opportunity*, Nov. '25
Lethe — *Opportunity*, July '26
JOHNSON, HELENE—Night — *Opportunity*, Jan. '26
Metamorphism — *Opportunity*, Mar. '26
Fulfillment — *Opportunity*, June '26
The Road — *Opportunity*, July '26
JOHNSON, JOSEPHINE—Dirge — *Pan*, Aug. '25
Song — *Gypsy*, Au. '25
Quiet Earth — *Lyric*, Nov. '25
The Answer — *Lyric*, Nov. '25

JOHNSON, JOSEPHINE (*Continued*)
Requital — *Lyric*, Nov. '25
"The Bitterness of Death" — *Lyric*, Nov. '25
Winter Beauty — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
To E. (A very young girl, about to begin office work) — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
"Not a Green Willow" — *Pan*, Dec. '25
"Now That You've Got Me" — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
Beauty — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
Alien — *Harp*, Mar. '26
Sea Moments — *Lyric*, May '26
JOHNSON, LIONEL—Written in a Copy of Sir John Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea" — *Gypsy*, Au. '25
JOHNSON, ROSE WILLIS—At Evening — *Ladies H. J.*, Sept. '25
JOHNSON, WILLARD—Yellow — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Smoke — *Echo*, Sept. '25
Movie Comedy — *New Repub.*, Oct. 14, '25
Song Without a Guitar — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
Denver Street — *Echo*, Jan. '26
Earthbound — *Harp*, Jan. '26
Interior — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Navajo Legend — *Pan*, Feb. '26
From a House in New England — *Voices*, Apr. '26
To a Brown Boy — *Opportunity*, Apr. '26
JOHNSON, WILLIS E.—"Good-Bye" — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
JOHNSTON, CAROLYN E.—Young Lover — *Pan*, Nov. '25
JOHNSTON, M.—Animosity — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Self-Pity — *Harp*, Nov. '25
JOHNSTON, WINIFRED—Eternities — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
On Reading a Portion of Rosetti — *Gypsy*, June '26
JOHNSTONE, GORDON—Rupert Brooke (Remembering His Years in the South Seas) — *Century*, Feb. '26
JONES, E. CLEMENT—Swans — *Dial*, Mar. '26
JONES, ETHEL PARKE—Riven — *Harp*, Nov. '25
False Flame — *Harp*, Nov. '25
JONES, FRANK—Pre-Raphaelite — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
Das Verlassene Maegdlein: From the German of Edward Moerike — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
JONES, HEATH M.—Thus Have We Lied — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Feb. 7, '26
JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD—"In His Will" — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Heartbreak — *Lyric*, Apr. '26
JONES, J.—Why? — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
JONES, PAMELLA PEARL—Head to the Storm — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
JONES, RUTH LAMBERT—Open Sesame (To F. K.) — *Bookman*, Aug. '25
To One, Singing — *Bookman*, Aug. '25
Because I Would Have Nothing More of Pain — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
Challenge — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
JONES, JR., THOMAS S.—The Silver Wain — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Owini's Vision — *Boston Trans.*, Mar. 31, '26
The Blind Nun — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
The Wayside Cross — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
JONES, VINCENT—Spring Inspection — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
JONES, W. I.—His Belief — *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, July '26

JONSON, ARTHUR—Empty Grief — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
JORDAN, DAVID STARR—Altruism — *Unity*, May 31, '26
JORDAN, WILL—Port Angeles Bay — *Tacoman*, Oct.-Nov. '25
JOSEPHSON, MATTHEW—As One Who Guards Over the Brilliant Capitol — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
JOSLIN, H. A.—Ladies' Reading Club — *Bohemian*, Win. '25
Rotting of Leaves — *Bohemian*, Win. '25
JOY, CARRY LIZBETH—Old Laces — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26

KAHN, ERMINIE—Lenox Avenue—Saturday Night — *W. Tomorrow*, Nov. '25
KAHN, KUSHAL—The Maidens of Afghanistan (trans. by Achmed Abdullah) — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
KALAR, JOSEPH—Symphony — *Gypsy*, June '26
KANTOR, MACKINLAY—Big Jonas — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Comptometer — *College Humor*, June '26
KEAN, L. LOGAN—The Dream — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
KEARNS, JOHN—Moth Mullen — *Tanager*, Feb. '26
KEATING, J.—Song of May — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
KELLER, MARTHA S.—Daphne — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Satyr — *Bookman*, Mar. '26
Song for Dead Love — *Bookman*, June '26
KELLY, BLANCHE MARY—The Gaelic — *Commonweal*, Sept. 9, '25
KELLY, FRANCES—Rain: Two Moods — *Boulevardier*, Apr. '26
KELLY, KATHERINE HEARNE—Beside the Crib — *Magnificat*, Dec. '25
KELLY, MARY AGNES—Request — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
KELP, FOREST M.—My Buddy — *Pasque Petals*, May '26
KEMP, HARRY—Ecstasy — *Commonweal*, Oct. 21, '25
The Impossible Tryst — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
KENDRICK, LUCILE—Not All the Crosses — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
KENLINE, ELEANOR—Lament — *College Humor*, May '26
KENNEDY, MARY H.—Love Is Such a Lovely Thing — *Magnificat*, Sept. '25
KENNEDY, THOMAS—Clerk — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Timothy Trunnion — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
Dead Voice — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
KENNY, S. J., MICHAEL—Ballad of Bethlehem — *America*, Dec. 26, '25
KENYON, BERNICE—Southern Winter — *Outlook*, Dec. 16, '25
KENYON, EMMA L.—To a Caterpillar — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
KENYON, THEDA—Elaine — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
To a Murderer — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
To a Connoisseur — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
A Game with Life — *Independent*, Feb. 27, '26
When I Am Gone — *Circle*, May-June '26
KESSLER, EMILE—Recompense — *America*, June 5, '26
KEYTING, MARGARET LEE—Placid Water — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Pretense — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
KIDD, WALTER EVANS—Buttercup Dawn — *Harp*, Sept. '25
A Sea Diver Speaks to His Inland Love — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
KIGER, GEORGIE—Chasing the Thistledown — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
KILMER, ALINE—The Lovers — *Commonweal*, Nov. 11, '25
KING, ANNIE G.—Rodin's "The Hand of God" — *Pan*, Nov. '25
KING, ELEANOR LYNE—Unsatisfied — *Lyric*, July '26
KING, ETHEL—Viaticum — *Throstle*, Spr. '26

KING, MARIAN VAN RENSSELAER—The Peddler — *Bookman*, Apr. '26
KING, STERLING P.—The Farm Maiden's Song — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
KINSOLVING, SALLY BRUCE—Pain — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Sea-Gull — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Bells — *Lyric*, Sept. '25
Magdalen — *N. A. Rev.*, Sept.-Nov. '25
An Empty House — *N. A. Rev.*, Sept.-Nov. '25
Stillness — *N. A. Rev.*, Sept.-Nov. '25
Stealth — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Hunger — *Lyric*, Oct. '25
Swallow — *Lyric*, Oct. '25
Illusion — *Harp*, Nov. '25
In Memoriam (To L. L. P. T.) — *So. Church*, Dec. 5, '25
Chiaroscuro — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
I Hear . . . — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
Snow Falling — *Harp*, Jan. '26
Middle o' de Road — *Nor. (Va.) V. P.*, Feb. 13, '26
Sustenance — *Lyric*, Feb. '26
Barbara — *Lyric*, Mar. '26
Hedged — *Lyric*, Mar. '26
Desert — *Lyric*, Mar. '26
Annunciation — *Holy C. Mag.*, Mar. '26
Before the Play — *Vagabond*, Mar. '26
If You . . . — *Harp*, Mar. '26
Return — *Balt. S.*, May 27, '26
Gaelic — *Commonweal*, June 30, '26
Lament — *Lyric*, July '26
KIRK, RICHARD—Including the Crow — *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
Experience No Teacher — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
Old People — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
Bees — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
I Cower Under the Moon — *Lit. Lan.* '26
Thrice Blessed — *Lit. Lan.*, Mar. '26
Death of a Conversational Neighbor — *Lit. Lan.*, Mar. '26
KIRKPATRICK, REBECCA—Fantasy — *Archive*, June '26
KITT, JESSIE WEBER—The Housewife — *Gamnadion*, Spr. '26
Challenge — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
At Even — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
KLINE, JOCELYN—Bayou Scene — *College Humor*, Dec. '25
To a Boy With Wistful Eyes — *College Humor*, May '26
KLING, JOSEPH—Song — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
My World — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
KNISTER, RAYMOND—After Exile — *Voices*, Oct. '25
Plowman's Song — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
KNOX, ETHEL LOUISE—Walking Sounds — *Bookman*, Dec. '25
KNOX, EVA MANN—Night (J. K.) — *Interludes*, Win. '25-26
KOENIG, ELEANOR C.—Come Home — *Voices*, June '26
KOHN, WALTER F.—Out of Dream — *Guardian*, Oct. '25
The Poet Sings — *Poetry*, Dec. '25
Words — *Gypsy*, Win. '26
Miss Hester Gilmore — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
KONDOLF, GEORGE H. M.—Nepenthe — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
KRAFT, MARIE—Broken — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
KRAMER, EDGAR DANIEL—Wreck — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Doubter — *Magnificat*, Sept. '25

KRAMER, EDGAR DANIEL (*Continued*)

My Heart — *America*, Nov. 21, '25
Stevedore — *Verse*, Au. '25
Reminder — *America*, Dec. 19, '25
Tribute — *America*, Jan. 9, '26
Star of the West — *America*, Jan. 16, '25
Love Walks With Grief — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Galway — *America*, Feb. 27, '26
Snowflakes — *Ladies H. J.*, Feb. '26
Sing a Song — *Century*, Mar. '26
Spring Invitation — *America*, May 8, '26
Gulls — *America*, July 17, '26
Neighbors — *Century*, July '26

KRESENSKY, RAYMOND—There Moves in Song — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Anæsthesia — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Bongie House — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Big Madonna — *Midland*, Dec. '25
The Panorama of Prairie — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Bo — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Who Has Loved Before — *Lyric*, Feb. '26
He Speaks Where Birds are Winging — *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 4, '26
The Silver Edge — *Harp*, Mar. '26
Two Birds Flying — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
Homeless — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Wife of the Prairie (Keystone, North Dakota, 1882) — *Forge*, Spr. '26
After the Frontier — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Elegy (For a girl buried beneath oak trees) — *Commonweal*, June 23, '26
Tommy and I — *Commonweal*, July 28, '26

KRESSMANN, KATHRINE—To a Young Poet — *Dumbook*, Aug. '25
The Jilt — *Dumbook*, Aug. '25

KREYMBORG, ALFRED—Fifteen Paces — *New Repub.*, Dec. 9, '25
Pantomime — *Dial*, Feb. '26
Tobacco Smoke — *Poetry*, Feb. '26

KRIER, H. J.—Along the Ozark Trail — *Ladies H. J.*, Aug. '25

KRONENBERGER, LOUIS—Corpse — *Bookman*, Jan. '26

KUHNS, GRACE TAYLOR—April — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26

KUNO, HAZEL—Humming Bird — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26

KUSKULIS, ELIZABETH—Worshippers — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Indifference — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
By Their Words You Shall Know Them — *Echo*, Apr. '26

L., W.—Sonnet — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26

LAFEVER, WESLEY—You — *Scholastic*, May 15, '26

LAING, A. K.—Chrysalides — *W. Tomorrow*, Aug. '25
Swimmer — *W. Tomorrow*, Sept. '25
Eaglet — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Dreamer (For Richard) — *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Morning, Unborn — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Samaritan — *Measure*, May '26
Thoughts Locking Antlers — *Poetry*, June '26
Mountain Moment — *Poetry*, June '26
In Harbor — *Independent*, July 17, '26

LALAH, AQUAH—A Poem — *Messenger*, Mar. '26
Mammy — *Messenger*, Mar. '26
Creation — *Messenger*, May '26
LAMB, JOHN—Stanzas from the Poem, Mount Ranier — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
LANE, LAURA BLISS—Unity — *Unity*, May 17, '26
LANGTRY, ROSA A.—When Thomas Says His Prayers — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
LANHAM, C. T.—Cagliostro — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Priscilla — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Neurosis — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Lances — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Dialogue — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Figures — *Pan*, Aug. '25
Reciprocity — *America*, Oct. 10, '25
When I, At Last, Am Come to Die — *America*, Oct. 31, '25
Obituary — *Pan*, Nov. '25
Gifts — *Pan*, Nov. '25
Alchemy — *Pan*, Nov. '25
Little — *Pan*, Nov. '25
Interim — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Basso Obstinato — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Second Harvest — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Silhouettes — *America*, Apr. 3, '26
Prayer for Fertility — *America*, July 17, '26
LARKIN, MARGARET—Sonnet — *New Repub.*, Nov. 25, '25
For One Too Faithful — *Poetry*, July, '26
Nikral — *Poetry*, July '26
LARSSON, R. ELLSWORTH—Song for Reeds — *Dial*, May '26
Who Waver in the Wake of Winds — *Dial*, May '26
The Savage Celebrants of Spring — *Dial*, May '26
LASSEN, LEO H.—Marguerite — *American P. M.*—Sept.-Oct. '25
Le Present — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
LATTIMORE, RICHMOND—Assyrian Dance — *Palms*, Sum. '25
LAUGHLIN, CURTIS STUART—Haymaking — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Return — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
LAWRENCE, D. H.—Mediterranean in January — *Laughing Horse*, Apr. '26
Beyond the Rockies — *Laughing Horse*, Apr. '26
LAWRENCE, GORDON—Romanza — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
Admonition — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
The Man Who Loved Katydids — *Bookman*, Feb. '26
Historical Notes — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
LAWRENCE, STANLEY—The Shepherd — *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 5, '25
The Watcher — *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 18, '26
LAYNE, N. M.—De Senectute — *Commonweal*, Mar. 3, '26
LEACH, BERT—Challenge — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
LEBOLD, MEDDIE MAZE—Hokku — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Pipe Organ and Jazz Orchestra — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Rondel to Freedom — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
LECHLITNER, RUTH—Were I A God — *Midland*, Aug. '25
Mesa Land at Sunset — *Midland*, Aug. '25
Of a Starry Night — *Midland*, Aug. '25
About Ghosts — *Midland*, Aug. '25
October Morning — *Midland*, Aug. '25
Garden Song — *Midland*, Aug. '25
Escape — *Midland*, Aug. '25

LECHLITNER, RUTH (*Continued*)
Misunderstanding — *Midland*, Aug. '25
Mad Blanche — *Midland*, Aug. '25
Evanescent — *Midland*, Aug. '25
A La Belle Etoile — *Midland*, Aug. '25
Biography — *Midland*, Aug. '25
To a Wheat Field — *Midland*, Sept. '25
Foreboding — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Loss — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Arctic — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Another Song of Spring — *Midland*, May '26
Cloudy Day — *Midland*, May '26
Futile — *Midland*, May '26
Daybreak — *Midland*, May '26
Candle Light — *Midland*, May '26
Search — *Midland*, May '26
Red Geranium — *Midland*, June '26
LE CLERCQ, JACQUES—Felo De Se — *Verse*, Au. '25
Vespertime — *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
Henry; Robert; Claudia; Eugene; Gordon; Philip; Violet — *Measure*, Oct. '25
Scherzo — *Verse*, Win. '26
Gray Day — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Omega — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Barnyard — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Party — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Episode — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
LEE, AGNES—The Tower — *Poetry*, Dec. '25
A Lonely Man — *Poetry*, Dec. '25
The Years — *Poetry*, Dec. '25
In a Bed by the Sea — *Poetry*, Dec. '25
A Meditation — *Poetry*, Dec. '25
Howard Shaw, Architect, Died May 6, 1926 — *Poetry*, July '26
LEE, BORGHILD LUNDBERG—Lethargy — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
December — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Symphony — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
Ballad of Fair Ingrid — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
To a Singer — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
Portrait — *Measure*, May '26
LEE, LAWRENCE—The Hound in Leash — *Bookman*, Aug. '25
For Any Lady's Birthday — *Harper's*, Feb. '26
Draft Horses — *N. Y. Her., Trib.*, Mar. 14, '26
Where the Red Earth Spills — *Virginia Q. R.*, Apr. '26
In the South Countree — *Virginia Q. R.*, Apr. '26
Cedar Tree — *Virginia Q. R.*, Apr. '26
Lovelier Than a Tall Green Tree — *Virginia Q. R.*, Apr. '26
Farewell to Cytherea — *Virginia Q. R.*, Apr. '26
LEE, MUNA—After Reading in the Spanish Mystics — *America*, Aug. 8, '25
To His Mother — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Offering — *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Eagle and Leaf, (trans. from Santiago Arguello, Nicaragua) — *W. Tomorrow*, Apr. '26
LEHMAN, DELLA—Futility — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
Mist — *Step Ladder*, June '26
LEHMER, DERRICK N.—Islands — *Step Ladder*, June '26

LEISNER, AUGUST—Tankas: Sunset; Your Grip; Scars; Up Hill; Eternal; See!; Minnows; Fool Poet *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
LEITCH, MARY SINTON—Thoughts Insurgent *Gammadion*, Aug. '25
My Neighbor Compares Her House with Mine *Lyric*, Nov. '25
Song *Lyric*, Nov. '25
Love On (trans. from the French of Viete Griffin) *Va. Pilot*, Dec. '25
This Beauty Burns Me *Lit. Lan.*, Dec. '25
Webs *Commonweal*, Dec. 30, '25
Respite *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Her Armor *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Lunar Rainbow *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Adamas *Harp*, Apr. '26
From Generation to Generation *Lyric*, May '26
The Sea Invades the Hills *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
The Gods Are Dead *Lyric*, July '26
LEITZBACH, ELIZABETH—Food *Bookman*, Aug. '25
LEMBECK, MERLE—Bastard *Pasque Petals*, July '26
LENART, MARIE—Communion *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 21, '26
Litany *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 25, '26
LESSER, A. J. N.—Song *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
LETTS, W. M.—The Peacock *Yale R.*, Oct. '25
Deirdre in the Street *Commonweal*, Oct. 7, '25
LEUBA, WALTER—Pastoral *Palms*, Nov. '25
To a Child *Palms*, Jan. '26
LEWIS, CONSTANCE DEMING—Release *Forge*, Spr. '26
LEWIS, FRANK C.—The Creator *Lyric*, Nov. '25
LEWIS, LEONORA—The Vamp *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
LEWIS, MAY—Impertinent Questions *Pan*, Aug. '25
Identity *Pan*, Aug. '25
Winter *Pan*, Nov. '25
Passer-By *Minaret*, Nov.-Dec. '25
Snow Change *Commonweal*, Dec. 16, '25
Valentine *Commonweal*, Feb. 10, '26
Gypsy *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
Veils *Minaret*, May-June '26
Dialogue . . . Chateau *Circle*, May-June '26
LEWIS, MILDRED ALEXANDER—A Prayer *Lyric*, Nov. '25
LEWIS, SYLVIA MACLANE—Civilization *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
On the Painted Desert *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
LEWISOHN, LUDWIG—Portrait *Harp*, Nov. '25
LI PO—On Climbing in Chin Ling to the Terrace of Phoenixes (trans. by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu) *Voices*, Oct. '25
Farewell to Secretary Shu-Yun at Hsieth T'iao Villa in Hsuan-Chou (trans. by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu) *Voices*, Oct. '25
Thoughts of Old Time from a Night-Mooring Under Mount Niu-Chu (trans. by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu) *Voices*, Oct. '25
LIEBERMAN, ELIAS—"We, The People . . ." *Pan*, Aug. '25
A Gossip's Patch of Weeds (With apologies to R. L. S.) *Verse*, Win. '26
An Abandoned Tow-Path *Century*, Apr. '26
LIMEBAUGH, DENTON—Tumble Weeds *Forge*, No. 12, '26
LINDABURY, JR., RICHARD V.—Three and Four *Scribner's*, Feb. '26
LINDBERG, J. C.—The Dust That Was I *Pasque Petals*, July '26

LINDSAY, CLARENCE MANSFIELD—If Ever She Be Found — *Century*, Feb. '26
LINDSAY, VACHEL—For a "Society Girl" — *New Repub.*, Sept. 2, '25
Old Old Old Andrew Jackson — *New Repub.*, Sept. 9, '25
The Parable of Deepness — *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
The Angel-Sons — *New Repub.*, Feb. 3, '26
The Writhing Imperfect Earth — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Begging Pardon — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
The Old Mail Coach to Belton — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
The Dragon-Fly Guide — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
To the Tallest Aspen — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
The Deer of Quartz Lake — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
The City of Glass — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
The Golden Orchids — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
A Great Shadowy Day — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
The Rat-Souled Foe the City Fears — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
One More Song — *Poetry*, Apr. '26
LINDSLEY, A. J.—Disillusion — *Emory Phoenix*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Beggar in the Rain — *Emory Phoenix*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Fan — *Emory Phoenix*, Mar. '26
The Candle — *Emory Phoenix*, Mar. '26
LINTON, RALPH—Tahitian Ghost — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Reef Fisherman — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Fish of the Gods — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Light — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Headhunter — *Palms*, Dec. '25
Savage Sculptor — *Palms*, Dec. '25
Two Towns — *Palms*, Dec. '25
LIPPMANN, ARTHUR L.—Thus Spake Larrington — *Verse*, Au. '25
The Colyumist — *Verse*, Win. '26
LISTER, QUEENE B.—But Now . . . — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Miranda Morgan — *Voices*, June '26
LITSEY, EDWIN CHARLIE—Two Lives — *Magnificat*, July '26
LIVERMORE, MARY PECK—Prairie-Born — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
LLEWELLYN, EDITH L.—O! the Winter Days are Over — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
By the Conservatory — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
In the Valley Hills — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
LLOYD, ANNE—For You Are Gone — *Harp*, Nov. '25
"Unto the Least of These" — *Commonweal*, Feb. 24, '26
After the Rain — *Circle*, May-June '26
LOCKETT, ROSA EDITH—The Holly Tree — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
LOGAN, BETSY—When You Are Six — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
LONG, HANIEL—On Being Made a Present of an Ancient Chinese Stirrup — *Palms*, Sum. '25
The Questionnaire — *Palms*, Sum. '25
First Spring Indian Creek, Pennsylvania — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Towns — *Midland*, Nov. '25
Cactus — *Midland*, Nov. '25
Lightning — *Midland*, Nov. '25
Navajos — *Midland*, Nov. '25
Navajo Escarpments — *Midland*, Nov. '25
Indians — *Midland*, Nov. '25
Plumage of Flowers — *Voices*, Dec. '25
To a Friend — *Nation*, Jan. 6, '26
Wondering — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
Catalpa Blossoms — *Poetry Folio*, Mar.-Apr. '26

LONG, JR., FRANK BELKNAP—Pirate-Men *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
LONGFELLOW, HERBERT H.—An Equation *Lyric*, July '26
LONGLEY, SNOW—A Song for Rosetime *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
LOOMIS, BATTELL—Harvest *Step Ladder*, Aug. '25
LOUIS, SISTER MARY—The First Violet *Commonweal*, May 19, '26
LOUNBERG, KATHERINE—The Landlubber's Lament *Scholastic*, May 15, '26
LOUNSBERRY, MARY H.—Come To My Garden *Echo*, Jan. '26
LOUTZENHISER, FLOSS HARRIS—Far Riding *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Bill's Wife *Tacoman*, Oct.-Nov. '25
LOVE, JANE GROOM—Lines *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
LOVING, PIERRE—The Walled Town Before Birth *Voices*, Apr. '26
LOW, BENJAMIN R. C.—Ravello *Commonweal*, Nov. 11, '25
Amalfi *Scribner's*, Feb. '26
LOWE, ROBERT LIDDELL—Adelaide Crapsey *Harp*, May '26
Dark Dancer *Gypsy*, June '26
LOWELL, AMY—Folie De Minuit *Harper's*, Oct. '25
To a Gentleman, who wanted to see the first drafts of my poems in the interest of psychological research into the workings of the creative mind *New Repub.*, Oct. 7, '25
Points of View *Bookman*, Dec. '25
The Madonna of Carthagena *Poetry*, Dec. '25
The Gravestone *Century*, Jan. '26
Behind Time *Yale R.*, Jan. '26
Who Has Not, Cannot Have *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 10, '26
Epithalamium in the Modern Manner *Double Dlr.*, May '26
LOWELL, DAVID—That Which Abides *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June '26
LUDDEN, MARGARET—Again To Youth *Scholastic*, May 15, '26
LUHAN, MABEL DODGE—False Start *Poetry*, June '26
LUHRS, MARIE—"Sonata Quasi Una Fantasia" *W. Tomorrow*, Oct. '25
Pursuit of Beauty *Poetry*, Nov. '25
The Tapestry *Poetry*, Nov. '25
This World of Spring *Poetry*, Nov. '25
Cry *Poetry*, Nov. '25
Said the Devil *Poetry*, Nov. '25
Premonition *Poetry*, Nov. '25
New England Town House *Commonweal*, Dec. 9, '25
LUKE, LOU MALLORY—Mockery *Gammadion*, Spr. ' 26
Tonight *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Remembering *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June '26
Wounded *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
LULL, THELMA LUCILE—The Ghostling *Midland*, Feb. '26
Goin' Shootin' *Midland*, Feb. '26
Dryad of the Peanut Tree *Midland*, Feb. '26
I Sing While I Wash the Dishes *Midland*, Feb. '26
LYDGATE, WILLIAM—Guitar Song *Harp*, Jan. '26
LYMAN, FLORENCE VAN FLEET—My Father *Poet's Scroll*, Feb. '26
Hidden *Poet's Scroll*, Feb. '26
It Truly Happened *Am. Rose Annual*, Jan. '26
LYON, CLARA ODELL—A Mountain Woman *Gypsy*, Spr. '26

M., M.—Sisters' Songs *Throstle*, Spr. '26
MACALPINE, JAMES—The Child and the Horse *N. Y. Sun*, May 28, '26

MacAlpine, James (*Continued*)
To My Sister — *N. Y. Sun*, May 29, '26
Maccarani, Marchesa Alli—The Land of Dream — *Christ Mind*, July '26
MacClelland, Bonnie Jones—Longings — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
Machado, Antonio—In the Garden (trans. from the Spanish by J. R. de la Torre Bueno) — *Gypsy*, Win. '25
MacDowell, Maeve Cavanagh—The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You — *America*, Mar. 27, '26
MacGillivray, Rina—Gypsies — *Harp*, May '26
Macgregor, R. R.—Mammon Passeth By — *Commonweal*, Sept. 23, '25
"And Women Must Weep" (A woman's song of comfort) — *America*, Mar. 27, '26
Mother — *America*, May 8, '26
Mackay, Isabel Ecclestone—Helen Old — *Commonweal*, June 16, '26
Mackay, Mirza French—Silver — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
L'Alouette — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
MacKaye, Arvia—The Lute of Life — *Outlook*, Feb. 17, '26
Adsum — *Boston Trans.* '26
Etching — *Boston Trans.* '26
A Cathedral — *Boston Trans.* '26
To a Moment — *Boston Trans.* '26
Nocturn — *Boston Trans.* '26
Fides — *Boston Trans.* '26
MacKaye, Percy—April Fire — *Virginia Q. R.*, Apr. '26
Macken, Olive—The Road — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Mackey, Hugh—Vocavi — *Magnificat*, Nov. '25
On Olivet — *Magnificat*, Mar. '26
Temptation — *Magnificat*, Apr. '26
Life — *Magnificat*, May '26
The Young Levite — *Magnificat*, July '26
Maclean, Norman—The Fragile Heart — *Palms*, Sum. '25
A Flying Cloud — *Palms*, Sum. '25
I Cannot See Beyond the Shadows — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Macleish, Archibald—Signature for Tempo — *Yale R.*, Oct. '25
Memorial Rain — *Yale R.*, Oct. '25
Voyage in Provence — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Chartres — *Voices*, Dec. '25
Toward a Romantic Revival — *New Repub.*, Sept. 16, '25
Salle d'Attente — *Independent*, Feb. 20, '26
Ars Poetica — *Poetry*, June '26
Memories of A — — *Nation*, June 16, '26
Nocturne — *Dial*, July '26
In My Thirtieth Year — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 3, '26
MacLeod, E.—Flower that Stood by the Way — *Circle*, May-June 26
MacMillan, Eleanor T.—The Curtain — *Harp*, May '26
MacPherson, Lula—In a Tea Room — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
Macy, A. W.—The Deep Green Wood — *Pasadena S. N.*, Feb. 18, '26
At Midnight — *Pasadena S. N.*, Feb. '26
Immortality — *Pasadena S. N.*, Feb. '26
To a Bird Singing at Midnight — *Pasadena S. N.*, Feb. '26
Madeleva, Sister M.—Futility — *Commonweal*, Feb. 24, '26
Penelope — *Commonweal*, Mar. 10, '26
On this Condition — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 26, '26
Maloney, Linus—Street Car Corner — *Pan*, Nov. '25

MANCHESTER, LESLIE CLARE—The Yoke *Unity*, May 17, '26
MANGAN, JOHN SHERRY, (translator)—From Valerius Ædituus
*Commonweal*, Sept. 30, '25
Fragments of Latin Verse (Porcivis Licinius, Qvintvs Catvlvs)
*Commonweal*, Feb 10, '26
MANNING-SANDERS, RUTH—Legend *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Martha Wish-You-Ill *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Hands *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Eleven Saved *Poetry*, Feb. '25
Solitary Places *Poetry*, Feb. '26
MANSFIELD, KATHERINE—The Mother *New Repub.*, Sept. 9,'25
Sunset *New Repub.*, Sept. 16, '25
A Version from Heine *Voices*, Nov. '25
MARA, EVELYN—Salt Wind *Pasque Petals*, May '26
MARCO, ANGELA—Third Day *Voices*, Apr. '26
Sphinx *Voices*, Apr. '26
"The Lip Already Clay" *Voices*, May '26
MARCUS, ROSALINE—Outline for Poem *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
MARING, HELEN EMMA—Her Hands *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
The Street Masher *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
My Gypsy Heart *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Dementia *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Canticle of Christmas *T. Crier*, Dec. 12, '25
Totem *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Moron *Gypsy*, June '26
MARINONI, ROSA ZAGNONI—Passing up the Salt *Harp*, May '26
MARKHAM, EDWIN—No Escape *Ladies H. J.*, Sept. '25
The Fate of the Fur Folk *Ladies H. J.*, Nov. '25
Lincoln Triumphant *Ladies H. J.*, Feb. '26
Ann Rutledge (Lincoln's Lost Love—1835)
*Ladies H. J.*, Feb. '26
MARLATT, EARL—Icarus
*Year Book Poetry American Literary Asso.*, '25
May Morning *Transcript*, May, '26
MALLOCH, DOUGLAS—Things Like That *Ladies H. J.*, Oct. '25
MARSH, CHARLES HOWARD—Perhaps *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
To J. *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
MARTIN, PORTIA—When Sunset Called *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
Boast Before the Battle *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
Love-Charm Song of Plain-Face-Woman *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
The Tryst *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
MASON, E. T.—Knowledge *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June '26
MASON, FRANCIS—Phœnicia *Lyric*, June '26
MASON-MANHEIM, MADELINE—Plaint *Bookman*, Sept. '25
At the Day's Closing *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
MASTERS, EDGAR LEE—Triuna Island *Commonweal*, Oct. 7, '25
On a Death Mask (H. W. M. died November 14, 1925)
*Nation*, Feb. 3, '26
The Spire *Nation*, May 19, '26
MATTHEWS, RIVES SKINNER—Apres Trois Ans
*Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
The Advent of Night *Harp*, Mar. '26
MASTERS, WALTER HINES *Nation*, Nov. 25, '25
MATSON, MABEL CORNELIA—The Littlest Ghost *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
He Never Found the Time *Commonweal*, May 12, '26
MAXWELL, GEORGE—Misgiving *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26

MAXWELL, RUTH—Moon-Maiden, A Vision of the Texas Rangers
*Buccaneer*, Apr. '26

MAY, BEULAH—The Dagger — *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
The Witch Maiden — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
The Last City — *Gypsy*, Win. '26
Hollyhock and Palm — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Animal — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
The Manly Man — *Forge*, Nov. 12, '26
To One Lately Dead — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
In Pennsylvania — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26

MAYAKOVSKY, VLADIMIR—Poems of Revolution: Our March; Decree to the Army of Art — *Nation*, Nov. 11, '25

MAYER, ELIZABETH—Girl's Song — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
June at Rimrock — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Outlying Roads — *Yakima Val. Pro.*, July '26
Sapphics — *Lariat*, July '26

MAYNARD, THEODORE—The Abyss — *America*, Aug. 1, '25
The Old Nun — *Commonweal*, Sept. 23, '25
"There Is None Like Unto Her, None" — *America*, Oct. 3, '25
Winter Rain — *Yale R.*, Jan. '26
Songs to Be — *Commonweal*, Apr. 21, '26
Dutch Interior — *Virginia Q. R.*, Apr. '26

MEADOWCROFT, CLARA PLATT—Motion — *Independent*, Jan. 2, '26
Time — *Independent*, Jan. 2, '26
Space — *Independent*, Jan. 2, '26
Change — *Independent*, Jan. 2, '26

MEEKER, MARJORIE—Late Autumn, Early Winter
*New Repub.*, Nov. 4, '25
The Unwary Heart — *Voices*, June '26
Song — *Voices*, June '26

MEGROZ, R. L.—Spring Dusk — *Palms*, Dec. '25
The Shepherd (after the French of Eugene Le Mouel)
*Palms*, Dec. '25

MEIERS, CHARLES HORACE—Cause for Tears
*Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26

MELLISH, FLORENCE—A Week in Heaven — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26

MELVILLE, ARTHUR—Shadows — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
Maytime — *College Humor*, May '26

MENDOW, FAYTHE—Red Glow — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26

MEREDITH, CLYDE MEREDITH—The Happy Land
*Golden Quill*, Win. '25-'26

MEREDITH, CLYDE ROBE—Lullaby — *The Voice*, Sum. '26

MEREDITH, EUGENIE DU MAURIER—Illusion
*Golden Quill*, Win. '25-'26
At Eventide — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Wind Song — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
De Die in Diem — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
Excelsior — *The Voice*, Sum. '26

MERRIEHEW, MARTHA WEBSTER—Potted Hyacinths
*Voices*, Dec. '25

MERRILL, MABEL S.—Young America on the Fourth
*Ladies H. J.*, July '26

MERRYMAN, MILDRED PLEW—Night — *Harp*, Mar. '26
Night Ride — *Step Ladder*, Feb. '26
To a Certain Rich Man in a Castle — *Lyric*, Feb. '26

MEEHAN, JOHN—Mountain Lake — *Commonweal*, Aug. 5, '25
MEUTTMAN, MARGARET MOORE—Noel — *Poetry*, Dec. '25
MEYER, EMMA VORIES—Cecilia Beaux — *Lex. Her.*, Fall '25
Eleanora Bell — *Lit. Chi Delta Phi*, Dec. '25
MIEHM, CLARA—The Gilli-Ga-Loo Bird — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
MICKLES, JAMES—Solitude — *Messenger*, May '26
MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT—Two Sonnets — *Harper's*, Sept. '25
MILLER, D. J.—Pioneers — *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, July '26
MILLER, FRANCIS COLLINS—Tonight the Moon Reminded Me of You — *Pan*, Dec. '25
MILLER, HARRY EDWARD—The Creed of John Milton — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
MILLER, J. CORSON—Judith — *Magnificat*, Aug. '25
Bequest — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
The Woolworth Tower at Dusk — *America*, Aug. 8, '25
Last Message — *Harp*, Sept. '25
Dolorosa — *Magnificat*, Sept. '25
Moon Witch — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Let My Soul Be a Trumpet — *America*, Oct. 17, '25
The House at the Wood — *Commonweal*, Oct. 21, '25
The Weeds to the Madonna of Flowers — *Magnificat*, Oct. '25
Invocation — *Verse*, Au. '25
How Beauty Came — *America*, Nov. 21, '25
November — *Commonweal*, Nov. 25, '25
"Swastika" — *Magnificat*, Nov. '25
On a Wild Jack-Rabbit — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
Autumn-Ending — *Commonweal*, Dec. 16, '25
Monody — *America*, Jan. 30, '26
The House of Lovers — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Disillusionment — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Madonna of Music — *Magnificat*, Apr. '26
Dawn — *Magnificat*, Apr. '26
I. H. S. — *Magnificat*, June '26
Salute to the Lamb of God — *America*, June 19, '26
Red Roses — *Commonweal*, June 30, '26
Mauna Loa — *Personalist*, July '26
Lightning — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
MILLER, MABEL—I Too Have Wings — *Poetry*, June '26
MILLER, NELLIE BURGET—Fantasia — *Harp*, Nov. '25
A Common Thing — *Harp*, May '26
MILLER, NORMA—Nocturne — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
MILNE, A. A.—Journey's End (Christopher Robin Poem) — *Harper's*, Feb. '26
Sneezles (Christopher Robin Poem) — *Harper's*, Feb. '26
In the Dark (Christopher Robin Poem) — *Harper's*, Mar. '26
Buttercup Days (Christopher Robin Poem) — *Harper's*, Apr. '26
Come Out With Me — *Harper's*, May '26
Twice Times — *Harper's*, June '26
MIRICK, EDITH—Arachne — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
Flame — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
Cockcrow — *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr. '26
MISH, CHARLOTTE—To a Little Cockatilla — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Ghosts — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
When Graziella Sings — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
MISNER, CHARLES H.—The Gate, the Way and the Goal — *Magnificat*, Feb. '26
The Epiphany of Mary — *Magnificat*, Mar. '26

MITALSKY, FRANK—Distance — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Sleep — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Rabbit in the Moonlight — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
The Poet — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Beauty — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Lightning — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Sustenance — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
MODENA, LAVINIA—The True Portrait — *Pasque Petals*, May '26
MOLL, ERNEST G.—The Gleaner — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
Rondel — *Echo*, Sept. '25
On a Mountain-Top — *Echo*, Apr. '26
Poet at Night in the Hills — *Echo*, May '26
Summer-Thought — *Echo*, May '26
An Old Woman — *Echo*, July '26
MONTGOMERY, ELIZABETH SHAW—Frail Hope — *Voices*, Nov. '25
MONTGOMERY, LOUISE MOSS—Insolence — *Com Appeal*, May, '26
MONTGOMERY, ROSELLE MERCIER—On the Daring of Man (Horace, Book I, Ode III) — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
The Sphinx — *N. Y. Sun*, Sept. 30, '25
"Pamphaios Made Me" — *N. Y. Times*, Apr. 28, '26
"I Saw Three Temples" — *N. Y. Times*, Apr. 12, '26
In the Louvre — *N. Y. Times*, May 12, '26
Refuge — *Pictorial Rev.*, Aug. '25
Your Gift — *Munsey's*, Aug. '25
To a Vessel Bearing Virgil — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Loss — *Pictorial Rev.*, Sept. '25
Wild Geese — *American Review*, Sept. 10, '25
Syrinx — *Munsey's*, Nov. '25
Parasite — *Munsey's*, Dec. '25
To Lyde (trans. from Horace) — *Forum*, June '26
To Agrippa (trans. from Horace) — *Forum*, June '26
The Bandusain Fountain (trans. from Horace) — *Forum*, June '26
Of Immortality (trans. from Horace) — *Forum*, June '26
MOODY, SUE—Anniversary — *Pan*, Dec. '25
MOORE, CATHERINE—Foresight — *Palms*, Jan. '26
Vibration — *Forge*, Spr. '26
MOORE, DOROTHY—For Hawks to See — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
MOORE, ELEANOR R.—Philosophy — *College Humor*, May '26
MOORE, ELIZABETH EVELYN—Madwoman — *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
Prescience — *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
Epitaph — *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
MOORE, GEORGE—"To Annie" — *Gypsy*, Win. '25
MOORE, MERRILL—Detour — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Green Trousdale and Sam Sevier — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Conte Erotique — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
John's Threat — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
The Flies — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Why He Stroked the Cats — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
The Noise that Time Makes — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
Her Largesse — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
Afternoon — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
No Record Exists — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
Bright Faces — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
Who Shot Jim Lane! — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
MOORE, RACHEL—The Soul of Espen — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
MOORE, ROSALIE—To Saturn — *The Voice*, Sum. '26

MOORE, VIRGINIA—Dilemma — *Nation*, Aug. 12, '25
Departure — *Voices*, Nov. '25
An Invitation — *Voices*, Nov. '25
In Answer to a Charge of Abnormality — *Philadelphian*, Jan. '26
Ballad of the Bismal Berry — *Verse*, Win. '26
Pantomime — *Verse*, Win. '26
Wind Want — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Grief — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
The Good Ground — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Mumblin' Mott — *Yale R.*, Apr. '26
Chrysanthemum Nelly — *Bookman*, Apr. '26
Sleep — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Pæan for Persephone — *Voices*, Apr. '26
MORELAND, JOHN RICHARD—Beauty — *Magnificat*, Aug. '25
Barter — *Lit. Lan.*, Sept. 7, '25
Prudence — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
The Sea — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
The Secret — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
To a Grass-Hopper Seen on Market Street in Late October — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
His Hands — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
Harbours — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
"If I Could Snatch a Wave from the Great Sea" — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
The One Thing Needful — *Magnificat*, Oct. '25
Faith — *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
Rain in the City — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Leaf Burning — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
The Secret — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Lovely Things — *Gammadion*, Au. '25
Sorrow Is So Old — *Gammadion*, Au. '25
The Little House — *Lit. Lan.*, Dec. 7, '25
And Rosemary — *Lit. Lan.*, Dec. 12, '25
Christmas Time — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Shadows — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Winter Winds — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Night — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
The Poet — *Magnificat*, Dec. '25
Sacrament — *Lit. Lan.*, Jan. 4, '26
The Vacant House — *Parish V.*, Jan. '26
"The Days of Life" — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Holy Night — *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
Time — *Personalist*, Jan. '26
Dead Tree Upon a Crouching Hill — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Road of Song — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Dead — *Gammadion*, Win. '25
Whenever Thy Dear Form I See — *Magnificat*, Feb. '26
"I Love All Things that Cluster Round the Sea" — *Archive*, Feb.-Mar. '26
Irony — *Emerson Q.*, Mar. '26
The Word — *Emerson Q.*, Mar. '26
Waiting — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Gifts — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Immune — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
When I Awake — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26

MORELAND, JOHN RICHARD (*Continued*)
Treasure — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
In Coming from the Mill — *Nor. Led. Dis.*, Apr. 2, '26
A Grave — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
In April — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
Faith in Jesus Risen — *Parish V.*, Apr. '26
When April Comes — *Extension Mag.*, Apr. '26
Ambergris — *Archive*, Apr. '26
When I Am Dead — *Archive*, Apr. '26
June Night — *Gypsy*, June '26
Seen and Unseen — *Personalist*, July '26
Will-o'-The-Wisp — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
MORFORD, AMANDA F.—Tho I Am Gone — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
MORGAN, ANGELA—The Miners, Written in London During the Great Strike — *Unity*, June 7, '26
Man of Courage (Inscribed to Rev. Walter Walsh, London) — *Unity*, June 21, '26
Mothers with Little Sons — *Ladies H. J.*, July '26
MORGAN, HARRIET SMITH—The Perky Chick and the Big Black Bug — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER—A Restaurant — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
A Poet — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
The New Moon Feeling — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
The Rummage — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
Humani Nihil Alienum — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
A Moment — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
And Another — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
Literary Note — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
Parenthesis — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
Conspiracy — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
North of 59th Street — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 24, '26
Maladie du Siecle (a translation from the Chinese) — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 26, '26
MORRILL, JANE—Tide-Worn — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
The Sculptor — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
A Lady's Way — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
Country Born — *Palms*, Feb. '26
Comforter and Cover — *Palms*, Feb. '26
Counting Sheep (A story for Stephen) — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
MORRIS, BELLE CAPLES—April — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
MORRIS, HILDA—Kinship — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
MORRIS, MARY YOUNGS—Sea Thoughts — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
MORRISSETTE, PAT—Where Grey Madonnas Walk — *Poetry*, June '26
A Lonely Road — *Poetry*, June '26
MORROW, ELIZABETH—Lot's Wife — *Harper's*, Mar. '26
An Old Map — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Wall — *Harper's*, May '26
Cheek of June — *Voices*, May '26
MORTON, DAVID—Summer Sky — *New Repub.*, Oct. 7, '25
Character — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Golden Passage — *New Repub.*, Dec. 2, '25
Autumn Nocturne — *Nation*, Dec. 2, '25
One Place — *Voices*, May '26
Romantique — *Commonweal*, June 9, '26
MOUNTFORD, P. C.—Suffice — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
MULHAUSER, ROLAND—Life — *Harp*, Mar. '26

MULLINS, HELENE—The Dying Poet — *Commonweal*, Sept. 2, '25
Masquerade — *Nation*, Sept. 2, '25
France, 1925 — *Commonweal*, Sept. '25
To One Lying Dead — *Commonweal*, Nov. 11, '25
Notes for the Biographers of Katinka — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Let It Be Done Simply — *Bookman*, May '26
MULLIN, JOHN B.—God Wills It — *Magnificat*, Oct. '25
Invocation (after Petrarch) — *Magnificat*, May '26
MUNSTERBERG, MARGARET—A Moment — *Harp*, Jan. '26
MURPHY, CHARLES R.—Singing Death — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Dog — *Voices*, Jan. '26
The Dawn-Star Maiden and the Honey-Blossom Blues — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Song — *Lyric*, Mar. '26
Nourishment — *Voices*, May '26
MUSSER, BENJAMIN—Lethe — *Pan*, Aug. '25
Of a Certain Poet — *Pan*, Nov. '25
Pan in Winter — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Faithfulness — *Harp*, Jan. '26
Wreckage — *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
Isolation — *Magnificat*, Mar. '26
Hour of Triumph — *America*, July 31, '26
MCALMON, ROBERT—For Instance — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Query — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Completion — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
MCCARTHY, JOHN RUSSELL—Conjecture — *Forum*, Dec. '25
MCINTOSH, MAVIS—Speculation on a Windy Hill — *Commonweal*, Mar. 3, '26
Affront — *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr. '26
MCCLATCHNEY, JR., D. F.—Spring Mood — *Emory Phœnix*, Dec. '25
MCCLELLAN, WALTER—The Net — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
MCCORMICK, VIRGINIA—Grandmother Remembers — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Ministering Bees — *Commonweal*, Sept. 2, '25
Journey's End — *Harp*, Sept. '25
The Dead Painter — *Virginia Q. R.*, Oct. '25
Experience — *Lyric*, Nov. '25
Reunion — *Lyric*, Nov. '25
Regret — *Gypsy*, Win. '25
Romany — *Verse*, Win. '26
Companions — *Pan*, Feb. '26
Spending — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
Doubting — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Passionless — *Archive*, Apr. '26
Dædalus Sings in the Dusk Before New York's Sky Line — *New Repub.*, Apr. 21, '26
Tour De Force — *Harp*, May '26
MCCORD, DAVID—Floodgate — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 12, '26
MCCREARY, FREDERICK R.—And the Rivers Run South — *Voices*, Nov. '25
White Hen — *Voices*, Apr. '26
My Mother — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Out of Earth — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 10, '26
MCCROSSIN, GEORGE—Spring — *Boulevardier*, Apr. '26
MCDONALD, KATHERINE GRAY—Mother Dreams — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26

McDowd, Kennie—Painting — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Retrospective — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Felicity — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
McDowell, Kate Goldsboro—Modernity — *Circle*, May-June '26
McGee, Earle—Tomorrow — *Lyric*, Aug. '25
Realization — *Lyric*, Oct. '25
Restraint — *Lyric*, Dec. '25
Phantoms — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
The Laboratory — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
McGee, Maurine Halliburton—Prie-Dieu — *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
Advice to a Young Man — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
McGiffert, Gertrude Huntington—Of Eutychides (From the Greek Anthology) — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
McGill, Nelle Graves—Nirvana — *Harp*, Mar. '26
McGinley, Phyllis—Wisdom — *Pan*, Feb. '26
McGovern, Clement J.—Highball, 1925 — *Verse*, Au. '25
McGowen, Elizabeth K.—Victory — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Sorrow — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
Sorrow — *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
McGovern, Milton—Old Lady Tabby — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
McGovern, O. F. M. Virgil—On a Silent Night — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
McGrath, Jack—Sonnet of a Girl I Loved — *College Humor*, May '26
McGuire, Harry—Sing My Poet — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Idealist — *Pan*, Feb. '26
Phantoms — *Commonweal*, May 12, '26
McKay, Claude—The Mulatto — *Bookman*, Sept. '25
A Daughter of the American Revolution to Her Son — *Crisis*, Mar. '26
Home Song — *Nation*, Mar. 24, '26
Poppies and Poinsettias — *Bookman*, June '26
McKinley, Lulie Hard—The Square Peg — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Expectation — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
McKinney, Kate Slaughter—Puzzles — *Verse*, Au. '25
The Wind — *Harp*, Jan. '26
Jealousy — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
Ebony and Lace — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Robins — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
McKnight, Floyd—Curls of Incense — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
When Dreams Come True — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Mar. 21, '26
Lines on Two Faces — *Century*, Apr. '26
McLaughlin, Marion—On Holy Ground — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
McLeod, LeRoy—Sequoia — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
Weeds: (To Youth) — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
The Wild Duck — *Palms*, Jan. '26
Winter Burial — *Palms*, Jan. '26
Intruding Interval — *Palms*, Jan. '26
Solitude (To Adolescence) — *Midland*, Jan. '26
Adolescence — *Palms*, Feb. '26
A Young Trapper — *Palms*, Feb. '26
The Wall — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Adolescent — *Voices*, May '26
McMeekin, Isabel McLennan—Rain and Quietness (from the German of Max Dauthenden) — *Step Ladder*, Nov. '25

McMullen, Dysart—April — *Magnificat*, Apr. '26
McNeely, Marian Hurd—Help — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
McNiff, S. J., Francis J.—Bethlehem Anew — *America*, Dec. 26, '25
McPartlin, Catharine—The Christmas Weavers — *Magnificat*, Dec. '25
Flower Songs for Our Lady — *Magnificat*, May '26
The Light of the World — *Magnificat*, June '26
Mary Immaculate — *Magnificat*, July '26
McVickar, Dorothy—Youth — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
Age — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
McWilliams, Carey—The Poet of Montsalvat (Park Barnitz) — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
McWilliams, Mary—Heritage — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Mount Ranier at Sunset — *T. Crier*, Dec. 12, '25

Nance, Berta Hart—Beethoven's Minuet in G — *Step Ladder*, Oct. '25
Bird Songs — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
Nardi, Marcia—To a Psychoanalyst — *Bookman*, Jan. '26
Neilan, William S.—Retrospections of a Worldly Man — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
Nelson, Alzire—Eucalyptus — *Measure*, Oct. '25
Nelson, Charles Brown—Tryst — *Midland*, Sept. 15, '25
Fall Plowing — *Midland*, Sept. 15, '25
Nervo, Amado—The Sign (trans. by J. M. Berjarano) — *Nation*, Aug. 5, '25
Nesral, Edna Clare—At the Last — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Cortege — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Nethercot, Arthur H.—Baptismal — *Palms*, Dec. '25
Cosmography — *Voices*, May '26
Parable for the Theologians — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Newburn, Mary Gray—Confidence — *Magnificat*, Nov. '25
Newlin, Edith Carolyn—Vain — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Tribute to Music — *Critic*, '25
Coquette — *Spur*, '26
Prologue — *Spur*, Oct. '25
Counting Sheep — *Unity*, '26
The Wind — *Unity* '26
Vision — *Unity* '26
The Lament of a One Way Street — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Apr. '26
Destiny — *Spur*, May '26
Poplars — *Minaret*, May-June '26
Newman, A. Evelyn—Resurgence — *Echo*, July '26
Newman, Israel—Necropolis — *N. Y. Sun*, Aug. '25
Complexes (Experimental) — *Harp*, Sept. '25
Serrata — *Open Vistas*, Nov. '25
Surf — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Eyes — *P. Scroll*, Nov. '25
The Making of a Poet (To Ellen M. Carroll) — *Harp*, Jan. '26
Truth — *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 11, '26
Epitaph — *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 25, '26
Leaded-Glass Saint — *Palms*, Feb. '26
The Seamstress — *Voices*, May '26

NEWSOME, EFFIE LEE—Cantabile — *Crisis*, Dec. '25
Christmas Tree Land — *Opportunity*, Dec. '25
Night of Great Holiness (A Christmas Song) — *Opportunity*, Dec. '25
Commodore Bonbon — *Opportunity*, Dec. '25
Punchinello on the Tree — *Opportunity*, Dec. '25
The Polyphemus Moth — *Opportunity*, Apr. '26
The World — *Opportunity*, Apr. '26
Hammering — *Crisis*, July '26
Negro Street Serenade (In the South) — *Crisis*, July '26
Aunt Sunflower — *Crisis*, July '26
The Wet Pigeon — *Crisis*, July '26
NEWTON, CHARLOTTE—Thanks — *Interludes*, Win. '25, '26
Immanence — *Ch. Cent.*, May 6, '26
NEWTON, KATHERINE—Sea Savor — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Gipsy — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
New Year's Day — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Epitaph — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
The Philosopher — *Poetry*, July '26
NEY, LEO F.—The Rivals — *America*, Feb. 20, '26
NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND—Lava — *Century*, Sept. '25
Glacier — *Nation*, Nov. 25, '25
Song to My Love — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Jan. 24, '26
Compass — *Measure*, Feb. '26
Modeler's Middle-Age — *Nation*, Mar. 17, '26
Encounter — *Nation*, Mar. 31, '26
Substitution — *Nation*, Apr. 21, '26
Restoration — *Commonweal*, May 12, '26
NILES, ABBE—Blue Notes — *New Repub.*, Feb. 3, '26
NOE, COTTON—Just to Dream — *Kentucky F-L and Poetry*, Apr. '26
NORCROSS, ELLINOR L.—Prescience — *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 17, '25
Atalanta — *Pan*, Feb. '26
Paradox — *Harp*, May '26
NORMAN, CHARLES—That Year — — *Bookman*, Sept. '25
Epitaph — *Bookman*, Nov. '25
Island House — *Nation*, Dec. 23, '25
NORTH, JESSICA NELSON—Advice to Young Lovers — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Body Beleaguered — *Nation*, Mar. 3, '26
NORTH, SIDNEY—Pictures — *Commonweal*, June 30, '26
NORTH, STERLING—Horicon — *Harp*, May '26
With Classical Reverberations (Two Lives by William Ellery Leonard) — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Resurrection — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Iscariot — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
NORTON, JAMES C.—Island Song for Helen — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Tavern Interlude — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Idol-Worshipper — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
NOVAK, DAVID—Epithalamium — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
NOVAK, SONIA RUTHELE—The Quitter — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
Ghosts — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
The Black Rose — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Oh, Lydia — — *Voices*, May '26
NUGENT, R. BRUCE—Shadow — *Opportunity*, Oct. '25
NUKI—Sluiceway — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
First Love — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Civilization — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25

NUSBAUM, MARY E.—Grinding Song (From the Navajos) *Echo*, Oct. '25

O'BRIEN, SEUMAS—High Wind on Sligo Bay *Pan*, Nov. '25
O'BYRNE, CATHAL—Rain Stories *America*, Aug. 22, '25
What the Ballad Singer Said of the Poets at the Fair of Rathcormac *Measure*, Oct. '25
The Barter *America*, Oct. 31., '25
At Baile-idir-dha-howna *Commonweal*, Nov. 18, '25
For All to See (from the Spanish) *Magnificat*, Feb '26
Three Roads *Magnificat*, Mar '26
Poet and Painter *America*, July 24 '26
O'CONNEL, J. J.—A Clean-Up *College Humor*, Feb '26
O'CONNOR, ARMEL—A Little Cry *Magnificat*, Aug '25
O'CONNOR, MRS. ARMEL—My Daughter's Hair *Magnificat*, May '26
O'CONNOR, FRANK (trans.)—The Old Woman of Beare *Commonweal*, Oct. 14, '25
O'CONNOR, JAMES—Fitzgerald's Omar *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
O'CONOR, NORREYS JEPHSON—Farewell to Amy Lowell *Forum*, Dec. '25
O'DONNELL, C. S. C., CHARLES L.—The Spanish Stairs — Rome *Pan*, Dec. '25
Song *America*, Dec. 26, '25
Ad Matrem, in Gaelis *Commonweal*, Jan. 6, '26
Out of the Idyls *Commonweal*, Jan. 13, '26
The Carpenter *America*, Mar. 13, '26
The Charted Skies *Commonweal*, Mar. 17, '26
Compassion *America*, Mar. 27, '26
At Tivoli *Commonweal*, Apr. 21, '26
Ecce Homo *America*, May 15, '26
OGILVIE, WILL H.—Wild Swans *Gammadion*, Win. '25
O'GORMAN, VAUNE—Little Loves *Throstle*, Spr. '26
The Meed of the May *Throstle*, Spr. '26
O'HAGAN, THOMAS—June *America*, June 26, '26
OHE, MADGE—The Symbol in the Sky *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
The Mountain's Temptation *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
To H. C. S. *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
OLIVER, MARGARET SCOTT—Acacia *Verse*, Au. '25
Defeat *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
OLIVER, WADE—When First the Throstle *Poetry of Today*, Sum. '25
Stratford Sketches *Poetry of Today*, Sum. '25
Survival *Poetry of Today*, Sum. '25
OLSEN, CHARLES OLUF—Street Car at 11 P.M. *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Finis *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Misfit *Lyric W.*, May '26
Frustration *Measure*, May '26
OLSON, LILY—Useless People *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Civilization *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Poverty *Poetry*, Feb. '26
OLSON, MABEL—Illusion *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
OLSON, TED—Farmers *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Crusader *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
Lazarus *Voices*, Jan. '26
In Our Own Image *Voices*, Jan. '26
Two Unlamented *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26

O'Neal, Carrie—My Mother's Quilts — *Ladies H. J.*, May '26
O'Neil, David—Century Minded — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
In the Province of Chili — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Chinese Education — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
O'Neil, George—Touched — *Commonweal*, Sept. 9, '25
Mid-March Disputes — *Commonweal*, Sept. 23, '25
Young Icarus — *New Repub.*, Oct. 21, '25
Aids to a Painter Doing a Posthumous Portrait — *New Repub.*, Dec. 16, '25
Earth's Admonition — *Dial*, Dec. '25
Crone — *Poetry*, Dec. '25
Solstice — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 20, '26
More Wonder — *New Repub.*, July 7, '26
O'Neill, Dennis—Galway Shore — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Promise — *Pan*, Nov. '25
O'Neill, Gerry—The Gifts — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Orwig, Benton B.—The Last Moonrise — *Scribner's*, Apr. '26
Orr, Hugh Robert—The Mighty Marvel — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
As If They Knew — *Century*, Apr. '26
Osborne, Edith D.—The Popcorn Man — *Ladies H. J.*, Feb. '26
Frocks — *Ladies H. J.*, May '26
Osborne, Maude Freeman—The Wild-Rose Lane — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
O'Sheel, Shaemas—Fantasy on the Theme of Sour Grapes — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Osmon, Philip W.—Elves — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
Overstreet, Jr., Charles Leslie—Lot's Wife — *Forum*, Dec. '25
Owen, Sara—The Bargain — *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
Mobile — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
Owens, Vilda Sauvage—Not the Hushed Grave — *Harper's*, Nov. '25
I've Never Been to Winkle — *Harper's*, June '26

Pace, Agnes Lillian—Rain — *Verse*, Win. '26
October Grasses — *Verse*, Win. '26
Rubric — *Verse*, Win. '26
Padgitt, Bright W.—My Altar — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-'26
Discovery — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-'26
Windows — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
Pfeiffer, La Ree—For Susie Emalyn's Ponjola — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Page, Florence S.—Rainy Afternoon — *Poetry*, July '26
A Knowledge — *Poetry*, July '26
Bounty — *Poetry*, July '26
Through Dry Plains — *Poetry*, July '26
Portrait — *Midland*, Mar. '26
Painter, Elizabeth—In Memoriam — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Pajauis, Antony—The Subway — *Scholastic*, May 15, '26
Palmer, Bessie Pryor—Pampas-Bloom Revealed — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
*Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Palmer, E. Dorcas—New-Mown Hay — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Palmer, Vance—The Farmer Remembers the Somme — *Independent*, Mar. 6, '26
Parker, Helen Adams—Rain — *Granite Mo.*, May '26
Jailed — *Granite Mo.*, July '26

PARMENTER, CATHERINE—In Nazareth — *Cath. World*, Apr. '26
The Secret — *Century*, June '26
San Francesco d'Assisi — *Commonweal*, Dec. 9, '25
PARRISH, EMMA KENYON—The Dragon-Fly — *Step Ladder*, Oct. '25
PARRISH, MARY CASSELL—Memory — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
PARSONS, GRACE I.—Roads — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Mexico — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
PARSONS, LOUISE M.—To a Trout — *Wisconsin Mag.*, Nov. '25
PARSONS, MABEL HOLMES—Songs of Many Waters — *Bookman*, Aug. '25
Le Jongleur — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
PASSOS, JOHN DOS—Crimson Tent — *Poetry*, July '26
PATTEN, ARTHUR BARDWELL—The Epic Soul — *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 26, '25
PATTON, JOHN S.—Shadow-Time — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
PAYNE, ANNE BLACKWELL—Autumn Speaks — *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
The Unsatisfied — *W. Tomorrow*, Dec. '25
To One Returned — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
I Had Forgotten — *Archive*, Apr. '26
Your Wall — *Archive*, Apr. '26
This One Thing — *Cont. Ver.*, Apr. '26
On My Street — *College Humor*, May '26
When You Talk — *College Humor*, June '26
This Is Not You — *Archive*, June '26
I Have a Need of Fear — *Virginia Q. R.*, Jan. '26
Silver Birch — *Virginia Q. R.*, Jan. '26
Rapunzel — *Virginia Q. R.*, Jan. '26
Joseph to Mary — *Virginia Q. R.*, Jan. '26
PEARSON, RUTH R.—Tracking Down the Negro Folk Songs — *Opportunity*, Nov. '25
PEASE, JOSEPHINE VAN DOLZEN—July Garden Border — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Incarnatus — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
PEASLEE, CLARENCE L.—The Old House — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
The Show — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Melting Snow — *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
Parson and Vagabond — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
PECK, KATHRYN—A Fragment from Wasted — *W. Tomorrow*, Sept. '25
A New Picture Appears in the Gallery — *W. Tomorrow*, Oct. '25
Mill Accident — *New Repub.*, Dec. 2, '25
PEDEN, EVA B.—Healing — *Circle*, May-June '26
PEEL, DORIS NANNETTE—Perhaps — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
PEEL, ROBERT A.—Rivetter — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Song — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
North Wind — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
Dusk — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
Old Wharf — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
Water-Front — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
PELLY, THOMAS MINOR—When I Must Speak — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
September Song — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
To My Grandmother — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct., Nov. '25
Heritage (A Tribute to Judge Burke) — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
PELTON, DOROTHEA—Sunset in New Hampshire — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26

PENDERSEN, PALMA—My Country — *Wisconsin Mag.*, June '26
PENDRAY, G. EDWARD—Amy — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
PENMAN, SATELLA JAQUES—Anticipation — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
PERCY, MARY CRUTTENDEN—Trees of Sharon — *Hart. Cour.*, Sept. 8, '25
"Something There Is Within Man that Calls" — *Unity*, Sept. 15, '25
He Was Their Lover — *Commonweal*, Sept. '25
PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER—The Cage of Darkness — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
The Gleam — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Altitude — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Heard in a Monastery Garden — *Measure*, Feb. '26
Three Old Tunes — *Measure*, Feb. '26
To a Dogwood in Summer — *Lyric*, June '26
Path's End — *Lyric*, June '26
Chorale — *Lyric*, June '26
For Rip Who Died Mad — *Bookman*, Dec. '25
At Sea — *Lyric*, Oct. '25
A Regret — *Harp*, Sept. '25
PERRY, ELEANORE L.—Unheeded Vocation — *America*, July 17, '26
PERRY, I. D.—The Night Wind — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
PERSOV, ANNE—Pandora Wind — *Measure*, Oct. '25
Aphrodite — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
PETERSON, JR., E. L.—Enchantment — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Wildfire — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
PETERSON, J. A.—Isn't It Strange — *Pasque Petals*, May '26
PETRI, LORI—Mater Dolorosa — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
A Bookworm Speaks — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
For a Bride — *Harp*, Mar. '26
PHILLIPS, CHARLES—Bright Horizons, Cardinal Mercier 1914-1926 — *America*, Feb. 6, '26
November Vigil — *Pan*, Nov. '25
Holiday — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Year's Ending — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Sister Giovanna: For Lillian Gish in Marion Crawford's "White Sister" — *Pan*, Feb. '26
Hate — *Pan*, Feb. '26
Sorrow — *Pan*, Feb. '26
Despair — *Pan*, Feb. '26
Free Will — *Pan*, Feb. '26
PHILLIPS, IRIS LORA—Old Chinese Love Song — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
PHILLIPS, MARIE TELLO—The Cauldron — *Step Ladder*, Jan. '26
Soul to Soul — *Pegasus*, Feb. '26
Illusion — *N. Y. Tel.*, '26
Pittsburg — *P. Review Sup.*, '26
Defeated — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
PHINNEY, LESLIE H.—Jack Frost — Fortune Teller — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Bashful Ike — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
PHIPPS, BETTY—Sky — *Poetry*, July '26
PHLEGAR, THELMA—Specification — *Verse*, Au. '25
Epitome — *Verse*, Au. '25
Prayer — *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
Lonely — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
"Imbre Iuvante" — *Step Ladder*, Feb. '26

PILIP, MAIRE NIC—From an Album — *Commonweal*, Apr. 21, '26
Last Year — *America*, May 8, '26
For Someone Very Sick — *Commonweal*, July 21, '26
PINNEY, DELIA DELIGHT—No Darkness — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
PIPER, EDWIN FORD—Blood Ritual — *Palms*, Feb. '26
Karicka — *Midland*, Jan. '26
PIPPIN, FRANK—"Am I What I Dreamed that I Would Be" — *Emory Phœnix*, Oct.-Nov. '25
PLACET, LEROY—God's Gift — Speech — *Echo*, Oct. '25
PLIMPTON, HARRIET—The Woodshed — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
POLLITT, JOSEPHINE—The Passing of the Heirloom — *Measure*, Sept. '25
Forsaken Garden — *Measure*, Sept. '25
Apprenticed — *Measure*, Sept. '25
For the Mother of Lydia — *Measure*, Sept. '25
POPEL, ESTHER—Little Grey Leaves — *Opportunity*, Sept. '25
PORCHER, MARY F. WICKHAM—Impatience — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Retrospect — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Frontiers — *Forum*, Oct. '25
I Have Not Given Half — *Step Ladder*, June '26
Freedom — *Step Ladder*, June '26
PORTER, ALICE—Irretrievable — *Echo*, Apr. '26
Because of Love — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
To a White Rose (Song of the South Wind) — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
POSEGATE, MABEL B.—Illusion — *Cin. T. S.*, Jan. '26
POTAMKIN, HARRY ALAN—High Altitude — *Voices*, Oct. '25
Black Prophet — *Opportunity*, May '26
POUTHIER, S. J., EDWARD S.—Good Company — *America*, Mar. 20, '26
POWELL, DAWSON—Song of the Airway — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
POWELL, HELEN REED—Sonnet — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
POWERS, JESSICA—Silver Night — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Cabaret — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Three — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
A Picture At Night — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
This Maytime — *Commonweal*, May 26, '26
POWYS, JOHN COWPER—The Ailanthus — *Dial*, Feb. '26
PRAGER, MOLLIE—High Treason — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Defiance — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
PRATT, HARRY NOYES—Alone — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
PRESSLEY, JANET—Apocalypse — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Mary Agnes — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Sagacity — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Defence — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Brazen — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Choice — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Misgiving — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Cueillez Les Fleurs — *Forge*, Spr. '26
PRESTON, BOYD EMERSON—Mirage — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
PRESTON, ELIZABETH D.—Time — *Interludes*, Win. '25, '26
A Song of Epiphany — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Twin Peak — *Harp*, Jan. '26
The Sentence of Time — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
PRESTON, JANEF—Gloucester — *Archive*, Oct. '25
Unspoken — *Archive*, Feb.-Mar. '26
PRICE, DAISY CONWAY—The Puritan — *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 27, '25

PRICE, RUTH CLAY—The Monterey Trail — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
Eucalyptus Leaves — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Autumn — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Marks — *Harp*, Mar. '26
On the Sand — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
Driftwood — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
PRICE, WILLIAM JAMES—Farewell to Francesca — *Pegasus*, Aug. '25
A Woman's Tears — *Pegasus*, Aug. '25
Ballade of Lost Loves — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
A Garland of Rose and Rue — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
At Twilight Hour — *Pegasus*, Nov. '25
The Ghostly Lovers — *Weird T.*, Nov. '25
Voices — *P. Thrills*, Nov.-Dec. '25
The Ghost Girl — *Weird T.*, Dec. '25
The Silent Men — *Gold. Rule*, Dec. '25
Vignettes: Ruth; Esther — *N. Orient*, Dec. '25
The Passing Year — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
The Ghost of Harriet Sloan — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
Under the Stars — *Gammadion*, Win. '25
Italian Love — *Weird T.*, Feb. '26
Sun and Storm — *Har. Thinker*, Feb.'26
Close Your Eyes — *Pegasus*, Feb. '26
Forget-Me-Nots — *Muse & Mirror*, Feb. '26
Via Dolorosa — *P. Thrills*, Feb.-Mar. '26
The Heart of These — *Liv. Ch.*, Mar. 20, '26
I Questioned Fate — *Success*, Mar. '26
The Parting — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Ab Initio — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
The Paths of Peace — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
Her Little Hands — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
Sometime — *R. Red Cross*, Apr. '26
Out of Gethsemane — *R. Red Cross*, May '26
There Is No Death — *Christ Mind*, July '26
Rose and Bee — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
The Summit — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
PRIOR, PERCY B.—Just a Kiss — *Verse*, Win. '26
PROBST, LEETHA JOURNEY—Dawn Songs from the Uplands — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
PROCTOR, MARTHA BAILEY—Lost Vision — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Deserted Motherhood — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov. '25
PROSPER, JOAN DARETH—To a Certain Woman — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Chanson — *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
Wild Streets — *Midland*, Dec. '25
PROUDFOOT, ANDREA HOFER—Disposition — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
PROWSE, GERTRUDE C.—Wind-Flowers — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
PRUDDEM, HELEN DANFORTH—October — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
PURNELL, IDELLA—Miracles — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
To a Woman Poet — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Pretense — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
He Is a Fairy Prince — *Poetry*, July '26
Baby Boy — *Poetry*, July '26
Troops Come to Town — *Poetry*, July '26
A Shot at Night — *Poetry*, July '26
The Jarabe — *Poetry*, July '26

QUARLES, EDWIN—Hunger — *Lyric*, Mar. '26

QUIRK, CHARLES J. S. J.—Sundown on the Rhine (Late Autumn, 1921) — *Magnificat*, Aug. '25
In Heaven — *Magnificat*, Nov. '25
The Song of a Star — *Magnificat*, Dec. '25
At the Unknown Soldier's Grave — *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
Per Omnia Saexula Saeculorum — *Columbia*, Nov. '25
Slumber Song of Bethlehem — *Columbia*, Dec. '25
Winter Sunset — *Fort. Review*, Feb. 1, '26
Evening — *Ave Maria*, Feb. 13, '26
Trivialities — *Grail*, Feb. '26
New Orleans — *Pan*, Feb. '26
God's Poem — *Extension*, Mar. '26

R., J. J.—His Message to Her — *Ladies H. J.*, Sept. '25

R., W. H.—New England, 1865 — *Measure*, Sept. '25

RADASEVICH, ANTON—Moonlight and May — *Throstle*, Spr. '26

RAFFELOCK, DAVID—The Temperance Songs of Long Ago — *Echo*, Aug. '25

RAINEY, GLENN—Folly — *Emory Phœnix*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Blackbeard's Toast — *Emory Phœnix*, Apr. '26
Doctrina Amoris — *Emory Phœnix*, Apr. '26
De Luxe — *Emory Phœnix*, May '26

RAKOSI, CARL—The Holy Bonds — *Nation*, Dec. 23, '25

RAMSAY, JANET—After Music — *New Repub.*, Apr. 21, '26
Inference — *Commonweal*, June 9, '26

RANDALL, GRACE—Carmen — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26

RANSOM, JOHN CROWE—The Two Worthies — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Husband Betrayed — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Janet Walking — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
History of Two Simple Lovers — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Dog — *Guardian*, Oct. '25
Prayer to the Woman Mountain — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
Lady Lost — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
Moments of Minnie — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25
Amphibious Crocodile — *Fugitive*, Dec. '25

RATCLIFFE, DOROTHY UNA—Star-Debt — *Poetry*, Sept. '25

RATHBUN, JEANNE—From the Car Window — *The Voice*, Sum. '26

RAY, LOUISE CRENSHAW—Sail-Boat (Biloxi, Mississippi) — *So. Life*, Nov. '25
Butterfly Wings — *Commonweal*, Dec. '25
To Anne, Dancing — *Gammadion*, Win. '25
I Shall Go Softly — *America*, Jan. 2, '26
Knowing You — *Lariat*, '26
Fear — *Harp*, Mar. '26
Song — *Harp*, May '26
Sloss Furnace — *Birm. News*, June 24, '26
Wild Apple Blossoms — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
Guerdon — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26

RAYMOND, BERNARD—Folly's Harvest — *Voices*, Oct. '25
Hereafter — *Harp*, Jan. '26
Than Eye Basilsk — *Voices*, Apr. '26

RAVENEL, BEATRICE—The Christian Year — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
Poe's Mother — *Lyric*, Apr. '26

REDEGAR, HERB—On My Fortieth Birthday — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26

REED, ALLEN WALKER—Bloated Cracker — *Double Dlr.*, May '26
REED, ANNA NELSON—John — *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 15, '25
REED, ELIZABETH FROST—A Group of Quatrains — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
REED, MARY DAVIS—Empty Days — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
REED, RUSSELL S.—From My Dream Book — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
REELY, MARY KATHARINE—Blue and White — *Wisconsin Mag.*, Oct. '25
Paper White — *Wisconsin Mag.*, Oct. '25
Lilacs Stay On — *Wisconsin Mag.*, Oct. '25
Lake Freezing — *Wisconsin Mag.*, June '26
REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH—Wet Grass — *Bookman*, Aug. '25
All Hallows Night — *Lyric*, Nov. '25
When Martin Plays Upon the Lute — *Bookman*, Dec. '25
The Dead Mistress — *Gammadion*, Win. '25
The Second Wife — *Harper's*, Apr. '26
REEVES, MYRTLE—Now I Lay Me — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
REICH, JR., HENRY—Steinmetz — *Measure*, May '26
Pious John — *Measure*, May '26
REID, DOROTHY E.—Miss Winnie — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
History — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Invitation to Madness — *Verse*, Au. '25
The Sword — *Harp*, Sept. '25
Tea — *Verse*, Win. '26
Mrs. Dugan's Mirrors — *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
Mrs. Winkelsteiner — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
The Exploration of Oliver — *Voices*, May '26
REID, PEGGY—Laughter — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Poems Come — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Life — *Boulevardier*, Mar. '26
Blue Larkspur — *Boulevardier*, Apr. '26
Communion — *Boulevardier*, Apr. '26
REID, PHYLLIS—Reproach — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
REINE, GRACE—In Heaven — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
REINECKE, JOHN E.—Solomon's Ships — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Proper Nouns — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Three — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Dead At Eleven — *Measure*, May '26
REISSIG, JULIO HERRERA—The Lunatic Festival (trans. by T. Walsh) — *Commonweal*, Aug. 12, '25
RENAUD, FLORIA—Laughter — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
RENZ, BEN—One Degree — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
REVELISE, M.—Sunset — *Archive*, Nov. '25
REVES, HAVILAND FERGUSON—Cruelty — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25, '26
REYNOLDS, HARRIET—The Little River Down the Glen — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
REYNOLDS, NAOMI—The Awakener — *Ch. Cent.*, Sept. 3, '25
RICE, AL—Just Folks — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
When Old Brindle's on the Grass — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
RICE, CALE YOUNG—Scurrub — *Virginia Q. R.*, July '26
Chimney-Sweep — *Virginia Q. R.*, July '26
RICE, RUTH MASON—Mothers of Girls Today — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Spinster — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Cameo — *Pan*, Dec. '25

RICE, RUTH MASON (*Continued*)

Youth on Skates — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26

Melodist of Night (Edgar Allan Poe) — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25, '26

Bridges — *Harp*, Jan. '26

Fruit Vendor of Naples — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26

Opium Army — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26

Spring—1918 — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26

Majolica Plate — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26

Sea Burial — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26

Old Age — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26

Evanescence — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26

Woman's Way of Wanting — *Harp*, May '26

Penalty — *Circle*, May-June '26

Surfaces — *The Voice*, Sum. '26

Train on a Trestle — *The Voice*, Sum. '26

RICH, DANIEL CATTON—For a Dead Bride — *Pan*, Nov. '25

RICH, H. THOMPSON—The Carved City — *Palms*, Jan. '26

May Day — *Palms*, Jan. '26

The Yachts — *Palms*, Jan. '26

Autumn Garden — *Voices*, Apr. '26

RICHARDS, ELIZABETH DAVIS—Happiness — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25

Carillon — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-'26

Children of the Mist — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-26

My Garden — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-26

Youth Asks — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-26

Beauty — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26

Moon Madness — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26

RICHARDS, ETHEL—Reticence — *Scholastic*, May 15, '26

RICHARDS, HELEN M.—The Hostess — *Harp*, May '26

RICHARDS, JOHN—After War — *Unity*, Apr. 19, '26

Katahdin — *Scribner's*, July '26

RICHARDSON, DOROTHY M.—Sussex — *Poetry*, Nov. '25

Discovery — *Poetry*, Nov. '25

Barbara — *Poetry*, Nov. '25

RICHARDSON, MABEL KINGSLEY—Dakotan's Sons — *Pasque Petals*, May '26

To An Old Geography — *Pasque Petals*, July '26

RICKARD, HAZEL CRAYTOR—Ho! 'Tis Spring — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26

My Mother — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26

RIDER, ALICE PHELPS—Thwarted — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26

Melody — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26

Indian Summer — *Wisconsin Mag.*, June '26

RIDGE, LOLA—Still Water — *Nation*, Oct. 14, '25

Shadow — *Nation*, Oct. 14, '25

After the Recital — *Nation*, Oct. 14, '25

Annunciation — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 1, '26

Eyrie (To E. A. R.) — *New Repub.*, June 16, '26

RIGGS, LYNN—Morning Walk—Santa Fé — *Palms*, Sum. '25

Dawn—Late Summer — *Poetry*, Aug. '25

Autumn — *Archive*, Jan. '26

A Letter — *Archive*, Feb.-Mar. '26

Spring Morning—Santa Fé — *Archive*, Apr. '26

Santo Domingo Corn Dance — *Nation*, Apr. 14, '26

RILKE, RAINER MARIA—Nine Prose Poems (trans. by Freddie Dohle Lee) *Dial*, May '26
RIPLEY, SHERMAN—The Temple *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
A Voice from the Writer's Study *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
RITTER, MARGARET TODD—Escape *Commonweal*, Aug. 26, '25
Haven *Verse*, Au. '25
Portrait Impression: Sappho *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Alcaeus to the Tenth Muse *Nation*, Sept. 9, '25
Song *Measure*, Oct. '25
Portrait Impression- Pavlowa *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
To a Breasted Mountain *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
Caveat *Archive*, Dec. '25
I Have Struck Out at You *Pan*, Dec. '25
Resurgence *Poetry*, Dec. '25
Portrait Impressions: Emily Bronte *Verse*, Win. '26
Vignette *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Hymn to the Rockies *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
Rubric *Palms*, Feb. '26
Hero's Invocation to Death *Archive*, Apr. '26
De Profundis *Lyric*, June '26
Catharsis *Archive*, June '26
I Have Been Stabbing My Heart With Music *Echo*, June '26
RIVOLA, FLORA SHUFELT—To Grief *Pasque Petals*, May '26
Starvlings *Pasque Petals*, June '26
RIVOLA, HELEN WINIFRED—Directions *Pasque Petals*, July '26
ROACH, ELIZABETH—To a Cardinal *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, July '26
ROADS, HELEN PURSELL—The Million Dollar Rain *Commonweal*, Sept. 16, '25
ROBERTS, CHARLES ALBERT—Concerning One Journeying Away With Father *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
ROBERTS, WALTER ADOLPHE—The Cat *Voices*, May '26
ROBERTSON, CLYDE—Heloise to Abelard *P. Lore*, Sum. '25
C. 3. 3. *Pegasus*, Spr. '26
ROBERTSON, LEXIE DEAN—Serenade *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
ROBINSON, ANNE—Sashes and Silver Shoon *Step Ladder*, Nov. '25
Honey *Step Ladder*, Nov. '25
Longing Whips *Step Ladder*, Nov. '25
ROBINSON, ANNE MATHILDE—Banked Fires *Interludes*, Spr. '26
Values *Country Bard*, Aug. '25
When August Blazes Thru *Phila. Bulletin*, Aug. '25
Whimseys *Phila. Bulletin*, Aug. '25
Flower Socialists *Phila. Bulletin*, Aug. '25
Survival *Scroll*, Sept. '25
Indian Summer *Scroll*, Oct. '25
The Runner *Scroll*, Oct. '25
October Dreams *Phila. Bulletin*, Oct. '25
Bed Time *Phila. Bulletin*, Nov. '25
Anonymous *Phila. Bulletin*, Nov. '25
Christmassing *Congregationalist*, '25
Emanuel *Country Bard*, Win. '26
Kismet *Country Bard*, Win. '26
Died 1791 *Scroll*, Jan. '26
Window Lights *Phila. Bulletin*, Feb. '26
Banked Fires *Interludes*, Spr. '26
The Antidote *Amer. Poetry*, '26
Echo *Amer. Poetry*, '26

ROBINSON, ANNE MATHILDE (*Continued*)
Still Born — *Circle*, Mar. '26
The Hill-Top Road — *Lariat*, Mar. '26
Spring Song — *Congregationalist*, Mar. '26
Seed Time — *Scroll*, Mar. '26
Waiting — *Phila. Bulletin*, Mar. '26
Somebody's Prayer — *Congregationalist*, Apr. '26
To An Old Shoe — *Phila. Bulletin*, Apr. '26
Banked Fires — *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
ROBINSON, CORINNE ROOSEVELT—From the Castello — *Scribner's*, Nov. '25
ROBINSON, DOANE—The Birth of the Harvest — *Pasque Petals*, July '26
ROBINSON, ELIZABETH—My Cottage that is to Be — *Wisconsin Mag.*, June '26
ROBINSON, GRACE LOUISE—Givers — *Magnificat*, Aug. '25
ROBINSON, HENRY MORTON—Desideratus Mercier — *Commonweal*, Feb. 17, '26
Suburban Dawn — *Century*, Apr. '26
Love, the Magician — *America*, May 15, '26
ROCHES, LORETTA—To a Sober Person — *Verse*, Au. '25
For Sale—Touring Car — *Verse*, Au. '25
Vain Seeking — *Commonweal*, Sept. 2, '25
To a Conservative Neighbor — *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Statement — *Commonweal*, Oct. 28, '25
Conversation with a Poet — *Voices*, Nov. '25
December Night — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Dec. 20, '25
To a New England Poet — *Commonweal*, Feb. 10, '26
RODEMEYER, HELEN—The Angel's Footprints — *Harp*, Jan. '26
RODGERS, JANE—Hands — *Lyric*, Aug. '25
ROGERS, HELEN ADELE—Needlewomen — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
ROGERS, MIRIAM POMEROY—Did You Speak? — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
RODGER, SARAH-ELIZABETH—The Twisted Pine — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Long Ago — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
The Bread-Winner — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Hoof-Beats — *Gypsy*, Au. '25
ROE, ROBERT—After Many Years — *Poetry*, Nov. '25
The Traveler — *Poetry*, Nov. '25
The Damned — *Poetry*, Nov. '25
ROHRBACHER, JAY—Wind of the South — *Echo*, Aug. '25
ROLAND-HOLST, A.—On Death — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
ROMAN, JEROME—Poem — *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr. '26
ROMATKA, ANTON—Dreams of Spring — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Bury Me Where Beauty Grows — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
A Roundel of Good Cheer — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
Reflections (Hokku) — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
A Roundel of Love — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
Reproach — *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
Wounded Pride — *Harp*, May '26
Let Me Be Happy — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
The Summer's Bride (Tanka Nouveau) — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
The Mode of Love — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
ROMIG, EDNA DAVIS—In the Garden — *Poetry of Today*, Sum. '25
Ubi Literæ Ibi Lux — *Step Ladder*, '26
The Trail — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26

ROOT, E. MERRILL—Cloudland — *Verse*, Win. '26
1917–1919 — *W. Tomorrow*, Mar. '26
Restless — *Voices*, May '26
View Halloo — *Voices*, May '26
RORTY, JAMES—Not in the Decree — *Independent*, Aug. 29, '25
Poplars in the Waste Lands — *Independent*, Aug. 29, '25
Pierrot in Hospital — *Independent*, Aug. 29, '25
A Poem for Nurses — *Independent*, Aug. 29, '25
Ocean Sequence — *Century*, Sept. '25
Now That These Two— — *Nation*, Sept. 16, '25
Bird Music — *Nation*, Oct. 14, '25
The Walls of Jericho — *Nation*, Dec. 16, '25
ROSE, HERBERT—Ships of the Desert — *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
ROSE, MILTON S.—Polydoros — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Roses — *Echo*, Apr. '26
Perseus — *Echo*, May '26
ROSENBAUM, BENJAMIN—Oxford at Night — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
O Pity Our Small Size — *Lyric*, Sept. '25
Great Ships — *Bookman*, Oct. '25
Byron — *Lyric*, Oct. '25
The Golden Arrowheads — *Lyric*, Dec. '25
She Passes — *Voices*, Jan. '26
The Wish — *Lyric*, Mar. '26
Futile — *Lyric*, Mar. '26
ROSENTHAL, JULIUS H.—Marionette — *Gypsy*, Win. '25
The Streets of San Francisco — *Forge*, Spr. '26
ROSS, ROSE—Mexicali Nights (Southern Club) — *Measure*, May '26
ROWE, DOROTHY—Torch Lights for Spirits that Are Free — *Unity*, July 5, '26
RUDOLPH, EDMUND—At Nineteen — *College Humor*, May '26
RUFTY, ALFRED—Water Dirge — *Emory Phœnix*, Apr. '26
RUGGERI, AGNES O'GARA—To the City in the Snow — *Commonweal*, Dec. 30, '25
RUMMONS, HELEN L.—Delphic Hymn — *Step Ladder*, July '26
RUSSELL, SYDNEY KING—Advice to a Lover — *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
A Friend — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
The Snare — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Mystery — *College Humor*, Feb. '26
Ultimatum — *Voices*, June '26
RUSSELL, WINIFRED—Bravery — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
RUSTE, RUDOLF—The Last of the Virgin Sod — *Outlook*, Dec. 30, '25
Betrothal — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
New Grass — *Pasque Petals*, July '26
RUTENBER, JR., RALPH D.—They Cannot Know — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
RUTLEDGE, ARCHIBALD—Safety — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
John Everyman — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
The Mystic Shrine — *Lit. Lan.*, Mar. '26
RYAN, KATHRYN WHITE—Haiti — *Commonweal*, Sept. 30, '25
Smoke — *N. Y. Sun*, Feb. '26
To Another Mona Lisa — *Voices*, May '26
You Who Give Yourself — *Commonweal*, June 23, '26

SAGMASTER, WALTER—China — *Poetry*, June '26
Scandinavia — *Poetry*, June '26
India — *Poetry*, June '26

SAIDMORE, JOHN—Time — *Commonweal*, July 21, '26
SALLEY, RUTH E.—Experience — *Interludes*, Win. '25, '26
SAMPSON, GAIL DONHAM—Padriac Colum — *Gypsy*, Au. '25
Norse Folk Song — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
SAMPSON, HARRIET—Ablution — *W. Tomorrow*, Sept. '25
Ablution — *W. Tomorrow*, Sept. '25
Tithes — *Voices*, May '26
In Pygmalion's Workshop — *Lan.-Her.-Trib.*, May 13, '26
Ghosts — *N. Y. Times*, May 27, '26
SANDERS, C. R.—The Glass of Water — *Emory Phœnix*, Dec. '25
After Midnight — *Emory Phœnix*, Dec. '25
The Next Hour — *Emory Phœnix*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Geese — *Emory Phœnix*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Wren — *Emory Phœnix*, Mar. '26
SANDERSON, ELIZABETH—Medal — *Voices*, Nov. '25
SANDOZ, PAUL—Model (To J. D. Hogan) — *Echo*, Aug. '25
A Pedant, Pink and Delectable — *Echo*, Sept. '25
Pieta — *Echo*, Nov. '25
Payment — *Echo*, Feb. '26
The Unknown Earth — *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
Green Gold — *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
The Laugh of Life — *Poetry Folio*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Portrait of a Professor — *Voices*, May '26
Sonnet — *Echo*, May '26
At the Wedding — *Commonweal*, May 26, '26
SAPIR, EDWARD—The Youth, Girolamo Savonarola, Prophesies — *Voices*, Oct. '25
The Hunt — *Voices*, Oct. '25
The Window of His Soul — *Voices*, Oct. '25
A Man Has Misgivings About a Stone Creature — *Voices*, Oct. '25
The Boy — *Forge*, Spr. '26
A Boy Plays Beethoven at the Piano — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
For Cesar Franck's Music — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Signal — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Three Hags Come Visiting — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Zuni — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Messengers — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Young Grief — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Come with the Wind — *Poetry*, Jan. '25
Charon — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
She Went to Sleep Below — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Wind-Music — *Voices*, Apr. '26
The Mother Moves and Fears — *Voices*, Apr. '26
The Soul Stands Up — *Voices*, Apr. '26
The Little Girl Reads Her First Story — *Voices*, Apr. '26
My House Is Sitting Eyeless on the Sea — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Epistle — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Music Brings Griefs — *Nation*, July 28, '26
SARETT, LEW—To a Grove of Silver Birches — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
Tamarack Blue — *Poetry*, Sept. '25
October Gipsy — *Midland*, Oct. 1, '25
SARGENT, DANIEL—The Reveller, A Poetic Play in One Act — *Commonweal*, Feb. 17, '26
Giants — *Commonweal*, June 2, '26
SARGENT, JR., SAMUEL M.—Prism — *Magnificat*, Aug. '25

SARGENT, JR., SAMUEL M. (*Continued*)
The Gray Dunes — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Fireglow — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
Moorland — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
SASSOON, SIEGFRIED—An Epitaph, Thomas Tompion (1639–1713) — *New Repub.*, Dec. 2, '25
Hommage à Mendelssohn — *New Repub.*, Dec. 2, '25
SAUNDERS, WHITELAW—The Beggar — *Lyric*, Oct. '25
Broken Rhythms — *Commonweal*, June 30, '26
An Old Woman — *Step Ladder*, July '26
SAWYER, FRANCES—Leached — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Jungle Pool — *Voices*, Nov. '25
SAXTON, BYRD B.—Kentucky — *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, Apr. '26
The Ol' Jolt Wagon — *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, July '26
SAYRES, CORTLANDT W.—Clean — *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 14, '26
Bankrupt — *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 18, '26
SAYRE, HELEN H.—I Am June — *America*, June 26, '26
Hidden Dreams — *America*, July 24, '26
SCHACHT, MARSHALL W.—"When I Was a Child" — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN—The Circus — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Homesick in England — *Yale R.*, Oct. '25
Revelation — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '26
Remonstrance — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
SCHLOSSER, CONNIE—Sanctuary — *Pasque Petals*, July '26
SCHMITT, NICHOLAS—Aviator — *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
SCHNEIDER, DAN E.—A Kiss — *Harp*, Jan. '26
SCHNEIDER, ISIDOR—Insects — *Dial*, Nov. '25
SCHRAGE, GERALD E.—Tints — *Circle*, May-June '26
SCHUTZE, LENORE C.—The Journey's End — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
SCHULTZ, LULU MINERVA—Silencieux — *Harp*, Sept. '25
Portrait — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
Suds — *Harp*, Jan. '26
Snow-Flakes — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
SCHWEGLER, EDWARD S.—Miserere — *Magnificat*, Oct. '25
SCOLLARD, CLINTON—At San Vigilio — *Pan*, Aug. '25
Simon and Simonetta — *Pan*, Aug. '25
By Farley Farm — *Step Ladder*, Sept. '25
Thrushes — *Ladies H. J.*, Oct. '25
At San Juan Capistrano — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
Streams — *Ladies H. J.*, Nov. '25
Thanksgiving Song — *Ladies H. J.*, Nov. '25
Autumn Song — *Commonweal*, Nov. 4, '25
Zion — *Commonweal*, Dec. 23, '25
Ballad of Ponce de Leon — *Verse*, Win. '26
A Day Went By — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
A Place I Know — *Archive*, Apr. '26
Conviction — *Step Ladder*, June '26
Orion — *Step Ladder*, July '26
As I Went Up Toward Lebanon — *Virginia Q. R.*, July '26
SCOTT, VIRGINIA—The Soul's Flag — *Harp*, Sept. '25
SCOTT, WINFIELD T.—Bootblack — *Scholastic*, May 15, '26
SCOTT-BRODY, WINIFRED—I Thank Thee — *Cath. World*, Apr. '26
SCOVILLE, EMMA THOMAS—Forgotten — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26

SCUDDER, ANTOINETTE—Hope — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
The Garden — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
The Pacifist — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Eurasian — *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
After Seeing "Cyrano de Bergerac" — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
SEAGRAVE, SADIE FULLER—Flames — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
Prairie Tableau — *Step Ladder*, July '26
SEAMAN, HELEN—Gold — *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 15, '26
SEARCY, HELENE—I Envy Rain — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
SECCOMBE, ANNE MARY—Reaper — *Gypsy*, Au. '25
SECCOMBE, ANNE—For An Unfaithful Lover — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Quickening — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Portrait — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Whimsey — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Song — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Certain Women Having Loved — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Pursuit — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Reaction — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Futility of Love — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Reluctant Bride — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Little Swan Song — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Having No Passionate Speech — *Bohemian*, Win. '25
Madonna — *Bohemian*, Win. '25
These Are Winged Folk — *Measure*, Feb. '26
The Old Man — *Measure*, Feb. '26
Against Analysis — *Measure*, Feb. '26
Release — *Measure*, Feb. '26
Lines For An Egotistical Lover — *Measure*, May '26
"The Trees Stand Shuddering As You Pass By" — *Measure*, May '26
SEELEMIRE, GERALDINE—Dream Woman — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
Swimmer — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Rainy Nectarines — *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
Showain Nemeshin — *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
Bitter Creek — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
Young Poet's Prayer — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr. '26
Haw Buds — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
Night Song — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
SEIFFERT, MARJORIE ALLEN—Black Kitchen — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
The Sinking House — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Chang-Fu — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
The City of Mirth — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Design for a Ring — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
The Wistful Lady — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
The Man-Made Woman — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Twilight — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
Wild Apples — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
The Lovely Lady — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Dream — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Pride — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Requiem — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
A Child's Dream — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Neither Young Nor Old — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
And After All— — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
An Ending — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Voyageur — *Forge*, No. 12, '26

SEIFFERT, MARJORIE ALLEN (*Continued*)
Epitaph of Jules Voleur — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
The Crystal Cup — *Forge*, No. 12, '26
Thread for a Needle — *Midland*, Mar. '26
Illusion — *Voices*, June '26
Lute of Four Strings — *Voices*, June '26
Rocking Song — *Voices*, June '26
SEIN, HERBERT—Blindman — *Palms*, Nov. '25
Refrescos! — *Palms*, Nov. '25
SEITZ, DON C.—Prison Cells — *Commonweal*, Dec. 16, '25
SERABIAN, LEON HERALD—Speakers — *W. Tomorrow*, Dec. '25
SEXTON, JOHN S.—A Meditation — *Magnificat*, Aug. '25
Gifts for the Baby — *Magnificat*, Oct. '25
SEYMOUR, GEORGE STEELE—The House — *Step Ladder*, Aug. '25
Pay Day — *Step Ladder*, Sept. '25
Pastoral — *Step Ladder*, Feb. '26
Lines on the Destruction of Greenwich Village — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
SHARP, CLARENCE—Carrying On — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
The Coffin Nail — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
SHAW, DOROTHY STOTT—Aspen — *Lyric*, Sept. '25
Andante Cantabile — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
Re-Woven — *Lyric*, Feb. '26
SHAW, MARLOW A.—Two Sonnets — *Midland*, Sept. 15, '25
SHEAD, FLOSSIE FAITH—Just Dad — *Wisconsin Mag.*, Oct. '25
To a Canary — *Wisconsin Mag.*, Oct. '25
After Death — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Under the Snow — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Dead Lover — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
SHEPHERD, DOMBEY—Ultra Meritum — *Unity*, May 31, '26
SHERMAN, GEORGE W.—The Sea's Sin — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
SHERRY, PEARL ANDELSON—My Mind — *Poetry*, June '26
Song — *Poetry*, June '26
Boat Song — *Poetry*, June '26
The Lovers — *Poetry*, June '26
Motoring — *Poetry*, June '26
Abstract Moment — *Poetry*, June '26
Identity — *Poetry*, June '26
SHIFFRIN, A. B.—Mourners — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Old Man — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
SHILLITO, MARTHA LYMAN—C' Est le Printemps — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
SHINN, ROBERT R.—Are You An Ancient Mummy? — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
SHIPLEY, JOSEPH T.—After Æschylus — *Gypsy*, Au. '25
Godiva Moon — *Voices*, Nov. '25
After Æschylus — *Gypsy*, Win. '26
SHONNARD, JANE—Color — *Crisis*, Jan. '26
SHORES, NANCY—Quest — *College Humor*, Apr. '26
Poppy Dream — *College Humor*, May '26
To Be Said Demurely — *College Humor*, June '26
SHOUP, GRACE—To An Old Woman — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
To a Man — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
To a Spectacled Youth — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
To a Scientist — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
SHOWALTER, PORTIA—A Farewell — *DePauw Mag.*, Mar. '26
Reply to an Apology — *DePauw Mag.*, Mar. '26

SHUMAKER, HARRIET HALL—Margaret's Prayer to Mary (from Goethe's "Faust") *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
SHUSTER, GEORGE N.—Saint Jeanne D'Arc *Magnificat*, Oct. '25
Grace *Commonweal*, Dec. 2, '25
At the San Diego Mission *Magnificat*, Mar. '26
SIEGEL, ELI—Ralph Isham, 1753 and Later *Minaret*, May-June '26
SIGMUND, JAY G.—Visitor *Midland*, Dec. '25
Tenant Farmer *Midland*, Dec. '25
Prairie Wife's Wage *Gammadion*, Win. '25
Recluse *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Man Child *Gammadion*, Spr. '26
Herb Doctor *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Fox Hunt *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Hatching Season *C. R. Gazette*, Apr. 1, '26
Shrine *Chi. D. N.*, Apr. 21, '26
Sunday *C. B. (Iowa) Nonpareil*, May 7, '26
Wolf Hunter *Voices*, June '26
Sexton *Midland*, June '26
Scourge *Midland*, June '26
Prairie Husband *Overland*, July '26
Iowa *C. R. Eve. Gaz.*, July 3, '26
SILVAY, CHALLISS—Daybreak *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Chromatic *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
O Pity Those *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Dinner Dance *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Words *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Impertinence for Certain Religionists *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Anodyne *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Opus Thirty-Eight *Gammadion*, Win. '25
For a Child Just Dead *Echo*, Apr. '26
Further Instructions for the Burial of an Ascetic *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June '26
Rivers *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
Fragment for a Narrow Margin *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
SILVERA, EDWARD—Life *Messenger*, May '26
Brothers *Messenger*, May '26
SIMON, O. S. M. J.—Just a Child *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
Imitation *Magnificat*, Mar. '26
SIMMONS, BENJAMIN—Why? *Pasque Petals*, July '26
SIMMONS, LAURA—"Next Time" *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 24, '25
Immigrés *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 31, '25
SIMPSON, MABEL—Vesper *Poetry*, Aug. '25
To a Poet *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Rest *Dial*, Sept. '25
So Small the Stone *Voices*, Oct. '25
Epitaph for a Child *Voices*, Oct. '25
The Only *Voices*, Oct. '25
I Know the Way *Voices*, Oct. '25
Autumn Change *Voices*, Oct. '25
Hope *Voices*, Oct. '25
Afternoon with an Elm *Voices*, Oct. '25
The Sleeper *Voices*, Oct. '25
It Was Not Here *Voices*, Oct. '25
To a Forest Brook in Winter *Voices*, Oct. '25
Now Comes the Snow *Voices*, Oct. '25

SIMPSON, MABEL (*Continued*)
Vigil — *Voices*, Oct. '25
Almost a Whisper Now — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Prayer — *Dial*, Jan. '26
Epitaph — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
SIMPSON, WILLIAM HASKELL—Sun-Down-Shining — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Dias Pasados — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Winds of March — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Grand Canyon — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Telegraph Poles — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Vaquero — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Song of Lo-Mán-Kwa — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
SINCLAIR, UPTON—An Evangelist Drowns — *New Repub.*, June 30, '26
SINGLETON, ANNE—The Worst Is Not Our Anger — *Measure*, May '26
SITTIG, SIGRID—January — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
After Storm — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Spring — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
SKAVLAN, MARGARET—Narcissus — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Metal — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
SKILLMAN, MAUDE—The Hussy — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
SKINNER, CONSTANCE LINDSAY—Nak-Ku Answers — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
SKINNER, CORNELIA OTIS—Gifts — *Scribner's*, Dec. '25
SKINNER, R. DANA—Through the Night — *Commonweal*, Jan. 13, '26
SLATER, MARY WHITE—The Easter Child — *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 1, '26
SLEDD, BENJAMIN—September in Virginia — *Virginia Q. R.*, Oct. '25
SLIM, SUNDOWN—Fools — *Poetry*, Mar. '26
SMALL, FLORENCE S.—A Woman — *Bookman*, Feb. '26
SMITH, A. J. M.—Epitaph — *Voices*, June '26
SMITH, ANNE EASBY—I Will Give Thee Rest — *America*, Jan. 9, '26
SMITH, ART—Wood-Cut — *Poetry*, July '26
Boul Mich 4 A.M. — *Poetry*, July '26
Old Woman — *Poetry*, July '26
Early Boul Mich — *Poetry*, July '26
SMITH, CAROLINE PARKER—The Soul — *America*, Feb. 20, '26
SMITH, CHARD POWERS—S. Marco Campanile — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
One-Hundred-Per-Cent French — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Notre Dame — *Palms*, Dec. '25
Louvre — *Palms*, Dec. '25
Seeds — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
November — *Voices*, Jan. '26
The Unknown Hills — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Tears — *Voices*, May '26
SMITH, CLARA WILLIAMS—Rice Lake — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
SMITH, CLARK ASHTON—To Omar Khayyam — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
SMITH, DORIS—Growth — *DePauw Mag.*, Mar. '26
White Violets — *DePauw Mag.*, May '26
SMITH, EUGENIA BRAGG—In Olden Days — *Gammadion*, Spr. '26

SMITH, F. H.—Night — *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, July '26
SMITH, GRANVILLE PAUL—Grief and Sorrow — *Harper's*, Oct. '25
A Quiet Place — *Harper's*, Dec. '25
SMITH, H. PORTER—Obligation — *Circle*, May-June '26
SMITH, JOHN F.—Comrades — *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, Apr. '26
Black Mammy's Lullaby — *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, July '26
SMYTH, JOSEPH HILTON—Tropical Fragment — *Double Dlr.*, May '26
SMITH, KATHLEEN—The Cocoon — *Harp*, Jan. '26
SMITH, PAUL—John Remembers — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
SMITH, REBECCA W.—Three-Fourths White — *Southwest R.*, Apr. '26
SMITH, SARAH BIXBY—My Motherland — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
SMITH, SIDNEY J.—Sonnet — *America*, Dec. 19, '25
Prisoned — *America*, Feb. 13, '26
In Hospital — *America*, Mar. 20, '26
SMITH, WYMAN SIDNEY—Ironies — *Nation*, Oct. 7, '25
SNOW, ROYALL—Night — *Double Dlr.*, May '26
Sonnet of the Frail Fallacies — *Double Dlr.*, May '26
SNOW, WILBERT—Margins — *Nation*, July 7, '26
SNYDER, ANNA HAMLIN—Bad Apples — *Tacoman*, Oct.-Nov. '25
A Child's Wish — *Tacoman*, Oct.-Nov. '25
SNYDER, JAMES U.—Endure It All — *Kentucky F-F and Poetry*, Apr. '26
SOLLENBERGER, JUDITH—Hills of Maine — *DePauw Mag.*, Oct. '25
SOLOMON, JERRY—The Malady — *Archive*, Oct. '25
SOLOW, SOPHIE—The Sparkle of An Instant — *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
SONNTAG, LINCOLN—Outbound — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
SORLIN, GENE—Sine Fine — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
Plaint — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
SOUTHWORTH, VICTOR E.—To Gandhi — *Unity*, Apr. 5, '26
SPAULDING, E. LESLIE—Voo Doo — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Outward Bound — *Verse*, Au. '25
Little Earl Street — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Old Hulks — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
The Fire — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25, '26
Sea Rest — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25, '26
Temptation — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
The Crippled Seaman — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Unrest — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Spring in England — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
New Moons for Old — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
Modulation — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
SPAULDING, EDITH B.—The Moorland Call — *Ladies H. J.*, Sept. '25
SPEAKMAN, HAROLD—Dublin Hours with "A. E." — *Bookman*, Nov. '25
SPEAR, THELMA—Portrait — *Harp*, Nov. '25
The Secret — *Menorah Journ.*, Feb. '26
SPENCER, JAMES HARVEY—The Other Fellow — *Cog*, Apr. 19, '26
I Know It Is June — *Cog*, May 31, '26
The Time to Smile — *Cog*, June 21, '26
A Little While — *Cog*, July '26
SPENCER, LILIAN WHITE—Escape — *Pan*, Aug. '25
The Prospector — *Lyric*, Aug. '25
Idyl of the Hills — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25

SPENCER, LILIAN WHITE (*Continued*)

Dahlias — *Overland*, Sept. '25
Wild Gooseberries — *Mesa*, Sept. '25
Rio Grande Del Norte — *Measure*, Oct. '25
The Dryads — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
Pioneer Mother — *Am. Parade*, Dec. '25
Stars — *Commonweal*, Jan. 13, '26
Pueblo Legend — *Nation*, Jan. 20, '26
Wheat — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
"And Harry" — *Echo*, May '26
The Koshare — New Mexico — *Voices*, June '26
City Storm — *Commonweal*, June 2, '26

SPEYER, LEONORA—New England Cottage — *Lyric*, Dec. '25
Indians! (Deerfield Memorial Hall) — *Lyric*, Dec. '25
Fiddler's Farewell — *Poetry*, Jan. '26
"Hark! Hark!" — *Voices*, Jan. '26
King's Garden — *Voices*, Jan. '26
Ballad of Old Doc Higgins — *Nation*, Feb. 17, '26
Sand-Pipings — *Voices*, '26
Further Commandment — *Nation*, July '26

SPINGARN, J. E.—Nordic — *Commonweal*, Oct. 21, '25

SPIVA, LUCY MCDANIEL—At Sixty-Seven — *Magnificat*, Sept. '25

SQUIRES, EDITH LOMBARD—Disguised — *Gammadion*, Win. '25

ST. JOHN, HENRIETTA L.—At the Spring — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26

STAIT, VIRGINIA—Feud — *Verse*, Au. '25
Cit Git (Here Lies) — *Verse*, Win. '26
On Guard — *Pan*, Dec. '25
Voices, To James Lane Allen — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
Changing Watchwords Æschylus, To A. P. S. — *Lyric*, Mar. '26
A Woman—Grown — *Archive*, June '26

STAPLES, SAMUEL G.—Compensation — *Lyric*, Feb. '26

STALLINGS, HELEN POTEAT—Late Afternoon, Carcassonne — *Bookman*, July '26

STARRETT, VINCENT—A Birthday — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
Holiday Alone — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Presbyterian Hell — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 29, '26

STEARN, NOEL—Purple Mists — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
Risus Solis — *Lyric W.*, June '26

STEARNS, HAROLD CRAWFORD—A Song for a Maker of Song — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26

STEPHEN, A. M.—Ere Twilight Comes — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26

STERLING, GEORGE—Familiar Beauty — *Harper's*, Aug. '25
The Meteor — *Verse*, Au. '25
An Old Poem — *Bookman*, Nov. '25
Echo — *Harp*, Nov. '25
The Caravan — *Voices*, Nov. '25
North Wind — *Virginia Q. R.*, Jan. '26
Implication — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Intimation — *Voices*, May '26

STERLING, RUTH H.—Bluebeard's Chamber — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Minuet — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Pointed Fir — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26

STEVENS, FLORA E.—Waste — *Gypsy*, June '26

STEVENS, FRANCES—Humoresque — *Scholastic*, May 15, '26

STEVENS, MARGARET TALBOT—Silence — *Interludes*, Spr. '26

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| Stewart, Bettie Sale—Possession | *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25 |
| Unrecognized | *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25 |
| Poet's Gold | *Tacoman*, Oct.-Nov. '25 |
| Rebellion | *Tacoman*, Oct.-Nov. '25 |
| Stewart, Ellsworth—Children of Love | *Palms*, Dec. '25 |
| Day's Work | *Palms*, Dec. '25 |
| For Witches Have Gone Out of Fashion | *Palms*, Feb. '26 |
| Stewart, Florence—Snoqualmie Falls | *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25 |
| Stewart, Irene—The Loss | *Lyric*, Dec. '25 |
| My Soul | *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26 |
| The Little Queen's Sleep | *Poetry*, Mar. '26 |
| Truvas | *Amer. Poetry*, May '26 |
| Stewart, Robert Armistead—Virelay | *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25 |
| Stewart, Winifred Gray—Sea Dogs | *Voices*, June '26 |
| Stidger, William L.—Judean Hills Are Holy | *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 18, '26 |
| Stevenson, Alec Brock—Complaint of a Melancholy Lover | *Fugitive*, Dec. '25 |
| Stiles, Roberta—Night | *Verse*, Sum. '25 |
| Though You Forget | *Pegasus*, Sum. '25 |
| Unrequited Love | *P. Scroll*, Aug. '25 |
| Poppies | *P. Scroll*, Aug. '25 |
| Transition | *P. Scroll*, Sept. '25 |
| September Winds | *Hart. Times*, Sept. 22, '25 |
| October | *P. Scroll*, Oct. '25 |
| Resurrection | *Pegasus*, Nov. '25 |
| The Stars In My Eyes | *Cupid's Diary*, Dec. 30, '25 |
| Ghosts | *Harp*, Jan. '26 |
| The Coral Slippers | *L. S. Mag.*, Jan. 2, '26 |
| Souls | *Pegasus*, Feb. '26 |
| The Phantom | *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26 |
| Eos | *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26 |
| Adorned | *Country Bard*, Spr. '26 |
| Caresses | *Pegasus*, Spr. '26 |
| The Sortie | *Interludes*, Spr. '26 |
| Guests | *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26 |
| Child of the Night | *P. Scroll*, Apr. '26 |
| The Sortie (Viallanelle) | *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26 |
| Silver Shoes | *P. Scroll*, May '26 |
| The Scarlet Cloak | *L. Romances*, July '26 |
| Love's Dwelling | *Gammadion*, Sum. '26 |
| The Housewife | *The Voice*, Sum. '26 |
| The Harvest Guest | *Country Bard*, Sum. '26 |
| Stillman, E. Clark—Snow | *Pan*, Feb. '26 |
| Stillman, Mildred W.—I. H. S. | *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25 |
| Presence | *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26 |
| Lunch in Town | *Jun. League B.*, Apr. '26 |
| Embers | *Lyric*, June '26 |
| Sawdust | *Lyric*, June '26 |
| Stites, Lord—Garden Tea | *Measure*, Feb. '26 |
| Stockett, Letitia—At the Concert | *Lyric*, June '26 |
| Stoddard, Anne—Armenian Song | *Century*, June '26 |
| Stokes, Dillard—Fadings | *Archive*, Apr. '26 |
| Storey, Violet Alleyn—The Neat One | *Poetry*, Sept. '25 |
| Elm Street—New England Town | *N. Y. Times*, Dec. 4, '25 |
| At Christmas Time | *N. Y. Times*, Dec. 24, '25 |
| Mended | *Commonweal*, Dec. 30, '25 |

STOREY, VIOLET ALLEYN (*Continued*)
Narrow — *Forum*, Jan. '26
A Nice Little Boy Takes Tea — *N. Y. Sun*, Jan. 17, '26
Josiah Wedgwood — *N. Y. Sun*, Jan. 19, '26
Adequate — *Commonweal*, Jan. 27, '26
Spectator — *N. Y. Sun*, Jan. 30, '26
A Prayer for a Very New Angel — *G. Housekeeping*, Feb. '26
Question — *N. Y. Sun*, Feb. 4, '26
To Our Country Neighbors — *G. Housekeeping*, Mar. '26
Wingless — *N. Y. Sun*, Mar. 19, '26
Her China — *N. Y. Sun*, Mar. 25, '26
Adolescent — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
Church Spires—Brooklyn — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Apr. '26
Barbara Goes to School — *Commonweal*, June 23, '26
STORK, CHARLES WHARTON—A Dancing Child — *Virginia Q. R.*, Oct. '25
You Never Have Cared (from the Danish of Ernst von der Recke) — *Step Ladder*, Oct. '25
Forth My Gallant Honey-Bees! (from the Danish of Ludwig Holstein) — *Step Ladder*, Oct. '25
Unhappy Love — *Gammadion*, Win. '25
It Was Not Me You Cared For — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
Patient Water: To a River in December — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Timeless Beauty — *Lyric*, Mar. '26
In Earthen Vessels — *Commonweal*, Apr. 21, '26
The Sea Wind to the Girl — *Gypsy*, June '26
Brother and Sister (trans. from the Swedish of Albert Ulrik Baath) — *Commonweal*, June 23, '26
The Troubadour to the Little Court Lady for Virginia — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
STORM, MARIAN—The Flying Dutchman — *New Repub.*, May 19, '26
STOTT, ROSCOE GILMORE—My Work — *Ladies H. J.*, Nov. '25
The Breath of Spring — *Ladies H. J.*, Apr. '26
STRACHAN, PAULINE PEARL—The Dancer — *Ladies H. J.*, Apr. '26
STRINGER, ARTHUR—Childe Roland Leaves the Tower — *Century*, Feb. '26
A Fragile Thing is Beauty — *Century*, June '26
STROBEL, MARION—Songs for a Generous Man — *Bookman*, Sept. '25
STRODE, HUDSON—God's Medals — *Bookman*, Dec. '25
STRONG, L. A. G.—A Priest — *Palms*, Sum. '25
STUART, HENRY LONGAN—Nepenthe — *Commonweal*, Aug. 5, '25
Perpetua — *Commonweal*, Aug. 19, '25
The Wolf — *Commonweal*, Sept. 9, '25
Account Me Not — *Commonweal*, Oct. 14, '25
Vestigia — *Commonweal*, Nov. 18, '25
Madison Square — *Commonweal*, Jan. 6, '26
Intempestiva — *Commonweal*, June 9, '26
STUART, MURIEL—After Seven Years — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Colloquy — *Poetry*, Oct. '25
STUBBS, MADELON—Madness — *Commonweal*, Sept. 2, '25
STURGES, LUCY HALE—Chrysanthemums — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
Incantation — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
Blue Wind Night — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Ice-Bound — *Forge*, Spr. '26
Prayer Fire — *Forge*, Spr. '26
SULLIVAN, A. M.—Incense of Earth — *Harp*, Nov. '25
The Steam-Shovel — *Interludes*, Win. '25, '26

SULLIVAN, A. M. (*Continued*)
Villanelle for Spring — *N. Leader*, '26
June Rhapsody — *L. I. D. Press*, '26
Versatility — *L. I. D. Press*, '26
Cerebration — *Chutter Box*, '26
A Prayer — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
Times Square at Night — *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
To a Woman Worshipper of Night — *Harp*, May '26
The Givers — *L. I. D. Press*, June 28, '26
SULLIVAN, ARTHUR—Judgment — *Forge*, Spr. '26
SUMMERS, HAZEL THANE—Moods — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
SUTTON, ANNE NEWMAN—Your Letters — *Circle*, May-June '26
SWAIN, Y. F.—Moon — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
SWARTZ, ROBERTA TEALE—Counterfeit — *Palms*, Sum. '25
History — *Palms*, Sum. '25
Cease Not to be a Mystery — *Palms*, Sum. '25
To be a Cricket — *Archive*, Nov. '25
Baal Shamen — *Palms*, Dec. '25
The Hawthorne Tree — *Archive*, Dec. '25
SWETT, MARGERY—Corpus Christi: Hibernal — *Palms*, Dec. '25
SWITZER, MAURICE—In Perpetuam — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
SYMONS, ARTHUR—The Hours — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
An Autumn Ending — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE—Tiger Moth — *Measure*, Oct. '25
Words for Chisel — *Nation*, Oct. 14, '25
Gipsy Confession — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Picture — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Word to a Ripple — *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Song the Dead Sing — *W. Tomorrow*, Dec. '25
TALMAN, JOHN—The Young Elm — *St. Paul N.*, Apr. 20, '26
TAYLOR, ELKANAH EAST—I Shall Forget You — *Lit. Lan.*, Apr. '26
You Are the Burnished Gold — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June '26
Day's End — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
TAYLOR, LILLIAN—Cartoon — *Lit. Lan.*, Mar. '26
Conspiracy — *Circle*, May-June '26
TAYLOR, MARY ATWATER—Desolation — *N. Y. Sun*, Win. '26
Unleashed — *N. Y. Sun*, Win. '26
Old Ending — *N. Y. Sun*, Win. '26
The Caterpillar's Dream — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Cross Roads Burial — *Voices*, Apr. '26
TAYLOR, THOMAS—The Mountain Brooklet — *Kentucky F-L and Poetry*, Apr. '26
TALBOT, FRANCIS—Streets — *Magnificat*, Aug. '25
To Hospital Sisters — *Magnificat*, Sept. '25
Mother Machree — *Magnificat*, Oct. '25
Doors — *Magnificat*, Jan. '26
To Paul Francis, Aged Two — *Magnificat*, Apr. '26
TANAQUIL, PAUL—Gray Day — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
TATE, ALLEN—To a Romantic Novelist — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25
Mr. Pope — *Nation*, Sept. 2, '25
Death of Little Boys — *Nation*, Dec. 9, '25
Ditty — *Nation*, June 23, '26
TATEMAN, ADALINE H.—Return — *Gypsy*, June '26
TEASDALE, SARA—"Beautiful, Proud Sea" — *New Repub.*, Apr. 21, '26
August Night — *Yale R.*, July '26

TEASDALE, SARA (*Continued*)
Mountain Water — *Scribner's*, Jan. '26
Midsummer Night — *Scribner's*, Jan. '26
Winter Night Song — *Scribner's*, Jan. '26
TENNYSON, ALFRED LORD—Canto IV-VI (hitherto unpublished stanzas from "The Princess") — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
TERRELL, R. MARSHALL—Aspasia to Penelope — *Dumbook*, Aug. '25
Moonrise — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
TEWKESBURY, PAUL C.—A Bad Penny — *Poetry*, Mar. '26
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE—Michael Angelo To His Cook — *Gypsy*, June '26
THAYER, JR., FREDERICK—The Unnoticed — *Harper's*, June '26
THAYER, GEORGIANA—Immortelles — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Dreamer — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Evening — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Sunset Tree — *Voices*, Apr. '26
THAYER, HARRIET M.—Choice — *Midland*, Mar. '26
THAYER, MARY DIXON—A Prayer — *Commonweal*, Aug. 5, '25
Youth — *Commonweal*, Sept. 30, '25
Bird-Song — *Commonweal*, Sept. 2, '25
At Dawn — *Commonweal*, Nov. 4, '25
Though I Go First — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
An Octave of Children's Prayers: Just Think! Gratitude; First Communion; After Communion; To Our Lady; The Stairway; A Gist; Forgetfulness — *America*, Dec. 5, '25
Children's Prayers: Words; When I Wake; An Invitation; To Think; You Come So Near; A Wish; A Present; The Difference — *America*, Jan. 9, '26
Paestum — *Commonweal*, Jan. 13, '26
To Be — *America*, Jan. 16, '26
Angels — *Verse*, Win. '26
The Descent — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
A Prayer — *America*, May 8, '26
Consummation — *America*, June 19, '26
Veiled — *America*, June 19, '26
Love's Lesson — *America*, June 19, '26
A Pastel — *America*, July 31, '26
THAYER, SCOFIELD—Dawn from a Railway Day-Coach, *En Route*
Frankfort-Hamburg — *Dial*, Aug. '25
On the Mask of a Painter Recently Young — *Dial*, Sept. '25
Chanson Panale — *Dial*, Oct. '25
Chanson Equivoque — *Dial*, Nov. '25
The Poet Takes Leave, Written at Atlantic City — *Dial*, Dec. '25
A Poem, Not Forgetting Paul Lawrence Dunbar — *Dial*, Jan. '26
Chevaux De Bois — *Dial*, Feb. '26
In Which the Fingers of the Night Wind are Made to Call,
Martha's Vineyard Island — *Dial*, Mar. '26
On a Crucifix — *Dial*, Apr. '26
Des Choses Qu'il Convient De Lancer Au Printemps — *Dial*, May '26
Chanson Gaie — *Dial*, June '26
On An Old Painting of Portsmouth Harbor: Reproduced in the *Dial*, and Perused in Europe by an Expatriate — *Dial*, June '26
Jesus Again — *Dial*, July '26
Proud Blasphemy — *Dial*, July '26
False Light — *Dial*, July '26

THOMAS, AMY VANCE—Harmony — *DePauw Mag.*, May '26
THOMAS, ANDREW WALTER—Nazareth (For Rev. Philip Blanc, S.S.) — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
THOMAS, EDITH M.—Spinning — *Harper's*, Aug. '25
THOMAS, ELIZABETH—Sailor, What Green Wave — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Feb. 28, '26
THOMAS, MARGARET LORING—August — *Harp*, Sept. '25
Savins on a Slope — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Beads — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Where Shadows Lie — *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
THOMAS, MARTHA BANNING—You Are October! — *Lyric*, Oct. '25
Faggots in a Fire — *Commonweal*, Nov. 11, '25
Question at Dusk — *Verse*, Au. '25
Another Moon — *Verse*, Au. '25
Winter Burial — *Lyric*, Jan. '26
THOMPSON, BERYL V.—Barter — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Absent — *Harp*, Mar. '26
THOMPSON, JAMES—The Darker Drink — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June '26
THOMSON, CLAIRE AVEN—Sanctuary — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
THOMSON, DAVID CLEGHORN—The Return — *Poetry*, Aug. '25
THORN, PHILIP RHODES—Retrospect — *Palms*, Nov. '25
THRO, MARY—Doom — *Measure*, Sept. '25
THURMAN, WALLACE—God's Edict — *Opportunity*, July '26
The Last Citadel — *Opportunity*, Apr. '26
THURSTON, E. C.—September Evening — *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
TIETJENS, EUNICE—Relapse — *Forge*, Spr. '26
TILDEN, ELIZABETH—Unrest — *DePauw Mag.*, May '26
TILDEN, ETHEL ARNOLD—Indianapolis Market — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Loss — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
Gage — *Cont. V.*, Aug. '25
A Poem for Pat Who Builds Houses — *Poetry*, Sept. '25
Acceptance — *Poetry*, Sept. '25
Changeling — *DePauw Mag.*, Oct. '25
Swing — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Quest — *Lyric*, Dec. '25
Wealth — *Wom. Cit.*, Apr. '26
TILGHMAN, CORNELIUS—Football — *Pan*, Dec. '25
TILHMAN, TENCH—The Borgias Walk in the Vatican Garden — *Double Dlr.*, May '26
TOBIN, JAMES E.—The Windmill — *Commonweal*, Nov. 11, '25
Pursuit — *Commonweal*, Dec. 2, '25
TODAHL, MARGERY ATWOOD—The Artist — *Lan., N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Oct. 22, '25
After Summer — *Lan., N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Oct. 23, '25
October — *Lan., N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Oct. 27, '25
Autumn Afternoon — *Lan., N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Nov. 9, '25
In Spring — *Lan., N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Mar. 23, '26
TODD, E. D.—Vision — *Double Dlr.*, May '26
TODD, MARY DAVIS—Old Maryland Roads — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
TOLDRIDGE, ELIZABETH—Poe — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Dawn — *Circle*, May-June '26
TONIO—The New Woman's Last Note — *Lyric W.*, Aug.-Sept. '25
TOOGOOD, GRANVILLE—Fragment — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
TOPPING, FRANCES HULL—From Off the Bay — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
Ariel — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26

TORGOWNIK, WILLIAM—Champions *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Aspirations *Poetry*, Aug. '25
Mask *Poetry*, Aug. '25
In the Orchards *Poetry*, Aug. '25
I Love the Sea *Poetry*, Aug. '25
To Mencken *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
TORREY, BATES—That Distant Band *Step Ladder*, Feb. '26
TOTTEN, WILLIAM D.—Home Memories *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
TOWLES, SUSAN STARLING—Winds *Kentucky F. F. and Poetry*, July '26
TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON—The Poor Pedestrian *College Humor*, Dec. '25
A Question *College Humor*, June '26
TOWNE, GEORGE—Concordia Discors *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr. '26
TRENT, LUCIA—Two Women *W. Tomorrow*, Aug. '25
Vision *W. Tomorrow*, Dec. '25
Requiem *Lyric*, Jan. '26
Poe *Lit. Lan.*, Win. '26
My Dream *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
Elegy *Lit. Lan.*, Mar. '26
Grief *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Unrevealed *Archive*, Apr. '26
Gray Aftermath *Archive*, Apr. '26
Vows *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
Experience *Gypsy*, June '26
Quatrain *Unity*, July 19, '26
Only One Lover Shall Be True *G. V. Quill*, July '26
If I Should Meet You *Lyric*, July '26
One Lonely Dreamer *Crisis*, July '26
TRILLING, LIONEL—Trout *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
TROMBLY, ALBERT EDMUND—Gates *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Hills *Amer. Rev.*, Nov.-Dec. '25
Muted Bell *Voices*, Dec. '25
TROTTER, ELIZABETH STANLEY—Any Woman to Any Man *Forum*, Oct. '25
TU FU—The Temple of the Premier of Shu (trans. by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu) *Voices*, Oct. '25
TUNNELL, SOPHIE—Beauty *Echo*, May '26
TUNSTALL, VIRGINIA LYNE—False Spring *Lyric*, Nov. '25
"Brother" *Lyric*, Nov. '25
Song *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
In Spring the Willow's Wanton *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Point of View *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
Over One Dying *Archive*, Apr. '26
To Your Heart *Archive*, Apr. '26
The Slender Reed (to Edna St. Vincent Mullay) *Lyric*, May '26
February Twilight *Virginia Q. R.*, Apr. '26
Holyrood *Lyric*, May '26
Tintagel *Lyric*, May '26
Evening in the Harbor *Kentucky F. F. and Poetry*, July '26
TURBYFILL, MARK—Georgette Leblanc *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Ornamental Dissolution *Poetry*, Feb. '26
The Wave *Poetry*, Feb. '26
A Trophy of Battle *Poetry*, Feb. '26
A Marriage with Space, Dedicated to F. D. K. *Poetry*, May '26
TURNBULL, BELLE—His *Midland*, Sept. 15, '25
Hers *Midland*, Sept. 15, '25

Turner, Nancy Byrd—Not Bad Enough for Bitterness *Ladies H. J.*, Aug. '25
Turney, Robert—Deismusheilion *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
Twaddell, W. Freeman—Its Own Reward *Archive*, Nov. '25
Twitchell, Anna Spencer—To Each His Sorrow *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Tyler, Dorothy—To One Professing Gayety *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25

Underwood, Edna Worthley—An Unpublished Poem by Alexander Pushkin *Opportunity*, Oct. '25
Cartagena de las Indias *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
A Deserted Palace of Dead Lovers *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
A South American Harbor *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
The Hour Before the Hurricane *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
Clouds Above the Carib Sea *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
Untermeyer, Jean Starr—Gulls *Century*, Dec. '25
Untermeyer, Louis—Autumn Dialogue *New Repub.*, Sept. 16, '25
A Georgian Anthology *New Repub.*, Dec. 30, '25
A Sonnet Sequence *New Repub.*, Mar. 31, '26
Upper, Joseph—Prey *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Falling Stars *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Legacy *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Breakfast Table *Pan*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Nude Sleeper *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
Resurrection *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
We *Minaret*, Nov.-Dec. '25
Fallen Leaves *Gypsy*, Au. '25
Skeptic *Pan*, Dec. '25
Inhibition *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
The Prisoner *Gammadion*, Win. '25
Meditation *Gypsy*, June '26
Uschold, Maud E.—Grotesque *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
Compensation *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
Admonition *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
Old Woman *Lyric*, Mar. '26
Assignation *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Because of Beauty *Double Dlr.*, May '26
Vance, Morton—The Marquesas *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Poem for . . . *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Van de Poele, Romanie—Gerontius *Spr. Rep.*, Dec. '25
Pastoral Musical *Spr. Rep.*, Jan. 25, '26
Cardinal Mercier *Spr. Rep.*, Jan. 31, '26
Spring Rain *Spr. Rep.*, Mar. 11, '26
The Quest *Spr. Rep.*, Apr. '26
Sun-Motes and Shadows *Spr. Rep.*, Apr. '26
Resurgam *Spr. Rep.*, Apr. 7, '26
The Quest *Spr. Rep.*, May 16, '26
A Young Girl Speaks *Spr. Rep.*, June 6, '26
Van Doren, Mark—Till October *Century*, Oct. '25
Good Night *Century*, Dec. '25
Dilemma *New Repub.*, Dec. 30, '25
Inference *Measure*, Jan. '26
Remembered Farm *Measure*, Jan. '26
The Guide *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Relief from Spring *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
The Tuning-Folk *Palms*, Jan. '26
The Crime *Palms*, Feb. '26

VAN DOREN, MARK (*Continued*)
Confession in Part — *Palms*, Feb. '26
To a Certain House — *Palms*, Feb. '26
Burial — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Night-Lilac — *Century*, May '26
VAN DYKE, JOSEPH—Rapture — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
Indian Giver — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
Windows — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
Life is a Boyhood Pal — *The Voice*, Spr. '26
VALLE, ISABEL—Si Jeunesse Savait — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
The Sexton of Lincoln Cathedral — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
VANNIX, DORA—The Whip-Poor-Will — *Pasque Petals*, June '26
VAN ORTEN, PHILIP—Caliban Confession — *Circle*, May-June '26
VARNEY, JOHN—A Fortnight — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
Ride Facing the October Sun — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
VAN SANT, ALICE L.—The Business Woman — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
VAN SLYKE, BERENICE—Giant — *Voices*, Apr. '26
May in Eveleth — *Voices*, Apr. '26
VON STRIN, ALICE E.—The Garden of Silence — *Gypsy*, Spr. '26
VEDDER, MIRIAM—Trains Metaphorical — *Books: N. Y. Her-Trib.*, Jan. 24, '26
VENN, THEODORE J.—Shekles Versus Mites — *Numismatist*, '26
Thoughts on Viewing an Aureus — *Numismatist*, '25
Coins of Our Youth — *Numismatist*, '25
VERNE, E.—To a Pianist — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
VENTURO, PAUL—Foreign — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
Vashti — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
Spring: Old and New — *Throstle*, Spr. '26
VERNON, WEIR—Vintage — *Voices*, Nov. '25
VINCENT, MABEL—The Square — *Circle*, May-June '26
VILAS, FAITH VAN VANKENBURGH—New Reeds — *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
VINAL, HAROLD—Out of Italy — *Commonweal*, Aug. 5, '25
Adventurer — *New Repub.*, Sept. 23, '25
Thousandth Ophelia — *Gypsy*, Au. '25
Suspension — *Verse*, Au. '25
Sea Thunder — *Commonweal*, Jan. 13, '26
Ledgerdemain — *Verse*, Win. '26
Apparition — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
Seventh Day — *Poetry Folio*, Mar.-Apr. '26
This Spinning Earth — *Archive*, Apr. '26
House in Order — *Voices*, May '26
Bloomsbury Lodger — *Voices*, May '26
Recluse — *Century*, May '26
When the Master Came — *Commonweal*, May 12, '26
Ghostly Reaper — *Archive*, June '26
Soldier — *Archive*, June '26
Warring Angel — *Echo*, July '26
VOSS, JOAN—Today in Having Known — *Forge*, Spr. '26
One Voice — Of Many — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
Summer'll Be Here — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
VOSS, ELIZABETH—A Ballade of the Rose (After de Banville) — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
WADE, ISAAC W.—Winter's Lassitude — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
The Beloved — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
WADE, JR., RALPH E.—Montana Lake — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
WAGNER, CHARLES A.—Wisdom — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26

WAGSTAFF, BLANCHE SHOEMAKER—Heritage *Voices*, June '26
WAINWRIGHT, V.—Your Voice *Harp*, May '26
WAITHE, E. LUCIEN—To a Brown Child *Crisis*, Oct. '25
WALDEN, DANIEL—As to Our Valley *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
WALES, JULIA GRACE—In the Museum *Wisconsin Mag.*, June '26
WALKER, FLORA BROWNLEE—A Dawg from Home *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
The Norther *Poetry*, Apr. '26
WALLACE, LESLIE—Children *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
To a Loved One *Crisis*, Feb. '26
WALLACE, OLIVER—Music *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
A Cry in the Wilderness *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
The Mystic Flame *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
WALLACH, SIDNEY—Another Drinking Song *G. V. Quill*, July '26
WALSH, FRANCIS—Souvenir *Commonweal*, Nov. 11, '25
WALLER, HELEN—Mist Maid *Throstle*, Spr. '26
Crusaders *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Promise *Lyric*, June '26
WALLIS, JESSA EULA—Reaping *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Reaping *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
WALSH, HARRY—The Street of Pain *America*, Mar. 6, '26
WALSH, MARGARET MANSFIELD—Thanksgiving Day *Magnificat*, Nov. '25
WALSH, REGINA—Rest: A Cinquain *Pan*, Dec. '25
Discarded *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
The Atheist *Magnificat*, July '26
WALSH, ROBERT R.—Twilight *Step Ladder*, June '26
WALSH, THOMAS—At Fifty *Commonweal*, Oct. 21, '25
Lyra Mystica *Commonweal*, Nov. 25, '25
A Ballad of Old Pope John *Commonweal*, Dec. 23, '25
Cantiga in Praise of Saint Mary (trans. from the Galician of Alfonso X (1221-1284)) *Commonweal*, May 26, '26
The Street of Doctors *Commonweal*, June 16, '26
WALTON, EDA LOU—Take Whom You Will *Palms*, Sum. '25
Piano Burial *Palms*, Sum. '25
Haven *Palms*, Sum. '25
Against Your Going *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
An Apology *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
Checked *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
Path to Paradise *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
Fin de Siècle *Nation*, Oct. 28, '25
Youth's Passing *Voices*, Oct. '25
African Moon Song *Poetry*, Dec. '25
Raison D'etre *Poetry*, Dec. '25
The Futile Season *Poetry*, Dec. '25
What Is Love? *Poetry*, Dec. '25
Enigma *Poetry*, Dec. '25
The White Night *Poetry*, Dec. '25
Yet It Were Nothing *Palms*, Dec. '25
Conception *Palms*, Dec. '25
Friendship's End *Palms*, Dec. '25
I Shall Know *Nation*, Mar. 10, '26
Too Late *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
This Year *Voices*, May '26
WARD, BALLARD—The Breath of Life *The Voice*, Spr. '26
WARD, MAY WILLIAMS—The Crossroads *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25
Genius *Cont. V.*, Sept. '25

WARD, MAY WILLIAMS (*Continued*)

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| Average | *Ladies H. J.*, Oct. '25 |
| Harmonic Progression | *Harp*, Mar. '26 |
| The Twinge | *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26 |
| Confession | *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26 |
| The Nickname | *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26 |
| An Immortality | *Household*, May '26 |
| The Straight Wind | *Gypsy*, June '26 |
| The Schoolmistress | *Commonweal*, June 30, '26 |

WARD, OLIVE—Truth — *Century*, July '26

WARNER, LULU FRANCES—Come Out to the Woods — *The Voice*, Spr. '26

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|---|---|
| Joy | *The Voice*, Spr. '26 |
| Growth | *The Voice*, Sum. '26 |
| Vacation Time | *The Voice*, Sum. '26 |

WARREN, ROBERT PENN—Night: But a Sultry Wind — *Fugitive*, Sept. '25

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| Evening: The Motors | *Fugitive*, Sept. '25 |
| Day: Lazarus | *Fugitive*, Sept. '25 |
| Dawn: The Gorgon's Head | *Fugitive*, Sept. '25 |

WASSON, JR., BEN—Eight Years Old — *Lyric*, Oct. '25

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| Allelulia! | *Lyric*, Oct. '25 |

WATERS, JIM—A Prayer — *Poetry*, Aug. '25

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|---|---|
| Weary | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| December Winds | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Toil | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Hunger | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Night | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Twilight Impressions | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Summer Rain | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |
| Reiteration | *Poetry*, Aug. '25 |

WATSON, EVELYN M.—Quick Wings — *Arts J.*, Aug. '25

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| Niagara At Night | *Arts J.*, Aug. '25 |
| To A Loved Bird | *Arts J.*, Aug. '25 |
| Shopping | *Arts J.*, Aug. '25 |
| A Bird Ballad | *Arts J.*, Aug. '25 |
| Rainy Gold | *Arts J.*, Aug. '25 |
| The Mystic Offers Praise | *Arts J.*, Aug. '25 |
| Complaint | *Arts J.*, Aug. '25 |
| The Peri | *Arts J.*, Aug. '25 |
| The Bird | *Arts J.*, Aug. '25 |
| Love — A Sequence | *Circle*, Aug. '25 |
| Barcarolle | *Harp*, Aug. '25 |
| The Dancer | *Arts J.*, Sept. '25 |
| Song of Accents | *Arts J.*, Sept. '25 |
| The Afternoon Tea | *Arts J.*, Sept. '25 |
| Night Beauty | *Arts J.*, Sept. '25 |
| Birdman Ballad | *Arts J.*, Sept. '25 |
| Judas | *Arts J.*, Sept. '25 |
| The School | *Arts J.*, Sept. '25 |
| Firefly Legend | *Arts J.*, Sept. '25 |
| Prophesy | *Arts J.*, Nov. '25 |
| A Modern Woman's Prayer | *Arts J.*, Nov. '25 |
| Love-Silence | *Pegasus*, Nov. '25 |
| The Hose of the Christmas Tree | *Soc. Pro.*, Dec. '25 |
| The Jewel | *Arts J.*, Jan. '26 |
| Storm at Sunset | *Arts J.*, Jan. '26 |

WATSON, EVELYN M. (*Continued*)
Wood-Dusk — *Harp*, Mar. '26
The Caretaker — *Harp*, May '26
Silk — *Pegasus*, May '26
WATSON, PENDLETON—I Read Your Song — *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
WATT, EFFIE WHYTE—Desert Cry — *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
WATTLES, WILLARD—Mother — *Outlook*, Oct. 28, '25
WEAGE, AVERY D.—Genesis — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
WEAVER, JOHN V. A.—And Who Would Not Envy Me? — *Bookman*, May '26
Soliloquy (Mother to Girl-Infant) — *Century*, Mar. '26
WEBB, CHARLES NICHOLLS—"He Was a Very Honest Man" — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
WEBB, TESSA SWEAZY—The Call of Gloaming Time — *Pegasus*, Nov. '25
Happiness — *Kablegram*, Dec. '25
My Dream Home — *Kablegram*, Dec. '25
Kindled Fires — *Kablegram*, Dec. '25
Old Friendship Road — *Kablegram*, Dec. '25
A Trip to Childhood — *Pegasus*, Feb. '26
A Wish — *Kablegram*, Mar. '26
When Lights Burn Low — *Kablegram*, Mar. '26
Lilies — *Col. Dis.*, Apr. 14, '26
Acquaintances — *Dem. Sen.*, Apr. 15, '26
April — *Dem. Sen.*, Apr. 22, '26
Rondeau — *Poet's Scroll*, Apr. '26
A Messenger — *Poet's Scroll*, May '26
The Test of Mother Love — *A. I. U. Mag.*, May '26
In Time To Be — *Pegasus*, May '26
Still Waters — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
Snowflakes — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
Sunset — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
The Awakening — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug. '26
WEBER, LEE ANDREW—White Marble — *Palms*, Dec. '25
Prairie Dust — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Lullaby for a Prairie Town — *Midland*, Dec. '25
WEBSTER, LOUISE—Swan Song — *Lyric*, Sept. '25
One Time at Salem — *Poetry*, Mar. '26
Envy — *Archive*, June '26
Moon and Wind — *Archive*, June '26
WEBSTER, PAUL FRANCIS—Quatrain — *Measure*, Sept. '25
WEEKS, LEROY TITUS—The White Stag (from the German of Uhland) — *Step Ladder*, Nov. '25
WEISTER, ALICE—Alone — *Harp*, Nov. '25
Little Path — *Harp*, May '26
WELLES, WINIFRED—Herd-Girl — *New Repub.*, June '26
Defense of Desolation — *New Repub.*, June 16, '26
Busy Flame — *Commonweal*, July 21, '26
WELLMAN, ESTHER—The Ocean — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
WELSH, CECILIA—Renunciation — *College Humor*, June '26
WEN, I-TO—I Am A Chinese — *W. Tomorrow*, Jan. '26
WESENBURG, ALICE BIDWELL—Solitaire — *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
When Bullfrogs Talk — *Poetry*, July '26
WESSENBERG, THOR AND ALICE—Times That Have Been: (trans. from Spanish of Rosalia de Castro) — *Gypsy*, June '26
WEST, RUTH—Preference — *Buccaneer*, Win. '26
WHARTON, E. "MON"—My Creed — *Emory Phœnix*, Oct.-Nov. '25

WHEELOCK, JOHN HALL—The Holy Earth — *Scribner's*, Dec. '25
The Years — *Outlook*, Jan. 6, '26
Once in a Lonely Hour — *Harper's*, Feb. '26
Those Two — *Poetry*, July '26
WHEELWRIGHT, JOHN BROOKS—Inception of the Cross — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
WHICHER, GEORGE MEASON—Hospitality — *Pan*, Aug. '25
On a Common Experience — *Pan*, Aug. '25
On the Third Ocean — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Oct. 14, '25
On the Form of the Sonnet — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Oct. 16, '25
On Being Written Down an Ass — *Harper's*, Oct. '25
On the Universal Apologizer — *Forum*, Dec. '25
The Rondeau — *Bookman*, Jan. '26
On Bearing a Burden — *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Working Model for Sonneteers: Type AA: The Convoluted-Cryptic, McElvray Leatherhead — *N. Y. Her. Trib.*, Feb. 1, '26
To His Sweetheart: That She Is Not Praised — *N. Y. Her. Trib.*, Feb. 1, '26
Shall I Sonnet-Sing You About Myself — *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '26
On Starting an Avalanche — *Minaret*, May-June '26
WHITAKER, NETTIE—The Mystery — *Kentucky F. L. and Poetry*, Apr. '26
WHITAKER, NOAH F.—Eerie Shadows — *Interludes*, Spr. '26
WHITFIELD, JUSTINE L.—Make-Believe (To E. S. G.) — *G. V. Quill*, July '26
WHITTAKER, GEORGE S.—The Change — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
September Night — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Flame Unquenchable — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Sylvan — *Muse & Mirror*, Sept. '25
Storm God — *Muse & Mirror*, Oct.-Nov. '25
I Wonder Dear — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
Wardrobe of Dreams — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Mirth — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Post Mortem — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Bird of Passage — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Out of the Sunset — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
WHITCOMB, SELDEN LINCOLN—The Yukon River Speaks, at Whitehorse — *Oread*, Jan. '26
The Arkansas Valley Host — *Palms*, Feb. '26
WHITE, GRACE HOFFMAN—The City — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
Renewal — *Golden Quill*, Win., '25-'26
The Siren — *Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Flagons of the Moon — *Lyric*, Oct. '25
Moon Leaves — *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Yesterdays — *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Vale — *Lyric*, Feb. '26
Corn-Sheaves — *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
WHITE, HAL SAUNDERS—Sky — *Pan*, Aug. '25
Growth — *Independent*, Feb. 13, '26
WHITE, NEWMAN I.—Sonnet — *Archive*, Oct. '25
Clais Returns — *Archive*, Nov. '25
In a Grave-Yard — *Archive*, Feb.-Mar. '26
WHITE, SAMUEL ALEXANDER—Desert Thirst — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
WHITEHEAD, DOUGLAS—Quest — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
WHITFIELD, JUSTINE—New Silence, To W. G. N. — *Step Ladder*, Jan. '26
Heritage — *Step Ladder*, July '26

WHITESIDE, MARY BRENT—The Virgin's Well — *Forum*, Aug. '25
After a Hundred Years — *Ainslee's*, Aug. '25
The Song Awaited — *Holland's*, Aug. '25
A Ballad of Tiberias — *Poetry Rev. (London)*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Frail Words — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
Old Houses — *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
Lost—An April — *Harper's*, Nov. '25
Sonnets of Modern Palestine — *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
Arabs — *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
Leper — *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
The Tomb of Rachel — *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
Ruins of Capernaum — *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
A Tiller of the Soil — *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
Gethsemane — *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
Zionist — *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
The Beach of Acre — *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25
Sonnets of the Holy Land — *Poet Lore*, Jan. '26
A Donkey Boy of Haifa — *Poet Lore*, Jan. '26
The Street of David — *Poet Lore*, Jan. '26
Bathsheba — *Poet Lore*, Jan. '26
Jerusalem — *Poet Lore*, Jan. '26
Dome of the Rock — *Westminster Mag.*, Mar. '26
Doors — *Commonweal*, Apr. 14, '26
Stumpy-Shoes and Tippy-Toes — *Ladies H. J.*, Apr. '26
The Curtain Falls — *Forum*, May '26
Fires — *Forum*, May '26
Little Singers — *Westminster Mag.*, June '26
WHITNEY, ELIZABETH—Under the Microscope — *Palms*, Dec. '25
WICKHAM, GRACE—Ballad — *Commonweal*, May 12, '26
WIDDEMER, MARGARET—Old Woman — *Verse*, Au. '25
Vision — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
Ballads — *Commonweal*, Sept. 9, '25
Old Dancers — *Outlook*, Sept. 16, '25
Of Short-Story Writers — *Philadelphian*, Jan. '26
Of Literature in General — *Philadelphian*, Jan. '26
Of Young Novelists — *Philadelphian*, Jan. '26
Of Poets — *Philadelphian*, Jan. '26
Little Coins — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
Granted — *College Humor*, Apr. '26
WIERMAN, FRANCES—City Rivers — *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
A Song for a Lark — *Lyric W.*, Jan-June '26
WIGHT, HILLIARD—Habit — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
In Poteau Bottom — *County Bard*, Spr. '26
At Dusk — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
Plantin' Corn (Arkansas) — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Cotton Gin — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
WILDER, AMOS N.—L'Envoi — *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
WILEY, ALMA ADAMS—The Four-Faced Year — *Ladies H. J.*, Dec. '25
The Lincoln Memorial — *Ladies H. J.*, Feb. '26
The Three Words — *Ladies H. J.*, Apr. '26
WILKINSON, FLORENCE—Personages — *Scribner's*, Jan. '26
WILKINSON, MARGUERITE—To a Young Girl — *Commonweal*, Aug. 19, '25
Allegiance — *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 27, '25
The Light — *W. Tomorrow*, Sept. '25
Dialogue — *W. Tomorrow*, Oct., '25
Telepathy — *Voices*, Nov. '25
Upon an Open Hand — *Commonweal*, Dec. 9, '25

WILKINSON, MARGUERITE (*Continued*)
"Him That Overcometh" — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
Old Woman's Wisdom — *Harp*, Jan. '26
The Hounds of Wrath — *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 11, '26
Acknowledgment — *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 11, '26
Victory — *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 11, '26
Sacrifice — *Commonweal*, Mar. 17, '26
The Idealist — *Bookman*, Mar. '26
The World — *New Repub.*, Apr. 21, '26
Citadels — *Southwest R.*, Apr. '26
The Everlasting Hour — *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
The Master — *Voices*, May '26
WILLCOX, MARY—Manhattan — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 5, '26
WILLIAMS, B. Y.—The Stone Eagles of Eden Park — *Cin. T. S.*, Aug. 10, '25
"What Price Glory" — *Cin. T. S.*, Aug. '25
Darkness — *Lariat*, Aug. '25
Change — *Lariat*, Aug. '25
Portrait — *Poet's Scroll*, Sept. '25
To Fate — *Poet's Scroll*, Sept. '25
N. D. — *Lariat*, Sept. '25
Life a Cheat — *Lariat*, Sept. '25
Bargains in Days — *Ladies H. J.*, Sept. '25
WILLIAMS, B. Y.—Why Seek for Truth — *Cin. T. S.*, Oct. 8, '25
My Own Fire's Glow — *Cin T. S.*, Oct. 17, '25
Lend Me a Dream — *Poet's Scroll*, Oct. '25
She Would and She Wouldn't — *Ladies H. J.*, Oct. '25
Picture of a Man and His Wife — *Gypsy*, Au. '25
Forgotten — *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
Was This Your Comfort, Mary? — *Sat. N. Rev.*, Dec. '25
When Death, My Chauffeur, Calls for Me — *Cin T. S.*, Jan. 20, '26
Where Jades Are Sold for a Song — *Cin. T. S.*, Jan. 28, '26
The Little Road — *Cin. T. S.*, Feb. 1, '26
Wanted —A Traffic Cop — *Cin. T. S.*, Feb. 14, '26
Fulfillment — *Cin. Times Star*, Feb. 16, '26
Empty Rooms — *Cin. T. S.*, Feb. 19, '26
Violets for Remembering — *Cin. T. S.*, Mar. 6, '26
A Watcher at the Gate — *Step Ladder*, May '26
Beloved, Do You Know That It Is June? — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
WILLIAMS, FANNIE S.—Only In Passing — *Pasque Petals*, May '26
WILLIAMS, JESSIE E.—Memory — *Muse & Mirror*, Dec. '25
My Grief — *Muse & Mirror*, Jan.-Feb. '26
WILLIAMS, LUCY ARIEL—Northboun' — *Opportunity*, June '26
WILLIAMS, MICHAEL—A Poet — *Commonweal*, Mar. 17, '26
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS—Misericordia — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
Martin and Katherine — *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
Struggle of Wings — *Dial*, July '26
WILLIARD, ALICE MARGARET—Moon Magic — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
WILLIARD, JENNIE B.—The Lost Cat — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Just in Style — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
WILSON, EDMUND—To a Young Girl (Indicted for Murder) — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 20, '26
To a Friend Going Abroad — *Scribner's*, Mar. '26
WILSON, ETHEL BRODT—Mountain Song — *Step Ladder*, Oct. '25
Dreams of Morning — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
A Wall of Gray — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26

WILSON, ETHEL BRODT — *Continued*
As the Fog Came Over the Hills — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
Pearls — *Amer. Poetry*, May '26
WILSON, EVA MARGARET—Vagabond — *Golden Quill*, Spr. '26
To One Who Was Untrue — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-'26
Song of the Outlander — *Golden Quill*, Win. '25-'26
The Out Trail — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
WILSON, FRED—Legend of Niagara — *Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
WILSON, IRENE H.—The Senior — *Scribner's*, June '26
WILSON, JOHN FRENCH—Ballade of Love and Death — *Cont. V.*, Nov. '25
WINDES, MARGARET A.—The Poem I Should Like to Write — *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 8, '26
WINSLOW, ANNE GOODWIN—Wayside Bloom — *Harper's*, Aug. '25
Reflection — *Harper's*, Nov. '25
WINTERS, IVOR—The Cold Air — *Guardian*, Oct. '25
Prayer Beside a Lamp — *Dial*, Mar. '26
WISE, JAMES—Jacqueline — *Emory Phœnix*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Madonna E Tenebris — *Emory Phœnix*, Dec. '25
WOGAN, DANIEL—Ithaca Inhabited — *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
WOLF, ROBERT—Connubial Bliss — *Guardian*, Aug. '25
Sequel — *Measure*, Sept. '25
Lullaby for a Tired Lady — *Dial*, Nov. '25
To Each of Several Women — *Minaret*, May-June '26
The Ninth Hour — *Poetry*, June '26
Monastery — *Poetry*, June '26
WOLFE, WALTER BERAN—Searchlight Practice — *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
WOOD, ANNA HAMILTON—Ode to a Misspelled Word — *Interludes*, Sum.-Au. '25
WOOD, CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT—Goats — *Nation*, Mar. 3, '26
Eden — *Voices*, June '26
Give All — *Voices*, June '26
Good to be Born — *Voices*, June '26
WOOD, CLEMENT—Vista — *Circle*, July-Aug. '25
Victory — *Circle*, July-Aug. '25
Lead-Buds Turning Rose: A Group of Lyrics — *Circle*, July-Aug. '25
The Modern Statesman Speaks — *Circle*, July-Aug. '25
Any Room — *Circle*, July-Aug. '25
Testimony — *Circle*, July-Aug. '25
The Ballad of St. Winifred and the Evil Prince Cradoc — *Circle*, July-Aug. '25
Happiness — *Circle*, July-Aug. '25
A Charm — *Circle*, July-Aug. '25
These Songs — *Circle*, July-Aug. '25
Education — *Harp*, Sept. '25
Autobiography — *Cont. V.*, Oct. '25
The Eagle Flies: Sonnet Sequence — *Step Ladder*, Oct.-Nov. '25
Ahriman — *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
Sappho — *Cont. V.*, Jan. '26
To College Poets Singing of Pan — *Gammadion*, Win. '25
Aurora on Bleecker Street — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Tiptoe — *Voices*, Apr. '26
Heart's Desire — *Voices*, May '26
Inventory — *Voices*, May '26
Progress — *Commonweal*, May 12, '26
Midocean — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 24, '26

WOOD, CLEMENT (*Continued*)
Questionnaire — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 24, '26
WOOD, ELEANOR DUNCAN—The Churning — *Kentucky F. L. and Poetry*, Spr. '26
WOOD, ELIZABETH LAMBERT—Where Pines Grow Tall — *Amer. Poetry*, Sept.-Oct. '25
WOOD, FRANKLIN N.—Florida Memories — *Poetry To-day*, Sum. '25
Words — *Poetry of To-day*, Sum. '25
Beauty — *L'Alouette*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Triolet — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Nov. 11, '25
To a River Town — *Boston Trans.*, Nov. 28, '25
December Gold — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Dec. '25
Tampa — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, Dec. '25
The Retreat — *Circle*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Turbidus — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb. '26
Symbols — *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Poetry — *Circle*, May-June '26
Phantom Ships — *Ch. Sc. Mon.*, July 13, '25
WOOD, PATTY—Time — *Gypsy*, June '26
WOODRUFF, JAMES LLOYD—At the Tambourine — *Lyric W.*, Jan. '26
WOOLFORD, GUY—Celladoore — *Emory Phœnix*, Apr. '26
Tragedy — *Emory Phœnix*, Apr. '26
WOLVERTON, SARAH FOSS—Some Mothers to Some Daughters — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26
WORTH, KATHRYN—Young Modern — *Cont. V.*, Dec. '25
White Hunger — *Archive*, Jan. '25
November Passing — *Cont. V.*, Feb. '26
The Poet — *Archive*, Apr., '26
WRIGHT, J. ERNEST—I Speak to the Hills (To L. T.) — *Palms*, Nov. '25
WRIGHT, KATHRYN—Body Versus Soul — *Voice*, Spr. '26
Transition — *Voice*, Spr. '26
The Portion — *Voice*, Sum. '26
WRIGHT, WILLIAM H.—Voyage Accompli — *Dial*, May '26
WULFF, B.—Poppy Ladies — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
WYLIE, PHILIP G.—Formula for Spell-Casting — *College Humor*, June '26
YESENIN, SERGEY—Fragment from "Transfiguration" (trans. from the Russian by Alexander Kaun and Roberta Holloway) — *Poetry*, Nov. '25
YOUNG, CHARLOTTE—Dirge — *Lyric*, Mar. '26
YOUNG, HOWARD J.—To Negroes — *Opportunity*, Jan. '26
Lions — *Opportunity*, Feb. '26
YOUNG, JESSICA, M.—The Miracle — *Country Bard*, Spr. '26
Prayer — *Country Bard*, Sum. '26
XAVIER, THEODORA—Chrysanthemums on the Windowsill — *Magnificat*, Dec. '25
ZABEL, MORTON—Leitmotif — *Commonweal*, Sept. 2, '25
ZATURENSKY, MARYA—Narcissa, For Rosalind Hightower — *Midland*, Dec. '25
Shelley in the Tenements — *Midland*, Dec. '25
"Hear, O Israel, the Lord Our God is One" — *Midland*, Dec. '25
This Love — *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb. '26
On a Portrait — *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr. '26
ZEISS, J. ROY—Bitter-Sweet — *Interludes*, Win. '25-'26
Sweet Child — *The Voice*, Sum. '26
ZUKER, ANNE—The Lotus Pool — *Lyric W.*, Feb. '26
His Lordship In Heaven — *Lyric W.*, May-June '26

# ARTICLES AND REVIEWS OF POETS AND POETRY PUBLISHED

## August 1, 1925, to July 31, 1926

Anonymous—Thomas Hardy, Poet *Nation*, Sept. 23, '25
On Defending Poetry *Nation*, Oct. 21, '25
The Infant Muse (Nathalia Crane) *Nation*, Nov. 25, '25
A Literary Executioner (on Whitman and his followers) *Nation*, Dec. 16, '25
Country Dance Tunes *Nation*, Feb. 3, '26
The Little Poetry Journals *Archive*, Apr. '26
The All-Star Literary Vaudeville (stimulating comments on contemporary poets) *New Repub.*, June 30, '26

Aldington, Richard—D. H. Lawrence as Poet *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 1, '26

Allen, Gay—Jurgen and Faust: From Heaven Through the World to Hell *Archive*, Nov. '25

Allen, Hervey—"Here Comes Texas!" ("Blue Norther," by T. Lindsey) *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26

Allen, Hugh—Honey from Hymettus (Poetry of Anna Elizabeth, Comtesse de Noailles) *Commonweal*, Dec. 16, '25

Announcements of Poetry's Awards *Poetry*, Nov. '25

Arvin, Newton—What Is Great Poetry? ("The Theory of Poetry" by L. Abercrombie) *Books: N. Y. Her. Trib.*, Feb. 28, '26

Austin, Mary—Indian Songs ("Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs" by E. L. Walton) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 10, '26

Ayscough, Florence—Amy Lowell and the Far East *Bookman*, Mar. '26

Bakeless, John—Shakespeare, Keats and a Tertium Quid ("Shakespeare and Keats," by J. M. Murry) *New Repub.*, Mar. 17, '26

Baldwin, Charles Sears—The Rhythm of Verse ("What is Rhythm?" by E. A. Sonnenchein) *Dial*, Apr. '26

Bartlett, Eliot Fitch—Poems Before Seven (with Notes by R. F. Bartlett) *Bookman*, Aug. '25

Barrus, Clara—Whitman and Burroughs as Comrades *Yale R.*, Oct. '25

Bates, Ernest Sutherland—American Folk-Lore *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 10, '26

Bates, Katharine Lee—Lost, Stolen or Strayed! A Poet's Precious Preface ("The Unknown Goddess" by H. Wolfe) *Lit. Rev., N. Y. Eve. P.*, Oct. 10, '26
Important New Verse by Robert Bridges ("New Verse." Written in 1921 by Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate, with the other poems of that year and a few earlier pieces) *Lit. Rev., N. Y. Eve. P.*, June 26, '26

Beach, Joseph Warren—Mr. Abercrombie on Theory—I ("The Theory of Poetry," by L. Abercrombie) *Poetry*, June '26

Beach, Joseph Warren (*Continued*)
Mr. Abercrombie on Theory—II ("The Theory of Poetry" by L. Abercrombie) *Poetry*, July '26
Benét, Stephen Vincent—Distinctive Work ("Nobodaddy," and "The Pot of Earth," by Archibald MacLeish) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 17, '26
Benét, William Rose—From Pieria to Mediocria ("When I Grow Up to Middle Age," by S. Burt; "Troy Park," by E. Sitwell; "Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems," by R. Jeffers; "Ballads and Lyrics," by M. Widdemer; "Collected Poems," by Vachel Lindsay; "Starshine and Candlelight," by Sister Angelita; "Yule Fire," by M. Wilkinson; "Complete Poetical Works of E. D. Procter"; "Winepress," by W. H. Blumenthal) *Outlook*, Dec. 30, '25
On Swinburne *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 22, '26
Benham, Allen R.—Byron on His Contemporaries *Personalist*, July '26
Bellinger, Alfred R.—Latin Poetry ("Roman Poetry," by E. E. Sikes; "Martial," trans. by W. C. A. Ker; "Catullus and His Influence," by K. P. Harrington) *Yale R.*, Oct. '25
Berman, Harold—Poet into Orator *Menorah Journ.*, Apr.-May '26
Berry, William—Mr. Torrence Alchemist ("Hesperides," by R. Torrence) *Verse*, Aut. '25
Small Dramas of Decay ("Nor Youth Nor Age," by H. Vinal) *Verse*, Aut. '25
Mr. Benét Looks Backward ("Poems for Youth," edited by W. R. Benét) *Verse*, Aut. '25
Clouds and Candlesticks ("New York, and Other Poems," by M. D. Thayer) *Verse*, Win. '26
Beston, Henry—The Pirate and the Poets (Glimpses of Edward John Trelawney) *Bookman*, Oct. '25
Black, Matthew Wilson—Boys and Poetry *Scribner's*, Nov. '25
Bogan, Louise—Laughter in a Switchback World ("Troy Park," by E. Sitwell) *New Repub.*, Dec. 23, '25
Brawley, Benjamin—Richard Le Gallienne *Archive*, Oct. '25
Brégy, Katherine—Poets of America, by C. Wood *Commonweal*, Oct. 28, '25
Brickell, Herschel—Quaint Negro Folk-Songs Both Sacred and Secular ("On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs" by D. Scarborough; "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" edited by J. W. Johnson) *Lit. Rev., N. Y. Eve. P.*, Oct. 10, '26
Brooks, Benjamin Gilbert—A Word from London (contemporary English poetry) *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Bruncken, Herbert Gerhard— Thomas Hardy, Poet *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr. '26
The Weary Blues (by L. Hughes) *Minaret*, May-June '26
Buermeyer, Laurence—The Negro Spirituals and American Art *Opportunity*, May '26
Burgess, R. L.—One Hundred and Three Californians ("Continent's End, an Anthology of Contemporary California Poets. Edited by G. Sterling, G. Taggard, and J. Rorty) *Poetry*, Jan. '26
Burke, Kenneth—Codifying Milton ("Milton, Man and Thinker," by D. Saurat) *Dial*, Nov. '25
Burnshaw, Stanley—A Word to the Wise ("A Poetry Recital," by J. Stephens) *Voices*, Jan. '26
Cleansing the Muse's Soul with Laughing Gas ("Legend," a Book of Sonnets," by P. Sandoz) *Voices*, June '26

Canby, Henry Seidel—Introducing Whitman ("The Magnificent Idler," by C. Rogers; "Two Prefaces by Walt Whitman," edited by C. Morley) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 29, '26

Catel, Jean—Amy Lowell *Guardian*, Oct. '25

Chandler, Frank Wadleigh—Poetic Inspiration *Gypsy*, Win. '25

Cheyney, E. Ralph—Town and Sea (The Road to Town by Charles Divine; Tragic Beaches by Charles Norman) *Voices*, Apr. '26

Two Voices ("This Waking Hour," by L. S. Herald; "January Garden" by M. Cane) *Voices*, June '26

Chew, Samuel C.—Shakespeare and Marlowe ("Studies in the First Folio Written for the Shakespeare Association"; "The Death of Christopher Marlowe," by J. L. Hotson) *Nation*, Aug. 12, '25

Ben Jonson ("The Man and His Work," by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson) *Nation*, Sept. 23, '25

Shakespearean Studies ("A Topographical Dictionary to the Works of Shakespeare and His Fellow Dramatists," by E. H. Sugden; "Restoring Shakespeare," by L. Kellner; "Shakespeare in France: Criticism: Voltaire to Victor Hugo," by C. M. Haines) *Nation*, Oct. 14, '25

Keats and Mr. Middleton Murry ("Keats and Shakespeare," by J. M. Murry) *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Jan. 10, '26

Christman, Henry E.—A Single Appellation, "Love" ("Pilgrimages," by S. K. Russell) *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26

Tragic Beauty ("Blind Men," by A. B. Shiffrin) *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26

Clark, Bertha W.—Study Outline for Miss Amy Lowell's "John Keats" *Step Ladder*, Dec. '25

Study Outline for Thomas Hardy's "Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles" *Step Ladder*, May '26

Coblentz, Stanton A.—The Inferiority Complex in Poetry *Voices*, Apr. '26

Colum, Padraic—Dublin in Literature *Bookman*, July '26

Cournos, John—An Exile Recognized Abroad ("Parables," by J. G. Fletcher) *Lit. Rev., N. Y. Eve. P.*, Oct. 31, '25

Cox, Eleanor Rogers—The Popular Song *Commonweal*, Sept. 9, '25

Crawford, Nelson Antrim—Poetry Yesterday and Today ("Ancient Rhetoric and Poetic," by C. S. Baldwin; "The Background of Gray's 'Elegy'," by A. L. Reed; "An Anatomy of Poetry," by A. Williams-Ellis) *Poetry*, Feb. '26

Cullen, Countée—Poet on Poet ("The Weary Blues," by L. Hughes) *Opportunity*, Feb. '26

Daly, James—Roots Under the Rocks ("Tamar and Other Poems," by R. Jeffers) *Poetry*, Aug. '25

The Inextinguishable God ("Dionysus in Doubt," by E. A. Robinson) *Poetry*, Oct. '25

Damon, S. Foster—The Battle Over Blake ("William Blake in This World," by H. Bruce; "Blake's Vision of the Book of Job with Reproductions of the Illustrations, a Study," by J. H. Wicksteed; "Blake and Milton," by D. Saurat) *New Repub.*, Sept. 30, '25

Davidson, Donald—An English Introduction ("Grace After Meat," by J. R. Ransom) *Guardian*, Oct. '25

The Future of Poetry ("Thamyris, or Is There a Future for Poetry?") *Fugitive*, Dec. '25

Davis, Jr., Arthur Kyle—Native American Folk-Songs ("The Negro and His Songs," by H. W. Odum; "Dawn Boy. Blackfoot and Navajo Songs," by E. L. Walton; "The Traditional Ballad and Its South Carolina Survivals," by R. Smith)
*Virginia Q. R.*, Apr. '26

Davis, Elmer—The Gentleman from Verona ("Catullus: the Complete Poems," (trans. and ed. by F. A. Wright)
*Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 29, '26

Davis, Ethel M.—Two Lives (by W. E. Leonard)
*Archive*, Apr. '26

Lilith (by G. Sterling)
*Archive*, June '26

Davison, Edward—Three Women Poets ("Honey Out of the Rock," by B. Deutsch; "Ballads and Lyrics," by M. Widdemer; "The Difference," by H. Monroe)
*Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 20, '26

Deutsch, Babette—The Gael's Treasure-trove ("The Golden Treasury of Irish Verse," edited by L. Robinson)
*New Repub.*, Aug. 19, '25

Louis Untermeyer's Buch Der Liebe (an interview)
*Bookman*, Nov. '25

A No-World of All-Colored Light ("What's O'Clock," by A. Lowell)
*New Repub.*, Oct. 7, '25

Let It Be Allowed ("Color," by C. Cullen)
*Nation*, Dec. 30, '25

The Lost Spring ("May Days." An Anthology of Verse from 'Masses-Liberator,' chosen by G. Taggard)
*Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Jan. 31, '26

Spiritual Refreshment ("Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody," edited by C. H. Baker)
*Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Feb. 7, '26

Bitterness and Beauty ("Roan Stallion," by R. Jeffers; "You Who Have Dreamed," by M. Anderson; "Caravan," by W. Bynner; "Tiger Joy," by S. V. Benét)
*New Repub.*, Feb. 10, '26

Brindled Poems ("This Waking Hour," by L. S. Herald)
*Nation*, Mar. 31, '26

Voices that Beautify the Land ("American Indian Love Lyrics, and Other Verse, from the Songs of the North American Indians," by N. Barnes; "Dawn Boy, Blackfoot and Navajo Songs," by E. L. Walton; "Anthology of Ancient Egyptian Poems," by C. E. Sharpley)
*New Repub.*, May 12, '26

De Wolf, Richard C.—Ridgely Torrence ("Hesperides")
*Minaret*, Sept.-Oct. '25

Dillon, George H.—"The Authentic Sound" ("Once in a Blue Moon," by M. Strobel)
*Poetry*, Sept. '25

Mr. Davies' Poetry ("Selected Poems" and "Secrets," by W. H. Davies)
*Poetry*, Oct. '25

Rapture ("Poems," by Mabel Simpson)
*Poetry*, Mar. '26

Mr. Cullen's First Book ("Color," by C. Cullen)
*Poetry*, Apr. '26

Mr. Curran Judges the World ("The Last Judgment," by G. E. Curran)
*Poetry*, May '26

Divine, Charles—Pegasus in Light Harness ("When I Grew Up to Middle Age," by S. Burt)
*Voices*, June '26

Drinkwater, John—Amy Lowell's "Keats"
*Yale R.*, Jan. '26

The Poetry of Edmund Gosse
*Bookman*, July '26

Edman, Irwin—Patterns for the Free
*Bookman*, Sept. '25

E. E.—The Wind and the Brain ("Priapus and the Pool," by C. Aiken) *Voices*, Jan. '26

Eisenberg, Emanuel—"There is Evil in this Place" ("A Fool I' the Forest," by R. Aldington) *Voices*, Oct. '25

Fruit of the Flower ("Color," by C. Cullen) *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26

Escaping into Reality ("Poetic Values," by J. G. Neihardt; "Modern Poetry," by H. P. Collins) *Voices*, May '26

Variations on a Viennese Theme ("Edgar Allan Poe; A Study in Genius," by J. W. Krutch) *Voices*, June '26

Eleanore, Sister M.—Crashaw the Mystic *Commonweal*, July 7, '26

Elliott, G. R.—Social Earth ("New Hampshire: A Poem With Notes and Grace Notes," by R. Frost) *Dial*, Nov. '25

Erskine, John—The Seeing Eye ("January Garden," by M. Cane) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 20, '26

Fair, Robert—Hill Fragments, by Madeline Mason-Manheim *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26

Fauset, Arthur Huff—The Negro's Cycle of Song *Opportunity*, Nov. '25

Field, Sara Bard—Chiseled Lines ("Words for the Chisel," by G. Taggard) *Poetry*, July '26

Fillmore, Hildegarde—Poems and Poetical Exercises ("Sonata," by J. Erskine; "Voices of the Stones," by "AE;" "The King of the Black Isles," by J. U. Nicolson; "Collected Poems of H. D.") *Bookman*, Sept. '25

Fisher, A. Hugh—Twinkling Jane ("Jane Taylor, Prose and Poetry" with an Introduction by F. V. Barry) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 12, '26

Flanders, Helen Hartness—Mr. Milne and Master Robin ("When We Were Very Young," by A. A. Milne) *Voices*, Jan. '26

Chamber Music ("Peacocks in the Sun," by M. R. Garvin) *Voices*, May '26

Major Chords ("Quest and Acceptance," by E. A. Tilden) *Voices*, June '26

Fletcher, John Gould—Amy Lowell: A Reminiscence *Guardian*, Aug. '25

Foerster, Norman—The Case of Poe ("Edgar Allan Poe: A Study in Genius," by J. W. Krutch) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 5, '26

Frank, Waldo—Poe at Last *New Repub.*, Dec. 30, '25

French, Joseph Lewis—An American Poet (Josephine Preston Peabody) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. '26

Gabriel, Gilbert—Sir William and all the Little Gilberts *Bookman*, Dec. '25

Garstman, M.—Wisconsin Song Writer Composer of "The Sweet By and By" *Wisconsin Mag.*, Oct. '25

Gard, Wayne—Lew Sarett, Wilderness Poet *Int. Book Rev.*, Aug. '25

Sarojini Naidu, Poet and Patriot *N. Orient*, Dec. '25

Carl Sandburg Interprets Young Lincoln *Int. Book Rev.*, Feb. '26

Gassner, John Waldhorn—In a Caravan ("Caravan," by W. Bynner) *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Dec. 20, '25

New and Feeble Voices ("Quest and Acceptance," by E. A. Tilden; "Peacocks in the Sun," by M. R. Garvin; "Winged Victory," by L. G. Gear; "Equinox," by E. Curtis) *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Mar. 21, '26

Gaw, Allison—The Artistry of the Stanza *Lyric W.*, Oct. '25
The Artistry of the Stanza: II, *Some Onomato Poetic Values* *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
The Artistry of the Stanza: III, *Symbolic Values in Metrical Forms* *Lyric W.*, Dec. '25
The Artistry of the Stanza: VI, The Stanza as a Pure Art-Form *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26
Gilbert, Katherine—Hardy's Use of Nature *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
Gilbert, Allan H.—Saurat's Milton ("Milton, Man and Thinker," by D. Saurat) *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
Gill, Roderick—Poets and Pilgrims, by K. Brégy *Commonweal*, Dec. 9, '25
Goodspeed, Helen—Far Phantasies (Thomas Hardy) *New Repub.*, Mar. 3, '26
Through a Glass Darkly ("Sonnets, with Folk Songs from the Spanish," by H. Ellis) *New Repub.*, Mar. 10, '26
Granville-Barker, Harley—Shakespeare and Modern Stagecraft *Yale R.*, July '26
Green, Clara Bellinger—Is Free Verse Poetry? ("What's O'Clock," by A. Lowell) *Outlook*, Oct. 7, '25
Gregory, Horace—Scarlet and Mellow (by A. Kreymborg) *Minaret*, May-June '26
Guiterman, Arthur—Truly American Poetry ("The Song of the Indian Wars," by J. G. Neihardt; "Slow Smoke," by L. Sarett; "Tiger Joy," by S. V. Benét; "Selected Poems of Charles H. Towne;" "Honey Out of the Rock," by B. Deutsch; "The Book of Earth," by A. Noyes; "Ballads and Lyrics," by M. Widdemer) *Outlook*, Oct. 21, '25
Organ, Lyre and Flute of Reed ("Collected Works of John Masefield") *Outlook*, Feb. 3, '26
Corralling These Colts of Pegasus (reviews of books by V. Moore, A. Kreymborg, J. Auslander, M. E. Gilchrist, C. Crosby, G. Thayer, H. T. Rich, E. Davison, V. Lindsay, J. Stephens, R. C. Rogers, T. Moult, L. Untermeyer, D. Morton and H. Monroe) *Outlook*, July 14, '26
Guiney, Grace—Concerning Nancy Luce (an obscure New England poet) *Commonweal*, Aug. 19, '25
Hargrett, Lester—Negro Songs *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
Harper, George McLean—Hardy, Hudson, Housman *Scribner's*, Aug. '25
Matthew Arnold and the Zeit-Geist *Virginia Q. R.*, July '26
Harrison, Henry—The Poetry Market *Step Ladder*, Feb. '26
Harriss, R. P.—Babette Deutsch ("Honey Out of the Rock") *Archive*, Nov. '25
Scarlet and Mellow (A. Kreymborg) *Archive*, Apr. '26
Harrold, Fred—Experimentalism in Contemporary Poetry *American P. M.*, Sept.-Oct. '25
Heyward, DuBose—Contemporary Southern Poetry, I: The Audience *Bookman*, Jan. '26
Contemporary Southern Poetry, II: The Poets *Bookman*, Mar. '26
Hibbard, Addison—Earth Mood (by Hervey Allen) *Reviewer*, Oct. '25
Hill, Caroline M.—The Faith of Twentieth Century Poetry *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 27, '25
Hillyer, Robert—John Masefield ("Collected Works") *Dial*, Mar. '26
Hind, C. Lewis—Cricket in Song and History *Outlook*, Sept. 2, '25
Second-Best Poems: A Proposed Anthology *Outlook*, Oct. 7, '25

Holmes, John Haynes—An American Anthology (Le Gallienne's)
*Unity*, Apr. 19, '26

Hubbell, Lindley Williams—Without Flaw (Collected Poems of H. D.) *Measure*, Sept. '25

Two of the Sitwells ("The Thirteenth Cæsar, by S. Sitwell; "Out of the Flame," by O. Sitwell) *Voices*, Oct. '25

Hudson, Hoyt—The Poetry Clinic *Step Ladder*, June '26

Huggard, William A.—John Greenleaf Whittier "Fundamentalist"
*DePauw Mag.*, Mar. '26

Humphries, Rolfe—"Lesbia Nostra, Lesbia Illa——"
*Voices*, Nov. '25

Hail, Cal-i-forn-i-aye! ("Continent's End. An Anthology of Contemporary California Poets," edited by G. Sterling, G. Taggard and J. Rorty) *Books: N. Y. Her. Trib.*, Feb. 7, '26

"The Intricate Lovely Play of Sense" (Elizabethan Lyrics edited by Norman Ault; Those Not Elect by Léonie Adams)
*Measure*, Feb. '26

"Cecini Pascua, Rura——" *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26

Hutchison, Percy A.—Catullus as the Keats of Pagan Rome ("An Anthology of Italian Lyrics. From the Thirteenth Century to the Present Day." Chosen and Translated by R. Rendel; "Catullus. Complete Poems," translated and edited by F. A. Wright) *N. Y. Times Bk. R.*, July 4, '26

Jacob, Cary F.—Songs Out of Slavery ("The Book of American Negro Spirituals," edited by J. W. Johnson; "Eight Negro Songs from Bedford County, Virginia, collected by F. H. Abbot)
*Commonweal*, Jan. 27, '26

Johnson, Edgar—Harvest of Youth (by E. Davison)
*Cont. Ver.*, Apr. '26

Johnson, James Weldon—Now We Have the Blues ("Blues," edited by W. C. Handy) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 19, '26

Jones, Howard Mumford—William Ellery Leonard
*Double Dlr.*, May '26

On the Slopes of Parnassus ("Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1925 and Yearbook of American Poetry," edited by W. S. Braithwaite; "Caravan," by W. Bynner; "January Garden," by M. Cane; "Scarlet and Mellow," by A. Kreymborg, "Collected Poems," by V. Lindsay; "The Northeast Corner," by F. R. McCreary; "The Trial of Jesus," by J. Masefield; "Wellesley Verse," edited by M. H. Shackford; "Anchor Poems," by R. S. Walker," "Millsaps," College Verse. First Series edited by M. C. White.) *Virginia Q. R.*, July '26

Jones, Llewellyn—The Poetry Clinic *Step Ladder*, May '26

Jones, Rufus M.—Two Pillar Puritans ("Thomas Cartwright and Elizabethan Puritanism," by A. F. Scott; "A Life of the Reverend Richard Baxter, 1615-1691," by F. J. Powicke; "The Autobiography of Richard Baxter," edited by J. M. L. Thomas)
*Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 1, '26

Kendall, John S.—Walt Whitman in New Orleans
*Double Dlr.*, May '26

Kenyon, Theda—Morris Dance—Or Mass-Meeting? ("May Days. Anthology of Masses-Liberator Verse," edited by G. Taggard
*Voices*, June '26

Kerlin, Robert T.—Singers of New Songs ("Cane," by J. Toomer; "The Weary Blues," by L. Hughes; "Color," by C. Cullen)
*Opportunity*, May '26

Kirk, Richard— Another Demosthenes *Double Dlr.*, May '26

Kitchen, Robert C.—A Young Beholder of Pan ("Priapus and the Pool," by C. Aiken) *Verse*, Win. '26

Kjersmeier, Af Carl—Negere Som Digtere (Negroes as Poets), trans. from the Danish by E. Franklin Frazier *Crisis*, Aug. '25

Knister, Raymond—The Fruition of a Period ("A Golden Treasury of Irish Verse," edited by L. Robinson; "American Mystical Verse," edited by I. Hunter.) *Voices*, Nov. '25

Maturity and Restraint ("Slow Smoke," by Lew Sarett) *Voices*, Apr. '26

Kohn, Walter—The Romance of Actuality ("XLI Poems," by E. E. Cummings) *New Repub.*, Dec. '25

Kresensky, Raymond—Afterward ("Ballads and Lyrics," by M. Widdemer) *Voices*, May '26

Krussell, Thelma Beatty—Hamlet and Paracelsus *Personalist*, Jan. '26

Krutch, Joseph Wood—Young Poe: "Edgar Allan Poe Letters, till now unpublished, in theValentine Museum, Richmond,Virginia," by M. N. Stanard) *Nation*, Nov. 4, '25

Poe's Idea of Beauty *Nation*, Mar. 17, '26

La Rue, John Wellington—Amy Lowell in Retrospect *Gypsy*, Aut. '25

Lawrence, William Witherle—Chaucer's Reputation ("Five Hundred Years of Chaucer Criticism and Allusion: 1357-1900," by C. F. E. Spurgeon) *Books: N. Y. Her. Trib.*, Jan. 31, '26

Le Clercq, Jacques—To Keep the Young Idea Home Nights ("Poems for Youth," by W. R. Benét) *Voices*, Oct. '25

Leitch, Mary Sinton—Poetry From the Bible ("Poetry From the Bible," edited by Lincoln MacVeagh) *Va. Pilot*, Feb. '26

Poems by Ruth Oliver *Boston Eve. Trans.*, Feb. '26

Scrimshaw ("Scrimshaw," by Anne Washington Wilson) *Va. Pilot*, Feb. '26

Sails on the Horizon ("Sails on the Horizon," by Charles J. Quirk) *Va. Pilot*, Feb. '26

Roan Stallion ("Roan Stallion, Lamar and Other Poems," by Robinson Jeffers) *Va. Pilot*, Mar. '26

Slow Smoke ("Slow Smoke," by Lew Sarett) *Va. Pilot*, Mar. '26

Leonard, William Ellery—Drinkwater's Byron ("The Pilgrim of Eternity: Byron—A Conflict," by J. Drinkwater) *Books: N. Y. Her. Trib.*, Feb. 14, '26

Letts, W. M.—The Most Popular Poetry ("The Hymn as Literature," by J. B. Reeves) *Yale R.*, Oct. '25

Lewisohn, Ludwig—Catullus in Verona *Nation*, June 9, '26

Littell, Robert—Negro Songs without Music ("The Negro and His Songs, a Study of Typical Negro Songs in the South," by H. W. Odum and G. B. Johnson) *New Repub.*, Sept. 9, '25

Livesay, Florence Randal—Canadian Poetry Today *Poetry*, Oct. '25

Locke, Alain—Color (by C. Cullen) *Opportunity*, Jan. '26

Long, Haniel—Pure Poetry ("First Poems," by E. Muir) *Voices*, Jan. '26

Lowes, John Livingston—Two Readings of Earth (Hardy and Meredith) *Yale R.*, Apr. '26

Mabbott, Thomas O.—The Sorrows of Poe ("Edgar Allan Poe Letters Until Now Unpublished," edited by M. N. Stanard) *Yale R.*, Apr. '26

Mack, W. Harry—Robert Frost, Farmer and Poet *Tanager*, May '26

Manly, John M.—Scholarship Triumphant ("Five Hundred Years of Chaucer Criticism and Allusion," by C. F. E. Spurgeon) *New Repub.*, Mar. 17, '26

Marco, Angela—Wild West in Beautiful Covers ("American Indian Love Lyrics," by Nellie Barnes; "Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs," by E. L. Walton) *Voices*, Apr. '26
Marks, Jeannette—Revolution and Poetry *Virginia Q. R.*, Jan. '26
Mason-Manheim, Madeline—Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles, by T. Hardy *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
The Philosophy of Composition *Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
Masters, Edgar Lee—What is Great Poetry? *Poetry*, Sept. '25
Mayer, Frederick P.—George Meredith: An Obscure Comedian *Virginia Q. R.*, Oct. '25
Maynard, Theodore— The Poetry of Thomas Hardy *Catholic W.*, Apr. '26
Meadowcroft, Clara Platt—Brave Banners ("Puritan," by I. F. Conant) *Voices*, May '26
Mitchell, Stewart—A Strayed Reveller ("The Halt in the Garden," by R. Hillyer) *Dial*, Feb. '26
Monroe, Harriet—Apples of Silver ("Hesperides," by R. Torrence) *Poetry*, Aug. '25
H. D. *Poetry*, Aug. '25
A Few Women Poets *Poetry*, Sept. '25
Another Birthday ("Poetry's Thirteenth Birthday") *Poetry*, Oct. '25
Epic Moods ("Earth Moods and Other Poems," by Hervey Allen) *Poetry*, Nov. '25
Lew Sarett and Our Aboriginal Inheritance *Poetry*, Nov. '25
"Rubies in a Gate of Stone" ("What's O'Clock," by A. Lowell) *Poetry*, Dec. '25
A Word About Prosody *Poetry*, Dec. '25
A Hurried Poet ("A Hurried Man," by Emanuel Carnevali) *Poetry*, Jan. '26
John Gould Fletcher *Poetry*, Jan. '26
A Modern Agonist ("Two Lives" and "Tutankhamen," by W. E. Leonard) *Poetry*, Feb. '26
As It Is in Paris("Inquiry on Contemporary Poetry) *Poetry*, Feb. '26
Many Anthologies *Poetry*, Mar. '26
Quiet Music ("You Who Have Dreamed," by M. Anderson) *Poetry*, Mar. '26
Silver Strains ("The Poor King's Daughter," by A. Kilmer) *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Tone Poems ("The Happy Marriage" and "The Pot of Earth," by A. MacLeish) *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Typographical Queries (on the typography of books of verse) *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Moth Wings ("Golden Pheasant," by K. W. Ryan) *Poetry*, May '26
Care and Competence ("Honey Out of the Rock," by B. Deutsch) *Poetry*, May '26
Mr. Turbyfill's Poem ("A Marriage With Space") *Poetry*, May '26
A Travel Tale (a poetic record of the Southwest, the Pacific Coast and the Northwest) *Poetry*, June '26
Power and Pomp ("Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems," by R. Jeffers) *Poetry*, June '26
Fiddler and Poet ("Fiddler's Farewell," by L. Speyer) *Poetry*, July '26
Mephistopheles and the Poet *Poetry*, July '26

Monroe, Harriet (*Continued*)
What to Think? (comments on M. Turbyfill's poem "A Marriage with Space") *Poetry*, July '26
Moon, Lois Burton—Color by Countee Cullen (Color by Countee Cullen) *Lyric W.*, Apr. '26
Moore, Marianne—"The Bright Immortal Olive" ("Collected Poems of H. D.") *Dial*, Aug. '25
People Stare Carefully ("XLI Poems," "&," by E. E. Cummings) *Dial*, Jan. '26
Memory's Immortal Gear ("Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles," by T. Hardy) *Dial*, May '26
Land and Sea and Sky and Sun ("January Garden," by M. Cane; "Poems," by M. Simpson; "This Waking Hour," by L. S. Herald) *Dial*, July '26
Moore, Virginia—Two Books ("Tamar," by R. Jeffers; "Continent's End," edited by G. Sterling, G. Taggard and J. Rorty) *Voices*, Nov. '25
That Sad Mad Masters ("Selected Poems," by E. L. Masters) *Verse*, Win. '26
Morley, Christopher—Second Best ("100 Second Best Poems," edited by C. L. Hind) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 1, '26
Morris, Lloyd—Wescott as Poet ("Natives of Rock: Twenty Poems (1921–1922) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 5, '26
Mott, Frank Luther—The Devotion of John G. Neihardt ("The Song of the Indian Wars," by J. G. Neihardt) *Bookman*, Sept. '25
The Poet's Apologies ("Poetic Values," by J. G. Neihardt) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 24, '26
Muir, Edwin—T. S. Eliot *Nation*, Aug. 5, '25
Aldous Huxley *Nation*, Feb. 10, '26
Munson, Gorham B.—The Dandyism of Wallace Stevens *Dial*, Nov. '25
In this Age of Hard Trying, Nonchalance is Prejudiced (on the poetry of Marianne Moore) *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
Murphy, Charles R.—After Reading the Phædo *Personalist*, Jan. '26
Musser, Benjamin—Pegasus in Pasture *Voices*, Oct. '25
Ho! I Am Youth! ("New York and Other Poems," by M. D. Thayer) *Voices*, June '26
MacLeish, Archibald—Santayana, the Poet *Bookman*, Oct. '25
McClure, John—The Independent Poetry Anthology (edited by E. Ralph Cheyney) *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
The Pot of Earth ("The Pot of Earth," by A. MacLeish) *Double Dlr.*, Nov. '25
"You Who Have Dreamed" ("You Who Have Dreamed," by M. Anderson) *Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
The Song of the Indian Wars (by John G. Neihardt) *Double Dlr.*, May '26
McGuire, Harry—Sonnets and Cast-Iron Shoes *Pan*, Nov. '25
McLane, James—The Poet of Dream (Walter de la Mare) *Personalist*, Jan. '26
McPartlin, Catharine—One of Our Lady's Singers: Sister Madeleva *Magnificat*, Aug. '25
Nagle, Edward—New Orleans, Spring 1925 *Little Review*, Spr.-Sum. '26
Nardi, Marcia—Honey Out of the Rock (by B. Deutsch) *New Repub.*, Dec. 30 '25

Nedry, Britt—Verne Bright Stands High in Western Poetry
*Oregon S. J.*, Apr. 11, '26
Newman, Stanley S.—Emanuel Savoir, or in Tune with the Infinite (A Marriage With Space by Mark Turbyfill)
*Forge*, Spr. '26
Niven, Frederick—Along the Potomac (The Poetry of the People)
*Bookman*, Nov. '25
Norris, Kathleen—Wings of Youth (Life's Garden by Nancy Buckley) *Gammadion*, Sum. '26
North, Jessica Nelson—Interludes from Mr. Drinkwater ("New Poems," by J. Drinkwater) *Poetry*, Dec. '25
A Nest of Dreams (Those Not Elect by Léonie Adams)
*Forge*, No. 12, '26
Nutting, Helen—Corsican Voceri *Bookman*, June '26

O'Shea, Deirdre—An Irish Mystic (AE,—G. W. Russell)
*Virginia Q. R.*, Apr. '26

Payne, Raphael Semmes—Omnipotence in a Garden (poets on nature)
*America*, May 1, '26
Pierce, Frederick E.—Blake Interpreted ("William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols," by S. F. Damon)
*Yale R.*, Jan. '26
Plumpe, J. Conrad—Hroswitha, Nun and Poetess
*America*, Apr. 3, '26
Pound, Ezra—Mr. Dunning's Poetry ("The Four Winds," by R. C. Dunning) *Poetry*, Sept. '25
Powell, Dawson—Buccaneering for Poetry in the Southwest
*Buccaneer*, Spr. '26
Price, William James—Healing by Means of Poetry ("The Poetry Cure," by R. H. Schauffler) *Interludes*, Apr.-June '26
Pruette, Lorine—Poe Newly Analyzed *Bookman*, June '26
Purnell, Idella—A New Vein (Caravan by Witter Bynner)
*Voices*, Apr. '26
Black Magic ("Birds, Beasts and Flowers: Poems," by D. H. Lawrence) *Laughing Horse*, Apr. '26

Ramsay, Janet—Afro-American Concord ("On the Trail of Negro-Folk-Songs," by D. Scarborough; "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," by J. W. Johnson; "Mellows," by R. E. Kennedy) *New Repub.*, Dec. 30, '25
Raymund, Bernard—Yale Series: Number Twenty (Coach into Pumpkin, by Dorothy E. Reid) *Voices*, Apr. '26
Rede, Kenneth—Edward Coote Pinkney ("The Life and Works of Edward Coote Pinkney," by T. O. Mabbott and F. L. Pleadwell)
*Virginia Q. R.*, July '26
Reed, Edward Bliss—A Note on Recent American Verse ("Poems," by C. M. Lewis; "What's O'Clock," by A. Lowell; "Lava Lane," by N. Crane; "The Long Gallery," by A. G. Winslow; "Ballads and Lyrics," by M. Widdemer; "Not Poppy," by V. Moore; "Tiger Joy," by S. V. Benét; "Hesperides," by R. Torrence; "The Song of the Indian Wars," by J. G. Neihardt; "Dionysus in Doubt," by E. A. Robinson; "Two Lives," by W. E. Leonard *Yale R.*, July '26
Repplier, Agnes—The Fortunate Poets *Yale R.*, Jan. '26
Rich, H. Thompson—Echoes from Parnassus (Selected Poems by Edgar Lee Masters) *Voices*, Apr. '26

Richards, I. A.—Science and Poetry
*Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 5, '26
Ridge, Lola—Sweet Out of Hard ("Honey Out of the Rock," by B. Deutsch)
*Nation*, Nov. 25, '25
Amy Lowell (What's O'Clock)
*Nation*, Dec. 16, '25
Emanuel Carnevali
*New Repub.*, Mar. 3, '26
H. D.'s Poems ("Poems of Pursuit," by H. D.)
*Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 26, '26
Robinson, Henry Morton—Contemporary Verse Society
*Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
Poetic Imagery (by Henry W. Wells)
*Cont. V.*, Apr. '26
Robinson, Landon M.—A Selection from the Poems of Michael Field. Arranged and Prefaced by T. Sturge Moore
*Commonweal*, Jan. 6, '26
Rogers, Cameron—Mangan and His Rosaleen
*Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 13, '26
The Poet of the Rosary ("The Poems of Robert Cameron Rogers")
*Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 19, '26
Root, E. Merrill—Retrospect: The City of Dreadful Night
*Measure*, Sept. '25
Mr. Mencken's Sound and Fury
*Measure*, Oct. '25
The Milk of Human Kindness, to Eat with Apple Tart! ("Hesperides," by R. Torrence)
*Voices*, Oct. '25
Hickory, Dickory, Dock, Miss Lowell Up the Clock ("What's O'Clock," by Amy Lowell)
*Measure*, Oct. '25
A Note on Richard Hovey
*Poetry Folio*, Mar.-Apr. '26
Rosenfeld, Paul—An American Sonneteer (Donald Evans)
*Dial*, Mar. '26
Emanuel Carnevali ("A Hurried Man")
*Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. '26
Ryan, Kathryn White—Things that Can Be Said ("Voices of the Wind," by V. McCormick)
*Voices*, Nov. '25
Sampson, Harriet—Three Woman ("A Wind Blowing Over," by C. P. Meadowcroft; "The Venture," by J. K. MacKenzie; "Ulysses Returns," by R. M. Montgomery)
*Voices*, Nov. '25
Sandoz, Paul—The Renaissance ("Keats and Shakespeare," by J. Middleton Murry)
*Voices*, Apr. '26
Sapir, Edward—An American Poet ("Collected Poems of H. D.")
*Nation*, Aug. 19, '25
The Tragic Chuckle ("Dionysus in Doubt," by E. A. Robinson)
*Voices*, Nov. '25
Léonie Adams ("Those Not Elect," by L. Adams)
*Poetry*, Feb. '26
Mabel Simpson ("Poems," by M. Simpson)
*Voices*, May '26
S., C.—Garlands of Verse ("American Poetry, 1925")
*Independent*, Sept. 19, '25
Schmidt, Eunice—Madison Man Wrote Famous Campaign Song: Author of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," Was Wisconsin Pioneer
*Wisconsin Mag.*, Oct. '25
Seaver, Edwin—Is Walt Whitman an American?
*Guardian*, Oct. '25
Seiffert, Marjorie Allen—Two Editors of Poetry ("Profiles from Home," by E. Tietjens; "Once in a Blue Moon," by M. Strobel)
*Voices*, Jan. '26
A Light-Stepping Caravan ("Caravan," by W. Bynner)
*Poetry*, Mar. '26

Seldes, Gilbert—Shower-Bath Ballads *New Repub.*, Aug. 26, '25
The Negro's Songs ("On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs," by D. Scarborough; "Mellows," by R. E. Kennedy; "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," by J. W. Johnson)
*Dial*, Mar. '26
Sergeant, Elizabeth Shepley—Robert Frost: A Good Greek out of New England *New Repub.*, Sept. 30, '25
Amy Lowell, Memory Sketch for a Biography
*New Repub.*, Nov. 18, '25
Seymour, George Steele—The Poetry Clinic *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
Sherman, Stuart—In Behalf of John Masefield ("Collected Works")
*Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Jan. 10, '26
Shipley, Joseph T.—Edwin Arlington Robinson ("Dionysus in Doubt," by E. A. Robinson) *Guardian*, Oct. '25
First Poems of Promise ("Not Poppy," by V. Moore)
*Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 1, '26
Short, Lionel G.—Catching Up With Meredith ("George Meredith") (English Men of Letters: new series) by J. B. Priestley
*Lit. Rev., N. Y. Eve. P.*, June 26, '26
Shuster, George N.—Eichendorff (German poet)
*Magnificat*, Dec. '25
Father Tabb and His Tradition *Commonweal*, Sept. 23, '25
Pearl, by Sister M. Madeleva *Commonweal*, Jan. 6, '26
Francis Jammes *Magnificat*, Mar. '26
Annette von Droste-Hulshoff (German religious poet)
*Magnificat*, Apr. '26
Books for the Dante Prize Worker *Commonweal*, May 26, '26
Singleton, Anne—Shaking No Fist ("The Long Gallery," by Anne Goodwin Winslow) *Measure*, Jan. '26
Smyth, Joseph Hilton—The Weary Blues (by L. Hughes)
*Double Dlr.*, May '26
Snow, Royal—Oxford: Thick Smoke and Thin Fire ("An Indian Ass," by H. Acton; "Babbling April," by G. Greene)
*Poetry*, May '26
Notes on What's O'Clock ("What's O'Clock," by A. Lowell)
*Double Dlr.*, Jan. '26
Solow, Herbert S.—Unknowing and Other Poems, by M. W. Stillman
*Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
Heritage and Other Poems, by M. A. Haley
*Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
Spencer, Lilian White—Lyric France in English Verse (trans. thirty-one French Poets, from Rutebœuf, 1250, to Appolinaire, 1918)
*P. Lore*, Nov. '25
Strobel, Marion—Tenuous and Fragile ("The Unknown Goddess," by H. Wolfe) *Poetry*, May '26
An Armenian Exile ("This Waking Hour," by L. S. Herald)
*Poetry*, June '26
Stuart, Henry Longan—A Life of the Reverend Richard Baxter, 1615–1691 *Commonweal*, Sept. 30, '25
The Autobiography of Richard Baxter
*Commonweal*, Mar. 17, '26
Sullivan, A. M.—What Makes a Poem? *Step Ladder*, Mar. '26
Swett, Margery—Through a Glass Darkly ("Scarlet and Mellow," by A. Kreymborg; "Along the Wind," by C. P. Smith; "January Garden," by M. Cane; "Dawn Boy," "Blackfoot and Navajo Songs," by E. L. Walton) *Bookman*, June '26
Poetry Recitals in New York *Poetry*, June '26

Taggard, Genevieve—"May Days" (Introduction to *Masses-Liberator* Anthology of Verse) *Nation*, Sept. 30, '25
Taylor, Mary Atwater—Fragment and Fire ("Sonata and Other Poems," by J. Erskine) *Voices*, Oct. '25
Tate, Allen—Rhetoric, Mysticism, Poetry ("Windows of the Night." by C. Williams; "Voices of Stones," by AE (G. W. Russell); "The Pot of Earth," by A. MacLeish) *New Repub.*, Oct. 14, '25
Verse ("Poems," I. Edman; "You Who Have Dreamed," by M. Anderson; "Tiger Joy," by S. V. Benét; "Caravan," by W. Bynner) *Nation*, Dec. 9, '25
Conrad Aiken's Poetry ("Priapus and the Pool" and "Senlin: A Biography") *Nation*, Jan. 13, '26
Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology" *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Feb. 14, '26
Distinguished Minor Poetry ("Those Not Elect," by L. Adams) *Nation*, Mar. 3, '26
A Philosophical Critic ("The Theory of Poetry," by L. Abercrombie) *New Repub.*, Apr. 21, '26
A Poetry of Ideas ("Poems: 1909–1925," by T. S. Eliot) *New Repub.*, June 30, '26
Thomas, Dorothy—The Book of American Negro Spirituals, edited with an Introduction by J. W. Johnson; musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Johnson *Commonweal*, Jan. 13, '26
Thompson, Roy Towner—Gottfried Hult, A Hunter of Symbols *Lyric W.*, Nov. '25
Tilden, Ethel Arnold—Contrasts ("More in American," by J. V. A. Weaver; "The Weary Blues," by L. Hughes) *Voices*, May '26
Trent, Lucia—Along the Wind, by C. P. Smith *Cont. V.*, Mar. '26
Trombly, Albert Edmund—Modern Balladry ("Tiger Joy," by S. V. Benét) *Voices*, Feb.-Mar. '26
Trueblood, Charles K.—Emily Dickinson *Dial*, Apr. '26
Tyler, Parker—The Unbroken Vase ("The Long Gallery," by A. G. Winslow; "Mother and Son," by R. Norwood; "Selected Poems," by C. H. Towne) *Voices*, May '26
Untermeyer, Louis—Here and There (Reviews of E. Tietjens, "Little Poems from the Japanese," E. Muir, O. Sitwell, S. Sitwell, and "The Swallow-Book," by E. Toller) *Bookman*, Aug. '25
She Stalked the Ramparts ("What's O'Clock," by Amy Lowell) *Lit. Rev., N. Y. Eve. P.*, Sept. 26, '25
Metaphysical Music ("Those Not Elect," by L. Adams) *New Repub.*, Nov. 25, '25
A Christmas Inventory (reviews of W. Bynner, S. Burt, L. Sarett, S. V. Benét, L. Adams) *Bookman*, Dec. '25
Anti-Georgian ("The Espalier," by S. T. Warner) *Poetry*, July '26
A Premature Harvest ("Harvest of Youth," by E. Davison) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 24, '26
Van Doren, Mark—Mystical Poets ("A. E." and R. Torrence) *Nation*, Aug. '25
Edith Sitwell ("Troy Park") *Nation*, Sept. 30, '25
Two Lives (W. E. Leonard) *Nation*, Nov. 11, '25
Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems (R. Jeffers) *Nation*, Nov. 25, '25

Van Doren, Mark (*Continued*)
The Book of American Negro Spirituals (J. W. Johnson); Mellows (R. E. Kennedy) *Nation*, Dec. 16, '25
"May Days: An Anthology of Verse from *Masses-Liberator*," edited by G. Taggard *Nation*, Dec. 30, '25
Sonnets, with Folk Songs from the Spanish (by H. Ellis) *Nation*, Jan. 6, '26
Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles (by T. Hardy) *Nation*, Jan. 20, '26
The Still Visible World ("Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles," by T. Hardy *Books: N. Y. Her. Trib.*, Jan. 24, '26
Poetry of the American Indian *Nation*, Feb. 17, '26
On Ovid *Nation*, Feb. 24, '26
Five Hundred Years of Chaucer Criticisms and Allusion (by C. F. E. Spurgeon) *Nation*, Mar. 3, '26
Selected Poems (by T. S. Eliot) *Nation*, June 9, '26
Van Slyke, Berenice—Neihardt's Epic ("The Song of the Indian Wars," by J. G. Neihardt) *Poetry*, Mar. '26
Aboriginal Lyrics ("Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs," by E. L. Walton) *Poetry*, June '26
Psalms of the Fields ("The Northeast Corner," by F. R. McCreary) *Voices*, Jan. '26
A First Strong Song ("Golden Pheasant," by K. W. Ryan) *Voices*, Jan. '26
Eagle Postscript ("The Eagle Flies," by C. Wood) *Voices*, May '26
Wagstaff, Blanche Shoemaker—Echoes from Before the War ("Selected Poems," by C. H. Towne) *Verse*, Win. '26
Walrond, Eric—A Poet for the Negro Race ("Color," by C. Cullen) *New Repub.*, Mar. 31, '26
Walsh, Thomas—Selected Poems, by C. H. Towne *Commonweal*, Oct. 21, '25
The Tain, by Mary A. Hutton *Commonweal*, Oct. 28, '25
Azucena, by M. de Gracia Concepción *Commonweal*, Nov. 11, '25
Golden Pheasant, by K. W. Ryan *Commonweal*, Dec. 9, '25
Poems of Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, trans. by the Carmelites of Santa Clara *Commonweal*, Jan. 27, '26
A Sheaf of New Poems (books by M. Earls, I. F. Conant, L. Adams, H. F. Blunt, E. S. Smith, S. K. Russell, Sister Imelda, W. Bynner, M. C. Percy, H. Monroe, A. C. Henderson, A. B. Shiffrin, W. E. Leonard and J. Freeman) *Commonweal*, Feb. 3, '26
Walton, Eda Lou—On the Trail of Negro Song ("On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs," by D. Scarborough, "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," by J. W. Johnson, "Negro Poetry in America, by B. Norton) *Poetry*, Jan. '26
American-Indian Studies ("American Indian Love Lyrics," by N. Barnes; "Manito Masks," by H. Alexander) *Poetry*, Apr. '26
Wescott, Glenway—A Courtly Poet ("A Draft of Sixteen Cantos. For the Beginning of a Poem of Some Length," by E. Pound) *Dial*, Dec. '25
White, Walter—Negro Spirituals ("The Book of American Negro Spirituals," edited by J. W. Johnson) *Bookman*, Dec. '25
White, Richard—Tracking Marlowe's Murderer ("The Death of Christopher Marlowe," by J. L. Hotson: Introduction, by G. L. Kittredge) *Virginia Q. R.*, Jan. '26

Whiteside, Mary Brent—Amy Lowell: Prophet or Failure? *Reviewer*, Oct. '25

The Art of Amy Lowell *Westminster M.*, Dec. '25

A Group of Southern Poets *Westminster M.*, June '26

Wilkinson, Marguerite—Nobodies and Somebodies *Voices*, Nov. '25

Williams, Dudley—Sanctuary (Sanctuary by Virginia Stait) *Lyric W.*, May-June '26

Wilson, Edmund—Pope and Tennyson *New Repub.*, Sept. 16, '25

James Joyce as a Poet *New Repub.*, Nov. '25

American Ballads and Their Collectors *New Repub.*, June 30, '26

Shanty-Boy Ballads and Blues *New Repub.*, July 14, '26

Wilson, James Southall—The Young Man Poet *Virginia Q. R.*, Apr. '26

Winters, Yvor—Mina Loy *Dial*, June '26

W., J. M.—Color (by Countee Cullen) *Palms*, Jan. '26

Wolf, Robert—Hamlet, or the Artist's Defeat *Measure*, Jan. '26

Wood, Clement—Memorable Singing in New Poems by Miss Widdemer ("Ballads and Lyrics," by M. Widdemer) *Lit. Rev., N. Y. Eve. P.*, Oct. 31, '26

A Sonneteer's Preferences ("The Sonnet Today and Yesterday," by D. Morton) *Voices*, May '26

The State of the Muse: 1925 ("Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1925, and Yearbook of American Poetry," by W. S. Braithwaite) *Voices*, June '26

The Negro Sings ("The Book of American Negro Spirituals," edited by J. W. Johnson; "Mellows," by R. E. Kennedy; "On the Trail of Negro Folk-Song," by D. Scarborough; "The New Negro," by Alain Locke; "Color," by C. Cullen) *Yale R.*, July '26

The Poetry Clinic *Step Ladder*, July '26

Chesterton: The Flying Sword *Commonweal*, July 14, '26

Wright, Muriel—The Neurosis of Poets *Lyric W.*, Mar. '26

Young, Stark—Miss Mayne's Enchanters ("Byron," by E. C. Colburn) *New Repub.*, Dec. 30, '25

Zeitlin, Jacob—The Problem of Donne ("John Donne. A Study in Discord," by H. I. Fausset; "A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne," by E. M. Simpson) *Nation*, Aug. 26, '25

# A SELECT LIST OF BOOKS ABOUT POETS AND POETRY

## Published During 1925 and 1926

Abercrombie, Lascelles. *The Theory of Poetry.*
Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Baker, Christina Hopkinson. *Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody.* Houghton Mifflin Co.

Beebe, Lucius. *François Villon. Certain Aspects.*
Cambridge: Privately Printed

Beresford, John. *Letters of Thomas Gray.* Oxford University Press

Binyon, Laurence. *The Followers of William Blake.*
Minton, Balch & Co.

Boyd, Charles Arthur. *The Singers of Judah's Hills. A Series of Story-Settings for Selected Psalms.* Fleming H. Revell Co.

Bradby, G. F. *About Shakespeare and His Plays.*
Oxford University Press

Braybrooke, Patrick. *Kipling and His Soldiers.*
J. B. Lippincott Co.

Brégy, Katherine. *Poets and Pilgrims. From Geoffrey Chaucer to Paul Claudel.* Benziger Brothers

Brewer, Wilmon. *Shakespeare's Influence on Sir Walter Scott.*
The Cornhill Publishing Co.

Burney, Rev. C. F. *The Poetry of Our Lord. An Examination of the Formal Elements of Hebrew Poetry in the Discourses of Jesus Christ.* Oxford University Press

Chambers, E. K. *Shakespeare. A Survey.*
Oxford University Press

Chambers, R. W. *Ruskin and Others on Byron.*
Oxford University Press

Chislett, Jr., William. *George Meredith. A Study and an Appraisal.*
Richard G. Badger

Christian, S. L. *The Song of Mystery. A Devotional Study of the Book of Canticles.* With a Preface by Rev. B. W. Randolph.
Longmans, Green & Co.

Collins, H. P. *Modern Poetry.* Houghton Mifflin Co.

Davies, W. H. *Later Days.* George H. Doran Co.

Drinkwater, John. *The Pilgrim of Eternity. Byron — A Conflict.*
George H. Doran Co.

Drinkwater, John. *Robert Burns. A Play.* Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. By Thomas Gray. A Bibliographical and Descriptive Note* by W. N. C. Carlton.
George D. Smith Co. Inc.

Fellows, Edmund H. *The English Madrigal.*
Oxford University Press

Figgis, Darrell. *The Paintings of William Blake.*
Charles Scribner's Sons

Gilbert, Allan H. *Dante's Conception of Justice.* Duke University Press

Granville-Barker, Harley. *From Henry V to Hamlet* (annual Shakespeare Lecture for 1925). Oxford University Press

Gray, Arthur. *A Chapter in the Early Life of Shakespeare. Polesworth in Arden.* Cambridge, England: University Press

Guiney, Grace, Editor. *Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney.* With a Preface by Agnes Repplier. Harper & Brothers

Hadow, Sir W. H. *A Comparison of Poetry and Music.* The Henry Sedgwick Lecture for 1925. The Macmillan Co.

Hanford, James Holly. *A Milton Handbook.* F. S. Crofts & Co.

Harte, Geoffrey Bret. *The Letters of Bret Harte.* Houghton Mifflin Co.

Hill, R. H., Editor. *The Shelley Correspondence in the Bodleian Library.* Oxford: Printed for the Bodleian Library

Kennedy, R. Emmet. *Mellows. A Chronicle of Unknown Singers.* Albert and Charles Boni

Kerr, Hugh Thompson. *The Gospel in Modern Poetry.* Fleming H. Revell Co.

Krutch, Joseph Wood. *Edgar Allan Poe. A Study in Genius.* Alfred A. Knopf

Le Gallienne, Richard. *The Romantic '90's.* Doubleday, Page & Co.

Lee, Sir Sidney and Chambers, Sir Edmund. *A Shakespeare Reference Library.* Oxford University Press

*Letters from William Blake to Thomas Butts, 1800–1803.* Oxford University Press

Locke, Alain. *The New Negro. An Interpretation. An Anthology of Prose and Verse.* Albert and Charles Boni

Logan, Katherine R. *The Upper Road of Vision.* George H. Doran Co.

Lucas, F. L. *Authors Dead and Living* (on M. Drayton, J. Donne, W. de la Mare). The Macmillan Co.

Mabbott, Thomas Ollive, and Pleadwell, Frank Lester. *The Life and Works of Edward Coote Pinkney. A Memoir and Complete Text of His Poems and Literary Prose, Including Much Never Before Published.* The Macmillan Co.

Mackall, J. W. *Studies of English Poets.* Longmans, Green & Co.

Mackall, J. W. *Classical Studies.* The Macmillan Co.

Monroe, Harriet. *Poets and Their Art.* The Macmillan Co.

Morton, David. *The Sonnet of Today — and Yesterday.* G. P. Putnam's Sons

Neihardt, John G. *Poetic Values. Their Reality and Our Need of Them.* The Macmillan Co.

Nicolson, Harold. *Swinburne.* (English Men of Letters: New Series.) The Macmillan Co.

Odum, Howard W., and Johnson, Guy B. *Negro Workaday Songs.* University of North Carolina Press

Powell, A. E. (Mrs. E. R. Dodds). *The Romantic Theory of Poetry. An Examination in the Light of Croce's Æsthetics.* Longmans, Green & Co.

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Sisson, C. J. *Shakespeare in India. Popular Adaptations on the Bombay Stage.* Oxford University Press

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Sparhawk, Frances Campbell. *Whittier at Close Range.* Brookline: The Riverdale Press

Spurgeon, Caroline F. E. *Five Hundred Years of Chaucer Criticism and Illusion. 1357–1900.* The Macmillan Co.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles. *William Blake. A Critical Essay* (New Edition). Charles Scribner's Sons

*The Prophetic Writings of William Blake. Edited with a General Introduction, Glossarial Index of Symbols, Commentary and Appendices.* By D. J. Sloss and J. P. R. Wallis. Oxford: Clarendon Press

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Thorpe, Clarence Dewitt. *The Mind of John Keats.* Oxford University Press

Tolman, Albert H. *Falstaff, and Other Shakspearean Topics.* The Macmillan Co.

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Watt, Homer A. and Munn, James B. *Ideas and Forms. In English and American Literature.* Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.

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Whitman, Walt. *Two Prefaces.* Doubleday, Page & Co.

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*A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions 1758.* Edited by Hyder E. Rollins. Harvard University Press

*American Poetry 1925. A Miscellany.* Harcourt Brace & Co.

*An Anthology of Italian Lyrics. From the Thirteenth Century to the Present Day.* Chosen and Translated by Romilda Rendel. Frank-Maurice, Inc.

Ansley, Rufus. *Overture, and Other Poems.* Harold Vinal

*Anthology of Student Verse for 1925.* Edited by Snow Longley. Los Angeles High School

*A Treasury of Verse for School and Home.* Selected by M. G. Edgar and Eric Chilman. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Auslander, Joseph. *Cyclops' Eye.* Harper & Brothers

Bacon, Peggy. *Funerealities.* New York: Aldergate Press

*Ballads and Songs of the Shanty-Boys.* Collected and Edited by Franz Rickaby. Harvard University Press

Barnes, Nellie, *Editor. American Indian Love Lyrics. From the Songs of the North American Indians.* Foreword by Mary Austin. The Macmillan Co.

Bartlett, Alice Hunt, *Editor. The Sea Anthology. Including One Hundred Original Sonnets of the Sea.* Forewords by Mark Kerr and Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. Brentano's

Bede, J. Adam. *Sayings in Verse.* The Stratford Co.

Benét, Stephen Vincent. *Tiger Joy.* George H. Doran Co.

Bialik, Chaim Nachman. *Selected Poems.* Translated from the Hebrew by Maurice Samuel The New Palestine

Binyon, Lawrence. *The Sirens.* The Macmillan Co.

Blake, Clinton Frederick. *Poems from Old Champoeg.* Dorrance & Co.

Blumenthal, Walter Hart. *Winepress: A Vintage of Verse.* New York: Vail-Ballou Press

Booth-Smithson, Alice Hill. *Songs of Gladness.* South Weymouth, Mass.: The Crawford Press

Brace, Gladys. *Rosamond and Simonetta. Two Poetical Plays.* Harold Vinal

Brainerd, Ethel M. *Rhymes of Friendship.* Cambridge, Mass.: The University Press

Braithwaite, William Stanley, *Editor. Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1925 and Yearbook of American Poetry.* B. J. Brimmer Co.

Bridges, Robert. *New Verse Written in 1921.* Oxford University Press

Burt, Struthers. *When I Grow Up to Middle Age.* Charles Scribner's Sons

By Three Friends. *Poems.* Portland, Me.: Smith & Sale
Bynner, Witter. *Caravan.* Alfred A. Knopf
Bynner, Witter. *Grenstone Poems. A Sequence.* With an Introductory Note by Edgar Lee Masters. Alfred A. Knopf
Callaghan, Gertrude. *Witch Girl.* New York: Blue Faun Publications
Campbell, Kathleen W., *Editor.* *Poems on Several Occasions. Written in the Eighteenth Century.* Oxford: Basil Blackwell
Cane, Melville. *January Garden.* Harcourt, Brace & Co.
*Carolyn Wells' Book of American Limericks.* G. P. Putnam's Sons
*Casements. Being Fifty Poems by Fifty French Poets 1820–1920.* Selected and Translated by Richard Cloudesley Savage. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Chittenden, William Lawrence. *Ranch Verses* (new library edition). G. P. Putnam's Sons
Coblentz, Stanton A. *Modern British Lyrics.* Minton, Balch & Co.
Coburn, Wallace David. *Rhymes From a Round-Up Camp.* Los Angeles: Gem Publishing Co.
Cole, Samuel Valentine. *Monica or the Chronicle of Marcus.* Marshall Jones Co.
Collister, Leonie Davis. *Stowaways.* Thomas Seltzer
Comstock, Jane. *Pageant of the Trees.* Honolulu: Honolulu Star-Bulletin
Conant, Isabel Fiske. *Puritan.* Harold Vinal
Concepción, M. de Gracia. *Azucena.* G. P. Putnam's Sons
Cook, George Cram. *Greek Coins. With Memorabilia by Floyd Dell, Edna Kenton and Susan Glaspell.* George H. Doran Co.
Cooper, Belle. *The Spirit of the West: Ode on California Admission Day.* Privately Published
*Copy 1926. Stories, Plays, Poems, Essays.* Selected by Blanche Colton Williams, Kenyon Nicholson and Others. Introduction by Dorothy Scarborough. D. Appleton & Co.
Corelli, Marie. *Poems.* George H. Doran Co.
Cowan, Sada. *Star-Glint.* Brentano's
Crane, Nathalia. *Lava Lane.* Thomas Seltzer
Croker, Maria Briscoe. *Vision and Verity.* The Norman, Remington Co.
Crosby, Caresse. *Graven Images.* Houghton Mifflin Co.
Cullen, Countee. *Color.* Harper & Brothers
Cummings, E. E. *Is Five.* Boni & Liveright
Curtis, Elizabeth. *Equinox.* Harold Vinal
Davis, Franklyn Pierre, *Editor.* *Anthology of Newspaper Verse for 1925. Seventh Annual Issue.* Enid, Okla.: Frank P. Davis
Davison, Edward. *Harvest of Youth.* Harper & Brothers
de Bary, Anna (Anna Bunston). *The Porch of Paradise. A Tale of All Souls' Eve.* Oxford University Press
Divine, Charles. *The Road to Town.* Thomas Seltzer
Downey, Fairfax. *When We Were Rather Older.* Minton, Balch & Co.
Dunn, O.S.B., Brother Michael. *Thoughts on the Wing.* The Christopher Publishing Co.
Edwards, Frederick. *Sonnets of the North and South.* Richard G. Badger
*Elizabethan Lyrics. From the Original Texts.* Chosen, Edited and Arranged by Normal Ault. Longmans, Green & Co.

Ellis, Havelock. *Sonnets. With Folk Songs from the Spanish.* Houghton Mifflin Co.

*English Song Book.* Collected and Edited by Harold Scott. Robert M. McBride & Co.

*Epithalamion.* By Edmund Spenser. With Introduction and Notes by Cortlandt van Winkle. F. S. Crofts & Co.

Field, Wright. *Greeting Card Verse That Has Sold.* Privately Printed

Fink, Abraham. *Flowers in a Hospital, and Other Poems.* The Four Seas Co.

Fletcher, Frances. *A Boat of Glass.* Dorrance & Co.

*Folk Songs of Bohemia.* Words and Music Arranged by Dorothy Cooper. New York: Czechoslovak Art and Craft

Forbes, Stuart Falconer. *Trail Sketches. Word Pictures of the West.* The Christopher Publishing Co.

Fraser, Georgia. *Princess Royal.* Harold Vinal

Frederick, France. *Just Echoes.* New York: Frederick H. Hitchcock

Friberg, E. H. *Sparks.* Boston: The Century Press

Frothingham, Elisabeth White. *Broken Silences.* G. P. Putnam's Sons

Fuson, Henry Harvey. *Just From Kentucky.* John P. Morton & Co.

Garvin, Margaret Root. *Peacocks in the Sun.* Harold Vinal

Gear, Luella Glosser. *Winged Victory.* Harold Vinal

Ghent, Kate Downing. *A String of Pearls, and Other Poems.* The Christopher Publishing House

Gibson, Wilfrid. *I Heard a Sailor.* The Macmillan Co.

Gilchrist, Marie Emilie. *Wide Pastures.* The Macmillan Co.

Glanville, Albert. *Three Moods.* Chicago: A. Glanville

Goetz, Philip Becker. *Lyrics and Meditations.* William Edwin Rudge

Goodin, Charles Wellington. *God's Cheer, and Other Poems.* The Christopher Publishing Co.

Guest, Edgar A. *The Light of Faith.* The Reilly & Lee Co.

Guthrie, Kenneth Sylvan. *Votive Garlands.* Yonkers, N. Y.: The Platonist Press

Hagedorn, Hermann. *Ladders Through the Blue.* Doubleday, Page & Co.

Haley, Molly Anderson. *Heritage, and Other Poems.* Dorrance & Co.

Hamilton, Ann. *A Jewelled Screen.* Harold Vinal

Hamilton, George Rostrevor. *The Soul of Wit. A Choice of English Verse Epigrams.* G. P. Putnam's Sons

Hamilton, Marion Ethel. *Wild Ginger.* Harold Vinal

Handy, W. C., *Editor. Blues. An Anthology.* With an Introduction by Abbé Niles. Albert and Charles Boni

Hardy, Thomas. *Human Shows, Far Phantasies. Songs and Trifles.* The Macmillan Co.

Hare, Amory. *The Olympians, and Other Poems.* Dorrance & Co.

Herald, Leon. *This Waking Hour.* With an Introduction by Zona Gale. Thomas Seltzer

Herbert, A. P. *Laughing Ann, and Other Poems.* Doubleday, Page & Co.

Hersey, Harold. *Cylinders.* Privately Printed

Hersey, Harold. *Singing Rawhide.* George H. Doran Co.

Hinson, E. Elizabeth. *A Few Rhymes and Rhythms.* The Stratford Co.

Hughes, Langston. *The Weary Blues.* With an Introduction by Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf

Hyde, Edna. *From Under a Bushel.* With an Introduction by Samuel Loveman. Saugus, Mass: C. A. A. Parker

Inman, Arthur Crew. *Shadows of Men.* E. P. Dutton & Co.

Jane Taylor. *Prose and Poetry.* With an Introduction by F. V. Barry. Oxford University Press

Jeffers, Robinson. *Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems.* Boni & Liveright

Johns, Orrick. *Wild Plums.* The Macmillan Co.

Jones, Jr., Thomas S. *Sonnets of the Saints.* Society of SS. Peter and Paul, London

Jones, Jr., Thomas S. *Sonnets of the Cross.* Society of SS. Peter and Paul, London

Jones, Jr., Thomas S. *Six Sonnets.* The Mosher Press

Kelley, Samuel Walker. *Lo Studente.* Cleveland: C. Hauser

King, Stoddard. *What the Queen Said, and Further Facetious Fragments.* George H. Doran Co.

Kreymborg, Alfred. *Scarlet and Mellow.* Boni & Liveright

Kyle, Patricia Murray. *Poems from Earth's Fair Covers.* The Stratford Co.

L., W. *Episodes and Epistles.* Thomas Seltzer

Lalli, France. *Fireflies.* Translated from the Italian by Giulietta Talamini. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Larsen, Ralph R. *Rhymes of Recreation.* Boston: B. F. Keith Theater

Le Gallienne, Richard, *Editor. The Le Gallienne Book of American Verse.* Boni & Liveright

Leonard, William Ellery. *Two Lives.* The Viking Press

*Les Fleurs De Mal. The Complete Poems of Charles Baudelaire.* Translated by Lewis Piaget Shanks. Henry Holt & Co.

Lieberman, Elias. *Poetry for Junior High School.* Charles Scribner's Sons

*Light and Shadow. A Collection of Contemporary Verse by Beloit College Students.* Beloit, Wis.: The Beloit Printing Co.

Lindsay, Vachel. *Going-to-the-Stars.* D. Appleton & Co.

Lobel, Edgar, *Editor. Sapphous Mele. The Fragments of the Lyrical Poems of Sappho.* Oxford University Press

Long, Jr., Frank Belknap. *A Man from Genoa, and Other Poems.* With a Preface by Samuel Loveman. Athol, Mass.: W. Paul Cook

Lorraine, Barbara. *Ravellings.* The Stratford Co.

Lowell, Amy. *What's O'Clock* Houghton Mifflin Co.

Lucas, E. V. *Playtime and Company.* George H. Doran Co.

Mackinstry, Elizabeth. *Puck in Pasture, Verse and Decorations.* Doubleday, Page & Co.

*Magic Casements.* Compiled by George S. Carhart and Paul A. McGhee. The Macmillan Co.

Macleish, Archibald. *Nobodaddy. Three-act play in verse.* Cambridge: Dunster House Book Shop

Masters, Edgar Lee. *Selected Poems.* The Macmillan Co.

McDougal, Mary and Violet. *Wanderings.* The Stratford Co.

McNally, James C. *Songs of the Sanctum. Legends and Lyrics of Newspaperdom.* The Stratford Co.

Merrifield, Fred. *Modern Religious Verse and Prose. An Anthology.* Charles Scribner's Sons

Miller, Frederick Charles. *Songs of the Northland, and Other Poems.* The Stratford Co.

Misner, Charles H. *The Annunciation and Other Poems.* The Macmillan Co.

Montgomery, Elizabeth Shaw. *Scarabaeus.* Harold Vinal

Moult, Thomas, *Editor. The Best Poems of 1925.* Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Munn, Margaret Crosby. *Homage and Vision.* Thomas Seltzer

*Nargas. Songs of a Sikh. By Bhai Vir Singh.* Translated into English by Puran Singh. With a Foreword by Ernest Rhys. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Neihardt, John G. *The Song of the Indian Wars.* The Macmillan Co.

Norris, Sadie C. *The Road to Happiness, and Other Poems.* The Christopher Publishing Co.

Noyes, Alfred. *The Book of Earth.* Frederick A. Stokes Co.

O'Hara, John Myers. *Roses of Persephone.* Translations. Portland, Me.: Smith & Sale

*Oxford Poetry 1925,* Edited by Patrick Monkhouse and Charles Plumb. D. Appleton & Co.

Page, William N. *A Fossil Fern, and Other Poems.* The Stratford Co.

Palmer, Frances Hunt. *Verses.* Edited by her husband, William Lincoln Palmer. Boston: Privately Printed

Pavelas, Constantinos H. *In Praise of the Sun.* San Francisco: Haar Wagner Co.

Pearce, Theodocia. *Lights from Little Lanterns.* New York: Joseph Lawren

Pember, Karl A. *A Ballad of Plymouth Town. Rhymes of Old and New Vermont.* The Elm Tree Press

Percy, Mary Cruttenden. *Darius' Feast.* C. A. A. Parker

Pingree, Frederick de Wolf. *The Harvard Mother Goose. An Undergraduate Parody.* Cambridge, Mass.: Printed for the Author

Plotkin, David George. *Ghetto Gutters, and Other Poems.* Thomas Seltzer

*Poetry of Today.* By Fifty-eight Contributors. Erskine MacDonald, London

Porcher, Mary F. Wickham. *The Tilted Cup.* Dorrance & Co.

Poynter, Mary Augusta. *Along the Winding Road.* Fleming H. Revell Co.

Putnam, Mrs. William Lowell. *XXVIII Sonnets.* William Edwin Rudge

Raskin, Philip M. *Poems for Young Israel.* New York: Behrman's Jewish Book Shop

Raymond, Edna Denham. *Sparks and Embers.* Thomas Seltzer

Reagan, H. C. *Legend of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.* The Christopher Publishing Co.

Reed, Edward Bliss, *Editor. Songs. From the British Drama.* Yale University Press

Reed, Langford, *Compiler. A Book of Nonsense Verse.* G. P. Putnam's Sons

Reid, Dorothy E. *Coach into Pumpkin.* Yale University Press

Rich, H. Thompson. *I Come Singing. Rhythms and Songs.* Harold Vinal

Richards, Jane Blakeslee. *For a Leisure Hour.* The Stratford Co.

Robinson, Anne. *The Singing Blue.* Brunswick, Me.: F. W. Chandler & Son

Rogers, Cameron. *Full and By. Being a Collection of Verses by Persons of Quality in Praise of Drinking.* Prefaces by Don Marquis and Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co.

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Philadelphia: Ariel Publishing Co.
Rossetti, Christina G. *Verses. Selected, With an Introduction.*
The Macmillan Co.
Rude, Mrs. I. (Bessie Mandles Rude). *A Soul Set Free.*
The Stratford Co.
Rush, Emmy Matt. *My Garden of Roses.* The Four Seas Co.
Russell, Sydney King. *Pilgrimages. Love Songs and Others.*
Harold Vinal
Rutledge, Archibald. *Collected Poems.*
Columbia, S. C.: The State Co.
Ryan, Kathryn White. *Golden Pheasant.* G. P. Putnam's Sons
Salley, J. Stokes. *The Seminole's Swan Song.*
The Christopher Publishing Co.
Sampson, Martin W. *Selections from John Milton.*
F. S. Crofts & Co.
Sandoz, Paul. *Legend.* Geneva: Albert Kundig
*Saplings. Verse, Short Stories and Essays* (written in competition for the Witter Bynner Scholastic Prize).
Pittsburgh: Scholastic Publishing Co.
Sarett, Lew. *Slow Smoke.* Henry Holt & Co.
*Satirical Poems. Published Anonymously. By William Mason. With Notes by Horace Walpole.* Edited with an Exposé of the Mystification, Notes and Index, by Paget Toynbee.
Oxford University Press
Schauffler, Robert Haven. *The Poetry Cure. A Pocket Medicine Chest of Verse.* Dodd, Mead & Co.
Scollard, Elisabeth. *Candle and Cross.* The Mosher Press
Scudder, Antoinette. *Provincetown Sonnets, and Other Poems.*
Dorrance & Co.
Scudder, Nellie Geneva. *Wayside Voices.* Richard G. Badger
*Selected Poems of Alexander Pope.* Edited with an Introduction by Louis I. Bredvold. F. S. Crofts
*Selected Poems of Jehudah Halevi.* Translated by Nina Salaman.
Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society
Sharpley, C. Elissa, *Editor. Anthology of Ancient Egyptian Poems.*
E. P. Dutton & Co.
Sherrington, C. S. *The Assaying of Brabantius, and Other Verse.*
Oxford University Press
Shiffrin, A. B. *Blind Men.* Harold Vinal
Shipley, Joseph T., *Compiler and Translator. Modern French Poetry. An Anthology.* Greenberg, Publisher
Shipley, Joseph T. *King John. A Rhapsody in Prose and Verse.*
Greenberg, Publisher
Sigmund, Jay G. *Drowsy Ones.*
Cedar Rapids: Prairie Publishing Co.
Simonds, Mary Sanger. *From the Rays of the Rainbow.*
G. P. Putnam's Sons
Simpson, Mabel. *Poems.* Harold Vinal
Slater, Eleanor. *Quest.* Yale University Press
Smith, C. Fox. *Full Sail. More Sea Songs and Ballads.*
Houghton Mifflin Co.
Smith, Chard Powers. *Along the Wind.* Yale University Press
Smith, Elva S., *Editor. A Book of Lullabies.*
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.
*Some Recent New York University Verse.* Edited by David L. Blum.
New York University Press

*Songs of Praise, Religious Hymns for All Occasions.*
Oxford University Press

Speyer, Leonora. *Fiddler's Farewell.* Alfred A. Knopf

Stait, Virginia (Winifred Russell). *Sanctuary.* Arthur H. Stockwell

Stephens, James. *A Poetry Recital.* The Macmillan Co.

Sterling, George. *Lilith. A Dramatic Poem.* The Macmillan Co.

Stevenson, Francis Seymour. *Conflict and Quest*
Longmans, Green & Co.

Stillman, Mildred W. *Unknowing.* Duffield & Co.

Strong, L. A. G., *Editor. The Best Poems of 1925.*
Small, Maynard Co.

Stryker, Melancthon Woolsey. *Embers. Hymns and Other Verse.*
New York: Ernest Dressel North

Stuart, Muriel. *New Poems and Old.* With an Introduction by Henry Savage. Hartford, Conn.: Edwin Valentine Mitchell

Taggard, Genevieve. *Words for the Chisel.* Alfred A. Knopf

Taggard, Genevieve, *Editor. May Days. An Anthology of Verse from Masses-Liberator.* Boni & Liveright

Thayer, Georgiana. *Eve Passes.* Harold Vinal

Thayer, Mary Dixon. *New York, and Other Poems.*
Dorrance & Co.

*The Bookfellow Anthology. 1926.* Chicago: The Bookfellows

*The Centenary Book of South African Verse, 1820–1925.* Chosen and Arranged by Francis Carey Slater. Longmans, Green & Co.

*The Common Book of Poetry.* With an Introduction.
New York: J. H. Sears & Co. Inc.

*The Conning Tower. Being Selections of the Best Verses Published in The Conning Tower, in the New York World.* Edited by F. P. A.
New York: Macy-Masius

*The Eumenides (The Furies) of Æschylus.* Translated into Rhyming Verse by Gilbert Murray. Oxford University Press

*The Oxford Book of Scandinavian Verse. XVIIth Century–XXth Century.* Chosen by Sir Edmund Gosse and W. A. Craigie.
Oxford University Press

*The Poems of Robert Cameron Rogers.*
Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press

*The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind. By William Wordsworth.* Edited from the Manuscripts with Introduction. Textual and Critical Notes by Ernest de Selincourt. Oxford University Press

*The Selected Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese.*
George H. Doran & Co.

*The Songs of Ensign Stal (Fanrik Stals Sagner). National Military Song-Cycle of Finland from the Swedish of Johan Ludvig Runeberg, in the Original Metres.* First Complete Translation by Clement Burbank Shaw with Introduction and Canto Synopses. Foreword on the War in Finland, 1808–1809, by Lawrence F. Nordstrom. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

Thomas, Louisa Carroll. *Thyrsus, and Other Poems.*
Carmel-by-the-Sea: The Press in the Forest

Tilden, Ethel Arnold. *Quest and Acceptance, and Other Poems.*
Harold Vinal

Tomerlin, Lysle. *Dreams and Other Realities.* The Stratford Co.

*Types of Poetry. By Jacob Zeitlin and Clarissa Rinaker.*
The Macmillan Co.

*University of Washington Poems. Second Series.* Selected and Edited with an Introduction by Glenn Hughes.
Seattle: University of Washington Book Store

*Vagrant Verse. Life, Its Pleasures, Vanities and Follies Pictured in Verse.* Collected by John C. Lebens.
St. Louis: Avalon Publishing Co.
Valmore, John. *Fairy Love.* The Stratford Co.
Vinson, James. F. *Rambles in Rhyme.* Dorrance & Co.
Voss, Elizabeth. *Poems.* The Four Seas Co.
Walker, Robert Sparks. *Anchor Poems.* Fleming H. Revell Co.
Walton, Eda Lou. *Dawn Boy. Blackfoot and Navajo Songs.* With an Introduction by Witter Bynner. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Warburton, R. E. Egerton. *Hunting Songs.*
Charles Scribner's Sons
Warner, Sylvia Townsend. *The Espalier.*
Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press
Weaver, John V. A. *More "In American."* Alfred A. Knopf
Widdemer, Margaret. *Ballads and Lyrics.* Harcourt, Brace & Co.
Widdemer, Margaret. *The Singing Wood.* Adelphi Co.
Wilkinson, Marguerite. *Yule Fire.* The Macmillan Co.
Wilkinson, Lupton A. *Interludes.* New York: Samuel A. Jacobs
Williams, Bessie. *Rhymes in the Rough.* The Stratford Co.
Winslow, Anne Goodwin. *The Long Gallery.*
Harcourt, Brace & Co.
Wolfe, Humbert. *The Unknown Goddess.* Harcourt, Brace & Co.
Woodbury, Benjamin Collins. *Salem. An Epic of New England.*
George H. Ellis
Wyman, Lillie Buffum Chace (Mrs. John C. Wyman). *Syringa At the Gate.* Marshall Jones Co.
*Year Book New York Craftsman's Group.* Mary Cruttenden Percy, *Chairman.* Standard Print
Yeats, W. B. *Early Poems and Stories.* The Macmillan Co.
Yoffie, Leah Rachel. *Dark Altar Stairs.*
St. Louis: The Modern View Publishing Co.
Zimmerman, Alexander. *Looking at the World.* Privately Printed

## *TEN BEST BOOKS OF POEMS, 1912–1926

*North of Boston.* Robert Frost
Henry Holt & Co., Publisher

*The Man Against the Sky.* Edwin Arlington Robinson
The Macmillan Co., Publishers

*Merlin.* Edwin Arlington Robinson
The Macmillan Co., Publisher

*New Hampshire, Notes and Grace Notes.* Robert Frost
Henry Holt & Co., Publisher

*The Congo, and Other Poems.* Vachel Lindsay
The Macmillan Co. Publisher

*Second April.* Edna St. Vincent Millay
Harper & Brothers, Publisher

*Spoon River Anthology.* Edgar Lee Masters
The Macmillan Co., Publisher

*Flame and Shadow.* Sara Teasdale
The Macmillan Co., Publisher

*Hesperides.* Ridgely Torrence
The Macmillan Co., Publisher

*Two Lives.* William Ellery Leonard
The Viking Press, Publisher

*Smoke and Steel.* Carl Sandburg
Harcourt, Brace & Co., Publisher

*These Lists of "Best Books" in the three groups, are graded by the votes given in a questionaire submitted to a number of authorities in the field of contemporary poetry among critics, editors and professors of English.

## FIVE BEST BOOKS OF CRITICISM AND THEORY, 1912–1926

*Convention and Revolt in Poetry.* John Livingston Lowes
Houghton Mifflin Co., Publisher

*The Enjoyment of Poetry.* Max Eastman
Charles Scribner Sons, Publisher

*Scepticisms.* Conrad Aiken
Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher

*Poets of America.* Clement Wood
E. P. Dutton & Co., Publisher

*The Sacred Wood.* T. S. Eliot
Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher

## FIVE BEST BIOGRAPHIES OF AN AMERICAN POET, 1912–1926

*Edgar Allan Poe. A Study.* Joseph Wood Krutch
Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher

*Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson.* Martha Bianchi
Houghton Mifflin Co., Publisher

*Walt Whitman.* Bliss Perry
Houghton Mifflin Co., Publisher

*Life of Louise Imogen Guiney.* E. M. Tennison
The Macmillan Co., Publisher

*Letters and Diaries of Josephine Preston Peabody.* Christina Hopkinson Baker
Houghton Mifflin Co., Publisher

# POETRY PRIZES, 1912–1926

*No prize awards less than fifty dollars are included in this record; nor is this record as complete as it was intended to be. It was difficult in many cases, and impossible in others, to secure complete data. There is no general source of information on the subject.*

*1912*

The Lyric Year, $500, $250, $250: (1) *Second Avenue,* Orrick Johns; (2) *To a Thrush,* Thomas A. Daley; (3) *Ode to Browning,* George Sterling.

*1913*

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, Guarantor's, $100: *General William Booth Enters into Heaven,* Vachel Lindsay.

*1914*

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levinson), $200: *Chicago Poems,* Carl Sandburg. War Prize, $100: *Metal Checks,* Louise Driscoll. Yale Prize, $50: *Memories* (book), Mrs. Sydney Greenbie.

*1915*

Newark 250th Anniversary Prize, $250: *Newark,* Clement Wood. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levinson), $200: *The Chinese Nightingale,* Vachel Lindsay. Guarantor's, $100: *Songs of the Coast-Dwellers,* Constance Lindsay Skinner; *Poems,* "H. D." Ohio Wesleyan University Poetry Prize, $25: *Poem,* Marie Frennan.

*1916*

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levinson), $200: *All Life in a Life,* Edgar Lee Masters. Guarantor's, $100: *Arizona Poems,* John Gould Fletcher. Young Poet's, $100: *Foot Notes,* III, IV, VII. Newark 250th Anniversary Prize, $250: $150, *The Smithy of God,* Clement Wood; $150, *The City of Heritage,* Anna Blake Mezquida.

*1917*

Poetry Society of America Prize, $500: *Love Songs* (book), Sara Teasdale. Doheney Prize, $500: *The Song of Democracy,* Ethelean Tyson. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levinson), $200: *Grotesques,* Cloyd Head. Guarantor's, $100: *Snow,* Robert Frost. National Arts Club Prize, $250: *The Road to France,* Daniel Henderson.

*1918*

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levinson), $200: *The Song of the Cheechas,* J. C. Underwood. Guarantor's: *From the Near East,* Ajan Syrian. Young Poet's: *The Splendid Commonplace,* Emanuel Carnevali. Poetry Society of America Prize, $500: *The Song of Three Friends,* John G. Neihardt; $125, *Debt,* Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

*1919*

Lyric Society Prize, three, $500 each: *Launcelot*, Edwin Arlington Robinson; *Ships in Harbor*, David Morton; *Jehovah*, Clement Wood. Poetry Society of America Prize, $500: divided between *The Road to Paradise* (book), Margaret Widdemer, and *Corn Huskers* (book), Carl Sandburg. $125: *Wooden Ships*, David Morton. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levenson), $200: *Primapara*, H. L. Davis. Guarantor's, $100: *The Old Woman*, Marjorie Allen Seiffert. Young Poet's, $100: *Poems of 1917–18–19*, Mark Turbyfill.

*1920*

Poetry Society of America Prize, $500: divided between *Smoke and Steel*, Carl Sandburg, and *Old Road to Paradise*, Margaret Widdemer. $150, *The Dancer in the Shrine*, Amanda Benjamin Hall. Clara French Prize, Smith College, $250: Violet Alleyn Storey. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levinson), $200: *Pecksniffiana*, Wallace Stevens. Guarantor's, $100: *The Beanstalk*, Edna St. Vincent Millay. Young Poet's, $100: *A Man Walks in the Wind*, Maurice Lesemann. Kansas Authors' Club Prize, $100: *The Carrying of the Ghost*, Nelson Antrim Crawford.

*1921*

The Blindman Prize, $250: *Variations on a Theme*, Grace Hazard Conkling. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levinson), $200: *The Box of God*, Lew Sarett. Guarantor's, $100: *A House*. Young Poet's, $100: *Repetitions*, Hazel Hall. The Nation Prize, $100: Martin Feinstein.

*1922*

The Dial Prize, $2,000: *The Waste Land*, T. S. Eliot. The Pulitzer Poetry Prize, $1,000: *Collected Poems*, Edwin Arlington Robinson. Clark Equipment Co., Transportation Prize, $1,000: *The Spirit of Transportation*, Roy George. The Blindman Prize, $250: *Oberammergau*, Leonora Speyer. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levinson), $200: *The Witch of Coos*, Robert Frost. Guarantor's, $100: *Pianissimo*, Alfred Kreymborg. Young Poet's, $100: *A Sailor's Note Book*, Robert J. Roe. The Nation Prize, $100: *King David*, Stephen Vincent Benét. The Southern Prize, $100: *Armageddon*, John Crowe Ransom. The Poetry Club Prizes of the Southern Methodist University, $100, $50: (1) *Babel*, Roberta T. Swartz; (2) *Daggers of White Men*, Attys E. Sanders. The Lyric West (Esther Yarnell), $100: *A Singer Says Good-Bye*, Margery Swett. Short Poem Prize, $50: *Desert Suite*, Isaac Jenkinson-Frazee. University of Chicago (John Billings Fiske), $50: *Japanese Prints*, Bertha Ten Eyck James. Chicago Woman's Club, $50: *The Way House*, Louis Redfield. Contemporary Verse (Gene Stratton Porter), $50: *Poems*, Elizabeth J. Coatsworth. The Guild Pioneer Poetry Prize, $150: *Fat Women*, Betty von Nardroff. Order of Bookfellows (Laura Blackburn Lyric Prize), $50: *The Gypsy Heart*, Harry Noyes Pratt. The Witter Bynner Undergraduate Poetry Prize, $150: divided between Donald C. Peattie (Harvard College), Eleanor Carroll Chilton (Smith College), Helen Harvey (Smith College). Voices, Best Poem Prize, $50: *Sonnet*, Hortense Flexner.

*1923*

The Pulitzer Poetry Prize, $1,000: *The Harp Weaver, and Other Poems*, Edna St. Vincent Millay. The Blindman Prize, $250: *Fata*

*Morgana*, Joseph Auslander. The Witter Bynner Undergraduate Prize, $150: *In the Range Country*, Maurice Lesemann (University of Chicago). Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levinson), $200: *Avenel Gray*, Edwin Arlington Robinson. Guarantor's, $100: *The Fifth-floor Window*, Lola Ridge. Young Poet's, $100: *Poems*, H. Stuart. The Southern Prize, $100: *The Nordic Gesture*, Elizabeth Malcolm Durham. The Fugitive, Nashville Prize, $100 divided between: *A Song of Death*, Rose Henderson, and, *Berceuse for Birds*, Joseph Auslander. Ward-Belmont, $50: *Chart Showing Rain, Winds, Isothermal Lines and Ocean Currents*, Louise Patterson Guyol. The Lyric, The Old Donation Prize, $50: *My Mother was a Dancer*, Vivian Yeiser Larramore. The Kemnitz Prize, $50: *Over One Dying*, George Brandon Saul. Miami Chamber of Commerce Prize, $50: *Christmas at Miami Beach*, Vivian Yeiser Larramore.

*1924*

The Dial Prize, $2,000: *Observations*, Marianne Moore. The Pulitzer Poetry Prize, $1,000: *New Hampshire, Notes and Grace Notes*, Robert Frost. The Blindman Prize, $250: *Coal Black Jesus*, Keene Wallis. The Witter Bynner Undergraduate Prize, $150: *Old Ellen Witherspoon, Daphne*, Marthe E. Keller (Vassar College). Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levinson), $200: *Evelyn Ray*, Amy Lowell. Guarantor's, $100: *The Ballad of the Three Sons*, Amanda Benjamin Hall. Young Poet's: *A Dialogue and Lyrics*, Marjorie Meeker. John Reed Memorial Prize, $100: *Elegies Over John Reed*, Marya Zaturensky. English Poetry Review Poe Prizes, $200: divided between Lucy Malleson of London, and Morris Gray of New York. The Poe Prize, $100: *Our Israfel — In Memory of Poe*, Edwin Markham. The Southern Prize, $100: *The Lost Grove*, Karle Wilson Baker. Carolina Sinkler Prize for the Best Book of Poems by a Southerner, $50: *Chills and Fever*, John Crowe Ransom. The Fugitive, Associated Retailers of Nashville, $100: *Poems*, Laura Riding Gottschalk. Ward Belmont College Prize, $50: *Far Bugles*, Olive Tilford Dargan. The Kansas Authors' Club Prize, $100: *In Autumn Tones*, Margaret Perkins Briggs. The Lyric West, Best Narrative Poem, $100: *The Flight*, George Sterling. Poem, Fresh and Original Treatment, $100: *Song of Long River*, Constance Lindsay Skinner. Ben Field Prize for Best Narrative Poem, $50: *Angelique*, Lew Sarett. Sonnet Prize, $50: *Flowers of Apollo*, Hildegarde Flanner. Best Poem by a New Writer, $50: *The Wind*, Nora B. Cunningham. Best Poem by Western Writer, $50: *Camp Fires*, Dorothy Pickney Pillsbury. Best Lyric, $50: *Hill Sunset*, Margaret Widdemer. The Southern Methodist University, The National Undergraduate Prize, $100: *Blue Nother*, Isaac W. Wade. Second Prize, $50: *Spring Articulate*, Eight Poems, George H. Dillon. The Texas Prize, $50: *Blue Nother*, Isaac W. Wade. The Nation Prize, $100: *Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana*, Eli Siegel. The Stratford Monthly Prizes, First Quarter, $100: *The Halt in the Garden*, Robert Hillyer. Second Quarter, $100: divided between *The Blind Men*, Edward J. O'Brien, and *The Dunes*, Harry Kemp. The University of Chicago, John Billings Fiske Prize, $50: *White Spring*, George H. Dillon. Aries Club, Buffalo, N. Y., Watson Star Poem Prize, $50: *Star Poem*, Evelyn M. Watson. Intercollegiate Poetry Contest, Irene Glascock Prize, $50: *Poem*, Roberta Teale Swartz. The Lyric, Isabelle Mercein Tunstall Prize, $50: *Magister Linguisticus*, Francis Mason. Overland Monthly, Charles Granger Blanden Prize, $50: *Alien*, Nancy Buckley. Book and Play Luncheon Club Prize, $50: *Poem*, Amanda Benjamin Hall.

*1925*

The Dial Prize, $2,000: *Poems*, E. E. Cummings. The Pulitzer Poetry Prize, $1,000: *The Man Who Died Twice*, Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Witter Bynner Undergraduate Prize, $150: *Poems*, Countée Cullen. Poetry, A Magazine of Verse (Helen Haire Levinson), $200: *Four Winds*, Ralph Cheever Dunning. Guarantor's, $100: *Ballad of a Lost House*, Leonora Speyer. Young Poet's, $100: *Preludes*, George H. Dillon. John Reed Memorial Prize, $100: *Threnody for a Brown Girl*, Countée Cullen. Independent Poetry Anthology, Best Poem Prize, $100: Sonia Ruthele Novak. Opportunity Poetry Prize, $50: *The Weary Blues*, Langston Hughes. The Crisis, Amy Spingarn Prize, $50: Countée Cullen.

*1926*

The Pulitzer Poetry Prize, $1,000: *What's O'Clock*, Amy Lowell. The Blindman Prize, $250: *The City*, Ruth Manning Saunders. The Witter Bynner Undergraduate Prize, $150: *Five Poems of Taos*, Langston Hughes. The Nation Prize, $100: *Thoughts at the Years' End*, Babette Deutsch. Second Prize, $50: *Ballad of Old Doc Higgins*, Leonora Speyer. The Southern Methodist University, National Undergraduate Prize, $100: *Song of the Airway*, Dawson Powell. The Texas Prize, $50: *Moon-Maiden*, Ruth Maxwell. Opportunity Poetry Prize, Alexander Pushkin Prize, $100: *Golgotha is a Mountain*, Arna Bontemps. Regular Poetry Prize, $85: divided between: *No Images*, Waring Cuney, and *Northboun'*, L. Ariel Williams. Poetry Society of Florida Ponce de Leon Contest, $100: *Poem*, Agnes Kendrick Gray. The Minaret, Muessin Prize, $100 divided between: *Lyrics for a Week*, Philip Gray, and *There Was a Pale Gold Girl*, Horace Gregory. Poetry Society of America, Best Book of the Year, $100: *Slow Smoke*, Lew Sarett. Best Poem, $50: *A Dance for Rain, At Cochiti*, Witter Bynner. The Lyric West, Charles Granger Blanden Prize for Best Blank Verse, $50: *The Dryads*, Lilian White Spencer. The Gypsy Sonnet Prize, $50: *After Æschylus*, Joseph T. Shipley. Poetry Review (London) Ballad Prize, $50: Mary Brent Whiteside. Voices, Best Poem, $50: *Let Me Go Down to Dust*, Lew Sarett. The University of Chicago (John Billings Fiske Prize), $50: *Village Poems*, Sterling North. Order of Bookfellows, Torch Press Prize, $50: *Anselma*, May Folwell Hoisington.

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# INDEX OF FIRST LINES


| | Page |
|---|---|
| A baby looks up at the moon. — Morris Abel Beer | 34 |
| A boy by a window, nodding over "Treasure Island." — Reginald Lansing Cook | 95 |
| A calm-eyed wraith, Sleep glides across. — Anne Mathilde Robinson | 357 |
| A child, I wanted to explore. — E. Merrill Root | 360 |
| A dozen times she washed her hands. — Marguerite Arnold | 9 |
| A fellow never understands the French. — Chard Powers Smith | 398 |
| A garish flare of magazines. — Willard Johnson | 233 |
| A gray old man. — Winifred Virginia Jackson | 215 |
| A high clear chord will tear my heart. — George Elliston | 126 |
| A king had proudly walked within my garden. — Edna Davis Romig | 360 |
| A marble courtyard. — John Richard Moreland | 308 |
| A nun green-girdled in a forest tower. — Thomas S. Jones, Jr. | 239 |
| A poem should be palpable and mute. — Archibald MacLeish | 275 |
| A shot rings out upon the dreaming night. — Idella Purnell | 341 |
| A sonnet is no proper place for you. — Maire nic Pilip | 335 |
| A strange thing, that a lark and robin sky. — LeRoy McLeod | 288 |
| A thane beneath a snowy hawthorn hedge. — Thomas S. Jones, Jr. | 238 |
| A thin shrill row of poplars. — Gloria Goddard | 173 |
| A thread of sea is sewn in the green land. — Kenneth Slade Alling | 7 |
| A tree with feathery blossoms by the wall. — Lillah A. Ashley | 9 |
| A true philosopher! — Violet Alleyn Storey | 424 |
| A wise wind surely could never have sown. — Marie Emilie Gilchrist | 165 |
| A witch's daughter. — Winifred Virginia Jackson | 216 |

Page

Acrobats — cruelly torturing muscles.
MARGERY DOUD . . . . . 122
After awhile we will sit down together.
S. BERT COOKSLEY . . . . . 97
After the turgid incidence and when.
THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL . . . . . 134
Ah, little road all whirry in the breeze.
HELENE JOHNSON . . . . . 229
Aha! Oho!
KATHARINE LEE BATES . . . . . 23
Alien as well as desolate, this place.
GLENN HUGHES . . . . . 208
All day.
EDITH CAROLYN NEWLIN . . . . . 319
All day your snowy sails, Rose Marigold.
LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY . . . . . 344
All hail blithe songster of the South.
ANNE ARRINGTON TYSON . . . . . 460
All joy is not encased in the green bud.
MAY LEWIS . . . . . 257
All's good in Nature, Pious John maintains.
HENRY REICH, JR. . . . . 346
Among these jagged rocks, whose height command.
AGNES KENDRICK GRAY . . . . . 175
An anchor is a lovely thing.
SCOFIELD THAYER . . . . . 446
An invincible silence.
EDWARD KINKADE . . . . . 240
An open primer all her days and yet a puzzle to her neighbors.
MARY J. ELMENDORF . . . . . 129
And have you been to Genoa.
ALBERTA BANCROFT . . . . . 26
And now he has no single plot of ground.
HENRY HARRISON . . . . . 184
And now it is June.
JAMES HARVEY SPENCER . . . . . 402
And she said, "My poet, sing to me."
HARRY MCGUIRE . . . . . 285
And then I saw her!
ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY . . . 303
April.
LE BARON COOKE . . . . . 96
Aren't you afraid to stay alone.
JEANNETTE EDWARDS . . . . . 125
As any brush-wolf, driven from the hills.
LEW SARETT . . . . . 370
As I went up toward Lebanon.
CLINTON SCOLLARD . . . . . 382
Ash and flame, sand and dew.
ARVIA MACKAYE . . . . . 270
Ask me no more of the full flower's speech.
MABEL DODGE LUHAN . . . . . 265
Atropin for muscarine.
GRACE STONE COATES . . . . . 85
August.
MELVILLE CANE . . . . . 68

August with sombre dooms old sagas wail. Page
THOMAS S. JONES, JR. . . . . 240
Baby faces mirthless as shovels.
DAVID O'NEIL . . . . . 325
Back of the stately mirror and its gleam.
LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS . . . . . 226
Be she big or be she little.
DOROTHY ALDIS . . . . . 4
Beauty in flight.
LE BARON COOKE . . . . . 96
Beauty to her was less in the rough, gray thunder.
ETHEL M. DAVIS . . . . . 113
Beauty was disrobing.
SALLY BRUCE KINSOLVING . . . . . 241
Because this brook has quenched another's thirst.
E. RALPH CHEYNEY . . . . . 78
Behind heaped fruits in a jumbled row.
ETHEL ARNOLD TILDEN . . . . . 437
Beneath the great pine tree we rest.
B. Y. WILLIAMS . . . . . 482
Beside the paved street dig a place for roots.
FRANK ERNEST HILL . . . . . 203
Bless all the little white things, Holy Mother.
MARGARET MOORE MEUTTMAN . . . . 301
Blurred formations.
ALFRIDA DE RENNE BARROW . . . . 29
Brazilian palm-trees.
BORGHILD LUNDBERG LEE . . . . . 254
Bright burns the pain against his breast and throat.
KATHRYN PECK . . . . . 329
Brown, brown, brown, brown, gold.
CHARLES R. MURPHY . . . . . 315
Buildings are such patient things.
ROSAMOND EDDY . . . . . 124
But for the violets.
LOLA RIDGE . . . . . 355
By apple trees let him be measured.
RUTH FITCH BARTLETT . . . . . 31
By rows of tight-sheathed Chinese parasols.
MARY BRENNAN CLAPP . . . . . 83
Cemeteries are places for departed souls.
GWENDOLYN B. BENNETT . . . . . 44
Chela Chis-chela, your hands on your breast.
SUSIE KERIN . . . . . 240
Clem told the 'Squire that Ben was growing strong.
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . 213
Come home, John Kane, things have changed in our valley.
ELEANOR C. KOENIG . . . . . 242
Come love me. Do not reason.
LOUIS GINSBERG . . . . . 167
Come, my kukui flower!
CLIFFORD GESSLER . . . . . 163
Crystal parting the meads.
LEONIE ADAMS . . . . . 3
Dawn after dawn flung up the sky.
HELEN PURSELL ROADS . . . . . 356

Page

Day after day he sat beneath these caves.
VIRGINIA MCCORMICK . . . . . 277

Death is here, death is there.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY . . . . . 331

Delightedly devoid of useless brain.
VIRGINIA MOORE. . . . . 307

Dining with him at home, she looked between.
POLLY CHASE . . . . . 77

Do ghost lobsters mock this scrap.
RUTH CLAY PRICE . . . . . 338

Do you remember now how rain.
JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH . . . . . 152

Down around the kitchen.
MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT . . . . . 384

Drop down no roses, sweet Saint Dorothy.
ELLEN GLINES . . . . . 168

Dulcimer, play me a little tune.
LEONORA SPEYER . . . . . 418

Dull thunders troubled the great hills.
BENNETT WEAVER . . . . . 471

During this hour shadows touch his eyes.
HELENE MULLINS . . . . . 312

Dust.
ELFRIDA DE RENNE BARROW . . . . 29

Eager he wandered the streets of Scythopolis.
KATHARINE LEE BATES. . . . . 20

Evading headlong breakers, Ocean Beach.
WINIFRED DAVIDSON . . . . . 112

Ever the loud-voiced waters, crying, calling.
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES . . . . . 234

Fancy the rapture.
EARL MARLATT. . . . . 291

Farmers grow kindred to the soil they till.
TED OLSON . . . . . 324

Farm stark as stubble fields.
DAVID O'NEIL. . . . . 325

Fire cracked dry brush on the level sand.
RUTH MAXWELL . . . . . 294

Fish of the Gods! The Gods who called for blood.
RALPH LINTON . . . . . 258

Fishing is life for towns along the sea.
ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH . . . . . 88

Fled is the swiftness of all the white-footed ones.
JOSEPH AUSLANDER . . . . . 15

Fold now the song within the songster.
LEONORA SPEYER . . . . . 413

For me there is a secret on the western slope.
RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING . . . . . 183

Friend, like a flying bird is my horse.
AGNES KENDRICK GRAY . . . . . 174

From one end of the valley to the other.
GWENDOLEN HASTE . . . . . 193

Gilliflower, gilliflower.
ELIZABETH DAVIS RICHARDS . . . . . 354

Give me a hot summer.
JAKE FALSTAFF . . . . . 132

Give me all mountains. Page
H. D. . . . . 104
Go down, Tall Priest, to the iron sea.
Henry Morton Robinson . . . . . 358
Go, you must go — it is I who can sing.
Ellen M. Carroll . . . . . 71
God, God, be lenient her first night there.
Violet Alleyn Storey . . . . . 424
God, that a sky should be as blue as this.
David Morton . . . . . 312
Gold nights are these I spend.
Ernest Hartsock . . . . . 193
Golgotha is a mountain, a purple mound.
Arna Bontemps . . . . . 48
Great pine-trees, gauzy in the mist.
Florence S. Page . . . . . 327
Green at the crossroads lifts the narrow mound.
Mary Atwater Taylor . . . . . 434
Green water cover me.
Harold Vinal . . . . . 463
Growing in wisdom and in stature, oft.
Katharine Lee Bates . . . . . 21
Half-man, half-child, his whole limp body nods.
Violet Alleyn Storey . . . . . 425
Having lived here so long, she.
Joseph Auslander . . . . . 15
He dreamed — just once — of touching a White Woman.
Mildred Fowler Field . . . . . 140
He fashioned in the heat of August noon.
Joseph T. Shipley . . . . . 392
He gathers love affairs as boys will stamps.
E. Ralph Cheyney . . . . . 79
He has built a pyre on his feed-lot hill.
Jay G. Sigmund . . . . . 393
He hopes for greater circumstance; he dreams.
Harold Vinal . . . . . 464
He made but dreams; for this they laughed him down.
Hugh F. Blunt . . . . . 48
He makes a monument from clay.
Sara Bard Field . . . . . 142
He may stumble stiffly — being obviously dead.
E. Ralph Cheyney . . . . . 78
He meant to tune his lyre.
Jo Hartman . . . . . 189
He scorned the gifts that fortune brought.
Gamaliel Bradford . . . . . 51
He was a hill man.
Isabel Fiske Conant . . . . . 93
He who has known a river in its dreaming.
Mary Sinton Leitch. . . . . 255
Heartache and a crimson rose.
Catherine Cate Coblentz . . . . . 90
Her love was like a porcelain vase.
Gamaliel Bradford . . . . . 51
Here at our side.
Ruth Lechlitner . . . . . 249

Here by a churning surf, while breakers rave. *Page*
BENJAMIN MUSSER . . . . . 317
Here Lincoln stood, in strong simplicity.
AGNES KENDRICK GRAY . . . . . 176
Here sit I in the zaguan, in the sunshine, fiercely idle, fiercely happy.
KATE MULLER CHAPMAN . . . . . 73
Here the human past is dim and feeble and alien to us.
ROBINSON JEFFERS . . . . . 222
High on a peak of limitless ascent.
ARVIA MACKAYE . . . . . 270
High over the hills, and high over.
CLEMENT WOOD . . . . . 493
Hill-folk, who long have lived among the stars.
VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS . . . . . 325
His chin cut water.
A. K. LAING . . . . . 245
Ho, the pan-pipes call to Bassin Bleu.
ANNICE CALLAND . . . . . 64
Honour is the bondage of a fool.
ARTHUR FIELD . . . . . 139
How came this troubled one to stray.
GEORGE H. DILLON . . . . . 119
How can he unenraptured stand.
JEAN M. BATCHELOR . . . . . 32
How can new Aprils come, when one was lost.
MARY BRENT WHITESIDE . . . . . 477
How could a water hyacinth.
CLEMENT WOOD . . . . . 489
How small and arrogantly safe that world.
ELIZABETH MORROW . . . . . 310
Hunger is the heart's robe.
SALLY BRUCE KINSOLVING . . . . . 241
I am a figure on the Grecian urn.
HORTENSE FLEXNER . . . . . 147
I am cold as milk-white stone.
EDITH MIRICK . . . . . 302
I am gnawn with desire for the daughters of Lam Kee Chow.
CLIFFORD GESSLER . . . . . 164
I am not barren though I shall conceive.
EDA LOU WALTON . . . . . 468
I am not dead, I think.
VIRGINIA STAIT . . . . . 420
I am the dryad of a peanut tree.
THELMA LUCILE LULL . . . . . 265
I am wed, but not to flesh.
GEORGE ELLISTON . . . . . 127
I cannot bring you comfort — ask me not.
RUTH FITCH BARTLETT . . . . . 30
I cannot master the common nouns.
JOHN E. REINECKE . . . . . 353
I could not reach you and I heard you call.
CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT . . . . . 297
I do'no where my things all go.
JOHN J. EBERHARDT . . . . . 131
I do not ask for love — ah! no.
GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON . . . . . 228

I do not even love you any more. Page
Florence S. Page . . . . . 327
I do not think the rearing of her brood.
Virginia Lyne Tunstall . . . . . 457
I drudge and toil — but I have my hour.
Leonard Feeney . . . . . 133
I dug a square hole.
Clement Wood . . . . . 487
I followed in the unfathomable dark.
Kenneth Slade Alling . . . . . 7
I had a little ghostling.
Thelma Lucile Lull . . . . . 267
I have leant upon a sword.
Ellen M. Carroll . . . . . 71
I have lost my love at last to one I dread.
E. Ralph Cheyney . . . . . 78
I have observed love: with incautious eyes.
Clement Wood . . . . . 490
I have seen.
Elizabeth J. Coatsworth . . . . . 87
I have seen a lovely thing.
Arna Bontemps . . . . . 51
I have wished you wounded, I have wished you dead.
Witter Bynner . . . . . 61
I hear a sound of waters — not the combing.
Mary Sinton Leitch . . . . . 255
I heard the intolerable rhythm.
H. D. . . . . 106
I knelt to the Virgin Mary. Help me, Mary, to pray.
Idella Purnell . . . . . 342
I knew him well; we fenced at many a bout.
Sydney King Russell . . . . . 366
I know a certain woman goes.
Charles Divine . . . . . 120
I know a mother wise as Solomon.
Lena Hall . . . . . 182
I know how poems spring up. Well water flows.
Kenneth Slade Alling . . . . . 6
I know the variable day will bring.
Franklin N. Wood . . . . . 494
I'll gather all my dreams.
Henry Harrison . . . . . 185
I like you better far in country places.
Mildred Whitney Stillman . . . . 422
I'll never wed a woman.
Thelma Phlegar . . . . . 335
I longed to be a lover.
Sara Bard Field . . . . . 145
I looked for you in the place where you had been.
Clara Platt Meadowcroft . . . . 298
I love all things that cluster round the sea.
John Richard Moreland . . . . . 310
I, loving Beauty, must live.
Ellen M. Carroll . . . . . 70
I'm awake, I'm away!
Georgia Douglas Johnson . . . . . 227

| | Page |
|---|---|
| I met beneath an olive-tree. — Scofield Thayer | 448 |
| I never had a schooner. — Kathryn Worth | 495 |
| I often see flowers from a passing car. — Robert Frost | 153 |
| I saw a white house, in the snow. — May Lewis | 257 |
| I saw three temples, dead and desolate. — Roselle Mercier Montgomery | 304 |
| I see your outline. — Elfrida De Renne Barrow | 29 |
| I shall hate you. — Gwendolyn B. Bennett | 44 |
| I shall think of autumn to the end, and leaves. — John Lee Higgins | 201 |
| I sometimes wisht that I wuz my Ma. — John J. Eberhardt | 131 |
| I sought a maiden who would be. — Edith Carolyn Newlin | 318 |
| I stand with Time upon the planet's brink. — Robert Cary | 72 |
| I think he is taking his turn tonight. — Ouida Louise Cheyney | 80 |
| I thought that I should miss you on this hill. — Mildred Whitney Stillman | 423 |
| I too, a child, have known those waters. — Scofield Thayer | 449 |
| I took me out a-hunting for to bag a gamesome kill. — Thelma Lucile Lull | 266 |
| I've never been to Winkle, but. — Vilda Sauvage Owens | 326 |
| I walk among you, women. — Laurence Hartmus | 192 |
| I want to sing Harlem on an ebony flute. — William Rose Bent | 40 |
| I was a fool to put your love away. — Ruth Fitch Bartlett | 31 |
| I was a lonely seeker of lost Health. — Lilian White Spencer | 402 |
| I was fifty when Mother died. — May Williams Ward | 468 |
| I watched him rolling hogshead. — Edgar Daniel Kramer | 243 |
| I weave a web of song to snare. — Mary Sinton Leitch | 256 |
| I wet my feet in the river. — Louise Ayres Garnett | 156 |
| I will call them with a great bellow. — Harry McGuire | 286 |
| I will twiddle my thumbs — Winifred Virginia Jackson | 214 |
| I wondered if I were a chair myself. — Willard Johnson | 231 |
| I wonder where the sheep is. — Philip Rhodes Thorn | 452 |

Icarus made himself wings. Page
EARL MARLATT . . . . . 293
If a poet sings because he must.
MORRIS ABEL BEER . . . . . 34
If for a day joy masters me.
COUNTÉE CULLEN . . . . . 103
If poetry were heat and light.
BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY . . . . . 125
If slender feet would care to go.
RAYMOND KRESENSKY . . . . . 243
If you had waited, foolish Love, to die.
HILDEGARDE FILLMORE . . . . . 146
If you would sing of heroes, sing of her.
ELIZABETH MORROW . . . . . 311
In Bethlehem the stable was small and mean and old.
CAROLINE GILTINAN . . . . . 166
In carrying more than mortals can.
ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE . . . . . 365
In France they martyred one progenitor.
FRANCES SAWYER . . . . . 379
In grief I would have cried out yesterday.
VIRGINIA STAIT . . . . . 419
In idle dalliance now it welcomes weeds.
ELIAS LIEBERMAN . . . . . 258
In January dread the ice.
DONALD DAVIDSON . . . . . 109
In me a mating of anvil and of hammer.
CLEMENT WOOD . . . . . 492
In the cold rain the scents of spring will hurt.
PAUL SANDOZ . . . . . 367
In the dim old church.
WILLIAM BERRY . . . . . 45
In the immense cathedral of the holy earth.
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK . . . . . 474
In the June twilight, we looked without knowing why.
WITTER BYNNER . . . . . 63
In the middle of the winter.
LANGSTON HUGHES. . . . . 208
In that pale hour taken.
JOSEPH AUSLANDER . . . . . 11
In times of stormy weather.
LANGSTON HUGHES . . . . . 208
In working clothes with song and whoop and shout.
GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS . . . . 8
Into the Universe I crawl.
ISABEL FISKE CONANT . . . . . 93
Invisible gulls with human voices cry in the sea-cloud.
ROBINSON JEFFERS . . . . . 223
Is it any wonder.
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . 214
Is it true, mother, that the mountain sun.
WILLARD JOHNSON . . . . . 230
Is there any need so deep.
ROBERT WOLF . . . . . 484
It is a very little thing.
MAY WILLIAMS WARD . . . . . 469

Page

It is a village off the road.
ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN . . . . . 91

It is hard to sit.
R. P. HARRISS . . . . . 187

It is not your fault, and you need not know.
MILDRED WHITNEY STILLMAN . . . . . 423

It listens, huddled in a clump of trees.
MARGARET PERKINS BRIGGS . . . . . 53

It is not always words that bring.
GEORGE ELLISTON . . . . . 127

It is possible.
HENRY HARRISON . . . . . 186

It's lonely in lodgings above the street.
AGNES LEE . . . . . 253

It was a useless battle that he fought.
LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS . . . . . 227

It would have been easier without rain.
HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON . . . . . 212

Jesus, herds pursue.
FRANCIS CARLIN . . . . . 70

Jewel the sword and grave the shield.
C. T. LANHAM . . . . . 246

John Keats, if he were living, with sad eyes.
CHARLES L. O'DONNELL . . . . . 322

John Milton saw the universe aswing.
ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT . . . . . 318

John's Mary ripened golden as the wheat.
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . . 212

Knittin'est woman ever I seed!
ANN COBB . . . . . 89

Late autumn, early winter . . . Down the mothless.
MARJORIE MEEKER . . . . . 299

Laughter of comrades, laughter.
LEE WILSON DODD . . . . . 120

Legend in a country-side.
MARGERY SWETT . . . . . 429

Let it be understood that I am Don Juan Gomez!
ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH . . . . . 88

Let life and its bewildering music stop.
JANET RAMSAY . . . . . 343

Let the wind-rolled waves tell the tale of the sea.
WALLACE THURMAN . . . . . 452

Let those who know for certain that the sea.
STANLEY BURNSHAW . . . . . 59

Lift . . . and walk! . . . They will shut the door for us.
LEROY MCLEOD . . . . . 287

Lightly the breeze
LE BARON COOKE . . . . . 96

Lilac alone.
MARK VAN DOREN . . . . . 462

Listen how low the rain is singing there.
DAVID MORTON . . . . . 312

Little prairie town.
LEE ANDREW WEBER . . . . . 472

Love is dawn.
ELEANOR T. MACMILLAN . . . . . 276

Lovelier than jewels. *Page*
ALBERTA BANCROFT . . . . . 27
Lover can never still in me.
BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF . . . 464
Lovers, lunatics. There must be truth.
HENRY HARRISON . . . . . 185
Low, rambling docks along tidewater ways.
FRANKLIN N. WOOD . . . . . 494
Low, when the western flock is folded.
DAVID MCCORD . . . . . 277
Make no threne!
JOHN E. REINECKE . . . . . 351
Man, earthbound, goes to God an arduous way.
ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER . . . . 456
Man of the rugged frame and calm, worn face.
ALMA ADAMS WILEY . . . . . 481
Man's earthliness which saints deplore.
GEORGE H. DILLON . . . . . 115
Melissa was a strange, strange child.
GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS . . . . 8
Men tangled life within a narrow green.
FRANK ERNEST HILL . . . . . 203
Midnight, December Thirty-first.
EDITH CAROLYN NEWLIN . . . . . 318
Midsummer night, without a moon, but the stars.
SARA TEASDALE . . . . . 435
Mrs. Winklesteiner.
DOROTHY E. REID . . . . . 346
My body sits here in the room.
ELINOR CHIPP . . . . . 80
My father comes from Quaker stock.
MARTHEDITH FURNAS . . . . . 154
My garden flowers, I know them all.
FLORENCE VAN FLEET LYMAN . . . . 269
My hand drew back a curtain.
CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT . . . . 298
My house is kempt and tidy.
MARY SINTON LEITCH . . . . . 255
My man's a gypsy.
LANGSTON HUGHES . . . . . 209
My mother said I was a fool.
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . 217
My quivering square of glass.
SIDNEY DRAKE . . . . . 122
My trunk brought home the silken shawl.
ALBERTA BANCROFT . . . . . 25
My window is a frame for one dark tree.
CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON . . . 358
My window shows the March snow come.
BENJAMIN ROSENBAUM . . . . . 364
Nay, look again, and up, blind eyes of fear.
CHARLES PHILLIPS . . . . . 334
Night, night, let down your hair.
ARVIA MACKAYE . . . . . 270
No man can say what spell was thrust.
GEORGE H. DILLON . . . . . 115

Page

No, never quite alone am I.
GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON . . . . . 228
"No, no," she cries, "I will not warm my fingers."
LOUIS UNTERMEYER . . . . . 461
No one will ever really know.
MABEL SIMPSON . . . . . 394
No one will know that poems, which lie.
LUCIA TRENT . . . . . 454
No roofs are here to mark the roll of heaven.
MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN . . . . . 300
Not a green willow, veiled to hide her weeping.
JOSEPHINE JOHNSON . . . . . 230
Not a soft breast to ease my tired head.
CLEMENT WOOD . . . . . 491
Not having one dream.
JANE MORRILL . . . . . 310
Not only this golden moment's wine.
HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON . . . . 212
Not sick, nor bent on self-destruction either.
ROLFE HUMPHRIES . . . . . 211
Not that grief will sear with so much pain.
E. RALPH CHEYNEY . . . . . 78
Nothing is paler than suburban dawn.
HENRY MORTON ROBINSON . . . . . 359
Now.
R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON . . . . . 248
Now as the spring.
EDITH W. L. FORBES . . . . . 147
Now comes the night on spotted feet.
GERHARD BRUNCKEN . . . . . 59
Now cracks the dead heart's ashen core in twain.
CHARLES PHILLIPS . . . . . 334
Now I am young and credulous.
COUNTÉE CULLEN . . . . . 103
Now take this music: loose the sombre strands.
GRACE HAZARD CONKLING . . . . . 95
Now that the tower is standing.
AGNES LEE . . . . . 252
Now the glittering dust of pain.
MARJORIE MEEKER . . . . . 300
O beauteous April, whom too often choral.
MARJORIE MEEKER . . . . . 299
O beauteous growth of all the earth.
MABEL SIMPSON . . . . . 395
O' de wurl' ain't flat.
LUCY ARIEL WILLIAMS . . . . . 482
O face well-pared of dross and bracken.
SCOFIELD THAYER . . . . . 440
O, I should be less scornful.
ETHEL M. DAVIS . . . . . 113
O little mouse, so frightened of each sound.
BENJAMIN ROSEBAUM . . . . . 365
O my starling, my comic anthropoid.
THELMA LUCILE LULL . . . . . 266
O sinewed shrine of man's desire.
ARVIA MACKAYE . . . . . 271

O sleeping earth! What ruthless lover. Page
Challiss Silvay . . . . . 394
O Spark, you winged from secret woodland forges.
Glenn Ward Dresbach . . . . . 123
O take me, break me.
Arvia MacKaye . . . . . 271
O Vessel bearing Virgil Greeceward now.
Roselle Mercier Montgomery . . . 305
O who shall drive the robin south.
Percy MacKaye . . . . . 273
O wild, wild, wild bridal night.
Clement Wood . . . . . 492
O would you dream of poems in a wash-tub.
Lulu Minerva Schultz . . . . . 381
O'er his last cruse of oil — last measure of grain.
Henry Longan Stuart . . . . . 428
Often at sea, when fishing nets are down.
John Lee Higgins . . . . . 201
Oh Achilles of the moleskins.
Frank S. Horne . . . . . 205
Oh, child, with what a will.
Winifred Welles . . . . . 473
Oh, do I love you? Yes, to be brief and plain.
Sister M. Madeleva . . . . . 290
Oh England, mother England, the blue waves cover me.
Ethelean Tyson Gaw . . . . . 160
Oh I can say with my lips — "Death"
Margaret Haley . . . . . 181
Oh, I must dance a whirligig.
Thelma Lucile Lull . . . . . 268
Oh walls of stone, built carefully and straight.
Catherine Cate Coblentz . . . . . 90
Oh, who will find a lover for death and for her only?
E. Ralph Cheyney . . . . . 77
Old Doc Higgins shot a mermaid.
Leonora Speyer . . . . . 409
Old ships are tired sailing into port.
Virginia J. Foley . . . . . 147
On a far hill.
George Elliston . . . . . 128
On a midsummer night, on a night that was eerie with stars.
Sara Teasdale . . . . . 436
On Cummorah Hill.
Daniel Henderson . . . . . 197
On the morning I stood in the fair of Dunleer.
Francis Carlin . . . . . 69
Once, when I was a big brown bear.
Marshall W. Schacht . . . . . 380
One cannot call it sorrow any more.
A. K. Laing . . . . . 245
One tenth of what their acreage had grown.
Harriet Sampson . . . . . 367
Only in silence can one hear, as you.
Lola Ridge . . . . . 355
Only the seasons and the years invade.
Agnes Kendrick Gray . . . . . 175

Page

Only the wind is ageless.
HENRY BELLAMANN . . . . . 35
Only when we are cupped in sky-swung rocks.
CLEMENT WOOD . . . . . 491
Open it slowly.
ANNE MATHILDE ROBINSON . . . . . 358
Our little earth fares bravely through the night.
LILIAN WHITE SPENCER . . . . . 408
Over March fields, the wild geese fly.
BENJAMIN ROSENBAUM . . . . . 364
Over their stark austerity the trees .
MARGARET PERKINS BRIGGS . . . . 52
Out across the morning.
A. K. LAING . . . . . 244
Out of the loneliness she fashioned beauty.
GRACE STONE COATES . . . . . 86
Part of autumn it is, perhaps.
MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST . . . . . 165
Patiently poverty will tarnish.
WINIFRED WELLES . . . . . 472
Pattern the clouds for a moment.
F. R. MCCREARY . . . . . 281
Penelope never has raveled as I have raveled.
SISTER M. MADELEVA . . . . . 289
People like cattle.
ETHEL ROMIG FULLER. . . . . 154
Pharaoh is mighty on his throne, but ease.
MARTIN FEINSTEIN . . . . . 134
Pirates, after all, were usually.
ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH . . . . . 87
Poets I have loved so deeply.
SCOFIELD THAYER . . . . . 438
Put by the lute, Girolamo, my son.
EDWARD SAPIR . . . . . 368
Rainbows and stardust found no room.
J. E. SPINGARN . . . . . 419
Red-gold and rough morocco are its covers.
ISABEL FISKE CONANT . . . . . 92
Remember? We, the city, shall remember.
AGNES LEE . . . . . 252
Richer than Carthage, craftier than Tyre.
GORDON LAWRENCE . . . . . 249
Rivers run south in America.
F. R. MCCREARY . . . . . 281
Rome has been dead these many hundred years.
AGNES LEE . . . . . 253
Roses are red for Summer's blood runs sealed.
ELIZABETH MORROW . . . . . 311
Rosetime, rosetime, rosetime in gardens.
SNOW LONGLEY . . . . . 264
Rough was the road that groped the everglade.
MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN. . . . . 301
Rub the sleep out of your eyes.
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE . . . . . 345
Sanely they told the sensitive youth.
BENJAMIN MUSSER . . . . . 317

Scarlet spice.
ALEXANDER JAVITZ . . . . . 219
Scorn now the sonnet — that enchanted reed.
DANIEL HENDERSON . . . . . 197
Sea-ache, and sea-scent, and the welter of white.
ISRAEL NEWMAN . . . . . 319
Seasons are very much like men.
LUCIA TRENT . . . . . 454
Seeing at last how each thing here beneath.
GEORGE H. DILLON . . . . . 118
September burns this hilltop where I am.
WINIFRED DAVIDSON . . . . . 111
Seven strewn earths my bones confound.
STEPHEN VINCENT BENT . . . . . 36
She danced like a swirl of petals down.
ELLINOR L. NORCROSS . . . . . 321
She does not know.
WARING CUNEY . . . . . 104
She does not sleep in consecrated ground.
KATE L. DICKINSON . . . . . 114
She faces life across a willow plate.
KATHRYN WORTH . . . . . 495
She listened to the click.
QUEENE B. LISTER . . . . . 260
She loved redbirds and bright mornings.
WILLARD WATTLES . . . . . 470
She moved, a saint among us, more concerned.
HAROLD VINAL . . . . . 463
She pared her fruit with a silver knife.
GRACE STONE COATES . . . . . 84
She thought, "Now I am vulnerable to two!"
FLORENCE KIPER FRANK. . . . . 149
She was a homely person.
MAY BRINKLEY . . . . . 53
She was a wistful lady.
MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT . . . . . 389
Ships, sailing so calmly.
JOHN E. REINECKE . . . . . 353
Since being born's a sin we must atone.
E. RALPH CHEYNEY . . . . . 79
Sing-a-ling-lo, of a man-made woman.
MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT . . . . . 386
Sing us a dance in jazz-land numbers .
CHARLES R. MURPHY . . . . . 314
Si's temper was barbed-quilled as a hedgehog's tail.
WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON . . . . 213
Sister Anne, look from the casement, tell me you see.
IDELLA PURNELL . . . . . 341
So like a shadow you lived. Nor would you come.
S. BERT COOKSLEY . . . . . 97
So often when our wan blue dusk wears thin.
WINIFRED DAVIDSON . . . . . 112
So that's our parting, and our shining pain.
MARY ATWATER TAYLOR . . . . . 435
So this the face the sculptor saw.
SCOFIELD THAYER . . . . . 438

| | Page |
|---|---|
| The river lies. — Le Baron Cooke | 97 |
| The Sargent wuz a cowboy frum th' Big Bend 'fore he jined. — Russell Meriwether Hughes | 211 |
| The schoolhouse squatted close against a hill. — G. Edward Pendray | 329 |
| The sea, the hurtling sea is at the door. — Bennett Weaver | 470 |
| The shopgirls smiled when Mrs. Dugan came. — Dorothy E. Reid | 348 |
| The singing wire has spanned its perilous way. — Clyde Robertson | 357 |
| The slow hours dragged themselves along. — William James Price | 340 |
| The spirits of the twilight go sighing on these slopes. — Olive Tilford Dargan | 109 |
| The sun had neatly varnished. — Virginia Moore | 306 |
| The task is over for beast and men. — Elkanah East Taylor | 434 |
| The wave stretches its instant body. — Mark Turbyfill | 460 |
| The whole night long the keen wind whined. — Ruth Aughiltree | 10 |
| The winds of Luxor fiercely blow. — Robert Cary | 72 |
| The world goes turning. — George H. Dillon | 116 |
| The World is but my restless self: The Sun. — E. Merrill Root | 362 |
| The world rejects me now. — Chard Powers Smith | 397 |
| The world will not fail for lovers. — E. Ralph Cheyney | 79 |
| The year returns, his armies in the air. — Chard Powers Smith | 396 |
| The yellow violets know it up the rills. — Haniel Long | 264 |
| Then I saw the Ascension. — Paul Smith | 401 |
| Then the wind-ruffled white hen of March. — F. R. McCreary | 285 |
| There are no gods. Apollo — Astoreth. — Ted Olson | 324 |
| There are numb silences in tragedy. — Joseph T. Shipley | 392 |
| There are some places where. — Julia Johnson Davis | 113 |
| There is a place I know. — Clinton Scollard | 383 |
| There is a sense of rich fulfilment here. — Margery Atwood Todahl | 454 |
| There is a tender little song you sing. — Charlotte Mish | 303 |
| There is a mellow pleasantness about. — R. P. Harriss | 188 |

| | Page |
|---|---|
| There is no wine unless the grape is crushed. — Caroline Giltinan | 167 |
| There is quick-sand in sleep, and quick-silver. — Virginia Moore | 308 |
| There is a window in this magic house. — Willard Johnson | 232 |
| There's not a villager now left to show. — Isabel Fiske Conant. | 92 |
| There was a doe that came for water. — Frances Sawyer | 379 |
| There was a lad as cold as ice. — Genevieve Taggard | 433 |
| There was a man. — Joseph S. Cotter | 99 |
| There was a mighty city. — Ralph Linton | 259 |
| There was a summer flame I knew, a slim. — Clement Wood | 490 |
| There were no flowers in the sky. — Melville Cane | 68 |
| There were tall ferns once, in whose stalwart boles. — Clement Wood | 492 |
| There will be nothing — not the light dust stirred. — Margaret Perkins Briggs | 52 |
| These caressed him. — James Daly | 108 |
| These lovely things you never quite possess. — Mildred Plew Merryman | 301 |
| They are clearing ground to build a house. — Polly Chase | 76 |
| They are too lost in yesterday, — too dull. — Margaret Perkins Briggs | 52 |
| They asked me what ailed her. — Dorothy Aldis | 4 |
| They say I own the cottage on the hill. — Barbara Frost | 153 |
| They tell me that essential you. — William Alexander Percy | 330 |
| They think I sit alone beside my fire. — Edna Davis Romig | 360 |
| They waited, sleeping, on the plaza benches. — Witter Bynner | 60 |
| They wear squash-flower cut in silver. — Haniel Long | 261 |
| They were tired tired; and outside. — Stanley Burnshaw | 59 |
| They've had their ration of good luck. — David O'Neil | 325 |
| Think you this topaz powder on the bee. — Virginia McCormick | 278 |
| This corpuscle that from my heart. — William Alexander Percy | 331 |
| This house is ugly — but it is the house I live in. — Ethel Arnold Tilden | 437 |
| This is the dust of a dancer. — Louise Driscoll | 124 |

| | Page |
|---|---|
| This man is dead. | |
| Joseph Auslander | 16 |
| This marble is a dream of woman grown. | |
| Frank Ernest Hill | 202 |
| This reach of sagebrush with its windy hill. | |
| Ada Hastings Hedges | 195 |
| Tho' she was working in the zinnia bed. | |
| Helen M. Richards | 354 |
| This spinning earth we prattle of so much. | |
| Harold Vinal | 463 |
| Those hags are in the hallway. | |
| Edward Sapir | 368 |
| Thou, Medea, counselled in the sowing. | |
| C. T. Lanham | 247 |
| Though — statued to a savage innocence. | |
| Lola Ridge | 356 |
| Though from a jar unseen the waiting bowl. | |
| Charles Wharton Stork | 427 |
| Three strange men came to the inn. | |
| Elizabeth J. Coatsworth | 86 |
| Three times the sun rose while the battle held. | |
| Agnes Kendrick Gray | 175 |
| Through deep and clear and singing Northern waters. | |
| Margery Doud | 121 |
| Through this dark cavern I carry a torch to light me. | |
| Clara Platt Meadowcroft | 297 |
| Tinges Corner dripped and sighed. | |
| Lizette Woodworth Reese | 345 |
| 'Tis fitting that you be here. | |
| Frank S. Horne | 204 |
| Tittle Tattle! said Black Shoes. | |
| Winifred Virginia Jackson | 218 |
| To climb a hill that hungers for the sky. | |
| Helene Johnson | 229 |
| Today my little girl, behind a door. | |
| Frederick Herbert Adler | 3 |
| To-night. | |
| Melville Cane | 69 |
| Triune, Eternal, the All-Seeing Eye. | |
| Charles Phillips | 334 |
| Under the sun. | |
| Margery Atwood Todahl | 453 |
| Upon my breast. | |
| John Hall Wheelock. | 476 |
| Voracious monster of the road and pit. | |
| A. M. Sullivan | 428 |
| Walnuts must be cocoons. | |
| Ouida Louise Cheyney | 80 |
| Wan Lo has made an. | |
| Henry Harrison | 186 |
| Watchman, what is your word? | |
| James Rorty | 362 |
| We have been diligent too many years. | |
| Lindley Williams Hubbell | 206 |
| We gave you mountain fare. | |
| Ann Cobb | 89 |

Page

We glide along the glistening road that lies.
GLORIA GODDARD . . . . . 171
We knew old homes on Loma, weathered . . . gray.
WINIFRED DAVIDSON . . . . . 110
We made our love a pretty thing.
C. T. LANHAM . . . . . 246
We never climbed beyond the town.
HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING . . . . 98
We two shall disagree . . . His time-fogged eyes.
FRANK ERNEST HILL . . . . . 202
What I liked best in Sicily.
CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD . . . 486
What in this heap in which the serpent pries.
HART CRANE . . . . . 102
What is so simple as the wind.
JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH . . . . . 152
What love.
MACKNIGHT BLACK . . . . . 24
What makes you move moon-eyed among the haunts.
GLORIA GODDARD . . . . . 171
What recompense is theirs who, scorning gain and glory.
JESSE WILLIS JEFFERIS . . . . . 225
What was it in my eyes that made you wait.
HELEN EMMA MARING . . . . . 291
When a July storm sweeps down the blue-black Sierras.
ETHELEAN TYSON GAW . . . . . 161
When first the throstle wakes to song.
WADE OLIVER . . . . . 322
When I am delivered from this inextricable thorny flesh.
ALTER BRODY . . . . . 54
When I am dead.
JOHN RICHARD MORELAND . . . . . 309
When I go out.
GEORGE ELLISTON . . . . . 128
When I have seen you weep, I hear the drum.
CHARD POWERS SMITH . . . . . 401
When I was born, then others laughed. I cried.
JOSEF WASHINGTON HALL . . . . . 182
When my little girl with cheeks aglow.
JOHN J. EBERHARDT . . . . . 132
When my man looks at me.
LANGSTON HUGHES . . . . . 210
When Nero rode along the Appian Way.
SONIA RUTHELE NOVAK . . . . . 322
When russet wagons left the Lammas field.
THOMAS S. JONES, JR. . . . . 239
When sheep to shearing amble by.
WADE OLIVER . . . . . 324
When the cruelest word of them all is spoken.
VIRGINIA STAIT. . . . . 420
When the dry land appeared, and seas were called.
LENA HALL . . . . . 182
When the moon has poured her light.
SARA BARD FIELD . . . . . 144
When the spent pipes moan, slow, slow.
ALICE ROGERS HAGER . . . . . 179

| | Page |
|---|---|
| When there were Popes in Avignon. THOMAS WALSH | 465 |
| When Xerxes beat the sea with rods. DOROTHY E. REID | 350 |
| Whenever I see him pass this way. MORRIS ABEL BEER | 33 |
| Where is the little queen Amaranthene. IRENE STEWART | 421 |
| Where is your promise. CHARLES WHARTON STORK | 425 |
| Where plodding saints once walked to dreamless sleep. DAWSON POWELL | 335 |
| Where you coming from, Lomey Carter. ROY HELTON | 195 |
| White morning, like a frosted window-pane. LEROY MCLEOD | 288 |
| Wild eyed with the light of April in his eyes. CHARLES PHILLIPS | 332 |
| Wild geese against the evening sky. ARVIA MACKAYE | 272 |
| Will they never fade or pass. VANCE PALMER | 328 |
| With imagined hoofs I spurn the earth. THELMA LUCILE LULL | 268 |
| Who builds a church within his heart. MORRIS ABEL BEER | 34 |
| Who carved that little gargoyle? ALBERTA BANCROFT | 24 |
| Who has not been a Bluebeard to himself. RUTH FITCH BARTLETT | 32 |
| Who shall say it is vain. CLIFFORD GESSLER | 163 |
| Who, thinking on death, decides. MARY BRENNAN CLAPP | 84 |
| Who was the royal Ming. LEONORA SPEYER | 409 |
| Why did I think you finer and more strong. MILDRED WHITNEY STILLMAN | 423 |
| Why should the mountains confuse me with rapture. MARIE BLAKE | 47 |
| Will you come as of old with singing. SARA TEASDALE | 435 |
| With you all women fall. HENRY LONGAN STUART | 427 |
| Woman, why so pale and thin? SARAH BARD FIELD | 143 |
| Wrapped in a cloak. MELVILLE CANE | 67 |
| Yellow and green, with garlands gay. RUTH MASON RICE | 353 |
| Yes, you have prospered; and at twenty-five. Philip Gray | 176 |
| You are the herd-girl who has lost her herd. WINIFRED WELLES | 473 |
| You came — and like a stormy wind your love. JOHN HALL WHEELOCK | 476 |

You do not know what wonder. Page
Jacques Le Clercq . . . . . 250
You have taken a drink from a wild fountain.
Sara Teasdale . . . . . 435
You may never see rain, unless you see.
Witter Bynner . . . . . 61
You must have dreamed of many sights and sounds.
Belle Willey Gue . . . . . 178
Your pallor is no rose that blooms.
George H. Dillon . . . . . 119
You praise the wind, but I.
James Daly . . . . . 107
You shunned enchanting women most.
Henry Harrison . . . . . 184
You sit like silent magicians.
M. Rainsford Haines . . . . . 180
You snicker that you do not care for him.
Henry Harrison . . . . . 184
You sting my soul to madness with your fault.
David Gray . . . . . 176
You, too listless to examine.
Countée Cullen . . . . . 102
You touch me as you would a child.
Caroline Giltinan . . . . . 166
You who have given me gladness.
C. T. Lanham . . . . . 247
You will go out this June from cloistered halls.
Irene H. Wilson . . . . . 483
Your cool, selective memory moving slow.
Louise Townsend Nicholl . . . . . 320
Yours is a pretty gesture, to dismiss.
Benjamin Musser . . . . . 316
Youth had gone from them, taking love.
Virginia McCormick . . . . . 279

# Part IV

# A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF POETS IN THE UNITED STATES

*(First Series)*

# A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF POETS IN THE UNITED STATES

(ABBREVIATIONS: *b.*, born; *s.*, son; *d.*, daughter; *m. i.*, most influence; *f. p.*, favorite poets; *f. p. p.* first poem printed)

ABBOTT, Edwin M.; *b.* Philadelphia, Pa., June 4, 1877; American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs., Central High, Univ. of Pa. Law Sch.; *deg.* LL.B. Univ. of Pa., 1896; *m.* Florence H. Wilson, Nov. 9, 1905; *d.* Emilie; *s.* T. H. Wilson; *trav.* in Canada and U. S.; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Tennyson, Poe, Bunyan, Shakespeare, Guest, Markham, Riley; *clubs;* Manufacturers, Lawyers, Varsity, Old York Road Country, Mfgs. Country, Sagamore, Keystone Automobile: *p.* Repub.; *soc.* Hist. Soc. of Phila. and Valley Forge Hist. Soc.; *author;* Thoughts in Verse, 1924; 300 poems pub.; many legal articles; spec. corres. various Phila. newspapers; *anthologies:* Snyder, 1911; *f. p. p.* in Society, Christmas, 1894; *recreations:* golf, officiating at inter-collegiate track and football contests; was counsel for Gen. Smedley D. Butler while he was Director of Pub. Safety of Phila.; now counsel for Director George W. Elliott; also Sesqui-Centennial Exhi. Asso. *Home address:* 708 64th Avenue, Oak Lane Park, Philadelphia. Pa.

ADAMS, Ferry (Bletsch, Marie); *b.* Chicago, Ill., May 28, 1906; *d.* William Bletsch and Caroline; *educ.* grad. Deerfield-Shields High Sch., 1923; one year Lake Forest Col.; unmarried; *trav.* throughout the west of the U. S.; *f. p.* Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Kipling, Sara Teasdale; *f. p. p.* Chicago Evening Post, 1925. *Home address:* 382 Moraine Road, Highland Park, Ill.

ADLER, Frederick Henry Herbert; *b.* Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3, 1885; *s.* Frederick Adler and Elise, née Witt (German born, Gentile); *educ.* Robert Walker High Sch., Chicago, Ill., Ohio State Univ., Univ. of Illinois; A.B., 1909, Ohio State; A.M., 1911 and Ph.D., 1913, Univ. of Illinois; Prof. of English and Head of English Dept., Cleveland Col., Western Reserve Univ., Cleveland, O.; *m.* Mildred Naoma (Leithold), July 25, 1918; *c.* three daughters; *trav.* Western Europe, Eastern, Central and Southwestern U. S. A. and Central Europe; *m. i.* Goethe and Wordsworth; *f. p.* Goethe, Schiller, Wordsworth, Keats and Bryant; *mem.* Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Alpha Theta and Sigma Tau Delta; *soc.* Poetry Society of Great Britain, London, Eng., American Literary Asso., Wauwatosa, Wis.; *author:* Herder and Klopstock, A Comparative Study, 1914; *anthologies:* Bookfellows, Seymour, 1925, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1926; Independent Poetry, Cheyney, 1926; Griffith, 1926; American Poetry, Prince, 1926; City Anthology, Poetry Review, London, 1926; *f. p. p.* Education, Oct., 1923; *recreations:* gardening and the theatre. *Home address:* 2633 Shaker Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

ALDRICH, Marie Antoinette; *b.* Cincinnati, Ohio; *d.* Truman H. Aldrich and Anna Monroe (Morrison); *educ.* grad. National Cathedral Sch., Washington, D. C., N. Y. Univ., 1924, A.B.; *m.* Rev. William Charles Cravner, Clergyman Protestant Episcopal Ch.; *voca.* writing and housekeeping; *trav.* England, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Bermuda Islands, Eastern and Western Canada, Alaska, and U. S. with the exception of southwestern states; *m. i.* Keats; *f. p.* Keats, Shakespeare, Poe, Goethe, Heine, Nietzsche, Lamartine; *soc.* American Literary Asso., Wauwatosa, Wis., Order of Bookfellows, Chicago, Ill. and Natl. Country Bard Asso., Madison, N. J.; *anthologies:* Independent Poetry, Cheyney, 1926, N. Y. Univ., Blum; *f. p. p.* The Churchman, Feb. 9, 1924; awarded First English Prize, N. Y. Univ., 1922, 825; *recreations:* walking, automobiling, music, theatre. *Home address:* Bergen Road, Murray Hill, N. J.

ALEXANDER, Charles T.; *b.* Cumby, Texas; grandparents pioneer Texans; *educ.* pub. schs., grad. State Teachers College, Huntsville, Texas, two years more special preparation profession of teaching; taught four years in high school and college; later attended Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., and took spe. courses in summer sessions in other institutions; held pastorates in Texas, Louisiana, Tennessee and Florida; breaking in health while pastor of First Bap. Ch. of New Orleans, La., went north, serving two years as stated pulpit supply in churches in Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., Cleveland, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill.; *m.* Minnie L. Church of Ft. Worth, Texas; *trav.* most all states of the U. S., visited Canada and Mexico; now Pastor of First Bap. Ch., Independence, Kan.; *m. i.* Wordsworth, Tennyson, Whittier, Keats, Shakespeare and Longfellow; *f. p.* Wordsworth, Tennyson, Whittier, Keats, Shakespeare, Longfellow, Whitman, Masefield, E. A. Robinson and John G. Neihardt; *mem.* Poetry Society of Texas, Dallas, Texas, Order of Bookfellows (Life Member), Chicago, Ill.; *clubs:* Rotary, Kiwanis, Lion's Club, and several literary clubs; contributed poems to weekly and daily newspapers, denominational magazines and theological journals; *author:* Forest Voices and Other Poems (*i. m.*); devoted time to social and patriotic movements; active member of The Southern Sociological Congress before World War; during World War he campaigned his Congressional District in Florida in the interest of the Nation, and in recognition of accomplishments and service rendered, Simmons Univ., Abilene, Texas, conferred hon. deg. D.D. *Home address:* Box 825, Independence, Kan.

ALLEN, Hervey; *b.* Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 8, 1889; American; *educ.* Pittsburg pub. schs., Shady Side Academy, 1909, U. S. Naval Academy, 1913, (resigned), Univ. of Pittsburg, 1915, Bachelor of Science, postgraduate work Harvard; unmarried; *voca.* writer; *military:* Midshipman U. S. Navy, 1909–10; 2d Lieut., 18th Penna. Infantry, Mexican Border Service, 1916; 1st Lieut., 111th U. S. Infantry, 28th Div., A. E. F. (wounded in action); *academic:* Instructor in English Porter Military Academy, Charleston High School, Columbia Univ.; *lecturer:* Vassar College; *trav.* France, Mexico, West Indies, Canada, U. S. generally, residence in South, Southwest, and California; *m. i.* Milton, Tennyson; *f. p.* Milton, Coleridge, Tennyson, Keats, Poe, Robinson, Homer; *clubs:* Columbia Univ. Men's Faculty, Town Hall, etc.; *socs.* Poetry Society of America, New York City, Poetry Society of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C., The Poets, New York City; *author:* (poetry) Wampum and Old Gold, 1921; The Bride of Huitzil, 1922; Carolina Chansons (with Du Bose Heyward), 1923; The Blindman (a reprint), 1923; Earth Moods, 1925; (prose) Toward the Flame, 1926; Poe's Brother, the Poetry and Prose of William Henry Leonard Poe (with Thomas Ollive Mabbott), 1926; Israfel, The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe (2 vols.), 1926; *anthologies:* Benét, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Stevenson, 1925; Stork, 1923, 1924, 1925; Untermeyer, 1925, etc.; *f. p. p.* N. Y. Times. *Home address:* 1 Fulton Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ALLHANDS, Edmund Spencer; *b.* Franklin County, Ark., June 18, 1862; American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs.; *occu.* clergyman; *m.* Abbie M. Wilson, (d.); no foreign trav.; lived in Ark. Ind., Okla., Fla. and Texas; *m. i.* Whittier; *f. p.* Whittier, Longfellow, Burns, Lanier; *p.* Indep.; *soc.* Authors, Comp. and Art Lov. of Ark., Bookfellows; *author:* With the Master, a Study of Christ; *f. p. p.* Christian Evangelist. *Home address:* Arkansas City, Ark.

ASHLEY, Lillah A.; *b.* Jersey City, N. J.; lived greater part of life in Philadelphia, Pa.; American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs., year at Alma Col., St. Thomas, Ont. Can., pvt. educ. from father, William W. Thomas; stud. violin and piano with Frederick A. Mollenhauer in Jersey City, conservatories in Detroit, Mich., and Philadelphia, Pa.; *m.* Charles H. Ashley, Jan. 15, 1910; *trav.* extensively U. S. and visited England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium and France; *m.i.* Shakespeare, Keats, the Rubâiyât of Omar Khayyám, sonnets of Dante, Petrarch and Elizabeth Barrett Browning; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Keats, the Rubâiyât of Omar Khayyám (FitzGerald's version), Dante, Petrarch, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Walt Whitman, Francis Thompson, Swinburne, A. E. Housman, Thomas Hardy,

W. B. Yeats, Robert Frost and Edna St. Vincent Millay; *clubs:* Woman's Club, Glens Falls, N. Y. and Glens Falls Country Club; *p.* Ind. Repub.; *mem.* Order of Bookfellows, Chicago, Ill., The Country Bard Asso., Madison, N. J., The Verse Writers' Guild of America; *f. p. p.* American Poetry Mag.; lover of books, music, art and travel; fond of nature and animals. *Home address:* 25 Coolidge Avenue, Glens Falls, N. Y.

AUGHILTREE, Ruth; *b.* Westerly, R. I.; American, old N. E. stock; *educ.* pub. schs., grad. Smith Col., 1905, deg. A.B.; *m.* James W. Aughiltree; *trav.* extensively in U. S.; *m. i.* Amy Lowell; *f. p.* George Sterling and Padraic Colum; *voca.* writing outdoor articles and mystery fiction; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1924, 1926, Bookfellows, 1926, Independent Poetry, 1926; *f. p. p.* American Cookery, 1923; *recreations:* going camping, has camped from Mass. to New Mexico and in between. *Home address:* Plainfield, N. J.

AXELSON, Mary McDougal; *b.* Selmer, Tenn.; *d.* D. A. McDougal and Myrtle A.; *educ.* Liberty College, Kidd-Key Conservatory, and Univ. of Oklahoma; *prof.* writer; *m.* Ivar Axelson, 1923; *trav.* throughout U. S., visited Canada and Cuba; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Sidney Lanier, Kipling, Vachel Lindsay, E. B. Browning, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, C. G. Rossetti, D. G. Rossetti, Charles Vildrac, Yeats, Swinburne and A. E. Housman; *clubs:* The Civic Club, N. Y. C., League of American Penwomen; *author:* co-author with sister, Violet McDougal, of Wandering Fires, poems, 1925; *anthologies:* Anthology of Newspaper Verse, Davis, 1923, 1924; *f. p. p.* The Masses Magazine; awarded Contemporary Verse prize, 1923, $40; 1st prize, Lyric Contest, Gen. Fed. Women's Clubs, 1923; *recreations:* swimming, painting. *Home address:* P. O. Box 2569, Miami, Fla.

BADER, Georgia C.; *b.* Bellville, Texas; p. descendants of English, Scotch, Irish, settlers of old South; *educ.* pub. schs., home study; *m.* Otto Bader; *voca.* bringing up children and writing; *m. i.* Scott; *f. p.* Tennyson, Hood, Scott, Longfellow, Whittier and Poe; contributed extensively to general magazines and newspapers; *f. p. p.* The Houston Chronicle; *soc.* The Poetry Soc. of Texas. *Home address:* Bellville, Texas.

BANGERT, Carl F.; *b.* Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 31, 1897; *s.* Charles Theodore (Swiss) and Catherine Anne (Jamison) B., (Scotch Canadian); *educ.* pub. schs. and self-ed.; *prof.* free lance writer; unmarried; *trav.* midwestern U. S., including Chicago, Ill., Omaha, Neb., northern U. S., Wisconsin, Montana, N. Dakota, Idaho, Pac. Coast, Oregon, Washington; Canada: Manitoba, Ontario; *m. i.* Longfellow; *f. p.* Service, Tennyson, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, Guest, Burns, Field, Shakespeare, Hood; *p.* Republican; *socs.* American Lit. Asso., Poetry Soc. of Pittsburg, Scribbler Club of Pgh.; *author:* Wild Oats, Sand of Time, Ballad of Baseball, etc.; *f. p. p.* Pgh. Chronicle Telegraph; *prizes:* St. Nicholas: Silver Badge, Mar. 1923, Gold Badge, July, 1923; *recreations:* baseball music, books, plays. *Home address:* 4054 Howley Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

BANGS, Janet Norris; *b.* La Moille, Ill., June 20, 1885; American; *educ.* pub. schs., Wellesley Col. 1907, B. A. degree; *m.* Edward Hugh Bangs, 1910; *voca.* housewife; *trav.* one year in Europe, East and West in U. S.; *m. i.* Shelley, Bryant; *f. p.* Browning, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Hodgson; *clubs:* Chicago College, Prairie, Ethical Society; *soc.* Poetry Lovers of America, Chicago, Ill.; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1923, Strong's Best Poems, 1923, Stevenson's, 1925; contributor to Poetry, A Magazine of Verse and general magazines; *f. p. p.* Wellesley Mag., 1906; *prizes:* 1st p. Poetry Lovers of America, $25; *poem,* The Quest; *recreations:* outdoor walking, gardening, etc. *Home address:* 168 Addison Road, Riverside, Ill.

BANNING, Kendall; *b.* New York City, Sept. 20, 1879; *s.* William Calvin and Helen Josephine (Mellen) B.; *educ.* pub. schs. of Vermont; A. B. Dartmouth Col., 1902 (class poet); *voca.:* managing editor of *System,* 1903–1917; managing editor Hearst's *Cosmopolitan,* 1918–1920; editorial director *Popular Radio, Judge, Film Fun, Snappy Stories, Live Stories, Wit of the World,* 1922–; vice-pres. Leslie-Judge Co., New Fiction Pub. Corp. and Popular Radio, Inc., 1922–; *m.* (1st) Hedwig V. Briesen of N. Y., May 19, 1906 (died July 7, 1912); (2d) Dorothy Carter Sanders of N. Y. and Kentucky, Nov. 15, 1916; *trav.:* through Europe and U. S.; *p.* Independent; *mem.* The Players, N. Y. C., Dutch Treat Club, N. Y. C., Cliff Dwellers, Chicago, Ill., Military Order World War, Order of Indian Wars, Order Founders and Patriots, Sons of American Revolution, Society of Colonial Wars, Military Society War of 1812 and Veteran Corps of Artillery, Society of American Wars, Army and Navy Union, General Society of War of 1812, Order of Military and Naval Officers of World War, American Physical Society, American Inst. for Advancement of Science, Phi Delta Theta; *author:* (verse) Flotsam, 1903; Songs of the Love Unending, 1912; The Sun Dial (song cycle), 1913; By Paths in Arcady, 1914; Pirates (nonsense v.), 1916; Songs of the Unafraid (song cycle), 1918; The Phantom Caravan, 1926; *edited:* Songs for a Wedding Day (anth.), 1907; Songs of the Hill Winds (Dartmouth Col. anth.), 1901; Mon Ami Pierrot (Pierrot anth.), 1916; The Squire's Recipes, 1914; Bookplates, 1906; Copy (one-act play) prod. 1910–1911; The Garden of Punchiniello (pantomime), prod. 1916–17; A Garden Fate, prod. 1919; How To Build Your Own Radio Receiver (with L. M. Cockaday), 1923; about 30 songs set to music and pub. separately; *f. p. p.* High School paper, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1894; *m. i.* Richard Hovey and Rudyard Kipling; *f. p.* Hovey, Kipling, Swinburne, Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Henley, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Theodosia Garrison, Le Gallienne; *anthologies:* Stevenson's, 1925; Chicago Anth., 1916; Frothingham's, 1921, etc.; officer in Natl. Guard, Ohio and New York, 1902–1909; Major, Signal Corps, 1917–18; Major, General Staff, U. S. A., 1918; Lieut. Col. Signal Reserve Corps, U. S. A., 1918–; contributed extensively to magazines. *Home address:* 16 Gramercy Park, New York City; country residence, Lyme, Conn.

BARNES, Nellie; *b.* nr. Kansas City, Mo.; *d.* Smiley and Anna Burnham (Fort) B.; *educ.* Univ. of Kansas, A. B., 1916; A. M., 1920; unmarried; *p. voca.* Instructor, Dept. of English, Univ. of Kansas; *trav.* northern Europe, wide American travels; seven culture areas of the Indians; one year among the Chickasaws; two summers among the pueblos of northern New Mexico; *m. i.* Shakespeare; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Shelley, Yeats; *author:* monograph, American Indian Verse, 1921, in the Humanistic Series, the Univ. of Kansas; American Indian Love Lyrics and Other Verse, 1925. *Home address:* 516 West 11th Street, Lawrence Kan.

BARNEY, Anna Louise; *b.* Gouverneur, N. Y.; *d.* Bradley L. and Mary Elizabeth (Herring) B.; *educ.* pub. schs., Univ. of California, B. L., 1907, M. L., 1908; Columbia Univ., M. A., 1916; *prof.* teaching; *p. voca.* Teaching (Dean of Women, State Teachers' Col., Chico, Calif.); *trav.* western, southern and eastern parts of U. S., and into Canada and Mexico; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Keats, Shelley, Masefield, Frost; *clubs:* A. A. U. W.; D. A. R.; Mayflower Descendants; *soc.* Country Bard Asso., Madison, N. J.; The Bookfellows, Chicago, Ill., The Amer. Lit. Asso., Wauwatosa, Wis.; *anthologies:* Prince, 1925 (Anth. of the Amer. Lit. Asso.); *f. p. p.* Sunset Mag.; *prizes:* hon. men. and pub. in brochure, Laura Blackburn Prize Lyrics, 1921, 1922. *Home address:* Chico, Calif.

BARROW, Elfrida De Renne; *b.* Philadelphia, Pa., 1884; American; *educ.* priv. schs.; *m.* Craig Barrow, M.D., 1906; *trav.* extensively in America and Europe; *soc.* Georgia Soc. of Col. Dames of Amer., Georgia Historical Soc., Telfair Acad. of Arts and Sciences; *mem.* P. S. S. C. and P. S. of Ga.; contributed to Poetry, A Mag. of Verse, Reviewer, Bookman, etc.; writer on subjects dealing with history of Ga.; *author:* Anchored Yesterdays: The Log Book of Savannah's Voyage Across a Georgia Century (in col. with Laura Palmer Bell); hon. men. Loose Leaves, Poetry, A Mag. of Verse, 1923. *Home address:* 17 West McDonough Street, Savannah, Ga.

BARTLETT, Ruth Fitch; *b.* Milwaukee, Wis.; American; *educ.* Vassar Col., A.B., Wisconsin Univ., M.A.; *m.* Bartlett, Walter S., 1917; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of Amer., N. Y. C.; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's 1925, 1926; *f. p. p. Century Mag.; prizes:* Junior League Poetry, 1924, $25; Junior League Poetry, 1926, $10. *Home address:* 1 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

BATES, Katharine Lee; *b.* Falmouth, Mass., Aug. 12, 1859; *d.* Rev. William (Congregational) and Cornelia Frances (Lee) B.; *educ.* pub. schs. Falmouth, Wellesley, Newton; Wellesley Col., Oxford Univ., Eng.; Wellesley B.A., 1880; M.A., 1891; hon. degs. Middlebury, Litt.D., 1914; Oberlin, Litt.D., 1916; Wellesley, L.L.D., 1925; *prof.* teaching english lit.; unmarried; *p. voca.* writing; *trav.* U. S., north to south, coast to coast; several years of trav. and residence in British Isles, mainly Eng.; on the Continent, mainly Spain; in Egypt and Palestine; *m. i.* Shelley; *f. p.* Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Arnold, Emerson; *clubs:* Boston Authors; Col. Club Amer. Asso. Univ. Women; Shakespeare Asso. of Amer. Nat. Inst. of Soc. Sciences; Phi Beta Kappa.; *hon.* Fed. of Women's Clubs; Women's Music Fed.; Hymn-writers' Soc.; *p.* Woodrow Wilson's; *soc.* N. E. Poetry Club, Poetry Soc. Amer.; The Poets, N. Y. C.; *author:* America

the Beautiful 1911; Fairy Gold (Play and Poems for Children), 1916; The Retinue (Poems of the War, Nature, Travel), 1918; Sigurd, our Golden Collie (Prose, with inter-chapter Poems relating to Animals), 1919; Yellow Clover (In Memoriam, Katharine Coman), 1922; Little Robin Stay-Behind (Plays for Children), 1923; The Pilgrim (Poems of Egypt and Palestine); *dealing with lit.:* The English Religious Drama, American Literature, The Story of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims (re-told in modern verse), editions of 14 English classics; *dealing with England and Spain:* From Gretna Green to Land's End, English History told by English Poets (in collab. with Katharine Coman), Spanish Highways and Byways, In Sunny Spain with Rafael and Pilarica (A Story for Children); College Beautiful and Other Poems, 1887; Rose and Thorn (prize story), 1889; Sunshine and Other Verses for Children, 1890; Hermit Island (story, 1891; *editor:* The Wedding-Day Book, 1881; Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, 1889; Ballad Book, 1889; Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, 1894; Midsummer Night's Dream, 1895; As You Like It, 1896; Mabie's Norse Stories, 1901; Keats' The Eve of St. Agnes and Other Poems, 1902; Lenox Edition of Hawthorne's Romances, 1902; Ruskin's King of the Golden River, 1903; Early Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary, 1903; Tennyson's Princess, 1904; Selections from Tennyson's Idylls of the King, 1905; Hawthorne's Our Old Home, 1906; Sophie Jewett's The Heart of a Boy, 1912; Sophie Jewett's Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe, 1913; Heywood's A Woman Killed with Kindness and The Fair Maid of the West (Belles Lettres Series), 1917; *translator:* (with Cornelia Frances Bates) Becquer's Romantic Legends of Spain, 1909; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1915–1926; Stevenson's, 1912 and 1925; Schauffler, 1925; Untermeyer, 1923; Rittenhouse; Van Dyke, etc.; The song America the Beautiful has been reprinted in scores, probably in hundreds, of general anthologies, patriotic anthologies, civic readers, song books, hymnals and the like; *f. p. p.* The Atlantic Mo., Oct., 1879, *Sleep; prizes:* 1st award ($40) for *The Birds Return*, Mar., 1925, printed in Contemporary Verse, May, 1924; *recreations:* motoring, reading, children and dogs. *Home address:* 70 Curve Street, Wellesley, Mass.

BECK, John Oscar; *b.* Braidwood, Ill., 1881; Danish parents; *educ.* pub. schs., Harvey High, Harvey, Ill.; at seventeen entered employ Continental Ins. Co., at twenty-one became fire ins. fieldman; *m.* Carolyn Gillette; *c.* five daughters, two sons; *m. i.* lit. of East,—Hindoo, Hebrew, Chaldean and Egyptian; made a particularly careful study of the parallelism, the parable, and other Eastern verse form, used in narrative, invocation, exhortation, etc., and later tried to modernize it; while so engaged became acquainted with Albert Hartman Daehler, then inst. Eng. Dept. of Purdue Univ., and received encouragement to serious work; first pub. work was a parallelism, a tribute to life of Dr. Winthrop E. Stone, President of Purdue Univ. (killed in Can. Rockies); included in Memorial vol., pub. by Trustees of Univ.; to Dr. Herbert L. Creek, head Eng. Dept. Purdue Univ., much of production must be ascribed; business contacts and insatiable scientific interest furnish inexhaustible material for lit. work; the Ind. legis. in session took cognizance of his poem A Plea to Indiana and bills were introduced into both houses (not passed) in answer to the plea; *author:* Windows in Dragon Town (poems), 1922; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's 1925; contributor to Poetry, A Mag. of Verse, etc.; State Agent for Ind. for Firemens & Girard Ind. Co's; Pres. The Ind. Fire Ins. Field Club. *Home Address:* 613 North Seventh Street, Lafayette, Ind.

BEELER, Florence Ashley; *b.* Illinois; English ancestry; *educ.* pub. schs. Kansas; teacher until marriage; *m.* William Leo Beeler; *voca:* criticism and revision of verse; *trav.* U. S. except far east and south; Canada; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Kipling; founder and pres. Tacoma Writers' Club; *p.* Democrat; *author:* Brown Studies (book of verse), 1911; contributor to Muse & Mirror, The Harp, Telling Tales, Am. Poetry and other magazines; humorous verse (pen name Justin Funn) con. to Judge, Saucy Stories, Ziff's, other general magazines and newspapers; *f. p. p.* Town and Country Jour. (San Francisco); *prizes:* 2d best poem in Spokane Chronicle; best poem in Chap. Con. Amer. Poetry Mag.; *recreations:* flower garden and playing with her cats and dogs. *Home address:* Fern Hill, Tacoma, Wash.

BEER, Morris Abel; *b.* New York City, July 17, 1887; father, German; mother, American; *educ.* pub. sch. 14, Man. Col. of City of N. Y., B.S., 1906; Columbia Univ., A.M., 1916; *prof.* instructor, writer; *voca.* instructor in English, The High School of Commerce, N. Y. City, and dramatics; class in poetry writing, evening session of The Col. of the City of N. Y.; lecturer on poetry, Bureau of Public Lectures, N. Y. City; poet, journalist, critic, playwright; *trav.* U. S. and Canada; *m. i.* William Butler Yeats; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, Whitman; *clubs:* The Writers, The Playwrights; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of Amer., N. Y. C.; *author:* Songs of Manhattan, 1918; *anthologies:* Richards, 1921; Stork, 1923; Towne, 1923; Coblentz, 1924; Wood, 1925; Le Gallienne, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1926; Cheyney, 1926; Lieberman, 1926; Anth. of City Col. Verse (in prep.); *f. p. p.* Boston Transcript; *recreations:* walking, swimming, reading, playgoing. *Home address:* 945 East 163d Street, New York City.

BELL, Lucia Osborne; *b.* Kenosha, Wis.; father, English clergyman; mother, New Yorker; *educ.* grad. Southern Col.; grad. Miss Garrett's Sch., Bala, Pa.; Columbia Univ., 1914; *prof.* teacher of speech and articulation; unmarried; *voca.* social secretary; *trav.* lived in seven states; *trav.* in Canada and nine foreign countries; *f. p.* Lake Poets (loved because father came from that section of England); *club:* Woman's City, Philadelphia, Pa.; *soc.* Arts and Letters Soc. of Phila.; contributed to Harper's, Life, Independent, Youth's Companion, and some 26 other publications; int. in short-story writing; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1926; Cheyney, 1926; *f. p. p.* Harper's; *prizes:* Arts & Letters Soc., 1919, Rheims Cathedral and Faith. *Home address:* Lantern Lodge, Dennis, Cape Cod, Mass. *Bus. address:* 1421 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BELLAMANN, Henry; *b.* Fulton, Mo., Apr. 28, 1882; American parentage; *educ.* Westminster Col., Univ. of Denver (Colo.); musical, Paris and London; pupil Philipp and Widor; D. Mus. (c. h.) De Pauw Univ., 1926; Decorated by French govt. 1924 (Officier de l'Instruction Publique); *voca.* musician, critic, litterateur; chairman Exam. Bd. Juilliard Foundation, N. Y. C.; *m.* Katherine McKee Jones, 1907; *trav.* France, England, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913; all states of U. S. except four; *f. p.* lifelong student of Dante and early Italian poets; *mem.* Beethoven Asso., Town Hall Club, The Bohemians of N. Y. C., Charleston Poetry Soc.; *hon. mem.* Georgia Poetry Soc., Poets' Club of Norfolk, Va.; *author:* various articles relative to Dante; Cups of Illusion (verse); arts. in Musical Quar., etc., on parallels in modern music and poetry; Petenera's Daughter (novel), 1926; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's (several years), Moult's, 1923, 1924; *f. p. p.* Debussy in The Dial. *Home address:* 200 West 57th Street, New York City.

BELLOWS, Henry Adams; *b.* Portland, Me., Sept. 22, 1885; *s.* John Adams (Unitarian min.) and Isabel (Francis) B.; *educ.* Boston Lat. Sch.; Harvard, A.B., 1906; Harvard Grad. Sch., Ph.D., 1910; *prof.* writer, radio mgr.; *m.* Mary Sanger, of Cambridge, Mass., June 12, 1911; now mgr. Gold Medal Rad. Sta., WCCO, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn.; *clubs:* Minneapolis Univ., Country, Minneapolis, Minn.; Minnesota, St. Paul, Minn.; Salmagundi, N. Y. C.; Arts, Wash., D. C.; *p.* Democrat; *author:* Highland Light, and Other Poems, 1921; The Poetic Edda (trans. with notes, Amer.-Scand. Found.), 1923; *prose:* A Manual for Local Defence, 1918; A Treatise on Riot Duty for the Nat. Guard (War Dept.), 1920; Historia Calamitatum (trans. f. Latin of Abelard), 1922; program notes for Minneapolis Symp. Orchestra, 1923–1926; many newspaper and magazine articles; *f. p. p.* Scribner's; *recreations:* riding, golf, tennis. *Home address:* 2400 Pleasant Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

BENNETT, Gertrude Ryder; *b.* Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dutch and Eng. descent; forefathers came to Amer. 1636; *educ.* Erasmus Hall High, N. Y. Univ., B.S., 1925; at pres. doing grad. work in Eng. lit. at Columbia Univ.; *trav.* England, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, Canada, east coast of U. S., Maine to Wash., D. C.; *f. p.* Keats, Browning; *mem.* Alpha Omicron Pi Sor.; Writers' C. of Columbia Univ., N. Y. C.; *pres.* Inter-High Sch. Poetry Soc. of Greater N. Y.; *contributor:* The Bookman, Century Mag., Contemporary Verse, and other mags. and papers; *f. p. p.* Brooklyn Daily Eagle; *prizes:* Safety First Con., Gram. Sch.; awarded Richard Young Medals (for poems) Erasmus Hall High Sch., 1917, 1920; winner poetry con. between Wash. Square Col., N. Y. Univ. and The Sch. of Commerce, N. Y. Univ., 1923; 1st pr. twice Inter-High Sch. Poetry Soc. of Greater N. Y., 1924; *recreation:* flower garden. *Home address:* 1669 East 22d Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BERRY, William; *b.* Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 14, 1902; American; *educ.* pvt. sch., St. Leonard's Acad., St. Joseph's Col., Holy Cross Col.; A.B., St. Joseph's, 1923; *prof.* writer and actor; unmarried; *voca.* writer; *trav.* eastern U. S., Boston to Wash., D. C.; *f. p.* Homer, Horace,

Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Shakespeare, Thompson, Swinburne, A. E. Housman, Louise Guiney, Hodgson, E. A. Robinson, Lindsay, Frost, Millay, Stephens, Synge, Rupert Brooke, Kilmer; *p.* Independent; *anthologies:* Poets of the Future, 1921–22, 1920–21; Braithwaite's, 1925; Maynard, 1926; *f. p. p.* Commonweal, May 6, 1925; *prizes:* college; *recreations:* drinking beer and playing poker. *Home address:* 401 North 41st Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BIRK, Julia; *b.* San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 25, 1907; *d.* Arthur and Myrtle B.; *educ.* pub. schs. California; grad. High Sch., June, 1926; *occu.* student; *trav.* south and southwest U. S.; *m. i.* Poe; *f. p.* Stevenson, Shelley, Emily Dickinson; *mem.* Camp Fire Girls, Long Beach High Sch. Writers' Club; *f. p. p.* Picture Story Paper; *prizes:* Caerulea Poetry, 1925 (3d); 1st and 3d, 1926; Caerulea Sketch, 1926, (2d); Wakan Nat. Hon. for Written Thought, 1926, award. by Nat. Hon. Com. of Camp Fire Girls; *recreations:* reading, music, hiking, swimming. *Home address:* 1215 East 14th Street, Long Beach, Calif.

BLANDEN, Charles Granger; *b.* Marengo, Ill., Jan. 19, 1857; *s.* Granger W. and Anna Louise (Tiffany) B.; *educ.* pub. schs., Pvt. and Park Ave. Inst., Bridgeport, Conn.; *m.* Elizabeth Mills, of Ottumwa, Ia., Sept. 17, 1884; teller, asst. cashier and cashier First Nat. Bank. Ft. Dodge, Ia., 1875–90; mayor Ft. Dodge, 1888–9; removed to Chicago, 1890; sec. Rialto Trust; retired, 1923; *trav.* 44 states in U. S., Canada, Central Amer., Eng. Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Palestine, Tunisia, Algeria; *m. i.* read several anthologies, including Chambers' Miscellany and much prose; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Keats, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Burns, Landor, Herrick, Uhland, Heine; *clubs:* Poetry Society of Amer., N. Y. C.; Cliff Dwellers, Chicago, Ill.; Authors' Club, London; *author:* Tancred's Daughter, 1889; A Valley Muse, 1900; A Drift of Song, 1902; An Unremembered God, 1904; A Chorus of Leaves, 1905; The Upper Trail, 1911; A Wilding Bough, 1915; Lyrics, 1920; several smaller books, including Omar Resung, 466 stanzas of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyâm; *f. p. p.* Danbury News (Ct.), und. assumed name; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, Stevenson's, A Garden Anthology, Love Poems, etc. *Home address:* 4320 Avalon Drive, San Diego, Calif.

BLISS, Sylvia Hortense; *b.* Toledo, Ohio; American (English descent); *educ.* pub. schs. Toledo, Ohio, and Des Moines, Ia.; *music:* studied at Callanan Col., Des Moines, Ia., Syracuse Univ., Syracuse, N. Y.; *prof.* teacher of music; *voca.* music and literature; *trav.* eastern U. S.; *m. i.* Homer, Milton, Emerson; *f. p.* Keats, Rossetti, Lanier; *mem.* Woman's Club; *author:* Quests: Poems in Prose, 1920; essays, Amer. Jour. of Phychology: The Origin of Laughter, 1915; The Significance of Clothes, 1916; misc. essays and short stories; Quests: Poems in Prose, placed on list of Am. Poetry Soc., 1921; *f. p. p.* newspaper; *recreations:* exploration of woods and swamps, mountain climbing, botanizing. *Home address:* East Calais, Vt. *Mail address:* R. F. D., Plainfield, Vt.

BLUNT, Rev. Hugh Francis, LL.D.; *b.* Medway, Mass., Jan. 30, 1877; *s.* Patrick and Ann (Mahon) B.; *educ.* pub. schs. (1882–1892); Boston Col. (1892–3); St. Laurent Col., Montreal (1893–6); St. John's Eccles. Sem., Boston (1896–1901), Ph.B.; ordained to priesthood Dec. 20, 1901, at Boston; curate in Stoneham, 1901; St. Peter's Dorchester, Mass., 1901–1914; Pastor, South Braintree, Mass., 1914–1917; Pastor of Sacred Heart Ch., East Cambridge, Mass., 1917–; *lecturer:* chiefly on Irish poetry and music; ch. ed. writer on *Pilot*, 1911–1919; hon. deg. D. of L. by Univ. of Notre Dame, 1920, for ser. to Catholic literature; *m. i.* Longfellow; *f. p.* Francis Thompson, Emily Dickinson, Browning; *author:* (poetry) Poems, 1911; Songs for Sinners, 1912; The Christmas Dream of Friar Celeste, 1918; My Own People, 1921; The Book of the Mother of God, 1924; Spiritual Songs, 1925; *other pub.* Fred Carmody, A Book for Boys, 1914; The Dividers, 1920; Great Wives and Mothers, 1917; Great Penitents, 1922; Homely Spirituals, 1926 (in press); *f. p. p.* Donahue's Mag., 1901; *prizes:* 1st, Marian Poetry Con., Queen's Work, 1919. *Home address:* 49 Sixth Street, East Cambridge, Mass.

BONTEMPS, Arna; *b.* Alexandria, La., Oct. 13, 1902; *s.* P. B. and Maria C. (Pembrooke) B.; *educ.* pub. and pvt. schs. Los Angeles, Glendale, Calif.; High Sch., San Fernando, Calif.; B.A., Pacific Union Col., La. Jota, Calif.; attd. Univ. of Calif., so. branch; *prof.* teacher; *voca.* Teaching, Harlem Acad. (pvt. sch.); *trav.* Louisiana to Calif.; Mex. to San Francisco; Calif. to N. Y.; Washington, to Hartford, Conn.; *m. i.* class-room poets, stud. with varying and shifting enthusiasm; *f. p.* Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sara Teasdale, John Hall Wheelock; *p.* Independent; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's 1926; *f. p. p.* Crisis Mag.; *prizes:* Alex. Pushkin (Opportunity), 1926, $100.; *recreations:* music, singing, out-door sports, hiking. *Home address:* 2022 Colden Ave., Bronx, New York City.

BORST, Beatrice West; *b.* St. Charles, Minn.; American; *educ.* Univ. of Minnesota; *m.* Richard Warner Borst, 1911; *m. i.* Milton; *f. p.* Frost, Leyland Huckfield; contributor to The Midland, The Lyric West, etc.; *f. p. p.* The Midland; *recreation:* collecting old furniture. *Home address:* 746 Stephens Ave., Fullerton, Orange Co., Calif.

BORST, Richard Warner; *b.* Independence, Ia., Sept. 6, 1885; *s.* Scotch and Dutch parents; *educ.* B.A., Univ. of Minnesota, 1911; M.A., Univ. of Southern Calif., 1926; Head of English Dept., Fullerton Jun. Col., Fullerton, Calif.; *m.* Beatrice West, 1911; *m. i.* Milton; *f. p.* Frost, Tennyson, Keats, Leyland Huckfield; *author:* The Human Cry, 1911; A House Divided (fic., serialized in Overland Mo., Mar., 1925, to May, 1926); *anthologies:* Bellman Book of Verse, 1920; Schnittkind, 1921; *f. p. p.* The Bellman; *recreation:* tramping. *Home address:* 746 Stephens Ave., Fullerton, Orange Co., Calif.

BOYD, Vaida Stewart; *b.* Childress, Texas; *d.* William R. and Butriss (Fowler, granddaughter of Patrick Henry) Stewart; *educ.* pub. schs., bus. col.; *occu.* teaching, secretarial and stenographic; widow; *f. p.* Byron, Poe, Sara Teasdale; *p.* Democrat; *soc.* The Poetry Soc. of Texas; *f. p. p.* Buccaneer (Dallas, Tex.); past two years reporter of activities of mem. of The Poetry Soc. of Tex., and co-ed., Book of the Year, 1925; *recreations:* swimming motoring. *Home address:* 1414 Englewood St., Dallas, Texas.

BRADFORD, Gamaliel; *b.* Boston, Mass., Oct. 9, 1863; *s.* Gamaliel and Clara C. (Kinsman) B.; *educ.* few years in pub. schs.; *prof.* authorship; *m.* Helen Hubbard Ford, Oct. 30, 1886; *voca.* Authorship; *m. i.* Keats; *f. p.* Shelley, Leopardi, Sainte-Beuve; *trav.* Central and Southern Europe; little in Amer.; *clubs:* Nat. Inst. of Arts and Letters; *p.* Republican; *soc.* N. E. Poetry Soc.; Types of American Character (essays) 1895; A Pageant of Life (poetry), 1904; The Private Tutor, 1904; Between Two Masters, 1906; Matthew Porter, 1908; Lee, the American, 1912; Confederate Portraits, 1914; Union Portraits, 1916; Portraits of Women, 1916; A Naturalist of Souls, 1917; Portraits of American Women, 1919; A Portrait of Joy (poetry), 1920; Shadow Verses, 1921; American Portraits, 1875–1900, 1921; Damaged Souls, 1923; The Soul of Samuel Pepys, 1924; Bare Souls, 1924; Wives, 1924; Darwin, 1926; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, Stork, Stevenson, etc.; *f. p. p.* N. E. Mag., 1886; no recreations except writing. *Home address:* Wellesley Hills, Mass.

BRALEY, Berton; *b.* Madison, Wis.; *s.* Judge A. B. and Alta E. (Jordan) B.; *educ.* pub. schs., A.B. Univ. of Wis.; *prof.* writer; married; *trav.* England, France, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, Japan, China, Siam, Malaysia, Egypt; all over the U. S. as well as Panama and the Antilles; *m. i.* by Kipling, Lang, Dobson and Henley; Kipling for type of subject and style of handling; Dobson, etc., for technique and mastery of varied types of versification; *f. p.* Kipling, Masefield, Arthur Guiterman, Edna St. Vincent Millay, among contemps; Keats, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Longfellow, Praed and Riley; *clubs:* Players, Dutch Treat, Adventurers; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of Amer., N. Y.; *author:* (poetry) Songs of the Workaday World, 1915; Things as They Are, 1916; A Banjo at Armageddon, 1917; In Camp and Trench, 1917; Buddy Ballads, 1919; (prose) Sheriff of Silver Bow (novel), 1921; Enchanted Flivver (juvenile), 1926; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, Rittenhouse, etc.; *f. p. p.* Judge, about 1899; *recreations:* kelly pool, poker, bridge, tennis, handball, swimming, driving a car and driving nails. *Home address:* Players Club, New York City.

BRIDGMAN, Amy Sherman; *b.* Amherst, Mass.; *d.* Richard Baxter and Mary (Nutting) B.; *educ.* pub. schs. Amherst, pvt. masters home and abroad; *prof.* teaching; unmarried; *voca.* teaching, writing; *trav.* exten. in Europe, from Hammerfest to Naples, temp. res. Eng., France, Italy; in U. S., Can. to Gulf of Mex., Me. to Calif.; *m. i.* the Brownings; *f. p.* Blake, William Morris, Emily Dickinson, Verlaine, Hugo; *clubs:* Boston Authors, Women's City, Winchester Fortnightly; *p.* Independent; *soc.* N. E. Poetry C., Booklovers, Chicago, Ill.; *author:* Song-Flame (poetry), 1918; Vocalises; Heroes Hymn Songs; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's 1917; Braithwaite's Anth. of Mass. Poets, 1921; Amer. War Songs com. by

Col. Dames; La Bibliothèque Nationale de la Guerre (req. French Govt.); *f. p. p.* St. Nicholas. *Home address:* 38 Cabot Street, Winchester, Mass.

BRIGGS, Margaret Perkins; *mem.* Kansas Authors' Club; *author:* Love Letters of a Norman Princess (verse), 1914; con. poetry and general magazines; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's 1925, 1926; Group of five sonnets, In Autumn Tones, won first place in the Kansas Authors' Club Poetry Contest, 1925, $60. *Home address:* Hutchinson, Kan.

BRIGHT, Verne; *b.* Brookfield, Mo.; *s.* Leonard and Hattie Henrietta (Roberts) B. (great-uncle, John Bright, the Eng. statesman); *educ.* pub. schs. Kansas, Ore.; grad. Brownsville, Ore.; High Sch. 1915; A.B., Pacific Univ., Forest Grove, Ore., 1925; unmarried; *occu.* journalist; *voca.* working in a country newspaper office; *trav.* during war, vis. Hawaii, Phil. Islands, Japan and Siberia, as mem. of Co. D, 31st Inf. U. S. A.; 13 months in Siberia; most states west of Mississippi; *m. i.* Swinburne; *f. p.* Masefield, A. E. Housman, Ralph Hodgson, Poe, E. A. Robinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay; *p.* Progressive-independent; *soc.* Northwest Poetry Soc., Portland, Ore.; Amer. Lit. Asso., Wauwatosa, Wis.; Order of Bookfellows, Chicago, Ill.; *anthologies:* Schnittkind, 1921–22, 1922–24; Prince, 1925; Seymour, (The Bookfellow), 1926; *f. p. p.* Oregon Daily Journal (Portland); *prize:* Lariat, lyric on Cape Perpetua, 1924. *Home address:* Beaverton, Ore.

BRINKLEY, May; *b.* Suffolk, Va., Jan. 26, 1893; American; *educ.* pub. and Normal sch.; *occu.* business; *trav.* part of U. S.; *m. i.* John Richard Moreland; *f. p.* John Richard Moreland, Lizette W. Reese, Leonora Speyer, Joseph Auslander; *clubs:* Social, Norfolk Soc. of Arts; *soc.* Suffolk Poetry Soc. (pres.), Poetry Soc. of Va.; Asso. Ed. Will-o'-The-Wisp Mag.; *con.* Lit. Lantern, Muse & Mirror, Extension, Harp, etc.; Cheyney's Ind. Poetry Anth., 1926; *f. p. p.* Ledger Dispatch (Norfolk, Va.); *recreations:* golf, motoring, theatre; chiefly poetry. *Home address:* 120 Franklin Street, Suffolk, Va.

BROOKS, William E.; *b.* Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 9, 1875; *s.* John and Sarah Jane B.; *educ.* Phila. pub. schs., Westminster Col., A. B., 1900; Princeton, A. M., 1904; Princeton Theol. Sem., 1904; hon. deg. D.D., Lafayette Col., 1916, and D.D. Univ. of Dubuque, 1916; *prof.* clergyman; *m.* Jeanette Steele Stewart, Oct. 12, 1904; *voca.* pastor, 1st Pres. Ch., Morgantown, W. Va.; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Noyes, Masefield, Drinkwater; *p.* Republican; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925; Christ in Poetry of Today (2nd ed.); Roosevelt As the Poets Knew Him; *f. p. p.* The Outlook, July 10, 1918; *recreation:* fishing. *Home address:* 304 Willey Street, Morgantown, W. Va.

BROWN, Grace Evelyn; *b.* Beverly, Mass., Nov. 24, 1873; *d.* Joseph Emerson Brown (dramatist) and Mary Evelyn (Porter) B. (2nd cousin Clara Barton, fnd. Amer. Red Cross); *educ.* pub. schs. Beverly and Newton; grad. Newton H. S., 1893; attended Newton Pvt. Sch.; grad. Sargent Nor. Sch. of Physical Cul., 1896; course, Harvard Sum. Sch., 1897; stud. philosophy and occult sciences, 1904–09; ent. Mass. Normal Art, 1909; grad. course in drawing, painting, composit. and portraiture 1913; corres. course in writing; at Boston Univ. seven courses in writing and apprec. of music; pvt. tchs. music, sculpture, dancing; design, Harvard Sum. Sch., 1922; *voca.* writing poetry, short stories, essays, articles; painter of landscapes, portraits, still-life, illustration, pvt. teaching, lecturer; *trav.* Canada, Chicago, St. Louis, Va., Wash., Mid. Atl. States, 1904; New Orleans, Wash., Calif., Lake Tahoe, San Francisco, Los Angeles, The Yosemite Val., Muir Woods, Tamalpais, Nevada, 1913–14–15; Wash. Ga., New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego, 1923–24; *m. i.* Tennyson, Wordsworth, Browning; *f. p.* Dante, Blake, Frost, Millay; *mem.* Amer. Poetry Soc. of Boston, Poetry Soc. of London, etc.; *con.* poetry and gen. mags., essays, short stories, poems, etc.; 1919–26 wkly. art. on Theosophy in Boston Ideas; *f. p. p.* Amer. Poetry Mag.; *recreations:* music, interpretative dancing, drama, acting, out-of-door life, camping, canoeing, swimming, motoring. *Home address:* 27 Hollis Street, Newton, Mass.

BROWN, Marion Francis; *b.* Boston, Mass.; *p.* mother, Welsh; father, New Englander; *educ.* pub. schs. Boston; A.B. Radcliffe Col., 1909; A.M. in Eng., Columbia Univ., 1913; taught English in Univ. of Montana; was *asst. ed.* of McCall's Mag.; *bus.* engaged in advertising in Boston; *f. p.* Masefield, Browning, Noyes, Emily Dickinson, Teasdale, Millay, Walt Whitman; *author:* April Marching, a Book of Poems, 1923; short stories, poems, *con.* to mags.; *mem.* Amer. Lit. Asso. Wauwatosa, Wis., Field and Forest C. of Boston, N. E. Women's Prs. Asso., Radcliffe C. of Boston, Boston Adv. Women's C. (pres.) Bookfellows, Chicago; *f. p. p.* Youth's Comp.; *anthology:* Braithwaite's, 1925; *Home address:* 103 Sawyer Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

BRUECKMANN, Jr., J. George; *b.* Philadelphia, Pa., May 22, 1904; *s.* Maxwell and Mary A. B. (American); *educ.* W. Phila. H. S., Brown Prep. Sch. and Univ. of Pa.; *bus.* with The Atlantic Refining Co.; *trav.* eastern U. S. and Canada; *m. i.* Kipling; Roy Helton's teaching responsible for urge to write poetry; *f. p.* Kipling, Lindsay, Sandburg, J. W. Riley, Frost; *author:* Aflame and Afield (poems), 1925; Out of the Smoke (novel); *f. p. p.* The Brown & White; *con.* to poetry and general mags.; *recreations:* horseback riding, football. *Home address:* 1550 N. Wanamaker St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BRUNER, Margaret E.; *b.* southern Indiana; *p.* American; *educ.* pub. schs., B. & S. Bus. Col., Louisville, Ky.; held license to teach in Ind. but never entered the profession; *occu.* previous 1916, stenographer and typist; *m.* Vate Bruner, Newcastle, Ind., 1916; *voca.* housekeeper and writing verse; *trav.* in U. S. not extensive; *m. i.* James Whitcomb Riley; *f. p.* Riley, Shakespeare, Dickinson, Frost, Teasdale, Edwin Markham, Joyce Kilmer, Millay, Thomas S. Jones, Jr., Keats, Burns; *mem.* Amer. Poetry Cir., Amer. Lit. Asso., Order of Bookfellows, Chicago; *anthologies:* Bookfellows, 1926; Prince, 1926; Griffith, 1925; *f. p. p.* Pegasus; *recreations:* reading, music, occasionally a show. Home address: 611 Goodwin Street, Newcsatle, Ind.

BRYAN, George S.; *b.* Matteawan, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1879; *s.* George J. and Rachel Anne (Hendrickson) B.; *educ.* pvt. schs.; Amherst Col., A.B., 1900; *occu.* various times, staff-writer for ref. works; *gen. ed.* for publishing firm; copy-writer, lay-out man, adv. mgr.; translator; free-lance writer; *m.* Alice Rhoda Hancock, Staffordshire, Eng., Sept. 27, 1922; *voca.* editor and writer; *trav.* eastern Canada, New England, Central States, but not south of Virginia or west of Buffalo; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Poe, Arnold, W. S. Gilbert, Calverley, William Watson, Kipling, A. E. Housman; *mem.* Authors' Club, N. Y.; *p.* Independent; *author:* The Eleventh Elegy of Book V. of Sextus Propertius, 1900, Amherst Col. Yankee Notions, 1922; The Ghost in the Attic, 1926; The Assumption of Hannele, 1911; The Camper's Own Book, 1912, 1913; The Log Cabin Press, Sam Houston, 1917; Edison: His Life and Work, 1926; *ed.* Poems of Country Life: A Modern Anthology, 1912, 1916; The Useful Knowledge Books, 1923, 1924; *anthologies:* Adams, The Conning Tower Book, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1924; Clough, 1926; Poems of Country Life, Bryan, 1912; *f. p. p.* Christian Inquirer; *prize:* lyric for a Texas state song; *recreations:* hiking, doing odd jobs outdoors; music, reading. *Home address:* Brookfield Center, Fairfield Co., Conn.

BUCK, Howard Swazey; *b.* Chicago, Ill., 1894; *s.* Carl D. and Clarinda (Swazey) B.; *educ.* Phillips Andover and Yale, taking degrees at the latter of B.A., 1916; M.A., 1918; Ph.D., 1925; *pres. voca.* assistant professor of English at Yale; *trav.* England, France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Greece; *m. i.* Byron; *f. p.* Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron; *author:* The Tempering, 1918; A Study in Smollett (Biographical), 1925; *f. p. p.* The Midway (University H. S., Chicago); *prize:* The Albert Stanburrough Cook Prize in Poetry ($50.), 1918; *recreation:* reading "Who's Who." *Home address:* 110 Wall Street, New Haven, Conn.

BUCKLEY, Nancy; *b.* San Francisco, Calif; *educ.* Convent Schs., San Francisco; two sum. ses. (1922–23) Univ. of Calif., specializing in short story and journalism; *trav.* Alaska, Honolulu, year in Europe, 1925; during year abroad corres. Amer. periodicals; *m. i.* Millay, Teasdale; *f. p.* Millay, Teasdale; *mem.* San Francisco Chap., League Amer. Penwomen; Pr. and Po. Sec. of Calif. Writers' Club; Newman Hall, Univ. of Calif.; author: Laughter and Longing (poems), 1923; Wings of Youth (poems), 1925; Cameos (poems), 1926; *con.* Ladies' Home Journal, Catholic World, Lyric West, and other gen. and poetry mags.; *anthology:* California Writers' Club, West Winds; *prize:* Charles Granger Blanden Lyric Poetry, Alien; *recreation:* walking. *Home address:* 2070 Fell Street, San Francisco, Calif.

BURGESS, Gelett; *b.* Boston, Mass., Jan. 30, 1866; *s.* Thomas H. and Caroline M. (Brooks) B.; American; *educ.* Mass. Inst. Tech., B.S., 1887; *m.* Estelle Loomis, 1914; author, illustrator; draughtsman with S. P. Railway, 1887–90; instructor topographical drawing, Univ. of Calif., 1891–94; designer, 1894–95, and *asso. ed.* The

Wave; *ed.* The Lark (San Francisco), 1895–97; *asso. ed.* Ridgeway's, 1906; *trav.* Europe extensively, also U. S.; *m. i.* Browning; *f. p.* Browning, Emily Dickinson, Anna Hempstead Branch, Gilbert; Vivette, 1897; The Lively City o' Ligg., 1898; Goops and How to be Them, 1900; A Gage of Youth (poems), 1898; Burgess Nonsense Book (poems), 1899; Romance of the Commonplace, 1902; More Goops, 1903; The Picaroons (with Will Irwin), 1903; The Reign of Queen Isyl (with Will Irwin), 1903; The Rubáiyát of Omar Cayenne, 1904; A Little Sister of Destiny, 1906; Are you a Bromide? 1907, The White Cat, 1907; The Heart Line, 1907; The Maxims of Methuselah, 1907; Blue Goops and Red, 1909; Lady Mechante, 1909; Find the Woman, The Cave Man (play) 1911; The Master of Mysteries, 1912; The Goop Directory, 1913; The Maxims of Noah, 1913; Love in a Hurry, 1913; Burgess Unabridged, 1913; The Goop Encyclopedia, 1915; Romance of the Commonplace (enlarged), 1916; War the Creator, 1916; Mrs. Hope's Husband, 1916; *edited:* My Maiden Effort, 1921; Why Be a Goop, 1924; work included in many anthologies; *f. p. p.* The Lark (San Francisco). *Home address:* 16 Gramercy Park, New York City.

BURNAP, Naneen; *b.* New York, N. Y., June 26, 1908; *educ.* La Berraille, Vevey, Switzerland; Brearley Sch., N. Y. C.; Marlborough Sch., Ross, Calif.; Katharine Branson, Ross, Calif.; Los Angeles H. S., Los Angeles, Calif.; *p. voca.:* preparing for college; *trav.* England, France, Switzerland; N. E. States; Wash., D. C.; Denver, Col.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Diego, Calif. to Mass. via Portland, Ore., Seattle, Vancouver and Canadian Rockies; *f. p.* Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sara Teasdale, Amy Lowell, Amory Hare; *f. p. p.* Lyric West Mag.; *recreation:* horse-back riding. *Home address:* 3087 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

BURNSHAW, Stanley; *b.* New York City; *p.* American; *educ.* N. Y. H. S., grad. Pittsburg H. S.; col. work at Columbia, Carnegie Tech; grad. Univ. of Pittsburg, B.A.; *occu.* advertising man with a mammonth steel plant in vicinity Pittsburg; *m.* Irma Robin, Mar., 1926; *trav.* N. Y. State, Pa. and spent much time in Belgrade country in Maine; *f. p.* Frost, Louis Untermeyer, Millay, Cummings, Elinor Wylie, Hodgson, Aiken; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1926; Ind. Poetry, 1926; *recreations:* tennis, swimming; *con.* to Midland, Voices, Palms, Echo, etc.; *ed.* The Poetry Folio. *Home address:* 5176 Woodlawn Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

BURTON, Richard; *b.* Hartford, Conn., March 14, 1861; *s.* Rev. Dr. N. J. (long pastor of Park Church in Hartford) and Rachel (Chase) B., (*d.* Rev. Henry Chase of N. Y. C.); *educ.* Gunnery Sch. (private), Washington, Conn.; yr. in Amherst, trans. to Trinity, A. B., 1883; Ph.D. Johns Hopkins, 1888; Hon. L.H.D., Trinity and Univ. of So. Calif.; Phi Beta Kappa, Trinity; taught old English, Johns Hopkins, 1888; *mng. ed.* Churchman, 1888–90; *lit. ed.* Hartford Courant, 1890–97; head English dept., Univ. of Minn., 1898–1902; *lit. adviser* Lothrop Pub. Co., 1902–04; head English dept. Univ. of Minn., 1906–1925; resigned to devote time to lecturing and writing; *p. voca.* writer, lecturer; *m.* Mrs. Agnes R. Parkhurst, of Providence, R. I., Oct. 7, 1899; *trav.* vis. Europe four times, remaining ten months on one trip; all over U. S. for thirty yrs. as lecturer, appearing at over one hundred colleges; *m. i.* Elizabethan poets; *mem.* Nat. Inst. Arts & Letters, Drama League of Am. (pres. 1914–15); Simplified Spelling Bd.; *clubs:* Cliff Dwellers (Chicago), Players, Century, City, (N. Y. C.), Authors (London), Englewood (Englewood, N. J.), Skylight (Minneapolis); *author:* Dumb in June, (poems), 1895; Memorial Day (poems), 1897; Literary Likings (essays), 1898; Lyrics of Brotherhood (poems), 1899; Song of the Unsuccessful (poem), 1900; Life of Whittier (In Beacon Biographies series), 1900; Forces in Fiction (essays), 1902; Message and Melody — A Book of Verse, 1903; Literary Leaders of America, 1904; Rahab, a poetic drama, 1906; Three of a Kind (fiction), 1908; from the Book of Life (verse), 1909; Masters of the English Novel, 1909; A Midsummer Memory, An Elegy, 1910; the New American Drama, 1913; How to See a Play, 1914; Bernard Shaw — The Man and the Mask, 1916; Poems of Earth's Meaning, 1917; Charles Dickens — How to Know Him, 1919; American Drama, 1926; Everybody's Bible, 1926; *ed.* Living Literature Series; *p.* votes for men and principles; cha. mem. Poetry Soc. of Am.; *anthologies:* in almost all modern anthologies, Stedman's, Home Book of Verse, Braithwaite's, Rittenhouse, Untermeyer, etc.; only exception believe the Monroe-Henderson Mod. Poetry; *f. p. p.* The Century Mag., 1888; *prize:* The Writer for best quatrain on Lincoln's assassination, $100, April, 1926. *Home address:* Englewood Club, Englewood, N. J.

CAMPBELL, Robert L.; *b.* Dirigo, Adair Co., Ky., April 18, 1880; *s.* Francis M. and Jane C.; *educ.* pub. and priv. schs., H. S. and Law; *prof.* attorney at law; *m.* Mae C. Epperson, April 6, 1907; six children; *p. voca.* free lance writing, law practice; *trav.* throughout U. S.; *m. i.* Lanier; *f. p.* Lanier, Longfellow, Riley, Miller; *p.* Democrat, held official position Wilson Administration; *con.* poems and short stories many magazines in U. S., Canada and England; appeared in several anthologies; *f. p. p.* The Household Guest; *recreations:* hunting and fishing, chiefly. *Home address:* Dirigo, Kentucky.

CANE, Melville; *b.* Plattsburg, N. Y., April 15, 1879; *s.* Henry W. and Sophia G. C.; *educ.* pub. schs. N. Y. City; Columbia Gram. Sch., N. Y. City 1893–1896; Columbia Col., A.B., 1900; Columbia Univ. Law Sch., LL.B., 1903; *prof.* lawyer; *m.* Florence Naumburg, Dec. 23, 1909; *f. p.* Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Blake, Sandburg, Frost, Woodberry; *mem.* Asso. of the Bar, N. Y. City; Columbia Univ. Club; Country Club (Westport, Conn.); *author:* Columbia A.B. Abs, 1900; January Garden, 1926; *anthology:* Cap and Gown, Third Series; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* Columbia News. *Home address:* 155 West 58th Street, New York City.

CARROLL, Ellen Magrath; *b.* Charleston, S. C., Jan. 9, 1878; Scotch-Irish parents; *educ.* H. S. for Girls (priv.), grad. 1898; *m.* Walter Herbert Carroll, April 5, 1899; paternal grandfather Andrew Gordon Magrath, last Civil War Gov. of S. C.; *p. occu.* home and family; *trav.* much in U. S.; Toronto, Montreal, Canada; *f. p.* David Morton, Du Bose Heyward, John R. Moreland, Hervey Allen, Samuel Heller, E. Merrill Root, Lew Sarett; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of S. C.; Poetry Soc. of Eng., (London); Am. Lit. Asso., (Wauwatosa, Wis.); Ord. of Bookfellows (Chicago); Am. Poetry Circle (N. Y. City); *con.* extensively to magazines and newspapers; *asso. ed.* The Harp (poetry mag.); *anthologies:* Braithwaite's 1925, 1926; Cheyney's, 1925, 1926; Prince, 1925; Davis, 1925 (newspaper); John Bennett, 1925; Parker, 1926; Fowler Wright, 1926; *f. p. p.* Sunday News (Charleston, S. C.); *recreations:* auto trips, fishing, gardening, good cinema shows, fine musical performances, reading. *Home address:* 245 Calhoun Street, Charleston, S. C.

CARVER, Gertrude Nason; *b.* Bowling Green, Ky., Oct. 6, 1893; *d.* George Frank (*s.* of William Pinckney Nason) and Gertrude (Richardson) Nason (*d.* Samuel Richardson) *educ.* The Misses Hebb's Sch. (Wilmington, Del.); stud. several yrs. in Paris and Switzerland; Vassar Col. 1916; *m.* Alexander Henry Carver, 1914, in Lucerne, Switzerland; *m. i.* Shakespeare, Milton; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Shelley, Browning, Amy Lowell; *p.* Democrat; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of Am.; *author:* Jupiter's Moons, 1924; *anthology:* Stork, 1923; *f. p. p.* Life, 1922; *recreations:* bringing up two sons, writing fiction and studying music. *Home address:* St. Davids, Pa.

CARY, Robert; *b.* Yankton, S. D.; *s.* S. Felix and Mary Elizabeth Cariveau (Connelly) C.; *educ.* com. schs., under tuition retired prof. F. Lee Chauvan, stud. Shakespeare and classics; attended class room lectures Dr. Richard Burton, Univ. of Minn.; *occu.* Rep. C. C. Cox Co., Nat. Mag. Subscriptionists; inventor toy games; newspaper worker; *con.* sp. Sunday feature stories, book reviews, articles, etc., to magazines and newspapers; unmarried; *trav.* Canada, throughout mountain regions, Banff, Laggan, Field; Vancouver; U. S.: Chicago, Washington, D. C.; N. Y. City; the Dakotas, Iowa, Ore., Washington; Lake Bemidji and pine woods of No. Minn.; *m. i.* Shakespeare; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Markham, Poe, E. A. Robinson, Sterling, Lindsay, Upson, Burton, Larry Hodgson; *mem.* Nimb. us, Writers' Guild (St. Paul, Minn.); *p.* Indep.; *soc.* Am. Lit. Asso. (Wauwatosa, Wis.); *author:* Unseen Save of Solitude (poems); *anthology:* Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* St. Paul Dispatch, An Autumn Roundelay, Oct., 1901; *songs:* I Do Not Love Thee, I Adore; and Sleepless Dreamings, set to music by Arthur Bergh; poems appeared in Pearsons, Canadian Mag. and many other general and poetry mags. and newspapers; *recreation:* roaming field and woodland; books, music, art galleries, theatre, writing limericks. *Home address:* 1139 Dayton Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

CHASE, Polly; *b.* Chicago, Ill., Jan. 28, 1898; *d.* Samuel T. and Mary Louise (Ayer) C.; *educ.* St. Timothy's Sch. (Catonsville, Md.), 1914–1916; Bryn Mawr Col., 1916–1918; *occu.* housewife; *m.* Preston Boyden, 1918; *trav.*

Europe, 1913; recently and more extensively, Wyoming, New Mex., Can. Woods, Old Mexico, West Indies; *m. i.* Edna St. Vincent Millay (a very bad influence hard to get rid of but without which might never have written); Robinson; *f. p.* Coleridge, Keats, Blake, Wordsworth, Shelley, Siegfried Sassoon, Ralph Hodgson, Millay, Frost, Robinson, Agnes Lee; *mem.* Saddle and Cycle (Chicago); *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* Line O' Type (Chicago Tribune); *recreations:* pack trips via horseback or canoe; watching Indian dances; taking miscellaneous courses at Univ. of Chicago, the Medill Sch. of Journalism and Art Inst.; the Thomas Concert and Ravinia; Opera doing nothing; dancing the Charleston. *Home address:* 806 Rosewood Avenue, Winnetka, Wis.

CHEYNEY, Edward Ralph; *b.* Philadelphia, Pa., 1896; *s.* Dr. Edward Potts C., historian; *educ.* studied in more than dozen schs. and colleges in three countries: U. S., England and Germany; *occu.* advertising, sales promotion; *m.* Louise Drew Cook, 1917, (artist); one child, Ouida Louise, whose first poem was pub. when five yrs. old; *trav.* Italy, France, Switzerland, Germany, England, extensively in U. S.; *m. i.* father reading Latin and Greek poetry in original; Walt Whitman; *f. p.* Carl Sandburg, T. S. Eliot, Frost, Conrad Aiken, Lanier, Whitman, Baudelaire, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley; *clubs:* Civic, League for Mutual Aid, Book and Craft, Grub Street; *p.* radical in almost all his viewpoints, political, social and individual; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of Am. (N. Y. City); Craftsman Group of Am. Lit. Asso. (N. Y. City); *con. ed.* L'Alouette; *asso. ed.* The Greenwich Village Quill; *author:* i, a minor poet, 1923; Touch and Go, 1926; Hints on How to Advertise, 1925; originator, founder and compiler of Independent Poetry Anthology, 1925, 1926; *anthologies:* Kling, 1919; Christopher Morley, 1924; Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; Cheyney, 1925, 1926; Genevieve Taggard, 1925; L'Arc, 1926; Jolas, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Masses; *prize:* Civic Club Poetry Con., 1926, $20; *recreations:* making love, writing poetry, writing prose, reading aloud, lecturing, conversation, attending theatres, art galleries and concerts, traveling, fishing, tramping — always reading and meeting new people and new ideas. *Address:* Civic Club, 13 West 12th Street, New York, N. Y.

CHIPP, Elinor; *b.* Kingston, N. Y.; *d.* Howard and Lucy North (Vary) C.; *educ.* pvt. sch., Kingston Acad. and Art Students' League of N. Y.; *prof.* writer, poet, novelist; *trav.* extensively in England, on Continent and spent a number of winters in So. Calif.; *f. p.* A. E. Housman, Algernon Swinburne; *clubs:* Nat. Arts (N. Y. City); Twaalfskill Country (Kingston); Jun. League of Am.; no politics; *author:* The City (verse), 1923; novels, Doubting Castle, 1922; Many Waters, 1924; *anthologies:* Stevenson's, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Poetry Journal (Boston), 1918; *recreations:* tennis, dancing. *Home address:* 127 Fair Street, Kingston, N.Y.

CLAPP, Mary Brennan; *b.* Ann Arbor, Mich., 1884; *d.* Michael H. (lawyer) and Mary (Coyle) B.; moved to Devils Lake, N. D., 1886, when that village was western terminus of Great No. Ry.; *educ.* pub. schs.; grad. State Univ. of North Dakota, B.A., 1903, M.A., 1906; taught Eng. in State Univ. of N. D., later in Devils Lake H. S.; *m.* Charles Horace Clapp (Boston, Mass.), 1911, geologist; now pres. State Univ. of Montana; *p. voca.* mother of seven children and writing; *trav.* extensively in America (as work of a geologist makes possible), living for periods varying length in Boston; Ottawa, Can.; Victoria, Can.; Tucson, Ariz.; Butte, Mont.; and Missoula; *m. i.* Tennyson (master's thesis Tennyson's plays); *f. p.* Frost, Aline Kilmer, Amy Lowell, Louis Untermeyer, A. E., William Butler Yeats; *mem.* A. A. U. W., Fed. Women's, W. A. I. M. E., N. C. C. W., Sigma Alpha Iota (Nat. hon. musical frat.); *f. p. p.* U. N. D. Student; *recreations:* favorite recreation is trying to write poetry; next to that is taking the family in two Fords into inaccessible places in the mountains and absorbing geology and botany with the sandwiches. *Home address:* 661 University Avenue, Missoula, Mont.

CLARK, Fannie Hunter; *b.* near Knoxville, Iowa; *p.* Scotch-Irish, of old New England stock; ancestors among pioneers early in nineteenth century from New Jersey into wilderness of Ohio and Indiana; *educ.* pub. schs. Iowa; *p.* in sympathy with social problems and in mid-western ideals and perspectives; *f. p.* Emerson; *f. p. p.* 1923; *con.* general magazines, periodicals, newspapers; *voca.* duties of mother and citizen; writing; *recreations;* finding inspiration in the shadows of the woods; a student of the stars: as intimate with the skies by night as with the hills by day. *Home address:* Knoxville, Iowa.

CLARK, Thomas Curtis; *b.* Vincennes, Ind., Jan. 8, 1877; *s.* Thomas J. and Emma R. (Jennings) C.; *educ.* Ind. Univ., A.B., 1899; Univ. of Chicago, post-graduate, 1901–2; *prof.* Pub. and ed. (poetry ed. The Christian Century); *m.* Hazel P. Davis, 1910; *trav.* east and south U. S. A.; *m. i.* Keats; *f. p.* Keats, Emerson, Whitman, Teasdale, Sandburg; *p.* Republican; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of Am. (N. Y. City); Soc. of Midland Authors (Chicago); *author:* Love Off to the War and Other Poems, 1918; Lincoln and Other Poems, 1923; American Patriotic Verse (ed.), 1926; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925; Hill (World's Great Religious Poetry), 1923; Towne (Roosevelt As Poets Knew Him), 1923; Blanden (Chicago Anth.), 1916; Coblentz (Modern-Am. Lyrics), 1924; Crowe (Christ in Poetry of Today — new ed.); Merrifield (Modern Religious Verse and Prose), 1925; *f. p. p.* Indianapolis News; *recreations:* walking, garden growing. *Home address:* Maywood, Ill.

COBLENTZ, Catherine Cate; *b.* Hardwick, Vt.; *d.* Don A. and Sadie (Huntley) C.; *educ.* Vt. pub. schs., George Washington Univ., Class 1928; *m.* William W. Coblentz, June 11, 1924, (Physicist, Bureau of Standards, Wash. D. C.); *mem.* Ord. of Bookfellows (Chicago); Country Bard (Madison, N. J.); *con.* to magazines; Vermonters in Washington, a Series of biographical (prose) sketches now appearing in The Vermonter; *anthologies:* Stratford, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* Boston Transcript, Sept. 5, 1923. *Home address:* 2737 Macomb Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

COBLENTZ, Stanton A.; *b.* San Francisco, Calif., 1896; *s.* mother native-born American; father naturalized citizen who emigrated in early youth from Alsace-Lorraine; *educ.* Stockton (Calif.) H. S.; Univ. of Calif., B.A., 1917; M.A., 1919; *voca.* following graduation wrote daily feature poems for San Francisco Examiner; 1920 went to New York, where he has ever since been busy as a free lance writer, contributor of poems, articles and book reviews, to leading periodicals; *m.* Flora Bachrach, 1922, (New York); *m. i.* Shelley most influence; next, Poe; *f. p.* Shelley, Tennyson, Keats, James Thompson; *author:* The Thinker and other poems, 1923; The Decline of Man (sociological-scientific volume), 1925; *ed.* Modern American Lyrics, 1924; Modern British Lyrics, 1925; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1925; Strong, 1925; Bartlett, 1924; Morley, 1924; *f. p. p.* The Occident (Univ. of Calif.); *prizes:* Peace Poetry Contest (San Francisco Chronicle) Dec., 1918, quatrain, $25; Star Sonnet Contest (Poetry Review of London), div. 1st prize, $25, 1925; *recreations:* tennis and hiking. *Home address:* 127 West 170th Street, New York City.

COFFIN, Robert P. Tristram; *b.* Brunswick, Me.; March 18, 1892; *s.* James W. and Alice M. (Coombs) C.; *educ.* pub. schs. Brunswick, Me.; Bowdoin Col., A.B., *Summa cum Laude*, 1915; Longfellow Scholar to Princeton Univ.; A.M., 1916; Rhodes Scholar from Maine to Trinity Col., Oxford Univ., 1916–1917 and 1919–1921, B.A., Oxon., 1920 and B. Litt. (thesis on John Donne), 1921; *prof.* author, artist, educator; Asso. Prof. of English at Wells; *m.* Ruth Neal Phillip, 1918; *p. voca.* Asso. Prof. of English at Wells Col.; *trav.* four yrs. residence abroad as Rhodes Scholar and lieutenant in Heavy Artillery, A. E. F., during War; British Isles, France, Italy, Spain; East and South in the U. S.; *m. i.* Pope, John Donne, A. E. Housman; *f. p.* Milton, Pope, Keats, Donne, A. E. Housman; *clubs:* Zeta Psi Fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa; *p.* Republican; *author:* Christchurch (poems), 1924; Book of Crowns and Cottages (collected essays), 1925; *art work published:* illustrations for Book of Crowns and Cottages; illus. for poems and essays in different magazines; *anthologies:* Two Books of Princeton Verse, Alfred Noyes' and Henry Van Dyke's, 1916, 1919; Untermeyer, 1923; L. A. G. Strong, 1923; Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Outlook (London, Eng.); *recreations:* tennis, walking, mountain climbing, boating. *Home address:* Wells College, Aurora-on-Cayuga, New York.

COMSTOCK, Mary Edgar; *b.* New York, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1897; *d.* George Carleton and Eliza (Edgar) C.; *educ.* Veltin sch., N. Y. C.; grad. Barnard Col., A.B., 1922; *prof.* writer; unmarried; *trav.* pretty much all over U. S. and Can.; *m. i.* Shelley; *f. p.* A. E. Housman, Keats, Millay, Amy Lowell, Edmund Spenser, Rupert Brooke, Verlaine; *clubs:* League of Am. Penwomen; Bookfellows; Barnard Col.; *p.* often Republican, but not specific; *con.* to Scribner's, Poetry, Child Life, etc.; *f. p. p.* Barnard Col. Bear; *recreations:* walking, music, reading, theatre and everything usual. *Home address:* Montrose, Susquehanna Co., Penn.

COOK, Alice Carter; *b.* New York, N. Y., April 8, 1868; *d.* Samuel T. and Alauth P. (Pratt) Carter; *educ.* Mt. Holyoke Col., 1887; Syracuse Col., M.S., Ph.D., 1888; Cornell Univ., M.S., 1892; *m.* O. Fuller Cook, Oct. 11, 1892, botanist, now of U. S. Dept. of Agri.; *trav.* usual European countries, Canary Islands, Liberia; in U. S., Florida, Arizona, Calif. etc.; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Tennyson, Shakespeare, Wordsworth; *clubs:* Twentieth Century (Washington, D. C.); League of Am. Penwomen; *con.* to general magazines and newspapers, poems pub. chiefly in Springfield Repub. since 1918; *f. p. p.* Springfield Republican; *recreation:* flower gardening. *Home address:* Lanham, Md.

COOK, Reginald Lansing; *b.* Mendon, Mass., Nov. 5, 1903; American; *educ.* Middlebury Col., Vt., 1924, B.S.; Rhodes Scholar, Exeter Col., Oxford, England; *f. p.* Frost, Sandburg, Sarett, Millay, Robinson (modern); Keats, Dowson, Whitman, Poe, Shelley, Milton, Burns (classical); *p.* Republican; *f. p. p.* The Bookman; *recreation:* collegiate track. *Home address:* (until 1929) Exeter College, Oxford, England.

COOKE, Le Baron; *b.* Eastport, Me.; Welsh and English parents; *educ.* in Eastport, Me., and Boston, Mass., pub. schs. and privately; *prof.* free lance; unmarried; *trav.* U. S. and Canada, not extensively; *m. i.* Shelley; *f. p.* Walt Whitman, Sandburg, Amy Lowell, Harriet Monroe, the Sitwells, Ezra Pound; fond of poets of drama, particularly Ibsen, Strindberg, Shakespeare; also of modern prose drama; not particularly interested in politics or clubs; *con.* to many prominent Am. magazines and several English publications; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Pagan; *f. p. p.* Boston Evening Record. *Home address:* Fenway Studios, Boston, Mass.

COOPER, Belle; *b.* Walkerton, Ontario, Can ; *d.* late Lieut.-Col. James Graham (of Portsmouth, Hants, Eng.) and Jessie (MacIntyre of Loch Tayside, Perthshire, Scotland) C.; *educ.* grad. Los Angeles High Sch.; Los Angeles State Normal Sch.; State Univ. of California, B.L., 1904; *hon.* student in English under Dr. Charles Mills Gayley; Univ. of Southern California, M.A., 1921; *prof.* educator and author; *p. voca.* teacher of modern poetry in Los Angeles High Sch., 1904 to date; vice-pres. of Polytechnic Evening High Sch.; *trav.* "Grand Tour" of Europe, July to Dec., 1909; *m. i.* Tennyson, Wordsworth, Austin Dobson; *f. p.* Kipling, Noyes, Masefield; *mem.* Women's Univ. Club (Los Angeles); Verse Writers' Club of Southern California (Los Angeles); Robert Louis Stevenson Fellowship (Los Angeles section); *pubs.:* literary and educational essays and articles and original poems to current mags. and newspapers; *pamphlets:* The Literature of the Great War (with Alice C. Cooper); The Spirit of the West, an Ode for the Diamond Jubilee of California, 1925; *f. p. p.* Los Angeles Graphic; *anthologies:* Verse Writers' Anthology, Vol. I and II; *recreations:* poetry, dogs and gardening. *Home address:* 2321 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

COPELAND, Charles Finney; *b.* Clinton, Douglas Co., Kansas, Mar. 9, 1863; *s.* Rev. Jonathan and Cerepta (Curtis) C.; *educ.* limited time in school; privately taught by parents, both college graduates and teachers; *prof.* taught sch. 6 yrs. Greenwood Co., Kan.; 4 yrs. Derry sch.; 5 yrs. Springfield, Col., and Vilas 5 yrs; *m.* Harriet Genette Knowlton; entered Ry. Mail Service, 1898; located at Holdrege, Neb., since 1898; *trav.* Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming; St. Louis Expo., 1904; Trans.-Miss. Expo. of Omaha, 1898; *p.* Independent; nom. Co. Supt. Greenwood County, Kan., 1885; *author:* Poems of Inspiration, 1908; 2d ed. 1910; The Copeland Genealogy, 1914; fut. pub. Mirth and Marvel, Moral and Melody; pub. many booklets of poems; addressed Teachers' Insts., Clubs, High Schools, etc.; poems broadcast and read before many organizations; *f. p. p.* The Handle and the Blade in The Omaha World-Herald, 1902; chart. mem. The American Eugenics Soc. (N. Y. C. and New Haven, Conn.) *recreations:* social activities of family. *Home address:* 817 Arthur Street, Holdrege, Neb.

CORNELIUS, Mary Chilton Chase; *b.* North Carolina; *d.* George Franklin and Emma (Pearson) C.; lineal descendant of Mary Chilton, the first woman to step on Plymouth Rock at landing of Pilgrims, 1620; *educ.* private schs.; *avoc.* wife, mother, incidentally writing; *m.* Jesse Nelson Cornelius; *trav.* no trav. except within the U. S.; *m. i.* the "Lake poets"; *f. p.* Masefield, Ralph Hodgson, Frost, Francis Thompson, Sandburg, Millay; *clubs:* Allied Arts, Ord. of Bookfellows; *p.* no interest; *soc.* American Lit. Asso., Verse Writers' Guild of America; *author:* Flowers from the Foothills (poems), 1923; *con.* poems and essays to many general and poetry magazines and newspapers; *prizes:* 14 literary 1912–1926, (10 firsts, 4 seconds); State of Alabama for proficiency in Home-Arts, 1913, 1916, 1920, 4 prizes, $100 each; *anthologies:* Bookfellows, 1925, 1926; Davis (Anthology of Newspaper Verse), 1925; Independent Poetry, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Asheville Gazette (Asheville, N. C.); *recreations:* helping to edit The Gammadion. *Home address:* 1410 North 24th Street, Birmingham, Ala.

CORNING, Howard McKinley; *b.* Lincoln, Neb.; *educ.* pub. schs., the dictionary of earth and the encyclopedia of people; youth spent in Ohio; last 7 yrs. in Oregon, American parentage, English descent; *prof.* florist, feature writer, critic; unmarried; *p.* Republican; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.), Portland Poets (Portland, Ore.); *anthologies:* Bartlett (Sea Anth.), 1924; Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; several minor collections; *prizes:* The Lariat, for poem Madonna Mother, 1925, 2d, $5; Oregon Journal monthly symposium, 1st, *p.* A Vision of Plowmen, May, 1925; hon. men. in contests: American Poetry Mag., 1924, Muse & Mirror, 1925, etc.; *f. p.* Keats, E. A. Robinson, Frost, Brooke, Auslander, Chesterton, Vinal, Cooksley, Dillon, Cullen, Housman, Dickinson, Millay, L. N. Jennings; *author:* These People, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Oregonian (Portland, Ore.), June 1, 1922; *recreations:* tennis and hiking. *Home address:* 1791 East Morrison Street, Portland, Ore.

COWDIN, Jasper Barnett; *b.* Detroit Mich.; *p.* nine gen. from Capt. George Barbour, who came over in 1635 and settled in Dedham and Medfield; grandfather Mich. pioneer; left pub. sch. when 11 yrs. old; at 14 ran away from home and trav. 400 miles to master art of printing; later settled in Brooklyn, N. Y.; *m.* Ella Vanderbeck; *trav.* through Ontario, climbed Bunker Hill, and shaken hand of a president in White House; *m. i.* picking up Cowper's Poetical Works in a Wash. Sq. boarding house, the classic style awoke his own poetic temperament; *f. p.* Homer, Milton, Tennyson, Whitman, Poe, Robinson; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); Poetry Soc. (London); Bookfellows; Nat. Country Bard Asso. (Madison, N. J.); *f. p. p.* Waverley Mag. (Boston); *author:* The New Christiad, Ripple-Brook-Niagara, Elsie's Wedding and Other Poems; *anthologies:* Seymour, 1926; Cheyney, 1926; Braithwaite's 1926; won several prizes; *recreations:* fooling with a garden, letter-writing. *Home address:* 10409 107th Avenue, Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y.

CRAWFORD, Nelson Antrim; *b.* Miller, S. Dak., May 4, 1888; *s.* Nelson A. and Fanny (Vandercook) C.; *educ.* B. A., State Univ. of Iowa, 1910; M.A., Univ. of Kansas, 1914; *m.* Muriel Shaver, April 13, 1925; *prof.* editor, writer; formerly engaged in newspaper work and in college teaching of journalism; now Director of Information, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture; *trav.* all parts of U. S. and Europe; *m. i.* William Morris; *f. p.* Chaucer, Keats, Blake, Morris, Sandburg, Masters; *clubs:* Nat. Press, Penguins (Washington); Phi Sigma Kappa (New York); *author:* The Carrying of the Ghost, 1923; *ed.* (with David O'Neil) Today's Poetry, 1923; vol. of poems of individual poets; *pub. non-poetry:* The Ethics of Journalism, 1924; Agricultural Journalism (joint author), 1926; *con.* of criticism, fiction, special articles, to many magazines; *asso. ed.* The Midland: A Mag. of the Middle West; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1918, 1919 1920; Sangu (Japanese), 1921; Crawford and O'Neil, 1923; *prizes:* Kansas Authors' Club, 1920, $100; Betty Earle Lyric, 1923, $25. *Address:* United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

CREVER, Anna Rozilla; *b.* Great Falls, Md.; *educ.* pub. and pvt. schs.; attended Irving Col. (Mechanicsburg, Pa.); grad. Williamsport Dickinson Sem., June 17, 1886, *deg.* M.E.L.; studied short-story writing with J. Berg Esenwein; returned to Alma Mater for year's study in art; *prof.* taught pub. sch. in Nebraska, but now engaged in writing; *p. v.* writer's coach; *trav.* three times across the continent up Hudson in country of Washington Irving; *m. i.* Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, Tennyson Shakespeare; *f. p.* Edith M. Thomas, Sara Teasdale Edwin Markham, John Hall Wheelock, William Stanley Braithwaite, Edna St. Vincent Millay; *clubs:* San Jose Poetry, League of Amer. Penwomen; *p.* Republican *author:* Variant Voices, 1925; *con.* to Current Opinion Christian Century, Christian Advocate, Literary Digest Sunset, Lyric West, Lippincott's, Hollands and many other general and poetry magazines, poetry, short stories etc.; *recreations:* occasional days and weeks in mountain and at the seashore; visiting friends, attending literar meetings and affairs, giving readings of poems in public *Home address:* 998 Delmas Avenue, San José, Calif.

CROCKER, Maria Briscoe; *b.* Charlotte Hall, St. Mary's Co., Md.; *d.* Edward Taylor and Sallie (Ferguson) Briscoe; father professor of English in Charlotte Hall Military Sch.; *educ.* St. Mary's Sem. (St. Mary's City, Md.; grad. State Nor. Sch. (Baltimore); taught in pub. sch., later inst. of English in Berlitz School of Languages (Baltimore, Md.); *m.* Edward J. Crocker, 1895, (of New York); *trav.* lim. to Southern and Eastern U. S.; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Alfred Noyes, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Whitman, Arthur Guiterman, Amory Hare; *mem.* Ark and Dove (Asst. Sec.), D. A. R. (State Hist. 1922–1923); Service Star Legion (Cor. Sec. 1919–1920); *p.* Independent; *soc.* Ord. of Bookfellows (Chicago); Amer. Lit. Asso. (Wauwatosa Wis.); Women's Lit. Club (Baltimore, Md.); *author:* Vision and Verity, 1926; Mt. Vernon (a brochure), 1925; *con.* Living Church, So. Woman's Mag., Amer. Poetry, and many other general and poetry magazines and newspapers; by request of War Record Com. a group of patriotic poems has been placed in Md. Hist. Collection; *anthologies:* Seymour, 1926; Cheyney, 1926; Davis, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1923, 1924 (Newspaper Verse); *f. p. p.* Baltimore Sun, 1908; Baltimore Sun prize for best Christmas Short Story awarded A Christmas Memory; *recreations:* reading of worth-while books and gardening. *Home address:* 3803 Juniper Road, Baltimore, Md.

CULLEN, Countée; *b.* New York, N. Y., May 30, 1903; *s.* Rev. Frederick A. and Carolyn B. C.; *educ.* N. Y. C. pub. high schs., N. Y. Univ. and Harvard Col., M.A., 1926; *m. i.* Keats; *f. p.* Keats, Shakespeare, Milton, E. A. Robinson; *author:* Color, 1925; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; Moult, 1925; Locke, 1925; *f. p. p.* The Modern School Mag.; *prizes:* Amy Spingarn, 1925, $50; John Reed, 1925, $100; Opportunity, 1925, $30; Witter Bynner, 1925, $150; *recreations:* hand ball and walking in the rain. *Home address:* 2190 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

DALEY, Edith; *b.* Fostoria, Ohio, Jan. 1, 1876; *d.* Orlando and Elizabeth (Moore) Luce; *educ.* grad. pub. sch. of Spirit Lake, Iowa; Washington, Iowa; *prof.* librarian and journalist; *m.* Fred H. Daley, Oct. 11, 1899; *p. voca.* city librarian; *trav.* all over U. S.; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Tennyson, Joyce Kilmer; *mem.* San Jose Women's C., San Jose Poetry C. (founder), Sau Jose, Calif.; Writer's C., League of Amer. Penwomen; Eastern Star; Amer. Legion of Women's Service; *p.* Republican; *author:* The Angel in the Sun (poems), 1917; War History of San Jose (prose), 1919; special feature writer for San Jose Evening News; *anthologies:* Stidger, Flames of Faith, 1922; Robinson-Towne, Theodore Roosevelt as the Poets Saw Him, 1923; Wagner, Calif., Writer's C.; Bland, A Day of Poetry, 1925; *f. p. p.* Cedar Rapids Gazette; *recreations:* antique furniture, dogs, poetry, wildflowers and fungi. *Home address:* 497 East St. John Street, San Jose, Calif.

DARLINGTON, James Henry; *b.* Brooklyn, N. Y., June 9, 1856; *s.* Thomas and Hannah Anne (Goodliffe) D.; *educ.* Hunter Sch., N. Y.; Newark High Sch., N. J.; N. Y. Univ., 1877; Princeton Sem., 1880; Princeton Univ., Ph.D., 1884; N. Y. Univ., D.D., 1895; St. Johns Col., Md., LL.D., 1905; Dickinson Col., LL.D., 1907; Halki Greek Sem., Constantinople, C.T.D., 1923; First Bishop of Diocese of Harrisburg, P. E. Ch., 1905; *m.* Ella Louise Bearns, of Brooklyn, N. Y., July 26, 1888; *p. voca.* Bishop of Harrisburg; *trav.* Europe, Asia and Africa, a number of times, including Holy Land as guest of Patriarch of Jerusalem; all parts of U. S. and Can.; *m. i.* Scott, James Russell Lowell, Burns; *f. p.* Longfellow, Whittier, Kipling, George Herbert, Shakespeare; *mem.* Knight Templar, 33d deg. A. F. & A. M.; Univ. C.; chaplain Masonic Grand Lodge of Pa., 1910; founder Russian C. of America; Sons of the Revolution; Colonial Wars; chaplain of Order of Cincinnati of Rhode Island; lecturer, N. Y. Univ.; also at Univ. of Berlin; Univ. of Debreczen, Hungary; Cuddeston Sem., Oxford; pres. Serbian Relief Fund of U. S.; Officer Legion of Honor (France); Grand Comdr. Order Redeemer (Greece); Officer of Order St. Sava (Serbia); Comdr. Order Queen Isabella la Catolica (Spain); Officer of the Crown (Italy); Comdr. Order of Leopold II (Belgium); Knight of Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, Huguenot Soc.; St. Nicholas Soc.; Westminster C. (London); Pilgrim Soc., Sulgrave Inst.; France-America Soc.; St. Georges Soc.; Japan Soc., Italy-Am. Soc.; Hon. Life mem. of Old Guard of N. Y.; Hon. Life mem. of Old Guard of Philadelphia; Newport Country C.; Harrisburg Country C.; Lieut. Col. Penna. Natl. Guard; former chaplain, 47th Reg., N. Y.; *p.* Independent Republican; *poetry soc.* Dante League and Poetry Soc.; *author:* In Memoriam; Little Rhymes for Little People; Pastor and People, 1902; Verses By the Way, 1923; *ed.* of the Hymnal of the Church; Verses By the Way, Ser. No. 2, 1925; *recreations:* fishing, walking, motoring, horseback riding, driving, swimming, composing instrumental and vocal music, golf. *Home address:* (In winter) 321 North Front Street, Harrisburg, Pa.; (In summer) The Corners, Rhode Island Avenue and Catherine Street, Newport, R. I.

DAVIS, Allan; *b.* Pittsburg, Pa., Mar. 4, 1885; *s.* Barnett and Annie (Jacobs) D.; *educ.* pub. schs., Central High Sch., Pittsburg; private instruction in Hebrew; Harvard Col. (won Pasteur medal; *ed.* Harvard Monthly; rowed on crew squads) grad. Magna cum Laude, 1907; Harvard Law Sch., 1906–07; after interval of teaching, received LL.B. from Univ. of Pittsburg, 1915; on leaving college, attended rehearsals as an apprentice playwright in theatres of Messrs. Shubert and David Belasco; lecturer in Univ. of Pittsburg, 1907–10; *ed.* of Public Speaking Review; *prof.* mem. law firm of Duff, Marshall and Davis, of Pittsburg, in active practice; *m.* Mary Dresch, 1920; *trav.* exclusively in U. S. — New England, Middle Atlantic and Middle Western States; *m. i.* poets of the Hebrew Bible (read in the original at age of 11), particularly Isaiah and Job; these have remained his favorite poets; *mem.* American Bar Asso. and other Bar. Assos. of his state and county; Authors' League of America; Dramatists Guild; Authors' Club of Pittsburg; Botanical, Audubon and Historical Socs. of Western Pa.; Gypsy Lore Soc. of England; Harvard Clubs of N. Y. and Pittsburg; Players C., N. Y. C.; The Lambs, N. Y. C.; *p.* Independent; *author:* The Promised Land, 1st Harvard prize play produced in 1908 (pub.); A House Divided, prod. by William A. Brady, 1912 (unpub.); Under the Law (The Iron Door) prod. by John Cort, 1913 (unpub.); Gloomy Fanny, prod. by Harry Davis, 1913 (unpub.); The Quest of Happiness, prod. by the Chautauqua Asso. of Pa., 1916 (pub.); The Inward Light (pub.), 1919; On Vengeance Height, prod. 1920 (pub.); Wolves, prod. 1922 (pub.); The Golden Love (Gypsy Fires) prod. by William Caryl, 1925 (to be pub.); The History of the Pittsburg Chapter of the American Red Cross, 1922; Woodrow Wilson, A Threnody (pamphlet), 1924; *anthologies:* Selected Poems from Harvard Monthly, 1910; Standard Book of Jewish Verse, Friedlander & Kohut, 1917; Braithwaite's, 1925; *f. p. p.* Harvard Monthly; *recreations:* according to season: playing hand ball, visiting gypsy camps, trout fishing, coon-hunting, ornithology and greyhounds. *Home address:* 221 South Aiken Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

DAVIS, Julia Johnson; *b.* Norfolk, Va.; *p.* American of English descent; *educ.* pvt. schs. of Norfolk, Va.; State Teachers' Col., Farmville, Va.; special work at Columbia and Harvard; *m.* Mirabeau Lamar Thomas Davis; *p. voca.* writing; *trav.* France, Italy, Switzerland, New England, the South; *m. i.* by Browning; *f. p.* Browning, Keats, Christina Rossetti, A. E. Housman; *clubs:* Corres. Sec. Norfolk Soc. of Arts; treas., The Poets' Club, Norfolk, Va.; *p.* Democrat; *soc.:* Poetry Soc. of Virginia, Norfolk, Va.; Poetry Soc. of America, N. Y. C.; *pubs.:* Print o' Life (a collection of poems by six Norfolk poets); poems in various mags.; fanciful stories for children in John Martin's Book and St. Nicholas; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Stevenson, 1925; Moult, 1924; Newspaper Anthology, 1925; L. A. G. Strong, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Lyric, Norfolk, Va.; *prizes:* Irene Leache Memorial, $10, 1921, *poem*, The Choice; 1925, *poem*, Dark Ellen; Norfolk Soc. of Arts Essay prize, $25, 1922, *essay* The Turkeys; 1925, *essay*, Gribble's; *recreations:* gardening, walking, bridge, etc. *Home address:* 1248 Westover Avenue, Norfolk, Va.

DAVIS, Leslie G.; *b.* Sleepy Eye, Minn., 1887; *s.* LeRoy G. and Mary Etta (Cornich) D.; *educ.* pub. high sch., Hamline and Ohio Wesleyan Univs.; *prof.* as minister in Methodist ch. has been located in mining camp, Indian reservation and plain country in western South Dakota; supt. of church and settlement on lower east side in N. Y. C.; was soldier in southern camp during war; after war was over was chaplain for a year in a veterans' hospital; *f. p. p.* The Country Bard; *mem.* Bookfellows, Natl. Country Bard C., Verse Writers' Guild of America; pres. N. Y. Country Bard C.; *prize:* 1st in contest for most humorous poem, Country Bard, 1925; *p. voca.* pastor of Methodist church in Palenville, N. Y. *Home address:* Palenville, N. Y.

DAVIS, LeRoy G.; *b.* Weyanwega, Wis.; *p.* New England stock; *educ.* pub. schs. and col. (did not grad. from col.); *m.* Mary Etta Cornish, 1882, (dec.); *prof.* lawyer; *trav.* U. S. only; *m. i.* Shakespeare; later Bryant, Longfellow,

Holmes; *f. p.* Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Hay; not a mem. of clubs or poetry societies; *author:* Come See and other legends; *con.* to general magazines and newspapers; *f. p. p.* The Current (Chicago); *recreations:* mostly walking, romping out-of-doors. *Home address:* 220 Summit Street, East, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

DAY, Sarah J.; *b.* Cincinnati, Ohio; *educ.* grad. Packer Col. Inst., Brooklyn, N. Y.; *author:* Mayflowers to Mistletoe, 1900 (2d ed. same 1909); Fresh Fields and Legends Old and New, 1909; Wayfares and Wings, 1924; won prize for poem on Battle of Long Island, offd. by Brooklyn Inst. of Arts and Sciences, Jgd. by Dr. Van Dyke and Bliss Perry, 1913. *Home address:* 81 Woodland Street, Englewood, N. J.

DE ACOSTA, Mercedes; *b.* New York, N. Y., Mar. 1, 1898; *d.* Ricardo and Micaela Hernandez y (de Alva) de A. (Spanish); *educ.* pvt. schs. in France; Chateau de Diendonne, Bornel, Oise; *prof.* writer; *m.* Aeram Toole (artist), May 11, 1921; *p. voca.* writing; *trav.* every country in Europe with exception of Norway, Sweden; also throughout the U. S.; *m. i.* Whitman; *f. p.* Keats, Shakespeare, Whitman; *p.* non-partisan; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of America, N. Y. C.; *author:* Moods, 1920 (poems); Archways of Life, 1921 (poems); Streets and Shadows, 1922 (poems); Wind Chaff, 1920 (novel); Sandro Botticelli, 1923 (a play); *plays produced:* Sandro Botticelli, Provincetown Theatre, N. Y. C., 1923, with Eva Le Gallienne in leading rôle; Jehanne d'Arc: Porte Saint Martin Theatre, Paris, 1925, with Eva Le Gallienne in leading rôle; Braithwaite's Anthology of Magazine Verse, 1920–21; *f. p. p.* Poetry, A Magazine of Verse. *Home address:* 134 East 47th Street New York City.

DELL, Floyd; *b.* Barry, Ill., June 23, 1887; *s.* Anthony and Kate (Crone) D.; *educ.* high sch. (non-grad.); *occu.* factory hand, reporter, literary critic, editor; *m.* B. Marie Gage, Feb. 8, 1919; *p. voca.* novelist; reporter Chicago and Davenport, Iowa, 1905–08; *asso. lit. ed.* 1909–11; *lit. ed.* Chicago Evening Post, 1911–13; *asso. ed.* Masses (N. Y. C.) 1914–17; Liberator, 1918–24; *author:* (one-act plays) The Angel Intrudes, 1918; Sweet-and-Twenty, 1921; King Arthur's Socks, and Other Village Plays, 1922; Love in Greenwich Village (short stories and poems); (novels) Moon-Calf, 1920; The Briary-Bush, 1921; Janet March, 1923; This Mad Ideal, 1924; Runaway, 1925; (essays) Women as World-Builders, 1913; Were You Ever a Child? 1919; Looking at Life, 1924. *Home address:* Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

DENNEN, Grace Atherton; *b.* Woburn, Mass.; *d.* Stephen Rollins and Clara Whitney (Ludwig) D.; *educ.* high sch., Concord, Mass.; Smith Col., B.A. M.A.; Stanford Univ., post-grad. work, one and one-half yrs.; *prof.* teacher of English; writer of stories and verse; ed. and founder of The Lyric West, A Magazine of Verse; *trav.* all over U. S., northwestern part of Can.; *m. i.* Browning; *f. p.* Browning, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Keats, Vachel Lindsay, Joyce Kilmer, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg; *clubs:* The Ebell (chart. mem.); The Southern Calif. Press; *p.* Republican; *soc.* The Verse Writers C. of So. Calif. (Los Angeles) (founder) chart. mem., 1st pres.; also pres. for 6 yrs.) was affiliated mem. The Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); *con.* (poems) to Masses, Munsey's Woman's Mag., The Lyric, Voices, Los Angeles Graphic, The Lyric West, etc.; (short stories) Munsey's, Pictorial Review, Youth's Companion, Overland Mo.; *lectures:* series of talks on literature, oral and printed, before lit. clubs and schs. and Chautauqua circles; *anthologies:* Stedman's, 1901; Wilkinson, 1917; Braithwaite's, 1922, 1923; Verse Writers' of So. Calif., 1916, 1919, 1924; *f. p. p.* Stedman's Anthology 1901; *poem* Gold-of-Ophir Roses; *recreations:* automobiling, music, all forms of drama. *Home address:* 1139 West 27th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

DICKSON, Margarette Ball; *b.* Little Rock, Iowa; *d.* Leroy A. and Mary (Mansfield) Ball; (sister of Dr. Elmer Darwin Ball, scientist); *educ.* Rock Rapids (Ia.) High Sch.; B.A., Iowa State Teach. Col. 1925; M.A., Univ. of So. Dakota, 1926; *prof.* teacher of English in high sch. and col.; feature writer Daily Huronite (Huron, S. D.); synd. feature writer; *con.* to mags.; *m.* George Robert Dickson, June 1, 1924, of Motive Power Dept., C. N. W. R.R.; *p. voca. asso. ed.* Harp; *ed. in charge* Dept. of Educ., The Country Bard (Madison, N. J.); *ed.* mo. col. Do South Dakotans Think? (in Sunshine State, Sioux Falls, S.D .); tech. poetic criticism for Dean & Co. (N. Y. pub.); *con.* short stories, essays, poetry, to many magazines and newspapers; lecturer; recitalist; *trav.* all parts U. S., some journeyings in Can. and Old Mexico; *m. i.* Horace, Virgil, Scott, Mrs. Browning; *f. p.* Frost, Neihart, Piper, Masefield, Hardy, Lindsay, Auslander, Byron, Tennyson, Browning; *clubs:* Penwomen; A. A. U. W. (Washington, D. C.); D. C.; G. F. W. C.; *p.* Republican (with reservations); *soc.* Poetry Group, League of American Penwomen, Nat. Country Bard Asso., American Lit. Asso., American Lit. League, N. T. C.; *author:* Gumbo Lilies (verse), 1925; South Dakota Poetry as the Voice of the Commonwealth (critical), 1926; poems for Primary Grades, 1926; Those Were the Days (child-verse, ill.), 1926; Glimpses of Washington, 1926; *anthologies:* Bookfellows, 1925, 1926; Fifty Poems by American Poets, 1925; Cheyney, 1926; Dean, 1926; Blumenauer Anth. of Architectural Verse, 1926; *f. p. p.* Normalite; *prizes:* Am. Legion, 1918, best Gold Star Mother poem; *recreations:* rowing, hunting, out-of-door sports. *Home address:* 513 Seventh Avenue, East, Redfield, S. Dak.

DILLON, George H.; *b.* Jacksonville, Fla., Nov. 12, 1906; *s.* William S. and Adah (Hill) D.; *educ.* pub. schs., Henderson, Louisville, Covington, Ky.; Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis, Mo.; Univ. of Chicago, Ph.B., 1927; *prof.* editor; unmarried; *p. voca.* play-writing; *trav.* no travel outside of U. S.; *m. i.* Edmund Spenser; *f. p.* John Donne; George Herbert; John Suckling; Robert Herrick; Sam Coleridge; Edward Fitzgerald; A. E. Housman; E. E. Cummings; *clubs:* Sigma Nu Fraternity; *p.* Democrat; *soc.* Poetry C. of the Univ. of Chicago; The Secret Six; *author:* Boy in the Wind, 1927; *anthologies:* Strong, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Measure; *prizes:* John Billings Fiske, $50, Univ. of Chicago, 1925; Young Poet's Prize, $100, Poetry, A Mag. of Verse, 1925; *recreations:* eating and sleeping. *Home address:* 5140 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DIVINE, Charles; *b.* Binghamton, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1889; *s.* Charles H. and Emma (Harding) D.; *educ.* Binghamton High Sch., Cornell Univ., A.B., 1912; *prof.* writer, contributing short stories, poems, articles, to many magazines; *trav.* in eastern U. S., Europe, North Africa, one yr. in Paris, one yr. in Italy, Spain, Algeria and Tunisia; *m. i.* no particular poet; *f. p.* Keats, Shakespeare; *author:* City Ways and Company Streets, 1918; Gypsy Gold, 1923; The Road to Town, 1925 (poems); has in preparation a novel, Cognac Hill (a story of life in France during the war); a travel book, another book of poems; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1920 ;Yanks, A. E. F. Verse, 1919; Stevenson, 1925; Richards, 1924; Poems of the Dance, 1921; *f. p. p.* Smart Set Mag.; *recreations:* walking and travelling, preferably on foot. *Home address:* 63 West 11th Street, New York, N. Y. *Business address:* Brandt & Brandt, Lit. Agts., 101 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

DOCKHAM, Reuben Edson; *b.* Salem, Mass., Feb. 16, 1879; American; *educ.* pub. schs. with supplementary home studies; *prof.* engineer; *m.* Ethel Chadbourne Durnin of Salem, Mass., 1904; *mem.* Kiwanis Club; American Soc. of Heating and Ventilating Engrs.; *p.* Republican; *p. voca.* sec. and ed. Kiwanis Blue Print, specializing in a weekly letter of "Horse Sense Philosophy"; on staff Plumbers' Trade Journ. Pub. Co.; *con.* verse and prose to Roycroft Mag., Zion's Herald, Country Bard, The Workers' Council, Salem Eve. News, Lewiston Journ., and other general magazines and newspapers; business fiction and work of semi-technical nature to Architectural Forum, Ptg. Craftsman, Medical Pickwick, etc.; *author:* Peter Piper and Cal Carter stories; Chiaroscuro (verse), 1927; *f. p. p.* Plumbers' Trade Journ.; *recreation:* writing, out of business hours, humorous verse and that of a more thoughtful nature. *Home address:* 204 North Street, Salem, Mass.

DODD, Lee Wilson; *b.* Franklin, Pa., July 11, 1879; *s.* S. C. T. and Melvina (Smith) D.; *educ.* at pvt. schs. N. Y. C., Yale Univ. and N. Y. Law Sch.; *mem.* N. Y. Bar, but no longer practising; *m.* Marion Roberts Canby, of Wilmington, Del., 1907; vocation authorship, writing plays and novels; *trav.* in England, France and Italy, and largely in the U. S. except Pacific Coast; *m. i.* by Matthew Arnold; *f. p.* Landor, Wordsworth, Shelley, G. Meredith, Francis Thompson, among contemporaries, Thomas Hardy, A. E. Housman, Robert Frost; *mem.* Yale C. (N. Y. C.), Graduates C., Country and Elizabethan C. (N. Haven); New England Poetry Soc.; politics "nebulous."; *author:* (verse) A Modern Alchemist, 1906; The Middle Miles, 1915; (novels) The Book of Susan, 1920; Lilia Chenoworth, 1922; The Girl Next Door, a child's nonsense story, 1923; The Sly Giraffe, 1926; The Changelings (play), 1923; *anthologies:* Braithwaite, 1917, 1918, 1924, 1926; The Conning Tower Book, 1925; The New Poetry, 1923; The Poetry Cure, 1925; Strong, 1924; *f. p. p.* in N. Y. Sun, during the "Mauve Decade"; *recreations:* gardening, golf, and scribbling

occasional verses. *Home:* Hartford Turnpike, New Haven, Conn.

DONNELLY, Michael Joseph; *b.* Six Mile Cross, County Tyrone, Ireland; *s.* John and Elizabeth D.; *educ.* parochial and pub. schs.; grad. U. S. Naval Academy; *prof.* newspaper man; *m.* Anna Hartman (dec.); *p. occu.* Clerk of Juvenile Court, St. Paul, Minn.; *trav.* while in Navy attached to European and South American stations; *m. i.* Burns, Moore; *f. p.* Burns, Moore, Goldsmith, Longfellow, Tennyson; *p.* Republican; *recreation:* baseball and football. *Home address:* 601 Summit Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

DRACHMAN, Julian M.; *b.* New York, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1894; *s.* Rabbi Dr. Bernard and Sarah (Weil) D.; *educ.* pub. sch. No. 6, Manhattan, Townsend Harris Hall; Col. of the City of N. Y., B.S., 1915; Columbia Univ., M.A., 1916; Teachers Col., diploma of a teacher of English; is now working at Columbia on special research which is to lead to a doctoral dissertation on The Literature of Science; *trav.* 1922 visited principal countries of western Europe; 1923 toured most of U. S. coast to coast, Can. to Mexico; a passionate hiker, he has explored on foot a great part of native state and other sections of East; *p. voca.* since 1920 teacher of English in Morris High Sch., N. Y. C.; *m. i.* Emerson; *f. p.* Chaucer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Masefield, Shelley, Firdusi, Tennyson; *mem.* Natl. Educ. Asso., Natl. Council of Teachers of Eng. and other professional organizations; Playwrights C., City College C., Menorah Alumni; *p.* registered Democrat, with decidedly independent leanings; *con.* to various magazines poems, plays and articles; *anthologies:* Stork, I and II, 1920, 1923; Braithwaite's, 1923; *f. p. p.* Munsey's, poem Love's Barometer; *recreations:* writing, hiking — not hitch-hiking —, swimming, horseback riding, the theatre, photography, social life. *Home address:* 128 West 121st Street, New York, N. Y.

DRENNAN, Marie; *b.* Swanton, Ohio; American of English-Irish descent; *educ.* Swanton pub. schs.; Ohio Wesleyan Univ., B.A., 1915; Ohio State Univ., M.A., 1921; *prof.* teaching; *p. voca.* Asst. Prof. of English, Ohio Wesleyan Univ.; *trav.* a little in Europe and eastern U. S.; *m. i.* not consciously influenced by any one poet; liked them all; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Tennyson, Browning; *clubs:* Phi Beta Kappa; Theta Alpha Phi; *p.* Independent; *con.* poems, plays and stories, to magazines; *f. p. p.* N. Y. Times, 1921; *prizes:* Ohio Wesleyan Univ. short story, 1912, 1914, $25; Ohio Wesleyan Univ. poetry, 1915, $25; Natl. Y. W. C. A. short story, 1915, $20; Ohio State Univ. poetry, 1921, $25; Columbia Drama League, play, 1921, $25; Scripps-McRae Newspapers story, 1922, $25; American Poetry, sonnet, 1923, $10; Edward Coate Pinkney (The Circle), 1926, $25; *recreations:* drawing, painting and the theatre. *Home address:* Swanton, Ohio.

DRISCOLL, Louise; *b.* Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; *d.* John Leonard and Deborah Louise (Van Dezendorf) D.; *educ.* pub. schs. in Catskill and pvt. teachers; *m. i.* not easy to say what poets had most influence at formative age: discovered Milton while very young; read Wordsworth, Keats, and Theophile Gautier's Enamels and Cameos, the latter book always an influence; *f. p.* Yeats, Gautier, Keats, Andrew Marvell; *trav.* lived very quietly in an old village on Hudson River; *p.* Republican; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.), The Poets; *author:* The Garden of the West (poems), 1922; Garden Grace (poems), 1924; poems have been in nearly every magazine in the country; *anthologies:* poems in more than fifty, including Braithwaite's, Monroe and Henderson, Stevenson and Stork; *f. p. p.* Lippincotts Magazine; *prizes:* Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, 1914, $100; Contemporary Verse, 1921, $20; Contemporary Verse, 1922, $40. *Home address:* 67 Spring Street, Catskill, N. Y.

DUCKWORTH, Sophie Hagemann; *b.* Waverly, Ohio, Dec. 21, 1870; *d.* Rev. William and Sophie (Gessner) D.; *educ.* pub. schs.; *m.* James Alexander Duckworth; *p. voca.* writer; *trav.* Great Britain and eastern U. S.; *m. i.* Longfellow, Meredith, Browning; *f. p.* Tennyson, Longfellow, Meredith, Browning, Riley, Ella Wheeler Wilcox; *mem.* Press Club; American Lit. Asso.; *author:* The Love of Quintell, 1922 (narrative poem). *Home address:* 803 South Fort Thomas Avenue, Fort Thomas, Ky.

DURHAM, Elizabeth Malcolm; *b.* Lynchburg, Va.; *d.* John Richard and Isabel Kinnier (Patterson) Malcolm; *educ.* Miss Peter's Pvt. Sch. in Lynchburg, Va.; pub. and pvt. schs. from Florida to Moncton, N. B., Can.; Lynchburg High Sch.; Eau Claire High Sch.; Columbia; S.C.S.N.C. at Farmville, Va.; grad. Univ. of South Carolina, A.B., 1921; *prof.* teaching, writing, newspaper work; *m.* J. Robert Durham at Columbia, S. C., Sept. 14, 1917; *p. voca.* writing; *trav.* owing to fact father was a railroad man, has lived in almost every state as far west as Nebraska, Maine to Gulf on Atlantic seaboard, as well as in Canada; *m. i.* Kipling, Burns, Stevenson; *f. p.* Shelley, Swinburne, Rupert Brooke; *clubs:* none now; formerly, Univ. Women's, New Century C. of New Castle (Del.), The Quill C. of Columbia (S. C.), The Story-tellers, The Air Castle Players of Wilmington (Del.); *p.* none; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of South Carolina; *con.* poems, short stories, plays, to Poetry: A Mag. of Verse, The Carolinian, Yearbook of Poetry Soc. of South Carolina, etc.; poem included in Bookfellows, The Laura Blackburn Prize Lyrics; *prizes:* Town Theatre — The State, one-act plays, The Trust, 1st., 1923, $50; Hunger and Cold, 1924, $25 (presented at Town Theatre); Univ. of South Carolina Skylark prize, 1921, $10; Focus Cup, 1917; Poetry Soc. of South Carolina Southern prize, 1924, $100, *poem* The Nordic Gesture; *recreations:* dancing, swimming, aquaplaning, tennis, flivvering, hiking and in-door sports: checkers, chess, parchesi, spit and bridge. *Home address:* (*winter*) 441 Geddes Street, Wilmington, Del. (*summer*) 828 Laurens Street, Columbia, S. C.

EDSON, Charles Farwell; *b.* San Francisco, Calif., April 3, 1864; *s.* Epaphras Wadsworth and Marie Louise (Farwell) E.; *educ.* pub. schs. (Sterling, Ill.), Lake Forest Acad., 1882; Chicago Musical Col.; Gottschalk Lyric sch.; *prof.* teacher of singing, recitalist, composer-reader; *m.* Katherine Phillips, Oct. 10, 1890; *p. voca.* lecturer, teacher, recitalist; *trav.* Calif., Nev., Ariz., New Mex., Col., Ore., Ill., N. Y., Washington, D. C., Ohio, Ind.; *m. i.* Shakespeare; *f. p.* Neihardt, Sarett, Sharlot M. Hall, Kipling, Hovey, Whitman, Riley, Eugene Field, Thomas S. Jones, Jr.; *clubs:* Gamut (Los Angeles); The Arts (Chicago); hon. mem. Rotary (Los Angeles); hon. mem. Gamut (N. Y.); hon. mem. Musicians Protective Asso. (Los Angeles); Saturday Evening (Chicago); *p.* Progressive Republican; *soc.* Poetry Lovers of America (Chicago); Bookfellows (Chicago), No. 536; *author:* San Francisco, The City of the Golden Gate (etchings by Joseph Pennell), 1916; Los Angeles From the Sierras To the Sea (etchings and drawings by Marion Holden Pope), 1916; *f. p. p.* Lancaster Gazette (Lancaster, Calif.), 1894; songs of modern Americans set to music: ten Amy Lowell; ten Spoon River Anthology (Masters); six Lew Sarett; Death Carol from When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed (Whitman); three Sharlot M. Hall's; four Rudyard Kipling; three Thomas S. Jones, Jr.; three Henley; three Service; five Frank L. Stanton; *recreations:* photography of the outdoors, hiking, music, drama, baseball and football. *Home address:* 2244 Cleveland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

EDWARDS, Frederick; *b.* Moorfield, Praze, Crowan, Cornwall, England, June 18, 1868; *s.* John and Mary Trevenen (Cummins) E.; *educ.* Dickinson Col., Ph.B., 1885; M.A., 1891; B.D., Episcopal Theol. Sch., Cambridge, Mass., 1893; *prof.* clergyman; parishes: Bridgewater and Malden, Mass.; St. James, Milwaukee, Wis.; S. P. Grace Ch., N. Y. C. (three yrs.) ; Dean, St. Paul's Cathedral, Detroit, Mich.; retired 1920; *m.* Emma Louisa Ridgway of Cream Ridge, N. J., 1892; *p. voca.* retired; *trav.* Great Britain, Canada, nearly all east of Minnesota and Eastern Canada; *m. i.* by Wordsworth; *f. p.* Dante, Milton, Keats, Wordsworth, Herrick, Shakespeare, Prior, Crabbe, Blake; (very much so) Francis Thompson, Rossetti, Robinson, Frost; pres. American Soc. for Physical Research, 1922-1925; *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* Sonnets of North and South, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Dickinsonian, 1885; *recreations:* ornithology, gardening, fishing. *Address:* (Nov. to April) Cassadaga, Fla.; (May to Oct.) Arcady, R. R. 1., St. George, New Brunswick, Canada.

EILSHEMIUS, Louis Michel; *b.* Laurel Hill Manor, N. J., 1864; *p.* father, Hollander; mother, French; *educ.* pvt. schs. and Cornell Univ., 1885; *prof.* artist, painter; unmarried; *trav.* all of Europe and U. S., also New Zealand, Samoa, Africa, etc.; *m. i.* Shakespeare, Shelley, Milton; *f. p.* all the romantic poets; Musset, Keats, etc.; *p.* no politics; *author:* published 14 books: lately, Creation's End; Poems; The Poet; Poems (2nd series); *anthologies:* Independent (Cheyney), 1925; Western (Davis); Overseas (Wright, London, Eng.); Contemporary Poets (Richter, Amity, Ore.); *f. p. p.* Frank Leslie's and Graphic (N. Y.). *Home address:* 118 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

ELLISTON, George (Miss); *b.* Mt. Sterling, Ky.; *d.* Joseph Lillard and Ida (Givens) dec.; *educ.* Covington High Sch. (Ky.); privately tutored; *prof.* journalism; *m.* Augustus Tait Coleman, Jan. 2, 1907, East St. Louis, Mo.; *p. voca.*

Soc. ed. Cincinnati Times-Star; *trav.* England, Ireland, Holland, Belgium, France and in U. S.; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Richard Aldington, Charlotte Mew, Charles Baudelaire, Paul Verlaine, Arthur Rimbaud, Paul Valery, Gerard de Nerval, Lermontov, Juan Ramon Jimenez, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Giacomo Leopardi, Giosue; American poets too many to make small selection; *clubs:* American Pen women, Ohio Newspaper Women's Asso., Nat. Soc. Dames of the Court of Honor (author text nat. hymn), Cincinnati MacDowell Soc., Cincinnati Woman's Press, active in Poet's Circle, char. mem. Ohio Valley Poetry Soc., etc.; *author:* Every Day Poems, 1922; Changing Moods, 1924; Through Many Windows, 1924; texts of many songs, neighborhood of 100 lyrics from three books set to music by some 25 composers since 1921; comps. setting poems, Chevalier Pier Tirindelli (Rome, Italy); Louis Victor Saar (Chicago Music Col.); Giuseppe Quintelle (Italian); Grace G. Gardner, *poem* Fear, introd. by Florence Macbeth; Frank van der Stucken, *poem* What Shall I Do With Springtime, introd. Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Festival, May 13, 1926, by Florence Austral, whose two newest chorals, Little Clock and Candle Light Songs to lyrics are Apr., 1926, publications; Carlye Davis, Emma Beiser Scully music for *poem* Cincinnati, official song Cincinnati Fall Festival, 1923; collab. with Howard Wentworth Hess song book of Children's Lyrics, 1927; Ilse Huebner, 20 lyrics grouped into a folio; Louise Harrison Snodgrass *poem* Star Wishes; Joseph Clokey choral *poem* Pretense, 1926; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach *poem* Courage; Francis Macmillan several lyrics; Saar *poem* Lost Youth trans. into Russian by Pierre de Routzitsky; snyd. daily popular verse series with Asso. Newspapers, N. Y.; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1924–25–26; Davis, 1921–22–23–24–25; Griffith, 1925; Nature Lover's Knapsack, etc.; *f. p. p.* St. Nicholas Mag.; *recreations:* tennis, golf, swimming, horseback riding, dancing. *Home address:* 340 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ELMENDORF, Mary J.; *b.* New York City; *p.* American *educ.* Wolfe Hall, Denver, Col. grad.; *m.* William Elmendorf, mining engineer; *trav.* extensively in U. S., Can. and Alaska; *m. i.* Tennyson, perhaps; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, Keats; *soc.* Northwest Poetry Soc. (Portland, Ore.); *con.* general and poetry magazines; *anthologies:* Year Book of Northwest Poetry Soc.; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* Woman's Home Companion. *Home address:* 905 Allison St., Seattle, Wash.

FAGIN, N. Bryllion; *b.* in Russia, 1892; *educ.* pub. and priv. schs. in New York, Michigan Agricultural Col., 1911, George Washington Univ., A.B., 1923, M. A., 1924, graduate study at Columbia Univ. and Johns Hopkins; engaged in teaching; *m.* Mary Berke, 1916; *trav.* largely in Eastern United States; no particular poet had influence in formative period; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Shelley, Swinburne, Robert Frost; Founder of Writer's League of Washington, D. C.; *mem.* International Society of Arts and Letters; *publications:* Short Story Writing: An Art or Trade? 1923; Of Love and Other Trifles (storiettes), 1925; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1925; *f. p. p.* in The Pagan, 1920; *recreations:* the theatre and walking. *Address:* University of Baltimore, Baltimore, Md.

FENDELL, Stanton Jonathan Davidson; *b.* London, Eng., Jan. 5, 1895, of Hebrew parentage; *educ.* pub. schs. Bayonne, N. J., B. A. Trinity Col., 1917, Rutgers Univ., 1922, M. A., Columbia Univ., 1923, Univ. of Penn., 1923–24, New York Univ., 1924–25 Ph.D., 1926; instructor of English, Eastside High Sch., Paterson, N. J.; *m.* Athie Etta Tocker, July 16, 1925; *trav.* at the age of ten from London to Holland, Germany, Russia, and to the United States, visiting from Maine through the New England States, later New York, Pennsylvania and Delaware; no poet had any particular influence upon formative period; *f. p.* Keats, Tennyson, Byron, Browning, Longfellow and Lowell; *mem.* Andiron Club, New York City; politics indifferent; verse has appeared in Poetry (Chicago); *publication:* Wayside Flowers, 1927; *f. p. p.* in Bayonne Times, Mar., 1911; *recreations:* writing, directing literary and debating society. *Home address:* 112 Twelfth Avenue, Paterson, N. J.

FIELD, Benjamin Franklin (Ben Field); *b.* Wallingford, Conn., Nov. 24, 1868, of American parentage, coming from English-Scotch forbears; *educ.* pub. and priv. schs.; engaged in real estate, insurance and promoting; *m.* Edna Rowena Blincoe, in Miami, Fla., Dec. 24, 1893; present vocation, managing own property and others; writing; *trav.* as a boy in 1886, around Cape Horn on a three-mast English ship from San Pedro, Calif., to England in 1892, crossed the Isthmus of Panama to Europe visiting England, Germany, Belgium and France, visited Mexican and Central American countries, Cuba and West Indies, Canada and Hawaii, and has been in nearly every state of the Union; *m. i.* by Kipling, but chiefly by his prose works; *f. p.* Tennyson, Herrick, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Poe, Longfellow, Francis Thompson, Ernest Dowson, Matthew Arnold, Edwin Markham; *mem.* The Gamut Club, Musical and Art, Encino Country Club, Verse Writers' Club of So. Calif., (Los Angeles, Calif.), been pres. of Verse Writers' Club, vice-pres. Gamut Club, Poetry Society of America (N. Y. C.); *publications:* Poets and Poems of California and the West, 1904; *poems,* El Camini Real, 1913; *anthologies:* Verse Writers' Club of So. Calif., 1921–22, 1923–24; Literary California, (E. S. Mighels), 1918; Crowe, Christ in the Poetry of Today, 1923; Cheyney, Independent Poetry Anthology, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* Dreams in Arcady, Overland M.; *recreations:* automobiling, mountain and ocean study, and subjects pertaining to art and literature; founded the Masonic Library of Los Angeles, was president and secretary, and is largest Masonic Library west of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; *Home address:* Hotel St. Regis, 1254 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

FIELD, Mildred Fowler; *b.* Oxford Junction, Iowa, Jan. 1897, of pioneer stock; *educ.* priv. instruction, and in art, harmony and violin; engaged wholly in the writing of prose and poetry; unmarried; always lived in Iowa, with visits to Colorado, Texas, and Florida; *m. i.* by lyricists both classic and modern; no favorite poets, "love them all"; no clubs; republication; no volume yet; *anthologies:* Davis, 1923, 1924, 1925; Preston, Column Poets, 1924; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* in Chicago Daily News, 1923; *recreations:* costume design and gardening. *Home address:* 1719 A. Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

FIELD, Sara Bard; *b.* Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 1, 1882; *d.* George Bard and Annie Jenkins (Stevens) F.; *educ.* Detroit Central High Sch., and with exception of special study under the late Professor Lounsbury, at Yale Univ., self-acquired through extensive travels and study; began public career as State Organizer for the College Equal Suffrage League of Oregon in 1912; later assisted in the Nevada Campaign for Equal Suffrage, and finally became national speaker for The Woman's Party, Washington, D.C.; accounts of these activities given in Mrs. Duniway's "Path Breaking," Inez Haynes Irwin's History of the Woman's Party, and Doris Stevens' Jailed for Freedom; was official correspondent for The Oregon Journal; *m.* Rev. Albert Ehrgott; present husband Charles Erskine Scott Wood; *voca.:* writing poetry; *trav.* extensively in Europe, living in Italy, Austria, France and England; resided for over a year in Rangoon, Burma; as speaker for The Woman's Party visited all the states except those south; *m. i.* by Shelley, who still "remains my favorite and master"; *f. p.* Keats, Blake, Villon, Goethe, James Thompson (B. V.), and Matthew Arnold; *mem.* The Penguins (Washington, D. C.) Book Club of California; *p.:* "I have been a Democrat only as a means to the achievement of philosophical anarchism, to which belief I am wholly committed"; *publications:* To a Poet Born on the Edge of Spring (privately), 1925; The Vintage Festival, 1920; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; Continents' End, 1925; Strong, 1925, Taggard, 1925, California Writers' Club, 1925; Cheyney, 1926; *f. p. p.* in Kreymborg's Others, anonymously; *recreations:* walking the Santa Cruz hills and gardening — "I have learned more from plants than from schools." *Home address:* Los Gatos, Calif.

FIELD, Wright (Daisy Wright Field); *b.* Catlettsburg, Ky.; *d.* Lafayette and Mary Luvenia (Clark) F.; *m.* Andrew Field, at Chanute, Kan.; *c.* Pearl, Charles, Norma; *trav.* never outside of U. S. but has lived pretty well over ten states; Burns and a volume of Old English Poetry; *f. p.* "a poem here and there, as each poet approaches a mood, becomes a priceless jewel": I Am the Captain of My Soul, Trees (Joyce Kilmer), Gray's Elegy, Hiawatha, etc.; *soc.* American Lit. Asso., Yakima Writer's Club; *author:* Greeting Card Verse That Has Sold and Why 1926; over 200 poems pub. in over fifty magazines and newspapers, including Catholic World, Munsey's, N. Y. Times, Lyric West, etc.; some fifty short stories and serials in magazines: Chicago Daily News, Love Story Mag., Weird Tales, etc.; edited weekly page humor and verse St. Louis Lumber, 1921; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1923; *recreations:* motoring through enchanting western scenery, swimming and all the kindred delights of camping out; coaxing flowers to grow. *Home address:* 1201 McKinley Street, Yakima, Wash.

FILLERY, William Edmund (Frank); *b.* Borough of Rotherhite, London, Eng., 1903; *p.* English; *educ.* pub. and high sch., supplemented by reading classics, etc.; *occu.* billing, mail-order, bank clerk; asst. timekeeper, laborer, typist, railway-office clerk, evening sch. teacher; unmarried; at present clerk in employ Canadian Pacific Ry. Co., in Winnepeg, Can.; *trav.* England, Canada, U. S.; *m. i.* Wordsworth, Burns, Tennyson; *f. p.* Wordsworth, Tennyson, Keats, Kipling, Burns, Milton, Browning, Poe, Byron; *poem* Rubâiyât of Omar Khayyám; *ed.*, Can. ed. Poetic Thrills; *mem.* Canadian Ord. of Foreste rs; Can. pres. The Bookmakers; *p.* non-partisan; *cont.* Sports Afield, The Golden Quill, Vancouver Sun, The Lariat and other general and poetry mags.; short stories in Real Detective Tales, Grit, Slim's Physical Culture, etc.; *f. p. p.* Winnipeg Evening Tribune; *recreations:* golfing, motoring, cycling, swimming, snow-shoeing, chess and reading. *Home address:* 1288 Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

FINLEY, Lorraine Noel; *b.* Montreal, Can.; *p.* Canadian; *educ.* Can. pub. sch., Swiss and German pvt. schs., Dana Hall Sch., 1917; Inst. of Musical Art (N. Y.), 1917–21; *prof.* musician, composer; *trav.* forty states in U. S. A.; Alaska, Mexico, Cuba, West Indies, South America, (Peru, Chili, Argentine, Uraguay, Brazil), Great Britain, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy; *m. i.* Shakespeare; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Shelley, Henley, Masefield; *mem.* Dana Hall Asso.; *recreations:* traveling and golf. *Home address:* P. O. Box 820, Montreal, Can.

FISHER, Arthur William; *b.* Pultneyville, N. Y., 1872; *p.* English; *educ.* pub. schs. and academies; Cornell Col., Ph.B., 1898; M. A., 1899; Ph.D., 1907; Univ. of Michigan, M.D., 1912; *prof.* teaching; later medicine; unmarried; *p. voca.* practice of medicine; *trav.* New England., Middle Atlantic States, states bordering Great Lakes, Can.; *m. i.* Longfellow; *f. p.* Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Poe, Lowell, Milton, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shakespeare; *clubs:* none; *p.* Independent; *author:* Lake Breezes, 1917; Land Breezes, 1918; Niagara and Other Poems, 1924; *f. p. p.* The Rochester Herald; *recreation:* traveling. *Home address:* Williamson, Wayne Co., New York.

FLETCHER, Frances; *b.* Bridgport, Vt., 1894; *d.* James H. and Anna L. F.; *educ.* high sch., French convent, Vassar, A.B., 1914; post-grad. work in various univs.; unmarried; *p. voca.* modern languages; *trav.* extensively in U. S. and Can.; *m. i.* none; *f. p.* Mallarme, Lavaud, Poe, Heine, Swinburne, Villon, late Latin poets; *clubs:* none; *author:* The Banquet, 1925; A Boat of Glass, 1926; *anthologies:* Cheyney (Independent Poetry), 1926; *f. p. p.* Poems, Tuttle Company (Rutland, Vt.) pseud. Anne Woodbridge, 1924; *recreations:* music, theatre, philosophy. *Home address:* 14 St. Luke's Place, New York, N. Y.

FLEXNER, Hortense; *b.* Louisville, Ky.; *d.* Jacob A. and Rosa (Maas) F.; *educ.* Flexner Prep. Sch. (Louisville, Ky.), Univ. of Mich., A.B., 1907; M.A., 1910; *m.* Wyncie King, April, 1919; *p. voca.* artist; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); The Poets (N. Y. C.); *author:* Clouds and Cobblestones, 1921; Voices (dialogue), Mayorga Collection; Representative One-Act Plays; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, Moult, Stork, Stevenson, Gordon and King; *f. p. p.* New York Sun; Voices yearly prize, 1922, $50. *Home address:* College Inn, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

FOLEY, Virginia J.; *b.* Salt Lake City, Utah, April 14, 1906; *p.* father b. Ottawa, Ill.; mother b. Malmo, Sweden; *educ.* gram. and high sch.; St. Mary's Acad., Convent Col.; St. Mary's Col. (Notre Dame, Ind.), grad. 1927, Ph.B. in Journalism; *trav.* Illinois, Missouri, Colorado, Iowa; *m. i.* Yeats, Stevenson, Margaret Widdemer; *f. p.* Widdemer, Garrison, Auslander, Yeats, A. E., Noyes, Walter de la Mare, Millay, Aline Kilmer, Teasdale, Rupert Brooke, Shelley, Byron, Blake, Stevenson; *p.* Republican; *f. p. p.* Commonweal, *poem*, The Invalid, June, 1926; *hon. men.* Poets of the Future, 1924–25; *prizes:* 2d., Indiana Literary Day, for one-act play, $50, May 29, 1926, *play* This Independence; *recreations:* tennis, horseback riding, reading, collecting favorite poems, talking, arguing, dancing, going through art galleries, collecting Wedgewood and old books, climbing mountains, sketching fashion plates, translating Latin inscriptions. *Home address:* 80 Hillcrest Apts., Salt Lake City, Utah.

FRANCIS, Ruth Garrison; *b.* Oct. 16, 1895; *p.* American; *educ.* Belton High Sch., 1912; Baylor Col. (Belton, Tex.), B.A., 1916; *m.* David Spence Francis, July 5, 1919; died Sept. 30, 1919; *p. voca.* teacher of English and American Literature in Beaumont senior high sch.; *trav.* north in Mississippi Valley as the Great Lakes; entire state of Texas; *m. i.* Robert Browning; *f. p.* Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edwin Markham, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Keats, Shelley, Chaucer; *mem.* Beaumont Music Study C. Woman's Reading C. of Beaumont, Texas State Teachers, Asso., Allumni Asso. Baylor Col., Beaumont Little Theatre, U.D. of the Confederacy; *p.* Democrat; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of Texas; Bookfellows; *anthologies:* Baylor Col. Book of Verse, 1925; Year Book of Poetry (Poetry Soc. of Texas), 1923; *f. p. p.* Baylorian, May, 1923; *prizes:* Florence Sterling, *poem*, There Is a Crying On the Rocks, 1923; 1st, Houston Post Dispatch (best poems by Texans), *poem*, Invincible, $5., June 14, 1925; *recreations:* golf, music-piano, voice, travel, outdoor life in general. *Home address:* 706 College Street, Belton, Tex.

FRANKLIN, Viola Price; *b.* Barnesville, Ohio, Dec. 12, 1855; *d.* Rev. Samuel and Charlotte (Alder) P.; *educ.* Mount Union Col., Ph.B., 1878; A.M. Univ. of Nebraska; student at Wellesley Col. 1889–90; graduate work at universities of Chicago, Nebraska, and Wisconsin; Prof. of Eng. Lit. State Normal Sch., Emporia, Kan., 1880–89; Southwestern Col., Winfield, Kan., 1890–95; Librarian, Pub. Lib., Albany, Oregon, 1911–22; Reference Librarian, Willamette Univ., Salem, Ore., 1922; *m.* Frank George Franklin, June 20, 1895; *trav.* extensively in U. S., and Europe summer 1926; *m. i.* by Longfellow and Tennyson; *f. p.* Browning, Tennyson, Lowell, Hazel Hall; engaged many years in club work in different States, editing page of study outlines for The Club Woman organ of G. F. W. C.; *mem.* Salem Arts League, writers' section, vice-pres. Oregon Writers' League, and of Northwestern Poetry Society, Portland, Ore.; Democrat Orders of Bookfellows; *pub.* Study of the Song of Roland, printed in the Univ. of Chicago Record; Study of The Arthurian Legend, read before the Modern Language Association of America; Critical literary studies of Clinton Scollard, Lowell and Howells, etc., in Modern Language Notes; Stevenson in Monterey, 1925; *f. p. p.* When Leaves Grow Gold, in Boston Transcript; *recreations:* motor rides to scenic places in the West, and in attending literary occasions in the Northwest. *Home address:* Willamette University Library, Salem, Ore.

FRANTS, Milton Newberry; *b.* Norristown, Pa., July 2, 1854; *s.* William and Susanna (Supplee) F.; Norristown High Sch.; The Centenary Col.; Dickinson Col. and Syracuse Univ., A.B., A.M.; The Boston Univ. Sch. of Theology; The Hartford Theological Sem.; The Andover Theological Sem.; *occu. and prof.* store life in early years; teacher and preacher for a few years; financial secretary for N. Y. importer and exporter; educational dept. of a N. Y. publishing house; insurance (general agent); *p. voca.* literarian; *trav.* Japan, England, Scotland, Ireland, France; over all New England and nearly all of the western states; no farther south than Richmond, Va.; *m. i.* probably Wordsworth; *f. p.* Wordsworth, Burns, Tennyson, Browning, Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, Whittier, Emerson, etc.; *clubs:* Phi Delta Theta at Dickinson Col.; Delta Upsilon at Syracuse Univ.; *p.* in early life Republican; now Independent; *author:* Odd-Moment Verses, 1925; The Creed of the Christian Fellowship Church; *con.* to magazines and newspapers; *f. p. p.* The Norristown Herald (now The Times Herald); *recreations:* gardening, pilgrimages to Boston; attendance at school gatherings. *Home address:* Nirvana, Evansburg; Post Office, Collegeville, Pa.

FRASIER, Scottie McKenzie; *b.* Talladega, Ala.; *d.* William and Lela (Hood) McKenzie; *educ.* Judson Col., Marion, Ala.; Short Story Course, Pulitzer Sch., Columbia Univ.; studied public speaking under pvt. teachers in N. Y. an Chicago; *m.* Alfred Smith Frasier, M.D.; *trav.* most od U. S.; South America; Jamaica; Canal Zone; *m. i.* Shakespeare; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Browning, Keats, and most o modern poets; *clubs:* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.);f Poetry Soc. of So. Carolina (Charleston, S. C.); Indianapolis Writers (Indianapolis, Ind.); Press & Authors (Montgomery, Ala.); The American Penwomen (Washington, D. C.); *hon. mem.* Illinois Women's Athletic (Chicago,. Ill.) *hon. mem.* Student's Writer's (Selma, Ala.); *hon, pres.* for life, Writers (Dothan, Ala.); *hon. prcs.* for life Business and Professional Women's (Dothan, Ala.); *author:* Fagots of Fancy, 1920; Things That Are Mine, 1922; The Business Man's Prayer, 1925; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1922, 1923; Indiana Poetry (Taylor), 1925; Poetry of Southern States (Wood), 1925; Poetry Day Book (Prince), 1926; Newspaper Verse (Davis), 1919, 1920, 1921, 1923, 1925; *f. p. p.* The Montgomery Advertiser *poem* My Prayer; *poem*, Gifts won $5. prize from Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs; *recreations:* growing flowers, golf, motoring. *Home address:* Dothan, Ala.

FROST, Barbara; *b.* New York, N. Y., June 9, 1903; *d.* Thomas Gold and Mary (Kennedy) Frost; father lawyer and author; *educ.* Smith Col., A.B., 1924; prof. writer; *m.* John Edgar MacCracken, Feb. 14, 1925; *p. voca.* book advertising, editorial dept. of publishing house; *trav.* Europe, the Mediterranean, Bermuda, Jamaica, B.W.I.; in U. S. as far as Maine, Pa. and Va.; *m. i.* Robert Frost; *f. p.* John Donne, Chaucer, Browning, Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Sara Teasdale, Walter de la Mare, Rupert Brooke; *clubs:* Alpha (literary, artistic and dramatic c., Smith College); *p.* Republican, liberal bias; *author:* considerable newspaper work, during college and since graduation; spec. articles and interviews, appearing mostly in eastern papers; *f. p. p.*Every Day English Book II (Baker & Thorndike); *prize:* D. A. R. essay, 1915, $10., *essay* The Memorial Day of Tomorrow; *recreations:* reading, interpretive dancing, theatre, swimming, canoeing, mountain climbing, camping, assisting husband in conducting summer camp for adults. *Home address:* 30 Crary Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

FUSON, Henry Harvey; *b.* Kentucky, Aug. 21, 1876; *s.* John Thomas and Sarah Jane (Lee) F.; *educ.* pub. schs. Ky. 1883–1891; high sch., 1891–95; Cumberland Col. (Ky.) 1895–1905, A.B.; Univ. of Cincinnati, 1912–1920, B.S.; Univ. of Cincinnati, 1920–1924, A.M.; Univ. of Tennessee, summer, 1912; *prof.* taught in pub. schs. of Ky. 1895–1901; County Supt. of Schs. 1902–10; Supt. City Schs., 1910–1912; principal of a city system, 1912–1925; resigned sch. work in 1925; *m.* Sara Ellen Watson of Belgrade, Mont., May 25, 1906, at Lexington, Ky.; *d.* Ruth Marine, *b.* July 7, 1910; *p. occu.* sec. and treas. Martins Fork Coal Co., owners and lessors of coal lands in Ky.; *trav.* toured east from Washington, D. C., to N. Y.; covered most of New England in two three-thousand-mile trips; part of five winters in Fla.; far west as Rocky Mts. twice and southern Canada; *m. i.* James Russell Lowell; *f. p.* Tennyson, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Chesterton, Kipling, Robert Frost, E. A. Robinson; *mem.* Masonic organizations, including Scottish Rite; Fulson C., K. E. A. Baptist Ch., Ky. Folklore Soc.; Republican; Ohio Valley Poetry Soc., etc.; *author:* The Pinnacle and Other Kentucky Mountain Poems, 1921; Just From Kentucky, 1925; History of the Bell County Asso. of Baptists, 1922; *anthologies:* Davis, 1924, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1926; *recreations:* hunting and fishing. *Home address:* 2022 Eastern Parkway, Louisville, Ky.

GALE, Zona; *b.* Portage, Wis., Aug. 26, 1874; *d.* Charles Franklin (*b.* Ohio), and Eliza (Beers) G. (*b.* New York State); *educ.* Portage pub. schs. and Univ. of Wisconsin, B.L., 1895; M.L., 1899; *publications:* (verse): The Secret Way, 1921; (novels): Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre, 1907; When I Was a Little Girl, 1915; Friendship Village (six volumes); Birth, 1918; Miss Lulu Bett, 1920; made dramatization of same, produced in New York, 1921: won Pulitzer Prize for the Best Play of the year; made dramatization of Birth (Mister Pitt), produced New York, 1923; Faint Perfume, 1923; Preface to a Life, 1926; *f. p. p.* printed by herself before she could write, first one published was in Portage Daily Register, when twelve years old, Threnody for a Child; won two undergraduate prizes at Univ. of Wisconsin; *anthologies:* Hunter, American Mystical Verse, 1925; Le Gallienne, Anthology of American Poetry, 1926. *Home address:* Portage, Wis.

GARD, Wayne; *b.* Brocton, Ill., June 21, 1899; *s.* Guy William and Winnie Iona (Sanford) G.; *educ.* Illinois Col., B.A., 1921; Northwestern Univ., M.A., 1925; teacher and writer; *m.* Hazel Anna Dell, Sept. 10, 1925; now instructor in journalism at Grinnell Col., summers engaged with the Associated Press; *trav.* in England, Egypt, and Burma; India correspondent for Associated Press, 1921–24; *p.* Independent; vice-pres. Poetry Society, (London); *con.* to magazines; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1925; Davis, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925. *Home address:* Grinnell, Iowa.

GARESCHE, S. J., Edward Francis; *b.* St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 27, 1876; *s.* Alexander and Caroline (Dietrich) G., of French, Holland Dutch, English and Alsatian descent; *educ.* St. Louis Univ., A.B., 1896, A.M., 1898; Washington Univ., LL.B., 1898; St. Louis Univ. Sch. of Divinity, 1900–1912; entered Jesuit Order in 1900; founder and editor of Queen's Work, 1914–1921; at present editor of Hospital Progress, Milwaukee, Wis.; *trav.* extensively over the United States lecturing; made three trips to Europe, visiting Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales and France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Austria; *f. p.* Browning, Shakespeare, Crashaw, the Elizabethan lyricists; Independent; *publications:* The Four Gates; The World and the Waters; War Mothers; To Margaret in Heaven; *prose:* Your Neighbor and Your Interests Eternal; Your Soul's Salvation; The Most Beloved Woman; The Things Immortal; Your Own Heart; The Paths of Goodness; Life's Lessons; The Values Everlasting; Ever Timely Thoughts; *mem.* Poetry Society of America; *anthologies:* Kilmer, Anthology of Catholic Poets, Loyola Book of Verse, Braithwaite's, 1918, 1920; *f. p. p.* in The Ave Maria. *Home address:* Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.

GARLAND, Marie Tudor; *b.* Nahant, Mass.; *d.* Frederick and Louise (Simes) T.; *educ.* private schs. and tutors; special student Radcliffe Col.; *voca.:* student education, writing, psychology; *m.* James A. Garland, 1893, died, 1907; married since but retain name of Garland; *trav.* in Europe: Italy, France, England, and in Western U. S.; *m. i.* by Whitman and Keats; *mem.* Women's City Club (Boston); *asso. mem.* N. Y. Yacht Club; no party in politics; no poetry societies; *publications:* The Potter's Clay, 1917; The Winged Spirit, 1918; The Marriage Feast, 1920; *prose:* Psychology: Hindus Mind Training; *anthologies:* Anthology of Massachusetts Poets, 1921; *f. p. p.* in Rhythmus; *recreations:* boating, gardening, camping in desert, motoring. *Home address:* Buzzards Bay, Mass.

GARNETT, Louise Ayres; *b.* Plymouth, Ind.; *d.* Isaac LaFayette and Sallie (Munday) A.; *educ.* early years principally at home; graduated from Dearborn Seminary, Chicago; for eighteen years attended classes at Northwestern Univ., in depts. of music and liberal arts; *m.* Eugene H. Garnett, lawyer, 1900; composer of songs and writer of poetry and plays; *trav.* east to the coast, south to New Orleans, west to Wyoming, north into Canada; *m. i.* by Shakespeare at the age of four, Browning at twenty; *f. p.* David, Job, Saint John, Shakespeare, Masefield, Lew Sarett, James Stephens, Sandburg, and "really and truly I would like to include Mother Goose"; *mem.* Society of Midland Authors, The Gordon, Skokie, Country Club, The Woman's Club, The Drama Club (Evanston, Ill.), The Musicians' Club of Women, (Chicago), National Drama League, and The MacDowell Colony of Peterborough, N. H.; *p.* Independent Republican; Poetry Soc. of America, Poetry Club of Northwestern Univ.; *pubs.:* The Muffin Shop, 1908; The Rhyming Ring, 1910; The Merrymakers, 1918 (verse books for children); *plays:* Master Will of Stratford, 1916; The Courtship, a dramatization of The Courtship of Miles Standish, 1920; The Fiery Pillar, An Allegory, included in The World and Democracy; The New Earth, cantata text set to music by Henry Hadley, 1919; Resurgam, oratorio text set to music by Henry Hadley; has also written the text for a lyric drama, founded on an Arcadian pastoral, set to music by Henry Hadley, to be published soon; *verse:* Eve Walks in Her Garden, 1926; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1926; Stork, 1923; Blanden and Mathison (The Chicago Anthology) 1916; Neihardt, (The Poet's Pack, 1921; Moult, 1923; *f. p. p.* as child in Warsaw, Ind. paper; *recreations:* driving, sailing, walking. *Home address:* 1226 Judson Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

GARVIN, Margaret Root; *b.* New York City; *d.* Henry Mitchell and Margaret (Rockwell) R.; *educ.* priv. sch. The Oaks, Lakewood, N. J.; writer; unmarried; *trav.* in England, France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and United States, South and West; *m. i.* by Philip Bourke Marston; *f. p.* Lizette Woodworth Reese, Edith M. Thomas, Louise Imogen Guiney, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Fannie Stearns Davis, Josephine Preston Peabody, Anna Hempstead Branch, Walter de la Mare; *mem.* Women's Civic Club, The Players, The Leisure Hour Club (Utica, N. Y.); Poetry Society of America, League of American Penwomen, Order of Bookfellows; *publications:* A Walled Garden, 1913; Peacocks in the Sun, 1926; *anthologies*) Stevenson, 1912; The Lyric Year, 1912; Anthology of City Sonnets (A. H. Bartlett), 1926; Independent; *recreations:* reading, walking, drama, braille transcribing. *Home address:* 309 Court Street, Utica, N. Y.

GAW, Ethelean Tyson; *b.* Lancaster County, Pa.; *d.* Israel and Julia (Reynolds) T.; *educ.* pub. schs. Phila.; and Univ. of So. California, A.B., 1914; *m.* Dr. Allison Gaw, of Phila., 1909; housewife (editor and writer, avocations); *trav.* in France, Switzerland, Belgium, England, Scotland, and practically all parts of U. S.; *m. i.* by the Greek poets; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Keats, Browning, Alfred Noyes, Vachel Lindsay; *mem.* Los Angeles Browning Society (pres. 1922–25), American College Quill, Press Club of So. California, pres. Verse Writers' Club of So. California (1924); editor with Dr. Allison Gaw, The Lyric West: A Magazine of American Verse (Los Angeles); *publications:* poems in Scribners, Literary Digest, The Lyric

West, and other poetry magazines; The Barnegat Love Song (Scribner's), set to music by Purdon Robinson and Walter Spry; Pharaoh's Daughter (written in collaboration with Dr. Gaw) three-act drama in blank verse, produced by the Pasadena Community Playhouse, Oct., 1925, Helen Jerome Eddy, in title rôle; *anthologies:* Verse Writers of So. California, 1919, 1923; won the Doheney Prize of $500, for The Battle Song of Democracy, 1917; *p.* Democrat; *f. p. p.* when twelve years in a Phila. weekly. The Telephone; *recreations:* theatre and cat-boating. *Home address:* 1915 Cordova Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

GILBERT, Helen; *b.* Hebron, Conn., of American parentage; *educ.* The Norwich Free Academy (Conn.), Willimantic Normal Training Sch. (Conn.), St. Peter's Sch. (Hebron, Conn.), Barnard Col., 1923–24; teacher; unmarried; *m. i.* by Odell Shepard; *f. p.* the poetry of the Bible, Eurypides, Shakespeare, Swinburne, William Blake, Keats; *mem.:* The Society of Mayflower Descendants; *p.* Democrat; The Hartford Poetry Club; *publications:* stories for children in Little Folks; The Good Sainte Anne (play), 1924; In the Hunger After the Perfect, 1925; *f. p. p.* in The Hartford Times, 1922; *recreations:* walking, theatre, dancing, driving a car. *Home address:* Hebron, Conn.

GILCHRIST, Marie Emilie; *b.* Vermillion, Ohio; Jan. 4, 1893; *educ.* Hathaway Brown Sch. (Cleveland); Western Reserve Univ.; Smith Col., B. A., 1916; M.A., 1921; unmarried; *publications:* Wide Pastures, 1926; Home address: 2200 Bellfield Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

GILES, Verlie Story; *b.* Cairo, N. Y., Mar. 4, 1897; *d.* Henry and Annie (Parry) S.; *educ.* Madison High Sch. (N. Y.), State Teachers Col., (Harrisonburg, Va.), 1915–19, Virginia Univ., 1922, Aberdeen Normal Correspondence Course engaged in studying vitamines for year-old child; *m.* George Christopher Giles, Dec. 27, 1922; *voca.* domestic duties; *trav.* New York, Virginia, Missouri, North Carolina; *m. i.* Shakespeare; *f. p.* Tennyson, Wordsworth, Dr. John Walter Wayland, Dr. J. C. Lindberg; *mem.* Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *con.* to magazines; *f. p. p.* Light, in The Normal Bulletin; *recreations:* "writing poems for editors' waste basket." *Home address:* 1505 Russell Street, Lynchburg, Va.

GILTINAN, Carolina (Mrs. Leo P. Harlow); *b.* Phila., April 19, 1884; *d.* David (*b.* Limerick, Ireland) and Helen (McCaffrey, *b.* Phila.), G.; *educ.* pub. schs. of Phila., and Univ. of Pennsylvania; writer of verse; *m.* Leo P. Harlow, Aug. 14, 1920 (lawyer practicing in Virginia and District of Columbia); was overseas as secretary to U. S. Base Hospital No. 38 (Jefferson College Unit), after honorable discharge from service was connected with the Associated Press in Paris; present vocation, "helping our daughter Faith Harlow, to grow up"; *trav.* in England, France, Italy and Belgium, all over U. S.; *m. i.* by Francis Thompson and contemporary poets; *f. p.* Shelley, Keats, Rossetti, Emily Dickinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay; *mem.* Poetry Society of America, Poetry Society of Virginia (Richmond), League of Am. Penwomen, Overseas Club (New York); *p.* "votes for the best man of any party"; *pubs.:* The Divine Image: A Book of Lyrics, 1917; *anthologies:* Stork, 1922; Rittenhouse, 1919; Richards, 1916; Stevenson, 1925; Moult, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1915, 1916, 1918, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* in Lippincott's, 1912; *recreations:* "watching our daughter change," much gardening, reading and music. *Home address:* Journey's End, Jefferson Park, Arlington County, Alexandria P. O., Va.

GODDARD, Gloria; *b.* Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 18, 1897; *d.* William Beck and Gertrude (Knake) G. Jr.; *educ.* Detroit Central High Sch., and a Junior College; writer by profession; *m.* Clement Wood, 1926; *trav.* in Canada· Bermuda, and Eastern half of U. S.; *m. i.* by Clement Wood; *f. p.* Walt Whitman, Clement Wood, Edwin Arlington Robinson; *mem.* Poetry Society of America; *pubs.: prose:* Backyard, 1926 (first novel); *verse:* Song to Myself, 1926; *anthologies:* Independent Poetry Anthology, 1925, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* in The New Leader (weekly published in N. Y. C.); *con.* of poems to Bookman, Voices, The Commonweal, Contemporary Verse, The Harp, etc.; *prizes won:* 1st monthly award, $10 gold piece, Poetry Society of America, 1925; *recreations:* bridge, nature-study, hiking. *Home address:* 14 Minetta Street, New York, N. Y.

GRAY, Agnes Kendrick; *b.* Fort Schuyler, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1894; *d.* Col. William Winbourne (U. S. Army) and Sarah Esther (Kendrick) G.; *educ.* grad. Miss Kendrick's Sch., (Cincinnati, Ohio); Stanford Univ. (Calif.) A.B., 1915; grad. work, Radcliffe Col., 1916–17; *prof.: asso. ed.* and *trans.* of The New France, a French-American magazine of N. Y. C., 1918–19; one of the founders of The Measure, A Journal of Poetry, 1920–21; *mem.* Translation Bureau of the Disarmament Conference, Wash., D. C., Winter, 1921, Spring 1922; *ed.* of column, With the Poets, in Daytona Beach (Fla.) Journal, Winters of 1924 and 1926; *p. voca.* the writing of poetry; *trav.* lived and traveled in all parts of the U. S.; visited Hawaii, Guam, Philippine Islands, China and Japan, 1909; Europe in 1926; *m. i.* Standard English (especially Keats and Shelley), and Classic Greek, and French poets; *f. p.* too many to list them all; love all good poetry, ancient or modern; *mem.* American Asso. of Univ. Women, (Washington, D. C.); *mem.* poetry socs. of America (N. Y. C.), of London, of Florida (Winter Park) of South Carolina (Charleston); *pubs.:* River Dusk and Other Poems, 1923; Proofs of the Spirit World (On Ne Meurt Pas), trans. from the French of L. Chevreuil, 1920; A Simple Story (Le Père Perdrix) trans. from the French of Charles-Louis Philippe, 1924; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1916, 1921, 1925, 1926; In the Day of Battle (Canadian), 1916; Alice Cooper (Calif.), 1922; Anita Forbes (Conn.), 1922; Martha Foote Crow (Christ in the Poetry of Today), 1923; Stanford Univ. (Calif.) 1920; Louise Threete Hodges (Florida) to be pub.; *f. p. p.* Paul Elder's Book of Missions (San Francisco), *title* Mission of San Juan Capistrano, 1914 or 1915; *prizes:* N. Y. Evening World's *What have you seen Today?*, 1st, $100, Jan., 1923; The Stepladder's Laura Blackburn Lyric, 3d, $20, Feb., 1923; Mary Austin's Indian Lyric, 1st, $25, Mar., 1925; London Poetry Review's Watson Star, *hon. mem.*, $2.50; P.S. of Florida Ponce de Leon, 1st, $100, Apr., 1926; *recreations:* motoring, swimming, horseback riding and golf. *Address:* (Summer) 34 Greenway Terrace, Forest Hills Gardens, Long Island, N. Y. (Winter) 307 Riverview Boulevard, Seabreeze Station, Daytona Beach, Florida.

GREEN, Emma; *b.* Milwaukee, Wis., Mar. 2, 1875; *p.* American of English, Irish and Scotch descent; *educ.* pvt., last yr. Preparatory at Burnham Sch. (Northampton; Mass.); *p. voca.* none; *trav.* the entire U. S.; *m. i.* Tennyson Longfellow, Shelley; *f. p.* Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, Shelley, Wordsworth, Browning, Rupert Brooke, Leonora Speyer, Mary Sinton Leitch and dozens of the new writers; *p.* Republican; *con.* to general and poetry magazines and newspapers; *anthologies:* Prince (American Poetry Mag.), 1925; Bellemin (Our Contemporary Poets), 1926; *f. p. p.* American Poetry Mag.; *prize:* Country Bard, Spring No., 2d, 1926; *recreations:* "Not strong. Few recreations." *Home address:* Oconomowoc Lake, Oconomowoc, Wis.

GREENBIE, Marjorie Latta; *b.* Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 4, 1891, of American parentage and Scotch-English ancestry; *educ.* Cornell, A.B., 1912, Ph.D., Yale Univ., 1916 — "my professors having mistaken a somewhat wayward love of verse and disposition to read it in any language that came to hand for scholarly inclination"; after unsuccessful effort as instructor at Vassar and Connecticut Cols. (New London), earned a living by journalism, assignments taking her into Mexico and Western Canada, studying cow-boys in Wyoming, investigating Negroes in South during race-riots, and venturing round the world by way of Japan, China, India and the Mediterranean; during travels met and married Sydney Greenbie, journalist and author, who became one of the editors of Asia; with husband combed the Atlantic seaboard for material on old China traders embodied in their book, Gold of Ophir, 1925; summer of 1926, spent traveling round Baltic Sea, in Sweden, Finland, Russia, Switzerland and France; now acting as Dir. of Pub. and Asst. Prof. of English, Mt. Holyoke Col.; *m. i.* by Wordsworth; *f. p.* Catullus, early Italian poets translated by Rossetti, Henry Vaughn, Blake, Walter de la Mare, Edna Millay, Sandburg, Robert Frost; *mem.* of Town Hall Club (N. Y. C.); *pubs.:* Memories, 1914; Ashes of Roses, 1924; *prose:* Wordsworth's Theory of Poetic Diction, 1917; In the Eyes of the East, 1921; *con.* to magazines on poetic subjects and interesting phases of travels; won Yale Prize in Poetry, $50 for Memories; *f. p. p.* in magazine, Shantung, Asia M., 1919; *recreations:* "chiefly my children." *Home address:* The Gables, South Hadley, Mass.

GRIFFITH, Vonnie Rector; *b.* Pickaway Co., Ohio; *p.* Pioneer Colonial Virginia and Ohio ancestors (founded Rectortown and Germaniatown, Va.); *educ.* pub. schs. and col.; married; *p. voca.* artist and writer; magazine and newspaper interviewer; *trav.* extensively over U. S., covering almost every state in Union; lover of all poets, none in particular; was member of a number of clubs and socs. but couldn't keep up with them; too busy striving

to reach the goal of desire to become particularly interested in politics; same with poetry socs. as clubs; *author:* The Silent Hour, 1925; writer of sketches, biography, etc.; *f. p. p.* newspaper; won Delineator prize, 1914; *recreations:* outdoor life and travel. *Home address:* 5637 Vernon Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

GRISSOM, Irene Welch; *b.* Greeley, Col.; *d.* Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Welch; *educ.* Greeley pub. schs.; Colorado Teachers Col., June, 1894, Pdg.B.; taught in pub. schs. of Colorado; *m.* Charles Meigs Grissom, Sept., 1903; *trav.* western half of U. S. and Can., one trip East and one to the South; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Pope, James Russell Lowell, Emerson Kipling; *mem.* Round Table and Music Club of Idaho Falls, Idaho; Northwest Poetry Soc.; *author:* The Superintendent, 1910, (novel); A Daughter of the Northwest, 1918, (novel); The Passing of the Desert, 1925, (verse); *con.* short stories and verse to Overland, Mo., Outdoor Life, Outdoor America, The Lariat, and other general, and poetry magazines and newspapers; *f. p. p.* When the Railroad Comes, purchased by Union Pac. System, and used as a foreword in a book on Idaho; appointed poet laureate of Idaho by Gov. C. C. Moore, June, 1923, in response to requests from the State Fed. of Women's Clubs and State Parent-Teacher Asso.; vitally interested in irrigation. *Home address:* West Broadway Farm, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

GROVER, Edwin Osgood; *b.* Mantonville, Minn., June 4, 1870; *s.* Nahum Wesley and Frances (Osgood) G.; *educ.* St. Johnsbury Acad. (Vt.), 1901; Dartmouth Col., 1894; Litt.B., Harvard, 1894; *prof.* Professor of Books, Rollins Col., Winter Park, Fla. *m.* Mertie L. Graham, June 4, 1900; *p. voca.* Professor f Books, Collins Col.; *trav.* England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Algeria; practically every state east of Rocky Mts. and Can.; *m. i.* Whitman; *f. p.* Lanier, Kipling, Robert Browning; *mem.* Casque and Gauntlet Club (Chicago); *p.* Progressive Republican; *soc.* Midland Authors Soc. (Chicago); *author:* The Gift of Friendship and Other Verses, 1912; Dinna Forget, 1914 (verses); *general* My Little Book of Stevenson, 1925; My Little Book of Emerson, 1925; Never-Grow-Old Stories, 1925; *ed.* Dartmouth Lyrics by Richard Hovey, 1923; *anthologies:* Songs of the Hill Winds (Banning), 1909; *f. p. p.* newspaper; *recreations:* roughing it at summer place at Boothbay Harbor on the coast of Maine. *Address:* (Sept. to June) Winter Park, Fla. (July to Aug.) Appalachee Camp, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

GUE, Belle Willey; *b.* Inland, Cedar County, Iowa, Easter Sunday, Apr. 8, 1860; *p.* paternal ancestor, Isaac Willey, came from England in 1640; mother's father, John Path Russell, *b.* in England, but came to America in early youth; *educ.* pub. schs. grad. Oberlin Col. (Ohio) 1883; L.B., 1894; *p. voca.* engaged in banking, renting, and selling real estate, collecting debts and loaning money, selling fire ins., life ins., and farming machinery; *m.* Willey Merrells Gue, Nov. 25, 1885; *trav.* still have some portions of U. S. to see; *m. i.* Shakespeare, Milton, Longfellow, Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Bryant; and some others; are still favorite poets; *mem.* The Writers' C. of San Diego, The Calif. Writers' C., Oberlin Alumni Asso. and L.L.S.; *author:* Interludes (verse), 1899; George Washington (drama in blank verse), 1924; Some Human Hearts (narratives in verse), 1925; *novels:* An American, 1921; Grounded, 1922; The Neutral Ground, 1922; The Fugitives, 1923; The Last Ditch, 1923; Path-Finding Tales (series of five novels — The Settlers, The Adventurers, The Patriots, The Explorers, The Mountains,) 1926; The Greatest Good, 1926; *recreations:* writing, walking, motoring, studying birds, flowers and landscapes. *Home address:* 4804 Del Mar Avenue, Ocean Beach, San Diego, Calif.

GUTHRIE, Kenneth Sylvan; *b.* Dundee, Scotland, July 22, 1871; *s.* William Eugene Picault and Frances Sylva (d'Arusmont) G.; grandmother Frances Wright d'Arusmont, the pioneer of Women's Rights Movement; *prof.* clergyman and teacher; *educ.* various ele. schs. on Continent and Gt. Britain; studied at St. Stephens Col. (Annandale, N. Y.); Univ. of the South (Sewanee, Tenn.), A.M.; Tulane (New Orleans), Ph.D.; Harvard, M.A., Medico-Chir. Col. of Univ. of Pa., M.D.; Columbia; Ph.D.; *p. voca.* clergyman of the Episcopal Ch.; teacher in N. Y. High Sch. system; professor in Extension, Univ. of the South; *m.* Mary Jane Cooper, 1915; *c.* Sylera Camilla, 1916; Kenneth Launfal, 1918; *m. i.* Matthew Arnold and Mrs. Browning; and in his Spiritual Message of Literature, the pioneer book in comparative literature; *f. p.* Shelley, Swinburne, Tennyson, Victor Hugo; *p.* Prohibition; *trav.* Europe, East, and all over U. S.; *author:* Voices From the Inner Throne, 1898; A Garland of Fancies, A Garland of Aspirations, 1912; Voices of Prayer and Praise, 1905; Votive Garlands, 1926; Mitbraic Mysteries, 1926; Angelic Mysteries, 1926; traveled to the East, and in the Escareat Library brought out the alleged Numenius mss. and showed it was from Plotinus, whose works he was the first to publish complete in English form; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y.); Bacon Soc.; Barnard, C.; *f. p. p.* Cosmopolitan, *poem,* Robber; *recreations:* none. *Home address:* Teocalli, 1177 Warburton Avenue, North Yonkers, N. Y.

HAINES, Mabel Rainsford (M. Rainsford Haines); *b.* Plainfield, N. J., of American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs. Brooklyn, N. Y., and special professional study courses; engaged in library and social work also editorial; unmarried; at present doing social work in Calif.; *trav.* limited to U. S., and extensively on Pacific Coast; *m. i.* by Keats, Browning and Swinburne; *f. p.* Shelley, Keats, Masefield, Amy Lowell, Countée Cullen; *p.* once socialistic, now without affiliations; *f. p. p.* in Harpers Weekly; *recreation:* swimming. *Home address:* P. O. Box, 322, Fresno, Calif.

HALEY, Laura Margaret; *b.* Farmington, Mo., May 22, 1906, of English-Irish parentage; *educ.* begun at Brunat Gall Sch., Spokane, Wash., later the Convent in Joplin, Mo., Phoebe Anna Thorne Sch., of Bryn Mawr Col., and at present sophomore at Bryn Mawr Col.; *trav.* all over the U. S., having lived in New York and Montana; *f. p.* Shelley, Keats, Rupert Brooke, Sidney Lanier, Walt Whitman; *mem.* Bryn Mawr Art Club; *f. p. p.* in The St. Nicholas League; *recreations:* reading, dancing, swimming, tennis, golf. *Home address:* 614 Jaccard Place, Joplin, Mo.

HALL, Amanda Benjamin (Mrs. John A. Brownell); *b.* Hallville, Conn., July 12, 1890; *d.* Joseph and Caroline (Lucas) H.; *educ.* pub. schs., Norwich, Conn., Miss Blackman's Pri. Sch., Miss Butts' Sch. for Girls, (Norwich, Conn.), one yr. study in Rome, Italy, and special studies in short story writing and versification, New York and Columbia univs.; writer; *m.* John A. Brownell, Lieut. Com., U. S. Navy, Aug. 28, 1923; *trav.* Italy, France, Switzerland; in U. S., New England, coast states to Florida, southwestern states, middle western states, California; *m. i.* by no one poet; *f. p.* A. E. Housman, Francis Thompson, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, James Stephens, Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay; Republican; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; *prizes won:* Poetry Soc. Prize ($150), 1920; Book and Play Luncheon Club Prize ($50),1924; Anonymous Guarantor's Prize (($100), Poetry, Chicago, 1924; Poetry Soc. Prize ($60) 1925; *pubs. verse:* The Dancer in the Shrine, 1923; *prose:* The Little Red House in the Hollow, 1918; Blind Wisdom, 1920; The Heart's Justice, 1922; *anthologies:* Stork, 1920; Poems of the Dance (Edward Dickson), 1921; Richards, 1922; Moult, 1923; Braithwaite's, 1920, 1923, 1924, 1925; *recreations:* painting, and out-of-door life. *Home address:* 542 Montauk Avenue, New London, Conn.

HALL, Hazel; *b.* St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 7, 1886; died Portland, Ore., May 11, 1924; *d.* Montgomery George and May (Garland) H.; *educ.* pub. schs. for a short while; was a *mem.* of Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* Curtains, 1921; Walkers, 1923; posthumous volume soon to appear; *anthologies:* Stevenson, 1925; Monroe and Henderson, 1923; Strong, 1923, 1924; Moult, 1923, 1924; Taggard, 1925; Hunter, 1925; Untermeyer, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924; *prizes won:* 2d prize, Laura Blackburn Lyric Contest; Young Poet's prize, Poetry, Chicago ($100), 1921. Lived at 52 Lucretia Street, Portland, Ore.

HALL, Josef Washington ("Upton Close"); *b.* Kelso, Washington, 1894; *s.* Joseph and Lina (Ganty) H.; father western pioneer, from Aroostook Co., Me., who was mining partner of Joaquin Miller, and one of founders of Kelso; mother of a Swiss family of artists and explorers, who came from Europe to Portland, Ore., in 1860, and was first music and art teacher in that frontier post; *educ.* Walla Walla Col., and Washington Col., (Washington, D. C.), A.B., 1915; *m.* Nettie Lipkaman, of Denver, 1915; at present lecturer on Oriental Literature, Univ. of Washington (Seattle); as boy tramped, and later as lecturer toured U. S. from Boston to San Diego; evangelist among Negroes and "poor whites" for yr. after completing college; correspondent in China, Japan and Siberia, 1917–22; investigation officer for American Government in Shantung during Japanese invasion; adviser to Chinese students during student revolution

1919; leader of expedition to earthquake region of Kansu for National Geographic Society, 1920; Chief of Foreign Affairs on staff of Chinese General Wu Pei-fu during Chihli-Fengtien War, 1922; *mem.* Peking Club, Explorers' Club, Ends of the Earth Club; no political preference; *pubs.:* In the Land of the Laughing Buddha, 1925; Outline History of China (with Dr. H. H. Gowen), 1926; Moonlady (novel of China), with Poetic Interludes, 1926; *con.* to National Geographic, Asia, Atlantic Monthly, etc.; editor, Peking Leader, and editorial writer Shanghai (China) Press and Weekly Review; two lyrics set to music by Irving Steinel, 1924. *Address:* University of Washington, Dept. of Oriental Languages and Literature, Seattle, Wash.

HAMILTON, Marion Ethel; *b.* Ripon, Wis., Nov. 3, 1881, of old American stock, and direct descendant of Cotton Mather; *educ.* both pub. and pvt. schs., Albany Female Academy, 1897–99, special courses Col. of Hawaii, Honolulu; *m.* Francis M. Hinkle, Lieut. Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A. (now Major, retired), Aug. 25, 1903; *trav.* over most of U. S., having lived three years in Honolulu, also New York City and most of the large cities; *m. i.* by Longfellow; *f. p.* W. B. Yeats, Masefield, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Vachel Lindsay, Seumas O'Sullivan, Ella Young, William Alexander Percy; *pubs.:* Wild Ginger, 1926; The Ultimate Lover , accepted four years ago by a publisher but still unpublished; *f. p. p.* in Evening Wisconsin (Milwaukee); *recreations:* reading, walking, books and outdoors. *Home address:* 3665 Elliott Street, Loma Portal, Calif.

HANES, Leigh Buckner; *b.* Montvale, Va., Dec. 24, 1893; *s.* Ernest L. and Lillian Kinnier) H.; *educ.* B.A., Hampden-Sidney Col., 1916, LL.B., Washington and Lee Univ., 1920; lawyer; *m.* Lillian Thompson, June 20, 1917; *trav.* eastern U. S.; *m. i.* by Wordsworth; *f. p.* Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sara Teasdale, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost; *mem.* Theta Chi Fraternity (Greek), Sigma Upsilon (literary); Poetry Soc. of Va.; *p.* Democrat; *f. p. p.* in The Lyric. Home address: 522 Avenham Avenue, South Roanoke, Roanoke, Va.

HARDING, Ruth Guthrie; *b.* Tunkhannock, Pa., Aug. 20, 1882; *d.* Frank Hastings Hamilton and Jennie M. (Leighton) T.; *m.* John Ward Harding of Paterson, N. J., Oct. 24, 1901 (died Aug., 1926); *mem.* College Club, Woman's Club, Arcola Country Club (Paterson, N. J.); Poetry Soc. of America, Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *pubs.:* A Lark Went Singing (with Introduction by Richard Burton), 1916; Mr. Boythorn-Bierce (biographical sketch of Ambrose Bierce), Bookman, Aug., 1925; *anthologies:* Bellman Book of Verse, 1916; Teasdale (Answering Voice), 1917; Richards, 1918; Rittenhouse, 1918; Crow (Christ in Poetry of Today), 1920; Parson (Study Outline); Musgrove, 1924; Braithwaite's, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1918, 1926; lyrics set to music: From a Car Window (under title, Thoughts of You), by Alice Reber Fish; From a Car Window (under title, A Mist of Tears), Roland Farley; A Lark Went Singing, by Roland Farley; Deep in the Heart of Me, by John Barnes Wells. *Home address:* 604 East 28th Street, Paterson, N. J.

HARE, Amory; *b.* Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 30, 1885, of English-American parentage; *educ.* pvt. schs.; *m.* Comdr. A. B. Cook, U. S. N., April 28, 1908; housewife; *trav.* extensively before and after marriage, Japan, Hawaii, Mexico, Europe; *m. i.* by Austin Dobson; *f. p.* Shelley, Keats, Coventry Patmore, Herrick; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* Tossed Coins, 1921; The Swept Hearth, 1922; The Olympians, and Other Poems, 1925; in most American anthologies, and Moult, 1925; *f. p. p.* in Atlantic Monthly; *recreations:* fox hunting, gardening, breeding terriers and pigeons. *Home address:* High Meadows, Narberth, Pa.

HARGROVE, S. H.; *b.* Toston, Mont., Jan. 24, 1903; *educ.* pub. schs. 1910–16; mechanic by trade; *trav.* western U. S. and Can.; *p.* Republican; *m. i.* by Robert Service; *f. p.* James W. Riley, Poe, Linderman, Lew Sarett; loves the great outdoors, spending what time he can among the lonely peaks of the Rocky Mountains; prospecting for metal at odd times; claims to know more about trout fishing than anything else; inventor of the All O.K. Valveless Gas Engine; *pubs.:* Camp Fires of the Night, 1927; *con.* of articles to Locomotive Fireman and Engineer's Mag., Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Sports Afield, Hunting and Fishing Mag. and National Sportsman; *recreations:* the great outdoors. *Home address:* Salesville, Mont.

HARRINGTON, George W.; *b.* Providence, R. I., of American parentage; *educ.* English and Classical Sch. (private), special student at Brown and Harvard universities; *m.* Marian A. Andrews, Sept. 21, 1898; *voca.* writer, real estate, farmer; *trav.* over much of Europe and U. S.; *m. i.* by Longfellow; *f. p.* Spenser, Keats, Shelley, Poe, Gray, Hood; *mem.* Aiken Club (Aiken, S. C.), Providence Art Club, Morgan Horse Club; *pubs.:* The Garden of Unrest, 1912; The Garden by the Sea, 1921; *prose:* A Reversion of Form, 1911; The Silver Lining, and Hannah Stearns (stories), 1926; *recreations:* much interested in sport, particularly in activities relating to horses. *Home address:* Mattapoisett, Mass.; *Business address:* Howard Building, Providence, R. I.

HARRISON, Henry; *b.* in New York; *educ.* pub. schs., N. Y. C.; *mem.* Poetry Society of America, Order of Bookfellows, The Writers, The Bookmakers, The Grub Street Club (N. Y. C.), pres.; *con.* of hundreds of poems to magazines and newspapers, and his short stories, literary and dramatic reviews, interviews, essays, have been printed in scores of publications; conducts weekly column Homage to the Muse, in Brooklyn Eagle, devoted to reviews of books of verse; lectures widely before college classes, clubs, forums, on literary and poetic topics; editor, The Greenwich Village Quill; publishers. *Home address:* 76 Elton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HARTSOCK, Ernest; *b.* Atlanta, Ga., May 5, 1903, of American parentage; *educ.* Boys High Sch. (honor graduate) of Atlanta, A.B. *cum laude*, Emory Univ., 1925; A.M., 1926; *occu.* pipe organist and teacher; *trav.* frequent sojourns in Florida and Maryland; *m. i.* Poe; *f. p.* Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Browning; *mem.* Kappa Sigma Fraternity, Sigma Upsilon, Hon. Lit. Frat., Pi Delta Epsilon, Hon. Journalist frat.; Omicron Delta Kappa, hon. collegiate fraternity; Atlanta Writers' Club, Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *pubs.:* Romance and Stardust, 1926; Narcissuss and Nepenthe, 1927; *anthologies:* Cheyney, 1925, 1926; Prince (Poetry Day Book), 1926; Schnittkind, 1925; Wright (From Overseas) — Empire Poetry League of Gt. Brit.), 1926; Parker (L'Alouette Anthology), 1926; Braithwaite, 1926; editor, The Emory Phoenic, 1925–26; *f. p. p.* Atlanta Constitution; *recreations:* tennis, ink-sketchings, and music. *Home address:* 80 Briarcliff Road, Atlanta, Ga.

HASTE, Gwendolen; *b.* Streator, Ill., 1889; *d.* Richard A. and Sarah (Atherton) H.; *educ.* Streater High Sch., and Univ. of Chicago, Ph.B., 1912; occupation, secretary and editorial assistant; *trav.* in Middle and Northwestern states, having lived in Montana and Nebraska; *f. p.* Whitman, Browning, Masters, Frost, Robinson; liberal in politics; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; *anthologies:* Moult, 1922; Braithwaite's, 1923, 1926; collections for high sch. use; Winner of The Nation Prize, 1922; *f. p. p.* in The Midland, a Magazine of the West; *recreations:* concerts, plays, books, art exhibits, conversation. *Home address:* 277 West 4th Street, New York, N. Y.

HAYNES, Louise Marshall; *b.* Hyde Park (Boston), Mass.; *d.* Frederic Marshall and Annie Louise (Rogerson) H.; *educ.* pvt. schs.; writing for children: *mem.* American Literary Asso. (Wisconsin), Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *pubs.:* Over the Rainbow Bridge, 1920; Through the Church Door, 1924 (juvenile verse); A Visit to Brazil (supplementary reader in geography), 1922; *anthologies:* Seymour, 1925; *f. p. p.* The Beacon (Boston); *recreations:* outdoor painting, sketching, gardening and bird-study. *Home address:* 33 Avalon Road, Milton, Mass.

HAZARD, Caroline; *b.* Peace Dale, R. I., June 10, 1856; *d.* Rowland and Margaret (Rood) H.; privately educated; Honorary degrees — A.M., Michigan, 1899, Litt.D., Brown Univ., 1899; LL.D., Tufts, 1905, LL.D. Wellesley, 1925; student and writer of Colonial History; President of Wellesley Col., 1899–1910; engaged in charitable and public affairs, writing; *trav.* first visited Europe in 1869, revisited many times since, has crossed American continent over fifty times, and lived in California, owning property there since 1895; *m. i.* by Browning; *f. p.* the Elizabethans, Heine; *mem.* among many clubs, The Mayflower (Boston); *p.* Republican; New England Poetry Society; *pubs.: verse:* Narragansett Ballads, 1894; A Scallop Shell of Quiet, 1908; The Yosemite, and Other Verse, 1917; *history:* College Tom, 1893; The Narragansett Friend's Meeting, 1899; Anchors of Tradition (privately printed), 1924; *biog.:* Life of J. Lewis Diman, 1886; *addresses:* A Brief Pilgrimage in the Holy Land, 1909; The College Year, 1910; Through College Gates, 1925; *f. p. p.* in The Providence Journal; *recreations:* water-color painting, piano playing, gardening. *Home address:* Peace Dale, R. I.

HAZEL, Joseph Clinton; *b.* Providence, R. I.; *s.* Rev. C. D. and C. (V.) H.; *educ.* West Street Sch., (Providence); graduate of High Sch., Newborn, N. C., and Shaw Univ., 1916; employed in office dept. of manufacturing concern,

*m. i.* by Longfellow; *f. p.* Longfellow, Byron, Bryant, John Wesley, Goethe, Edgar Guest, Countée Cullen; *p.* Republican; sketch appeared in My Scrap Book of Doers (Chicago Defender), by Nettie George Speedy; Aug. 8, 1925; *pubs.:* Inspiration, 1927; won prize of $10 for poem at Raleigh State Fair, 1917; *con.* to magazines and newspapers; *f. p. p.* in The Sun-Journal, (Newborn, N. C.); *recreations:* tennis, baseball, roller and ice skating. *Home address:* 26 Adams Street, Waterbury, Conn.

HEAZLITT, Clarence Watt; *b.* New York, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1867; *s.* Thomas Bowen and Mary Ann (Watt) H.; *educ.* mainly through home study; officer of trust company; *trav.* most of the States of the Union east of the Mississippi except New England, and Canada; *m. i.* by Poe; *f. p.* Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Poe, Hood; in politics, Independent, with Democratic leaning; *mem.* Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *pubs.:* When Skies Are Gray, 1909; In Divers Tones, 1917; won American Lit. Asso. Prize ($10) with Phantasmagoria, for best mystical poem, 1923; *f. p. p.* in New York Sun; *recreations:* solitary walks in country, and reading fiction (preferably fifty to one hundred years old) and poetry. *Home address:* 2011 Alta Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

HELLER, Samuel; *b.* Kupczynce, Galicia, Poland, of Jewish parentage; *educ.* Classical High Sch., (Providence, R. I.), Brown Univ., B.A., M.A., 1912–16; *trav.* the U. S. between Boston and Miami, Fla.; *con.* to most of the poetry and general magazines; *pubs.:* Broken Silence, 1927; *anthologies:* Cheyney, 1925; Schnittkind, 1916; *recreations:* poetry as a chief interest. *Home address:* Providence, R. I.

HELTON, Roy; *b.* Washington, D. C., April 3, 1886, of Southern parentage; *educ.* in Washington schs., and Univ. of Pennsylvania, B.S., 1908; *mem.* Franklin Inn Club (Phila.); lecturer for Univ. Extension Bur., Phila. Forum., on Modern Poetry, The Moving Picture, People of the Southern Mountains; *pubs.: verse:* Youth's Pilgrimage, A Narrative Poem; Outcasts in Beulah Land; *prose:* Jimmy Sharswood, a novel, 1924; Peacham Grew, a fantasy, 1925; *anthologies:* Stork, 1913; Untermeyer, 1919; Schauffler (The Poetry Cure), 1925; Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; won the Nation Poetry Prize ($100), 1923; Contemporary Verse Prize ($40), 1924; *recreations:* sailing, swimming, walking in the Eastern mountains. *Home address:* 1620 Pelham Road, Beechwood, Upper Darby, Pa.

HEMPHILL, Mary Louise; *b.* Olathe, Johnson County, Kan., Dec. 25, 1877; *d.* George Renwick and Elizabeth Emaline (Pressly) M.; *educ.* pub. schs. supplemented by continued home study in Univ. Extension courses; *m.* Robert Edgar Hemphill, June 26, 1900; *trav.* confined for most part to Middle West, became resident of Santa Barbara in 1923; vocation, wifehood and home-making; *m. i.* by Longfellow; *f. p.* Tennyson, Browning, Kipling, Alan Seeger, Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay; *mem.* women's civic and study clubs, in Kan. and Calif., The Strollers, (Santa Barbara), Poetry Society of Great Britain; in politics, adaptable to needs and conditions, mostly Republican; *pubs.:* November Meadows, 1927; *anthologies:* Bartlett, 1926; *f. p. p.* in The Ensign (Christian Endeavor publication), 1897; *recreations:* reading, tramping the lonely beaches, exploring the Santa Inez Hills. *Home address:* 1726 De la Vina Street, Santa Barbara, Calif.

HENDERSON, Daniel (McIntyre); *b.* Baltimore, Md.; *s.* Daniel M. and Alice Matilda (Ashcroft) H.; *educ.* pub. sch.; *occu.* writer;; *m.* Bertie Corinne Henderson; at present on staff of International Magazine Co. Inc., New York; *trav.* Jamaica, Virgin Islands, and West Indies, also over much of U. S. A.; *m. i.* Robert Burns; *clubs:* Quill Club, (N. Y. C.); *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America, The Poets, (N. Y. C.); *p.* Independent Democrat; *pubs.: verse:* Life's Minstrel, 1919; A Harp in the Winds, 1924; *prose:* Greatheart: Life Story of Theodore Roosevelt, 1919; Jungle Roads and Other Trails of Roosevelt, 1920; Boone of the Wilderness, 1922; Children of the Tide, 1927, (child's book); *anthologies:* Eaton, 1918; Powell and Curry, 1919; Stork, 1920; Howard's Poems of Heroism, 1922; Musgrove, Poems of New Jersey, 1923; The Bookman Anthology, 1924; Stevenson, 1925; Richard, 1924, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; won National Arts Club Prize ($250) for best poem on America's participation in the World War, The Road to France, 1917; *f. p. p.* The Baltimore Sun; *recreations:* motoring, sea travel. *Home address:* 11 Prospect Terrace, East Orange, N. J.

HENDERSON, Rose; *b.* Newton, Iowa, of New England and Southern descent; *d.* John C. and Hannah H.; *educ.* Drake Univ., Univs. of Chicago and Columbia; writer by profession; *trav.* over most of U. S., visited Europe and Mexico, gathering material for stories and feature articles; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Chaucer, Shelley, Keats, Poe, Whitman; *mem.* Poetry Society of America; *anthologies:* Dickson, Poems of the Dance, 1920; Gordon and King, 1923; Braithwaite's, 1919; won half of Fugitive Prize ($100), 1923; *f. p. p.* in The Forum; *recreations:* theatre, hiking. *Home address:* 435 West 119th Street, New York, N. Y.

HERRON, Edna; *b.* Lafayette, Ind.; *d.* John L. and Maria H.; *educ.* pub. sch., Central Normal Col. (Danville, Ind.), studies at Univ. of California, Northwestern Univ. and Univ. of Chicago; began work as school teacher, now engaged in professional preparation of manuscripts, and short-story writer; *trav.* over Mid-Western, Southern and Pacific Coast States; *m. i.* by Poe; *f. p.* Poe, Longfellow, Browning; *mem.* Women's City Club (Chicago), Illinois Women's Press; *p.* Democrat; *con.* of prose and verse to general magazines. *Home address:* 1114–127 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

HERSEY, Harold; *b.* Bozeman, Mont., Mar. 29, 1893; *s.* Augustine H. and A. C. Hersey; *educ.* in pvt. schs. over the world, night student at George Washington Univ. over a long period, spent early youth in Tropics — Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and later, China, Japan, Australia, Siam, Philippines, Honolulu, Guam, Siberia, Korea; at fourteen started work in Library of Congress, made editor-in-chief, Part Four, Copyright Catalogue, 1912; went to New York City, 1916, as assistant to Eric Schuler on staff of Author's League of America; left to assist Theodore Dreiser at time of suppression of The Genius, also serving as reader for Britton Pub. Co., and starting The Quill Mag.; entered army as "buck" private when his friend, Joyce Kilmer, joined; became Staff Officer, lectured all over country on War Risk Ins., writing technical book on subject for the Government; discharged at New Orleans, 1919, and came to New York to edit magazines for W. M. Clayton, with whom has remained ever since, conducting destinies of Ace-High Mag. and Cowboy Stories, also serving as art director of The Danger Trail Mag., and president of company publishing Ranch Romances; *pubs.:* Singing Rawhide, 1926; The Singing Flame, 1925; Gestures in Ivory; Night; Making of America State by State (published in fifty-two consecutive issues of Ace-High Mag.; *con.* to magazines in America and England; lectured abroad on American history in 1921, and over the radio on same subject in 1922, from W O R, Newark, N. J.; at present engaged in exhaustive study of Frontier history and writing ballads based on Western life; formerly mem. of Poetry Soc. of America, membership lapsed due to pressure of work and writing; *recreations:* not interested in anything but personal expression along personal line; inclined to solitude and study and few friends — do not believe that poetry should be self conscious or "literary," and believe that it should be read by all and not a few and convinced that American poets have neglected golden opportunity in not writing ballads based on Western life. *Home address:* 799 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

HIGGINS, John Lee; *b.* New Haven, Conn., of American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs. and University; vocation, an accountant in U. S. Gov. Depts. at Washington; *m. i.* Shakespare; *f. p.* Ernest Dowson, Matthew Arnold, Paul Verlaine, W. B. Yeats, Edna St. Vincent Millay; belongs to no clubs nor poetry societies; *pubs.:* Old Wharves, and Other Poems, 1921; It Rains, and Other Poems, 1927; *f. p. p.* in The Wanderer; *recreations:* the theatre, auto-touring. *Home address:* Garrett Park, Md.

HOLME, Jamie Sexton; *b.* Hazlehurst, Miss., April 10, 1893, of American parentage of Scotch and Irish descent; *educ.* pub. schs.; housewife; *trav.* rather widely in U. S.; *f. p.* Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, and many of the modern lyricists; no political convictions; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America, American Literary Asso., Order of Bookfellows (Chicago), and local group for the study of poetry; *pubs.:* Star Gatherer, and Other Poems, 1927; *anthologies:* Glimpses of Beauty, 1924; Prince, Poetry Day Book, 1926; won half of first prize ($10) New Subscriber's Prize Contest, Interludes, 1925; the Edward Coates Pinkney Contest (The Circle, $5.00), *recreations:* music and books. *Home address:* 1400 Race Street, Denver, Col.

HOLT, Elizabeth Kendrick; *b.* Lancaster, Mass., 1873; *d.* Dr. Henry Clark and Susan (Appleton) K.; *educ.* pub. schs. of Mass. and Ohio, graduated from Lake Eric Seminary (now Lake Erie Col., Painesville, Ohio), 1894; *m.* Rev. Frank Milton Holt, 1897; *trav.* in England and

Isle of Man, and Nova Scotia; *m. i.* by Tennyson and Mrs. Browning; *f. p.* Joseph Auslander, Robert Frost, and particularly Edwin A. Robinson; *mem.* various Woman's clubs; *f. p. p.* in Lancaster newspaper; successful in writing greeting card verse; *recreations:* reading and music. *Home address:* 162 South Street, Hyannis, Mass.

HORNE, Frank S.; *b.* New York, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1899; *s.* Edwin Fletcher and Cora Catherine (Calhoun) H.; *educ.* Boys High Sch., (Brooklyn, N. Y.), Col. of the City of N. Y., 1921, B.S., Northern Illinois Col. of Ophthalmology and Otology, 1922–23, Doctor of Optometry; practicing optometrist; *trav.* South and Middle West, U. S. A.; *m. i.* by Macaulay and Kipling; *f. p.* Shelley, Noyes, Countée Cullen, Sara Teasdale, Edgar Lee Masters; *mem.* Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, Alpha Pi Lambda, Honorary Optical Fraternity, secretary of the Cabinet of the Krigwa Little Theatre Movement, A. D. P. Club, (Brooklyn), Colony Club (N. Y.), Krigwa, Crisis Guild of Writers and Artists; won prize for critique, Black Poetry, Opportunity Mag., Nov., 1924; second prize ($30), Amy Spingarn Poetry Contest for Letters Found Near a Suicide, Nov., 1925; honorable mention, Opportunity Poetry Contest, 1925, for A Soul Goes West on the B. & O., and the Alexander Pushkin Poetry Contest (Opportunity), 1926, for The Unknown Soldier; *f. p. p.* in City College Mercury. *Home address:* 189 Chauncey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HUDDLESTON, Mabel P.; *b.* Newtonville, Mass., of American family since 1640; *educ.* Bryn Mawr Col., B.A., M.A.; *m.* John Henry Huddleston, 1894; housewife; *trav.* England, France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Austria, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and U. S. A. East, Middle West, Far West north of San Francisco; *m. i.* Emily Dickinson (as example of compactness); *f. p.* Keats, Browning, Æschylos, Emerson, Sandburg, Louise Driscoll; *mem.* Cosmopolitan Club (N. Y. C.), Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* Script of the Sun, 1915; *f. p. p.* in The Lantern (Bryn Mawr Col.); *recreations:* mediæval art and forestry (amateur), travel. *Home address:* 126 West 85th Street, New York, N. Y.

HUGHES, Rupert; *b.* Lancaster, Mo., Jan. 31, 1872; *s.* Felix Turner and Jean (Summerlin) H.; *educ.* B.A. Western Reserve, 1892, M.A., Yale, 1879; *m.* Elizabeth Patterson Dial, Dec. 31, 1924; author; *trav.* Europe, lived a year and a half in London, extensively throughout the U. S.; *m. i.* by Milton, Tennyson, Shakespeare; *f. p.* Homer, Æschylos, Theokutos, Horace, Propertius, Donne, Herrick, Poe, Emily Dickinson; *mem.* Players, Lambs, Authors (N. Y. C.), Croatan, Wilshire Country Club, Poetry Soc. of America; *p.* Republican; *pubs.: verse:* Cryges Ring, 1901, a dramatic monologue in blank verse; many sonnets and lyrics *con.* to Scribner's, Century, etc.; many novels, such as What Will People Say, Within Three Walls, The Golden Ladder, etc., volumes of short stories—The Old West, In a Little Town, etc.; musical works including original compositions — The Music Lovers Cyclopedia, American Composers; *plays:* Excuse Me, The Bridge, etc., and motion pictures; *biog.:* George Washington, the Human Being and the Hero, 1926; *anthologies:* Stedman's American Anthology, 1900; *f. p. p.* in The Glenwood, Iowa, Cutenon, Be Kind, when eight years old; *recreations:* music. *Home address:* 4751 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

HUTCHISON, Hazel Collister; *b.* Cleveland, Ohio, of American parentage of Scotch and Manx extraction; *educ.* Cleveland pub. schs., and Cleveland Sch. of Education, studied in Paris 1921–22, at The Sorbonne and L'Ecole du Vieux-Colombier, at latter took course in prosody conducted by M. Jules Romains and M. Georges Chennevière, being only foreigner enrolled; teacher of literature in Cleveland pub. schs.; *trav.* extensively in France, Switzerland, Italy, England, and largely in New England and Southern States; *m. i.* Browning, Tennyson; *f. p.* Poe, Browning, Shakespeare, Edwin A. Robinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sara Teasdale, Paul Verlaine, Jules Romains, Rainer Maria Rilke; *mem.* Order of Bookfellows (Chicago), Writers' Club, The Cleveland Playhouse (Cleveland); first volume of poems to be published early 1927 *anthologies:* Poet's Pack, 1921; A Bookfellow Anthology, 1925, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; have had many poems translated into French, Polish and Russian; *f. p. p.* in Magazine Section, Cleveland Sunday News-Leader, 1919; *recreations:* music, theatre, out-of-doors, and people. *Home address,* 10905 Orville Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

ISHAM, Juliet Calhoun; *b.* Cherry Valley, Otsego County, N. Y., July 23, 1860; *d.* Dr. Joseph B. and Juliet (Calhoun) Marsh; *educ.* pvt. sch.; grad. Nassau Institute; *prof.* author; *m.* Henry H. Isham, Dec. 25, 1886 (dec.); *m. i.* by Shakespeare; *f. p.* Emerson, Keats, Wordsworth; *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* Winds and Tides (poems) 1925; *anthologies:* Representative Sonnets (Crandall); Treasures of the Poetic World; *f. p. p.* The Atlantic Monthly. *Home address:* "Landmarks," Shelter Island Heights, New York, N. Y.

IVES, Mabel Lorenz; *b.* Brooklyn, N. Y.; *p.* American; *educ.* George Sch.; Wells Col., A.B.; Univ. of Pennsylvania, M.A.; *m.* Herbert E. Ives, physicist; *trav.* Algiers, Greece, Italy, northern Europe; *clubs:* American Asso. of Univ. Women; Woman's Club of Upper Montclair; *f. p. p.* Ladies' Home Journal (an English rhymed verse rendering of a Chinese poem by Po Chu-i); *prizes:* Woman's Club of Upper Montclair poetry, $5, 2d, *poem,* The Little Carpenter; N. J. State Fed. of Women's Clubs, 1st, $10, one-act play, (3d in National Contest), *play,* The Fairy Who Married a Man; Woman's Club of Upper Montclair, 1st, $10, *story,* Enough To Go Round; 2d, $5, *poem,* The Aviator's Wife; 1st, $10, one-act play, *play,* The Princess and the Swineherd; *recreations:* writing, studying. *Home address:* 32 Laurel Place, Upper Montclair, N. J.

JACKSON, Winifred Virginia; *b.* Great Pond, Me., (Williams Settlement, Township 33); *d.* John Kingsbury and Myra Evelyn (Williams) J.; *educ.* Country Sch., Great Pond, Me.; pub. schs. Lewiston and Milford, Me.; Eastern State Nor. Sch., Castine, Me.; Curry School of Expression, Boston, Mass.; pvt. inst. piano, voice, dancing; *prof.* writing, publishing; *trav.* every state in U. S., including Alaska; Canada, British Columbia, Mexico; *m. i.* by Shakespeare, Longfellow, Burns; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Robert Browning, E. A. Robinson, Kipling; *p.* Independent; *soc.* New England Poetry Club; *pubs.:* Backroads: Maine Narratives, with Lyrics, 1927; *f. p. p.* National Mag.; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Anthology of Massachusetts Poets (Braithwaite), 1922; N. E. Poetry Club Anthology, 1922; *recreations:* camping, canoeing, fishing, movies. *Home address:* 73 Hancock Street, Beacon Hill, Boston, Mass.

JACOB, Cary Franklin; *b.* Richmond, Va., Sept. 14, 1885; *s.* John Franklin and Nettie (Sneed) J.; *educ.* Richmond High Sch., 1898–1901; Richmond Col., 1901; Peabody Conservatory of Music, 1905; Univ. of Virginia, 1908–1917, S.S., M.S., Ph.D.; *prof.* Professor of English Literature, lecturer, author; *p. voca.* free lance author; *trav.* Cuba, Mexico; nearly everywhere in U. S.; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning; *clubs:* Delta Phi, Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, Pi Gamma Mu, Author's League of America, Modern Language Asso., Linguistic Soc. of America, Shakespeare Asso. of America, and others; *p.* Liberal Democrat; *soc.* none; former mem. of Poetry Soc. of Virginia; *pubs.:* Drift-wood and Foam, 1914; The Foundations and Nature of Verse, 1917; The Psychology of Poetic Talent (Journal of Abnormal Psychology and Social Psychology), 1922; Songs out of Slavery, (Commonweal), Jan. 27, 1926; articles in Sewanee Review and Saturday Review of Literature; (much of present work under different pen names); *f. p. p.* Univ. of Virginia Magazine; *recreations:* tennis, boxing, rowing, running, hiking. *Home address:* St. Elmo Hall, Madison Lane, University, Virginia.

JAVITZ, Alexander; *b.* New York, N. Y., March 17, 1897; *s.* Malvine and Elsie M. J.; *educ.* early childhood spent in Europe; returning to U. S. studied in N. Y. C. pub. schs., then attended Columbia Univ. Sch. of Engineering and Cooper Inst. of Tech.; grad. 1918 with degree of B.S. in Civil Engineering; *m.* Martha Dick, 1921; *m. i.* by The Oxford Book of English Verse, Swinburne and Whitman; *f. p.* vary with the mood; some are: Donne, Shakespeare (of sonnets and songs, particularly), Heine, Hardy, Yeats, Housman; *pubs.:* Verse, short stories and articles, in various poetry and general magazines; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1923, 1926; Moult, 1924; *f. p. p.* probably in Pagan Mag.; *recreations:* second-hand bookshops, walking, theatre and the concert-hall. *Home address:* 1347 Shakespeare Avenue, New York, N. Y.

JEFFERIS, Jesse Willis; *b.* Russellville, Pa., 1872; *s.* Daniel Worrell and Abigail (Eldridge) J.; father, Daniel Worrell Jefferis, was Mayor of Chester, Pa.; *educ.* Boston Univ., A.B., 1897; Harvard Univ., A.M., 1905; *prof.* Journalism; unmarried; *p. voca.* Finance; *trav.* in every state of the Union; lived ten yrs. on Pacific Coast, seven yrs. in New York and four yrs. in Boston; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p.* Tennyson, Shakespeare, Coleridge, Goldsmith, Homer, Virgil, Milton, Dante. Poe, Emerson, Walt Whitman, Byron, Shelley, Longfellow, Whittier; *mem.* City Club of Philadelphia, Penn. Historical Soc., etc.; not a member of any poetry societies; *pubs.:* Magazine articles: Outlook,

Harper's Bazaar, Current History, Our World, The Era; articles in colab. with Count Ilya Tolstoy in Collier's, Century, Metropolitan, etc.; on staff of New York Times and New York Sun; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1926; *prizes:* won at Swarthmore Col. in poetry; in oratory at Phillips Andover Academy; *f. p. p.* in Boston Transcript, 1897, *title* To Hellas; *recreations:* hiking, automobiling, golf. *Home address:* 5825 Lansdowne Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

JENKINS, Oliver; *b.* Boston, Mass., June 12, 1901; *s.* Thomas O. and Clara (Lefavour) J.; *educ.* pub. schs. of Salem and Danvers, Mass., with further studies at several higher schs. including Harvard; at age of nineteen yrs. established Tempo: A Magazine of Poetry, one of the few which preceded the flood, and which, after existing for two yrs., suspended; following schooling, which at best was absorbed in haphazard fashion, entered the field of journalism, working on staffs of several metropolitan papers; *p. voca.* asst. ed. Concord (N. H.) Evening Telegram; *trav.* to date merely includes the Middle West and South; *m. i.* by Shelley, Swinburne and Rossetti, and the personal counsel of George Edward Woodbury; *f. p.* Shelley, Poe, some of Browning and Swinburne, Sandburg, Wallace Stevens, Bodenheim, DuBose Heyward, T. S. Eliot, occasionally the Sitwells with the emphasis on Sacheverell, and Joseph Auslander; *mem.* New England Poetry Club; *pubs.:* Open Shutters, 1921; in prep. Derby Street; a novel, Playboy, for College Humor; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1920; Independent, 1925; Lieberman, 1926, *f. p. p.* The Boston Record, Nov. 3, 1919; never entered prize contests; *recreations:* music, movies, tennis, dancing. *Home address:* Main Street, Concord, N. H.

JEROME, O.S.B., Father; *b.* Pittsburg, Pa., Mar. 18, 1885; Parents Polish; *educ.* grad. Saint Vincent Col., Beatty, Pa., 1908, with B.A. degree; *prof.* Catholic priest, teaching history, Latin and English in St. Leo Academy, St. Leo, Fla.; *trav.* through New England, Middle Atl., Mid-West, Northwest and Southern States; Canada; Cuba; *m. i.* by William Cullen Bryant; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Miczkiewicz Slowacki, Homer, Virgil, Father Tabb, Bliss Carmen, John G. Neihardt, John R. Moreland, George Steele Seymour, William Stanley Braithwaite; *pubs.:* I'd Rather, 1923; Blossom Time, 1924; A Wreath To Father Augustine, 1925; Ad Mariam, 1925; poems published in various poetry and general magazines; *f. p. p.* St. Vincent Journal, Beatty, Pa.; *recreations:* growing of palms, bamboos, and foreign sub-tropical shrubbery. *Home address:* Saint Leo Academy, Saint Leo, Fla.

JOHNSON, Georgia Douglas; *b.* Atlanta, Ga.; *d.* George and Laura (Jackson) Camp; *educ.* Atlanta Univ.; Cleveland Sch. of Music; Oberlin Conservatory; *m.* Henry Lincoln Johnson, Sept. 12, 1913; *p. voca.* Immigrant Inspector, Dept. of Labor; *trav.* states on eastern coast of U. S.; *m. i.* by Braithwaite, Nadieu, Willard Wattles, Tagore; *f. p.* Braithwaite, Naidu, Willard Wattles, Tagore; *mem.* League of Neighbors Club; Poetry Soc. of America; Republican; *pubs.:* Heart of a Woman (poems), 1918; Bronze (poems), 1922; Life of Henry Lincoln Johnson, The Politician, 1926; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's 1917, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Johnson, 1922; Kerlin, 1923; White & Jackson, 1924; Wood, 1925; Neuman, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Crisis Magazine; *recreations:* music and gardening. *Home address:* 1461 S St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

JOHNSON, Helene V.; *b.* Boston, Mass.,1907; *d.* George W. and Ella J.; *educ.* pub. schs. student at Boston Clerical School; unmarried; *m. i.* by individual poems of numerous poets; *f. p.* Whitman, Tennyson, Shelley and Carl Sandburg; *club:* Boston Saturday Evening Quill C.; *con.* to various poetry and general magazines and newspapers; *f. p. p.* Opportunity Magazine; *prize:* Boston Chronicle, 1st, 1925, *story,* Respectability; *anthology:* Braithwaite's, 1926; *recreations:* theatre, tennis, dancing, hiking and rowing. *Home address:* 470 Brookline Avenue, Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

JOHNSON, James Weldon; *b.* Jacksonville, Fla.; *s.* James and Helen (Dillette) Johnson; *educ.* Atlanta Univ., A.B., 1894; A.M., 1904; post-grad. work, Columbia Univ. (three yrs.); Talladega (Ala.), Col., Litt.D., 1917; Howard Univ., Litt.D., 1923; *m.* Grace Nail, Feb. 3, 1910; *trav.* Europe, South America and extensively in U. S.; admitted to Florida bar, 1897, and practiced at Jacksonville; U. S. Consul to Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, 1906; consul at Corinto, Nicaragua, 1909–12; served during revolution which overthrew Zelaya and through abortive revolution against Diaz; dir. American Fund for Pub. Service; *p. voca.* Sec. Natl. Asso. for Advancement Colored People; *mem.* Ethical Soc.; Acad. Polit. Science; American Soc. of Composers, Authors and Publishers; trustee Atlanta Univ.; *m. i.* by Keats; *f. p.* Keats, Whitman, Housman; *club:* Civic (N. Y. C.); *pubs.:* The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man (novel), 1912; Fifty Years and Other Poems, 1917; Self-Determining Haiti, 1920; The Book of American Negro Poetry, 1921; The Book of American Negro Spirituals, 1925; collaborated with brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, in writing for light opera stage; lyrics for a number of songs; *con.* to Century, Crisis, Independent and other poetry and general magazines; wrote English version libretto to the grand opera Goyescas, produced at the Met. Opera House, (N. Y. C.), 1915; translator from Spanish and French; awarded Spingarn medal, 1925; *f. p. p.* The Century Magazine; included in a number of anthologies; *recreations:* golf and gardening. *Home address:* 187 W. 135th Street, New York, N. Y.

JOHNSON, Josephine; *b.* Norfolk, Va.; American of English descent; *educ.* pvt. schs. of Norfolk; special work at Univ. of Virginia and Harvard; *prof.* Library work; unmarried; *trav.* France, Italy, Switzerland; North and West in U. S.; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p.* Matthew Arnold, Browning, Keats, Edna St. Vincent Millay; *clubs:* Norfolk Soc. of Arts; Poets' Club, Norfolk; *p.* Democrat; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.), Poetry Soc. of Virginia, Norfolk, Va.; *pubs.:* Print o' Life (a collection of poems by six Norfolk poets); various magazines and newspapers; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Stevenson, 1925; Gordon (Virginian Writers of Fugitive Verse); A Wreath for Edwin Markham; Catholic Anthology, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Lyric, Norfolk, Va.; *prizes:* Irene Leache Memorial, $10, 1921, *poem,* Life; 1923, *poem,* October Apple Blossoms; 1924, *poem,* Reflections; Virginia Roper Prize, $25, 1924, *poem,* Waiting; The Harp, $10, 1926, *poem,* Earthbound; *recreations:* walking, riding, dancing, etc. *Home address:* 1248 Westover Avenue, Norfolk, Va.

JOHNSTON, Thomas T.; *b.* Sanborn, Barnes County, N. Dak.; *s.* Fletcher and Alice J.; *educ.* pub. schs.; grad. Mountain Grove Acad. (Mo.), 1904; Baker Univ. (Baldwin, Kan.), A.B., 1909; Boston Univ. Sch. of Theology, S. T. B., 1913; one yr. graduate work in Philosophy and English Lit., 1914; *prof.* clergyman; unmarried; *p. voca.* Methodist clergyman now located at Medford, Mass.; *trav.* practically none, except as necessary in the pursuit of education and profession; *m. i.* by Wordsworth, especially his nature poems; *f. p.* Tennyson, Wordsworth, Keats, Byron; *mem.* Masonic Lodge, Order of the Eastern Star, several ministerial organizations; *p.* Republican, but voted for Woodrow Wilson his 2d term; *pubs.:* The Harp of the Out-of-Doors (poems), 1925; Have Faith in Calvin Coolidge, 1923, 1925; various small pamphlets of verse; *anthology:* Braithwaite's, 1925; *f. p. p.* Sunday School Classmate; *recreation:* walking. *Home address:* 181 Middlesex Avenue, Medford, Mass.

JONES, Thomas S., Jr.; *b.* Boonville, Oneida Co., N. Y., Nov. 6, 1882; *educ.* Hoolbrook's Military Acad.; Cascadilla Sch.; grad. Cornell Univ., A.B., 1904; *prof.* for three yrs. was on dramatic staff of New York Times, later with the Reuter Cable Service, and since that time has devoted his time to writing and research; *m. i.* Prof. Hiram Corson, friend and interpreter of Tennyson and Browning, directed his literary education; first poets to influence him were Browning and Keats; *trav.* extensively in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Brittany and Normandy, where he has studied the lore of the Celtic peoples and early Christian missionaries; *mem.:* Phi Gamma Delta; The American Iona Soc.; The Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* The Path o' Dreams, 1904; The Rose Jar, 1906, 1909, 1913, 1915 — the 1st title in Thomas Bird Mosher's Lyra Americana, his first series of modern American poetry, 1917, 1919, 1924, seven editions; From Quiet Valleys, 1907; Interludes, 1908; From the Heart of the Hills (with Clinton Scollard), 1910; The Poetry of Thomas S. Jones, Jr., Rittenhouse, Braithwaite, O'Brien, 1910; The Voice of the Silence, 1911, 1913, 1915 — with foreword by James Lane Allen — 1917, made final vol. T. B. Mosher's Lyra Americana, 1919, 1924, six editions; Sonnets of the Cross (Soc. SS. Peter & Paul, London), 1922, 1924, 1926; Sonnets of the Saints, 1926; Six Sonnets, 1926; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's (several); Stevenson, 1912; Lyric Year, 1912; Rittenhouse, 1913; American Lyrics (Rickert), 1912; High Tide (Richards), 1916; Modern American Verse (Claire), 1919; Rittenhouse (Second Book of Modern Verse), 1919; Star Points and Melody of Earth (Richards), 1918, 1921; Verse of Our Day (Gordon & King), 1923; Christ in Poetry of Today (Crow), 1923; Modern American Lyrics (Coblentz), 1924; Poems of

Today (Cooper), 1924; Magic Carpet (Richards), 1924; American Mystical Verse (Hunter), 1925; Ideas and Forms in English and American Literature (Professors Watt and Munn), 1925; Modern Verse Anthology (Stevenson), 1925; LeGallienne, 1925; *f. p. p.* Boston Transcript. *Home address:* 411 W. 115th St., New York, N. Y.

KAUN, Alexander; *b.* in Russia, 1889; *educ.* at home, in schools, at the Univ. of Petrograd, Univ. of Chicago, Ph.B., 1916, Univ. of California, M.A., 1918, Ph.D., 1923; professor of Slavic languages and Literature; *m.* Valerie G. Tracewell, 1916; at present teach and write; *trav.* through Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Germany, France, England, Italy, Austria; *m. i.* by Pushkin, Lermontov, Bryusov; *f. p.* Paul Verlaine, Alex. Blok, Maxwell Bodenheim, Lola Ridge, H. D.; *pubs.:* Russia Under Nicolas II, 1917 and 1924; Leonid Andreyev, A Critical Study, 1924; translations from the Russian poets, The Birth of a Poem, by Maximilian Voloshin, Poetry, by Yesenin; *mem.* P. E. N. *Home address:* 1429 LeRoy Avenue, Berkeley, Calif.

KINSOLVING, Sally Bruce; *b.* Richmond, Va., Feb. 14, 1876; *d.* Thomas Sedden and Mary (Anderson) B.; *educ.* pvt. schs.; *m.* Rev. Arthur Barksdale Kinsolving, D.D., Feb. 5, 1896; writer; *trav.* Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, in U. S. from Bar Harbor to New Orleans and westward as far as Chicago; *m. i.* by Keats; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Keats, Wordsworth, M. Arnold, Rupert Brooke; *p.* Independent; *mem.* Poetry Society of America, Poetry Society of Maryland (Baltimore), Poetry Society of England; *pubs.:* Depths and Shadows, 1921; David and Bathsheba, and Other Poems, 1922; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* in The Metropolitan; won The Lyric (Norfolk, Va.) prize for the best poem of two stanzas in the year May 1924–May 1925; *recreations:* varied. *Home address:* 24 West Saratoga Street, Baltimore, Md.

KITT, Jessie Weber; *b.* Columbia City, Ind., of American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs.; *m.* Homer Le Mar Kitt; *trav.* most states in the Union; housewife; *m. i.* Elizabeth Barrett Browning; *f. p.* Keats, E. B. Browning, Dante Rossetti, Browning; *mem.* Order of Bookfellows, (Chicago); *con.* to the poetry magazines; *f. p. p.* in The Country Bard; *recreations:* reading, driving own car, and fishing. *Home address:* 2100 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

KRAMER, Anne Kulique; *b.* New York, N. Y., Nov. 1906; *d.* Barnet and Diana K.; *educ.* pub. schs. in Michigan, studies in dramatic art; short-story writer, having won several prizes; official editor National Amateur Press Asso.; *trav.* extensively through East and Middle West; *m. i.* by Amy Lowell; *f. p. p.* major poets of 18th century, among moderns. A. Lowell, Bodenheim, Frost; *f. p. p.* in Pegasus, A Magazine of Verse; *recreations:* decorative work and athletics. *Home address:* 248 Main Street, Athol, Mass.

KRESENSKY, Raymond; *b.* Dec. 28, 1897, mother a German immigrant, father, Polish (Mason in America); *educ.* Coe College, 1922, B.A., graduate work at McCormick Seminary, Chicago; student of Religious Journalism and Education; student; *trav.* extensively in Middle West and Near West, hobo two summers in harvest fields; *m. i.* Goethe and Schiller (in German), Lowell, Helen Hunt Jackson; *f. p.* Browning, Job, David, Sara Teasdale, Sandburg, Frost; *mem.* American Legion (local), College Fraternity; *p.* Democrat, Liberal, tendency towards socialist; *con.* of stories and poems to religious mags., humorous sketches to Life; *anthologies:* Davis, 1915; *f. p. p.* The Wanderer; *recreations:* tennis, gardening. *Home address:* 2330 North Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill.

LANHAM, Charles Trueman; *b.* Washington, D. C., Sept. 14, 1902, of American parentage; *educ.* pvt. schs., U. S. Military Academy, 1924, commissioned as second lieutenant of Infantry; *m.* Mary Frances Gapen, 1924; *m. i.* by Elinor Wylie and Edna St. Vincent Millay; *f. p.* Swinburne, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie, Sara Teasdale, Browning, Frost; *pubs.:* Patterns from a Madhouse, 1927; *anthologies:* Schnittkind, 1924, 1925; Braithwaite, 1925, 1926; won third place in Witter Bynner's Undergraduate Contest, 1924; *f. p. p.* in The Catholic World; *recreations:* chess and bridge. *Home address:* Fort Howard, Md.

LARAMORE, Vivian Yeiser; *b.* St. Louis, Mo.; *d.* William C. and Carrie (Blaine) Y.; *educ.* pub. schs. of Jacksonville, Fla.; writer by profession; *m.* Robert Eugene Laramore, 1912; *trav.* in Cuba, and states east of the Mississippi; *m. i* by Byron; *f. p.* Edna St. Vincent Millay, Leonora Speyer, Sara Teasdale, Edwin A. Robinson, William Rose Benét; *mem.* League of Am. Penwomen, American Literary Asso., Poetry Soc. of Florida (Winter Park, Fla.), Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *p.* Democrat; *con.* to various mags.; *anthologies:* Stevenson, 1925; Cheyney, 1923–24, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924; won The Lyric's Old Donation Prize ($50), for My Mother was a Dancer, Miami Chamber of Commerce Prize ($50) for Christmas at Miami Beach; *f. p. p.* in Unity, 1919, Dominion; *recreations:* gardening. *Home address:* 225 North East 35th Street, Miami, Fla.

LASKEY, Edith De Blois; (Mrs. J. Edgar Parker); *b.* Marblehead, Mass.; *d.* Dr. and Mrs. Philip B. L.; *educ.* Smith Col., B.L., 1901; teaching and writing; *m.* James Edgar Parker, Oct. 8, 1910; *trav.* limited to Eastern U. S.; *m. i.* by Browning; *f. p.* Browning, Keats, Masefield; *mem.* Lynn Writers Club ((Pres.), local Woman's Club, and organizations connected with Unitarian Church; *p.* Republican; *con.* to various mags.; *pubs.:* Here Am I (Christmas play), 1923; an untitled novel, soon to be published. *f. p. p.* in Century Mag., 1903; *recreations:* swimming, amateur dramatics. *Home address:* 47 Millet Road, Swampscott, Mass.

LAWRENCE, Ida Eckert; *b.* near Mansfield, Ohio, of Revolutionary stock; at the age of ten taken to Kansas to live, she began writing Indian tales and stories of adventure; in 1910, issued a collected edition of her work under title Day Dreams, which went through four editions in a year; was selected to represent The American Woman in Literature by Mme. Pegard, Pres.-Gen. at the International Congress, held in Paris. President McKinley requested her to write poem for launching of the battleship Ohio, and she was commissioned to write poem for opening of St. Louis Exposition; John Philip Sousa orchestrated Genet's music to her poem Way Down South, Eduard Lebegot, Italian composer wrote music for her poem, When I Look Into Thine Eyes, Don P. Jones, set Eyes, and Rhodes, My Rose; *m.* Thomas Brown Peacock, 2d, Fred A. Lawrence, both dead; *trav.* England, France and Holland; *m. i.* Milton, Byron, Poe; *f. p.* Byron, Poe; *mem.* League of American Penwomen; *f. p. p.* in Chicago Inter-Ocean. *Home address:* 1241 W. 3d Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

LEBOLD, Meddie Maze; *b.* Pittsburg, Kan., of one of the oldest families in the East to which Zacharias Taylor belonged; *educ.* Kansas State Normal (Emporia, Kan.) 1900–04, Iowa State Univ., 1906–09; teacher and artist; *m.* Fred Keller Lebold, Mar. 16, 1918, at Seattle, Wash.; *trav.* Middle and extreme West; *m. i.* by Browning; *f. p.* Browning, Shakespeare and Keats; *mem.* Eastern Star, American Alumni Asso. (Sec.-Treas., in Bellingham, Wash.), American Literary Asso., (Milwaukee), Seattle Poetry Club; *anthologies:* Prince, Poetry Day Book, 1925; *f. p. p.* Humility, in Muse and Mirror; *recreations:* flower garden, botany, reading, homekeeping. *Home address:* 4350 Pasadena Place, Seattle, Wash.

LECHLITNER, Ruth N.; *b.* in Indiana, 1901; *educ.* Univ. of Michigan; student; *ed. asst.* of The Midland, a Magazine of the West (Iowa City); *m. i.* by no one in particular; *f. p.* Keats, Masefield, Robinson, Frost; *f. p. p.* in Contemporary Verse. *Home address:* Lansing, Mich.

LE CLERCQ, (Edward) Jacques (Georges Clemenceau Schuman) (Paul Tanaquil pseud.); *b.* Carlsbad, formerly Austria ("now whimsically The Czechoslovakian Republic"), June 27, 1898; *s.* Dr. F. S. and Margaret Elizabeth (Hart), Le C. (grandson of Mary Siegling Le Clercq of Charleston, S. C., godson of Georges Clemenceau); *educ.* in England, Cottesmore Sch. and Hailcybury Col., 1906–12; in France, Denny's, (Paris, 1912–14, and Universities of Poitiers and Paris as American Field Service Fellow in Comparative Literature, 1922–24; in America Haverford Col., 1914–17, and Univ. of California, 1920–1922, A.B., M.A., formerly on Faculty of Univ. of California, now in Dept. of Romance Languages at Columbia Univ.; foreign countries visited include The Balearics, The Bronx and Los Angeles, Calif.; *m. i.* by Swinburne, Verlaine, Baudelaire; *f. p.* D'Annunzio, Heine, Housman, Louis Bertrand, and sometime Catullus; (poets he most dislikes, Sully Prudhomme, Wordsworth, Sappho, Amy Lowell); as to clubs is not gregarious though belongs to some for convenience; *p.*, in England, Liberal, in Mittrl-europa, Monarchist, in France, Radical Socialist, in America, Menfoutiste, save as an obscene spectacle; *pubs.:* Attitudes (Paul Tanaquil), 1922; Sotto Voce (Paul Tanaquil), 1923; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Stevenson, 1925; Wood, 1925; Jolas (French), 1926; Vinal, 1925; *f. p. p.* in The Smart Set, 1919; (do not compete for prizes); *recreations:* irony (A. E. F. '17), (Poetry Societies), tennis, fencing, tobacco, drama, read-

ing publishers' announcements, Brooklyn Telephone Books, Frank Crane, Eddie Guest and the speeches of Cal Coolidge. *Address:* Korner, Carlsbad, The Czechoslovakian Republic: 4 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

LEE, Agnes (Mrs. Otto Freer); *b.* Chicago, Ill.; *d.* William H. and Harriet H. (Robinson) Rand; *educ.* mostly in Switzerland; *m.* Dr. Otto Freer, of Chicago, 1912; *trav.* most of the countries of Europe, and over the U. S.; *m. i.* the French poets; *mem.* Fortnightly Club, Friday Club (Chicago), Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* Verses for Children, 1901; The Border of the Lake, 1910; The Sharing, 1914; Faces and Open Doors, 1922; translations from the French: E'manx et Camees, by Theophile Gautier; La Maiscu de l'Enfrance, by Fernand Gregh, 1907; *anthologies:* Monroe and Henderson, 1917, 1924; The Lyric Year, 1912; Richards, 1916, 1923; Rittenhouse, 1919; Coblentz, 1924; Anniversary Anthology of the Univ. of Virginia; Stevenson, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1919, 1920, 1922, 1926; *f. p. p.* child verse in St. Nicholas. *Home address:* 81 East Elm Street, Chicago, Ill.

LEHMER, Eunice Mitchell; *b.* Littleton, Ill.; *d.* John Wesley and Lucy Medora (McClellan) M.; *educ.* pub. schs. of Decatur, Ill., and Univ. of Chicago, 1897–1900; *m.* Derrick Norman Lehmer, Ph.D., 1900; lived in Berkeley, Calif., 1900–1926; *m. i.* Tennyson, Keats, Browning, Mrs. Browning; these poets still favorites; *mem.* League of Am. Penwomen (Pres. of Berkeley League 1925–27), California Writers' Club, (Oakland, Calif.), Political Science Club, (Berkeley), Piano Club, Short Story Club (Berkeley), Poetry Soc. of America; *con.* to various mags.; *anthologies:* Davis, 1922, 1923; California Writers' Club Anthology, 1925; won poetry prize of California Writers' Club ($25), 1923, for The Custom House, a second time, the 1st prize in 1925, for Sea Song, honorable mention in National Poetry Contest of Federated Women's Clubs, 1924, for Kinship; *f. p. p.* in Youth's Companion; *recreation:* camping in Sierras. *Home address:* 2736 Regent Street, Berkeley, Calif.

LEHMER, Derrick Norman; *b.* Somerset, Wabash Co., Ind.; *s.* Derrick Fernstuck and Isabel Smith (Peery), L.; *educ.* Univ. of Nebraska, 1893, A.M., 1896, Univ. of Chicago, Ph.D. 1900; professor of mathematics; *trav.* in Europe, 1911, and greater part of U. S.; *m.* Eunice Mitchell, June 12, 1900; *m. i.* Tennyson and Longfellow; *f. p.* Longfellow, Browning, Mrs. Browning; *mem.* California Writers' Club, Faculty Club. Univ. of California; Poetry Soc. of America, Poetry Soc. of London; *p.* Democrat; author of many scientific books and memoirs, and book of verse, Seven Indian Songs from the Yosemite Valley; *recreations:* music, mountaineering, collecting phonograph records of Indian songs. *Home address:* 2736 Regent Street, Berkeley, Calif.

LEISNER, August; *b.* Chicago, Ill., Aug. 14, 1895; *s.* Anton Francis and Mary Josephine L.; *educ.* Murray F. Tully High Sch. (Chicago), 1912, year at Armour Institute of Technology, B.A., 1919, Yale, also studied law at Yale; taught in preparatory schs.; *trav.* chiefly large American cities, and parts of the South and West; *m. i.* by Keats, contemporary English and American poets, especially The Imagists and Adelaide Crapsey; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Keats; *mem.* Phi Beta Kappa; politically, "stands for sane liberal party that seems not to exist"; *pubs.:* Lanterns Among the Stars, a Book of Lyric Epigrams, 1927; *f. p. p.* in The Yale Literary Lantern; *recreations:* hiking, canoeing, tennis. *Home address:* care Mrs. A. C. Houser, Highland Park, Ill.

LEITCH, Mary Sinton; *b.* New York, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1876; *d.* Charlton T. and Nancy (McKeen) Lewis; *educ.* Miss Dana's Sch. (Morristown, N. J.), The Ossining Sch. (Ossining on Hudson, N. Y.), boarding pupil, Smith Col. 1894–95, studied in Germany and France, special work two yrs. Columbia Univ.; *m.* John David Leitch, Oct. 17, 1907; writer and poet; *trav.* almost all countries of Europe, many of the South American Republics, the Cape Verde, Straits of Magellan, Windward Islands, West Indies, etc., sailed the seas in sailing ships and tramp steamers for four years in search of adventure, lived several years after marriage in Scotland and England; in U. S. west to St. Paul, south to Gulf of Mexico, Mississippi, Florida; *m. i.* Shakespeare, by far; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Goethe, Tennyson, Swinburne, Francis Thompson, Frost, Wheelock, Edna Millay, Lizette Reese; *mem.* Woman's Club of Norfolk (Va.), Woman's Club of Princess Anne Co. (Va.), Poetry Soc. of America, Norfolk (Va.) Poet's Club, Poetry Society of Virginia (sec'y); *p.* Independent Democrat; *pubs.:* The Waggon and the Star, 1922; The Unrisen Morrow, 1926; translated The Love Letters of Bismarck; *con.* of criticisms and poems to various mags. and newspapers; *anthologies:* Stork, 1923; Stevenson, 1925; Cheyney, 1926; Anthology of Norfolk Poet's Club, 1923; Braithwaite's, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Davis, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925; *prizes:* Agnes Moreland ($10), 1922; Minnie Hemingway, ($10), 1924; Irene Leache, for blank verse, ($10), 1924; Irene Leache, for lyric, ($10), 1924; Agnes Moreland, for blank verse, ($10), 1925; Minnie Hemingway, for blank, ($10), 1926; *f. p. p.* in Harper's Mag.; *recreations:* motoring, swimming, driving (horses), boating, above all rambling about Lynnhaven woods. *Home address:* Lynnhaven, Va.

LEONARD, Orville Henry; *b.* Hudson City, N. J., Feb. 19, 1868; *s.* Lieut. Col. Orville Williams and Harriet Hill (Ellis) L.; *educ.* first honor graduate Trinity Sch. (New York City); *m.* Orline Alexander, Oct. 22, 1919; engaged in business (N. Y. C.), mine operator, writer; *trav.* in U. S., Massachusetts to California; *m. i.* by all good lyrical poetry; *mem.* Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *pubs.:* The Land Where the Sunsets Go, Sketches of the American Desert in prose and verse, 1917; The Genie in the Jar; The Desert Carnary (western stories); conducted The Belfry, column in New Canaan Advertiser; *anthologies:* Davis, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924; *f. p. p.* in Munsey's Mag., May, 1917; *recreations:* interest in American Indians, forestry, horses, travel in U. S. (Recently deceased.) *Home address:* New Canaan, Conn.

LEWIS, May (Mrs. Lafayette Anthony Goldstone); *b.* New York, N. Y., of American parentage; *educ.* Miss Gayler's Sch. for Girls (pvt.); *m.* Lafayette A. Goldstone; *voca.:* poetry; *trav.* England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Canada, U. S., chiefly in New England and Washington, D. C.; *m. i.* Rossetti, Browning, W. B. Yeats, W. E. Henley; *f. p.* Browning, Masefield, Whitman, Emily Dickinson, A. E. Housman, W. B. Yeats; *mem.* Women's Graduate Club, Columbia Univ., League of Am. Penwomen, Poetry Soc. of America, Poetry Soc. of London, N. Y., Craftsman's Group of the American Lit. Asso.; *poem,* The Troubadour, set to music by Buttolph, 1925; *con.* to various mags.; *anthologies:* Braithwaite, 1925, 1926. *Home address:* 35 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.

LIEBERMAN, Elias; *b.* St. Petersburg, Russia, Oct. 30, 1883; *s.* Nathan David and Sophia L.; *educ.* entirely in American schs. from kindergarten through post-graduate university courses — A.B., Col. of the City of N. Y., (cum laude), 1903, M. A., New York Univ., 1906, Ph.D., 1911; Principal of Thomas Jefferson High Sch., (Brooklyn, N. Y.), since 1924; lecturer in Poetry Appreciation, Hunter Col. (N. Y.); *m.* Rose Kiesler, 1913; *trav.* extensively in Italy, Switzerland, France and England; *m. i.* by Poe; *f. p.* Frost, Robinson, Keats, Shelley, Austin Dobson, Walter de la Mare, James Stephens; *mem.* Phi Beta Kappa, Gamma Chapter, Phi Beta Kappa Alumni, Writers' Club, Playwrights' Club, Poetry Soc. of America; *p.* Independent; *pubs.:* Paved Streets, 1918; Poetry for Junior High Schs. (two vols.), 1926; edited The Ancient Mariner for High Schs., including Poems of the Sea, 1926; The American Short Story, 1912; *anthologies:* Braithwaite, (Victory, by thirty-eight American Poets), 1918, 1926; Wood, (Poets of America), 1925; *poem,* I Am an American, first published in Everybody's, 1916, read in Congress and included in numerous readers and anthologies; *f. p. p.* The Problem Play, in Munsey's; *recreations:* theatre, hiking, tennis, chatting over coffee cups. *Home address:* 10475 111th Street, Richmond Hill, Long Island, N. Y.

LINDBERG, James C.; of Danish parentage; *educ.* B.A., 1899, Doane Col., (Crete, Neb.), M.A., 1905, Univ. of Nebraska, studied at Oxford, Eng., Ph.D., 1926, Univ. of Minnesota; teaching; Director of Pubs., Northern State Teachers' Col., (Aberdeen, S. Dak.); *m.* Bessie Lyman, Aug. 28, 1907; *trav.* entire northern half of U. S. Canada, Mexico, England, Ireland, Scandinavia; *m. i.* by Browning; *f. p.* Browning, Tennyson, Keats, Shelley, Omar Khayyám; *mem.* Rotary and Masonic clubs; *p.* Progressive Democrat; *pubs.:* Wenona, and Other Poems, 1923; Kaakon Jarl, a five-act drama (translated from the Danish of Adam Oehlenschlager), 1905; *prose:* English Grammar for Secondary Schs., 1923 (3d Ed.); numerous studies in literature and articles on school journalism; songs set to music by Thurlow Lieurance and others; *ed.,* Pasque Petals, a mag. of poetry for S. Dak. poets and readers of poetry; *f. p. p.* in Scandinavian Review (N. Y. C.); *recreations:* tennis, walking, gardening. *Home address:* Care, Northern Teachers' Col., Aberdeen, S. Dak.

LINDSAY, Vachel; *b.* Springfield, Ill., Nov. 10, 1879; *s.* Dr. Vachel Thomas and Catharine (Frazee) L.; *educ.* Springfield, Ill., pub. schs.; Hiram Col., 1897–1900; Chicago Art Institute, 1900–1904; N. Y. School of Art, 1904–1905; *voca.* poet, writer, artist and speaker; *m.* Elizabeth

Conner, of Spokane, Wash., May 19, 1925; *pres. occu.* pen and ink artist, public singer, writer and poet; *trav.* many times over the U. S., and England and Northern Europe, *m. i.* by Edgar A. Poe; *f. p.* Poe, Lanier, Swinburne; *mem.* National Institute of Arts and Letters; Poetry Soc. of America, The Poets; *p.* Democrat; *author* (verse): General William Booth Enters Heaven, 1913; The Congo, 1914; The Chinese Nightingale, 1917; The Golden Whales of California, 1920; Collected Poems, 1923; Collected Poems, illust. by author, 1925 (Macmillan Co.); Going to the Sun, illust. by author, 1923; Going to the Stars, 1926; The Candle in the Cabin, 1926 (D. Appleton); *prose:* A Handy Guide for Beggars, 1916; Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty, 1914; The Art of the Moving Picture, 1915 (Macmillan Co.); *anthologies:* represented in all contemporary collections; awarded Poetry's Helen H. Levinson Prize of $200 for The Chinese Nightingale, 1917; *recreations:* walking and going to the movies. *Home address:* 514½ W. 15th Avenue, Spokane, Wash.

LINDSEY, Therese; *b.* Chapel Hill, Tex., 1870, of English and Hungarian parentage; *d.* Albert Kayser and Mary Lawrence; *educ.* Tyler High Sch., San Marcos Normal, Univ. of Chicago, and Harvard; *m.* Samuel A. Lindsey, 1892; was active in founding the Poetry of Texas, and in the publication of several poetry magazines, to which has given much time; accompanied husband who was member of the American Commission sent to Europe in 1913, to study the Land Banks, and traveling principal old-world countries, has visited practically all sections of U. S.; *m. i.* by Robert Frost; *f. p.* Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Masefield; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of Texas (founder and vice-pres.), (Dallas), Poetry Soc. of London, Poetry Soc. of America, Poetry Soc. of South Carolina; *pubs.:* Blue Norther, 1925; *con.* of verse to various mags.; won Poetry Soc. of Texas prize ($25) for best narrative poem, Luther Glenn; *f. p. p.* in Holland's Mag., (Dallas, Tex.); *recreations:* writing poetry and growing flowers. *Home address:* Tyler, Tex.

LLEWELLYN, Edith Lillian; *b.* Spring City, Chester Co., Pa.; *educ.* pub. schs.; *m.* Howard G. Llewellyn, Aug. 29, 1912; *trav.* limited; *m. i.* Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden; *f. p.* William Cullen Bryant, Poe, Longfellow, Whitman, Masters, Frost, George Sterling; *con.* to various mags.; *p.* Republican; *f. p. p.* in The Country Bard; *recreation:* reading. *Home address:* 121 Main Street, Phoenixville, Pa.

LONGLEY, Snow; *b.* Cincinnati, Ohio; *d.* Albert Snow and Alice Sumner (Greene) L.; *educ.* pub. schs. of Cincinnati and Los Angeles; B.S., Teachers' Col., Columbia Univ., 1924; M.A., Graduate English Dept., Columbia Univ., 1925; teaching English, chiefly poetry, Los Angeles High Sch.; *trav.* U. S., chief cities and places of scenic interest; difficult to say what poet had most early influence; *f. p.* Shelley, Wordsworth, Frost, Masefield; *mem.* Woman's University Club, MacDowell Club, and many national, state and local educational organizations; free lance in politics; *pubs.:* Sonnets of Spinsterhood, 1915; Poetry Soc. of America, Verse Writers Club of So. Calif. (pres. for 1926–27); *anthologies:* Towne's Roosevelt as the Poets Saw Him, 1923; Schauffler's Poetry Cure, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* printed in newspaper during childhood; *recreations:* writing, reading, hiking. *Home address:* 1153 Queen Anne Place, Los Angeles, Calif.

LORD, May Carlton; *b.* Kansas City, Mo., Jan., 1883; *d.* Samuel Porter and Alice (Jameson) C. (father cousin of Will Carleton); *educ.* pub. schs., Mansfield, Ohio; taught kindergarten and music for a while; *m.* George Allen Lord, 1907; *trav.* north as far as Mackinaw, west to Minneapolis, south to Washington, and east as far as Boston; *m. i.* Browning, Kipling; *f. p.* Amy Lowell (for Patterns), A. A. Milne (for Disobedience); *p.* Republican; *f. p. p.* in Phila. Public Ledger (though first publication was a story in Youth's Companion; "never had but one prize in my life and that was the munificent sum of one gold dollar for solving a Rebus when I was eight years old"; *recreations:* driving a car through the country or reading a book. *Home address:* 216 Cliveden Avenue, Glendale, Pa.

LOUPE, Carrol; *b.* Clarksville, Mercer Co., Pa.; *d.* William and Etta (Miller) L.; *educ.* pub. schs., Grove City Col., B.S. and Ph.D.; *m.* Rev. Grant Eugene Fisher, D.D., Presbyterian minister; *m. i.* Tennyson; *f. p.* Tennyson, Wordsworth, Emily Dickinson, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Alice Meynell; *mem.* women's clubs, civic and literary; American Literary Asso., Order of Bookfellows, (Chicago); *con.* to various newspapers and religious mags.; sacred song, By the Rivers, set to music by her husband, Dr. Fisher; *anthologies:* Davis, 1923; Prince, 1925; *f. p. p.* in a college journal. *Home address:* 1007 Maple Avenue, Turtle Creek, Pa.

LUKE, Lou Mallory; *b.* Hampton, Iowa, of American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs., Iowa State Teachers' Col.; *m.* Andrew Hershey Luke, June 1, 1912; home keeper; *trav.* very extensively in southern and western U. S., National Parks and Coast trips; *m. i.* Sara Teasdale; *f. p.* Sara Teasdale, Lizette Woodworth Reese, John R. Moreland, Theodosia Garrison, Bliss Carmen, Lew Sarett; *mem.* Woman's Club, Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *p.* Republican; *f. p. p.* in The Gammadion; *recreations:* nature study and composing. *Home address:* Hampton, Iowa.

LULL, Thelma Lucile; *b.* Summit, S. Dak., Mar. 25, 1898; *d.* Dr. Sherman and Celia (Wilson) L.; *educ.* pub. schs. (Boseman, Mont.), Cornell Col., (Mt. Vernon, Iowa), A.B., 1920; *occu.* advertising; *trav.* England, and states of Washington, Missouri, Illinois, and New York; *m. i.* Sidney Lanier, Browning, Carl Sandburg; *mem.* English Club of Cornell (Mt. Vernon, Iowa); *anthologies:* Schnittkind, 1918, 1919; *f. p. p.* in The Summit Independent (Summit, S. Dak.); *recreations:* hiking, reading, writing. *Home address:* Mount Vernon, Iowa.

LYNCH, Ada Kyle; *b.* Platteville, Wis., of American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs. of Platteville, post-graduate course in English Literature; widow of J. R. Lynch; housekeeper; *trav.* Canada, Mexico, and thirty-five states of the Union; no poet had influence in formative period — in fact did not like poetry and only "acquired knowledge through the act of rejection"; no favorites; *mem.* California Writers' Club, League of Am. Penwomen, Order of Bookfellows (Chicago), American Literary Asso., founded Sotoyome Literary Club of Healdsburg, pres. many terms; *pubs.:* Luther Burbank, Plant Lover and Citizen; lyrics set to music by F. A. Owens; conducted dept. Odds and Ends, in Overland Monthly, and *con.* to various newspapers and mags.; in preparation, Life's Radiograms, and compilation, Christ's Sayings; *recreations:* reading, writing, music, art, traveling. *Home address:* Healdsburg, Calif.

MACKAY, Mirza French; *b.* Pecatonica, Ill., June 10, 1876, of American parentage; *educ.* Painesville (Ohio) High Sch., 1894; Rockford (Ill.) Bus. Col., 1895; Madison (S. Dak.) State Norm. Sch., 1896; attended Northwestern Univ., 1900–01; Univ. of Illinois Summer Session, 1923; *prof.* teacher; *m.* Duncan F. Mackay, 1902; *p. voca.* housewife; *trav.* Mexico and Can.; trav. in Middle West and extensively in western half of U. S.; *m. i.* by Sidney Lanier; *f. p.* Matthew Arnold, Browning, Lanier, Millay; *clubs: ex. mem.* Study Club, Choral Soc. of Univ. of Illinois, Mazama Club of Portland, Ore.; *p.* Republican; *soc.* Poetry Soc. of the Univ. of Illinois; *pubs.:* Regional Idyls, Pan o' the Panamint Pipes Apace, 1927; *anthologies:* Weirwick, 1923; Prince, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1925; *f. p. p.* Los Angeles Sunday Times; *1st prize* in College Humor Contest ($25), conducted by Champaign (Ill.) News-Gazette; *recreations:* music, writing, mountain-climbing, swimming. *Home address:* The Prairie, Chadwick, Ill.

MACKAYE, Arvia; *b.* New York, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1902; *d.* Percy and Marion Homer (Morse) MacK.; *educ.* during childhood, home study in the country, at Cornish, N. H.; from 1911–20, at pvt. schs. in Cambridge, Boston, New York and Washington, D.C.; 1920–22, at Miami Univ., Oxford, Ohio; 1922–23, at Radcliffe Col., Cambridge; summer of 1923, univ. delegate of the Student Forum to the "Youth Movement" in Germany; 1923–26, chiefly study abroad; *occu.* in 1922, initiated the intercollegiate movement for organized student participation in national and international policies and was one of the founders of the Student Forum; in the summer of 1922, at Taos, N. Mex., executed in sculpture for Miami Univ. the first commission for a Pueblo Indian statue; also the head of an Indian girl, now in the Fine Arts Museum at Santa Fé; modelled also portrait busts of Edgar Stillman Kelley, Norman Angell and Percy MacKaye; since 1923 has been occupied mainly in private study and teaching of sculpture, eurhythmie and the fine arts; in 1924 started the Hill-top Press for special hand-printing, illuminating and wood-cuts; at the Comedy Theatre, N. Y. C., Nov. 1, 1925, gave début recital in a scene from Goethe's Faust; *trav.* in U. S., the eastern seaboard, New Hampshire to Florida, the Middle West, and New Mexico; abroad — England, Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy; *p.* Independent; *pubs.:* various poems pub. in Harper's Mag., Poetry, The Little Review, The Outlook, The Poetry Review; Prelude to Sanctuary, A Bird Masque, by Percy MacKaye, 1914; a vol. of verse in preparation for pub. in 1926; *anthologies:* The Lyric Year, 1912; Braithwaite's,

1915, 1926; *f. p. p.* Harper's Magazine, Nov., 1911, *title* The Hermit Thrush; *recreations:* horseback riding, swimming, and ballad-singing. *Home address:* Cornish, N. H., Post Office, Windsor, Vt.

MacKAYE, Percy; *b.* New York, N. Y., Mar. 16, 1875; *s.* Steele and Mary Keith (Medbery) MacK.; *educ.* after grammar sch., and before col., chiefly study at home and in the theatre; grad. from Harvard Col., A.B., 1897; from 1898 to 1900, *trav.* abroad and studied at Leipsic Univ., as matriculated student; Hon. Harvard Phi Beta Kappa, 1908, and Tufts, 1909; *hon. deg.:* Dartmouth, A.M., 1914; Miami, (Oxford, Ohio), Litt.D., 1924; *prof.* author, engaged in various work of poetry, drama and literature; appointed, in 1920, to the first American fellowship in poetry, at Miami Univ., Oxford, Ohio; *m.* Marion Homer Morse, of Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 8, 1898, at Shirley Centre, Mass.; *trav.* in U. S. — on numerous lecturing and author's reading tours, or to produce his own plays and masques; has trav. into nearly every state of the Union; having, for studies in folklore, a special sojourn with his wife and son, in the Kentucky mountains, in regions beyond the railroads; abroad, has trav. and sojourned in England, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy; *clubs and socs.:* The Players, Harvard, MacDowell clubs, of N. Y. C.; Cosmos, of Washington, D. C.; Everglades, of Palm Beach; *mem.* of the Nat'l Inst. of Arts and Letters; Dramatists' Guild of Authors' League of America; Soc. of Mayflower Descendants; *p.* Independent; *poetry soc.* Poetry Soc. of America, N. Y. C.; *pubs.:* Poems, 1909; New Edition, entitled The Sistine Eve, and Other Poems, 1915; Lincoln, A. Centenary Ode, 1909; Uriel and Other Poems, 1912; The Present Hour, Poems of War and Peace, 1914; Collected Poems, 1916; Dogtown Common, A Narrative Poem of Old New England, 1921; The Skippers of Nancy Gloucester, A Sea Ballad, 1924; in 1908, delivered the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge, and in 1911, an address on The Worker in Poetry (pub. in the Civic Theatre, 1912), at the New Theatre, N. Y. C., before the Nat'l Acad. and Inst. of Arts and Letters; also has written and delivered (1909–26) commemorative poems on Peary, Goethals, Edison, Wilbur Wright, Lincoln, Walt Whitman, Vaughn Moody, Howells, Alexis Carrel, Lowell, Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Shakespeare, Ellen Terry, The Unknown Dead, the Battles of Ticonderoga, Plattsburg and Concord Bridge; in other fields of literature he is the author of the following: essays, four volumes; plays, fifteen volumes; masques and pageant-rituals, nine volumes; operas, four volumes; folk tales, one volume; publications with music, eleven volumes; publications by societies, three volumes; special editions, seven volumes; plays in collections, six volumes; prefaces (to works of other authors), four volumes; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; The Lyric Year, 1912; Rittenhouse, Monroe & Henderson, Wilkinson, Cook (Our Poets of Today, 1919, with an Introduction by Percy MacKaye, and new and enlarged edition, 1923); Cunliffe (Poems of the Great War), 1916; Lloyd Jones (Love for the Battle-Torn Peoples), 1916; Holman (In the Day of Battle), 1916; Stebbins (Harvard Lyrics), 1899; *f. p. p.* The New England Mag., Mar., 1894, *title,* Spinning Song; *recreation:* walks in the country. *Home address:* Cornish, N. H., Post Office, Windsor, Vt.

McCARTHY, John Russell; *b.* Huntington, Pa., Nov. 16, 1889; of Scotch-Irish-English parentage (several generations in America); *educ.* Huntington pub. sch., 1907; Juniata Acad., Huntington, Pa., 1908; Penn. State Col., ex-1917; *bus.* advertising; *m.* Ida Reed, July 5, 1920; *p. voca.* house organ ed.; *trav.* no foreign; chiefly Pennsylvania and California; *m. i.* by Keats; *f. p.* Keats, Swinburne, Whitman, Robert Browning; *mem.* Phi Kappa Sigma; Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); *p.* Independent; *pubs.:* Out-of-Doors, 1918; Gods and Devils, 1918; For the Morning, 1925; *prose:* These Waiting Hills (The Santa Monica Mts.), 1925; nature essays; *f. p. p.* The Colonnade (N. Y. C.); *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, several; *prizes:* none; *recreations:* canoeing, walking, swimming, tennis. *Home address:* 1315 Stanley Avenue, Glendale, Calif.

McCORMICK, Virginia; *b.* Berryville, Va.; *d.* Marshall (lawyer) and Rosalie (Taylor) McC.; *m.* Dr. J. Jett McCormick, of Norfolk, Va.; *p. voca.* writer; *trav.* England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium; Can. and most of U. S.; *m. i.* "I do not know what poet had the most formative influence; *f. p.* "My favorite poet changes constantly, but George Meredith offers the philosophy through poetry that I have found the most helpful"; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; pres. Poetry Soc. of Virginia; Phi Beta Kappa of Col. of William and Mary; *ed.* of The Lyric; *p.* by tradition politics are democratic, but by development a mugwump, having a predilection for the best man rather than the party man; *pubs.:* Stardust and Gardens, 1920; Voices of the Wind, 1924; prose articles on poetry and the drama in North Am. Rev., The Personalist, Poet Lore, The Catholic World and others; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Davis, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1925; Gordon, 1923; Coblentz, 1924; *prizes:* Irene Leache Mem. for a lyric, 1919, 1921; Irene Leache Mem. for genre, 1922; Irene Leache Mem. for a sonnet, a genre poem and an English essay, 1923; The Gypsy, lyric, 1925; *recreations:* bridge and golf. *Home address:* 1401 Stockley Gardens, Norfolk, Va.

McDOUGAL, Violet; *b.* Selmer, Tenn.; *d.* D. A. and Myrtle A. McD.; *educ.* Univ. of Missouri, Univ. of Oklahoma; *prof.* writer; *trav.* throughout U. S.; visited Can.; *m. i.* probably by Yeats; *f. p.* Swinburne, Kipling, Yeats, Fiona McLeod, Wilde; *p.* Democrat; *pubs.:* Wandering Fires (co-author with sister, Mary McDougal Axelson), 1925; *f. p. p.* New York Times; *anthologies:* Davis, 1923, 1924, (Anthology of Newspaper Verse); appointed Poet Laureate of Oklahoma by Governor at request of Poetry Soc. and Women's Clubs, 1922; *recreations:* walking and sketching. *Home address:* 216 South Oak Street, Sapulpa, Okla.

McFARLAND, Alice; *b.* Farmington, Me.; *d.* William and Bertha Harper; *educ.* Americus, Ga., high sch.; N. E. Bible Training Sch.; Boston Univ., A.B., 1907; Vanderbilt Univ., M.A., 1911; *prof.* writer and critic; *m.* John Wesley McFarland, 1918; *p. voca.* writer and critic; *trav.* twenty states, Maine to Texas; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Tennyson, Madison Cawein, Clinton Scollard, Angela Morgan; *pubs.:* Via Lucis and Other Poems, 1911; The Prodigal Husband, play, produced 1925; No Men in Heaven, play; *f. p. p.* newspaper; *recreation:* gardening. *Home address:* Tuckaseegee Road, Charlotte, N. C.

McGEE, Maurine Halliburton; *b.* Milan, Mo., Jan. 2, 1898; *d.* Westley and Amber Halliburton; *educ.* pub. schs.; term at Kirksville Normal, Kirksville, Mo.; *occu.* teaching, secretarial and clerical work; *m.* Guy F. McGee, Oct. 18, 1919; *p. voca.* writing; *trav.* very little, some in Texas, Colorado, Louisiana, Missouri, and Oklahoma; *m. i.* by Browning; *f. p.* Browning, Millay, Housman, Masefield, Sandburg, James Oppenheim, Gustav Davidson, Harry Kemp; *mem.* Oklahoma Authors' League; *pubs.:* two serial novels, Flaming Oklahoma (Daily Oklahoman); The Heart of a Boy (Oklahoma City Times); short story, Frozen Fire (Telling Tales); radio play broadcast, "Miss Medusa," prod. 1926; *con.* to The Reviewer, American Mercury, Life, Judge, and other poetry and general magazines and newspapers; *f. p. p.* Milan Republican, 1910; 1st paid poem, Life, 1918, *title,* To Guiterman the Gay; *recreations:* swimming, dancing, golf, reading. *Home address:* 1418 W. 30th Street, Oklahoma City, Okla.

McLEOD, LeRoy Oliver; *b.* Anderson, Ind., Oct. 20, 1893; *s.* David Penn (dec.) and Martha Agnes McL., Scotch-English-Irish extraction; *educ.* DePauw Univ., A.B., 1915; *occu.* farming until 1920; newspaper writing and advertising agency since; *m.* Irene Ruth Miller, June 25, 1915; *p. voca.* advertising; limited quick trips to Canada, Missouri, Alabama, New York, Mississippi, Iowa, Colorado, at wide intervals beginning age five; to California at age twenty-seven; *m. i.* by Keats, possibly; but more influenced by individual poems of several poets; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, Byron, D. G. Rossetti; *mem.* Advertising Club; Verse Writers (Los Angeles); Am. Lit. Asso. (Wauwatosa, Wis.); *p.* Republican precinct committee chairman at one time; now, no politics; *f. p. p.* The Forum, June, 1925; *recreations:* reading, meandering, boating, camping (sometimes). *Home address:* 439 North Alta Vista Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

McVICKAR, Dorothy; *b.* Mt. Vernon, N. Y., 1897; *d.* Robert and Estelle R. (Case) McV.; *educ.* pub. schs. Mt. Vernon; at Mt. Holyoke Col., B.A., 1919; *prof.* research worker; *trav.* foreign: Ireland, England, France, Italy, Switzerland and Canada; in U. S., New England, Middle West, New York and Virginia; *m. i.* by William Blake; *f.p.* Chaucer, Blake, Keats, Masefield, Emily Dickinson, Yeats, Marlowe; *p.* Democrat; *pubs.:* only in mags. and newspapers; *f. p. p.* Poetry: A Mag. of Verse, May, 1921; *recreations:* walking, swimming, theatre and chess. *Home address:* 269 North Fulton Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

MARING, Helen Emma; *b.* Seattle, Wash., Jan. 27, 1900;

*d.* C. C. and Francette (Plummer) M.; *f.* artist and Judge of girl cases, Juv. Court; *m.* writer and Judge, des. Francis Plummer who came to Am. 1630; *educ.* Univ. of Wash., 1918–1923; pvt. educ. in music and art; *prof.* writer, ed., housewife and mother; *ed.* Muse and Mirror, Northwest poetry mag. for two yrs. under married name of Samsel; *m.* Theodore Butner Samsel of Seattle, Aug. 30, 1924; *trav.* British Columbia, Yellowstone Nat'l Park and Calif.; *f. p.* Lindsay, Stephen Phillips, James Stephens; *mem.* P. E. O. Seattle Writer's Club; Poetry Soc. of America (Portland, Ore.), vice-pres.; American Lit. Asso.; Seattle Poetry Club, founder and pres. two yrs.; *pubs.:* Tempo, 1927; *anthologies:* Prince, 1925; Davis (Newspaper Verse Anth.), 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1923, 1924, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1926; Northwest Anth., 1926; *f. p. p.* Kuay, 1914; five hundred poems printed to date; *pen names:* Venita Vaughn, H. Maring Samsel. *Home address:* 4302 Seventh Avenue, N. E., Seattle, Wash.

MARKS, Jeannette; *b.* Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 16, 1875; *d.* William Dennis and Jeannette Holmes (Colwell) M.; *educ.* Miss Bynner's Sch. (Boston); Wellesley, B.A., 1900; M.A., 1903; post-grad. work in England at Bodelian Library and British Museum; *prof.* writer, lecturer and professor; *p. voca.* teacher and writer; *trav.* Wales, England, France, Germany, etc.; U. S. east to west, north to south; Porto Rico, etc.; widely read—*f. p.* Goethe, Emerson, Shelley, Keats, William Morris, etc.; *mem.* College Authors' (Boston); University; Authors' League of Am.; Poetry Soc. of Am.; The Poets (N. Y. C.); N. E. Poetry Club (Boston); *p.* Socialist; *pubs.:* Willow Pollen, 1921 (verse); The English Pastoral Drama, 1908; children's stories: Geoffrey's Window, 1921; Early English Hero Tales, 1915; stories: Through Welsh Doorways, 1919; The End of a Song, 1911; travel: Gallant Little Wales, 1912; plays: The Sun Chaser, 1922; Three Welsh Plays, 1917; The Deacon's Hat, 1922 (Contemporary One-Act Plays); essays: Genius and Disaster, 1925; *con.* of stories, essays and verse to leading mags.; *anthologies:* Bookman, Braithwaite's, Wellesley, etc.; *prizes:* Welsh Nat'l Theatre Prize for the three best plays, 1911 (never submits for prizes); *recreations:* dogs, birds, swimming, walking, etc. *Home address:* Westport-on-Lake-Champlain, N. Y.; (winter) President's House, Mt. Holyoke College, So. Hadley, Mass.

MARLATT, Earl Bowman; *b.* Columbus, Ohio, May 24. 1892; *s.* A. N. (clergyman, of French and English extraction) and Anna Maria (Collins) (of Irish extraction); *educ.* pub. schs. Connersville, Ind.; A.B., DePauw Univ., Greencastle, Ind., 1912; S.T.B., Boston Univ. Sch. of Theology; Jacob Sleeper Fellow, Berlin and Oxford, 1922–1923; Nat'l Fellow in Religion, 1924—; *prof.* clergyman and teacher; unmarried; *trav.* U. S. A., extensively in east, south, and middle west; abroad: Scotland, England, Holland, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, France, and Belgium; *m. i.* by Edgar Lee Masters; *f. p.* Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Francis Thompson, A. E. Housman, Edgar Allan Poe, Walt Whitman, Vachel Lindsay, Robert Frost and Katharine Lee Bates; *mem.* Delta Kappa Epsilon; Phi Beta Kappa; Nat'l Philosophical Asso.; The Medieval Academy of America; New England Poetry Club (Boston); American Poetry Asso. (Boston Chapter); *p.* Independent; *pubs.:* Chapel Windows (poems); What is a Person, a philosophical monograph; Chapel Windows, 1927 (new ed.); vols. of verse in preparation: May Morning; People; Dead Men Tell Tales; *anthologies:* Schnittkind, (Poets of the Future), 1922; New England Poetry Club, (Friendship Anthology), 1923; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, Dec., 1917; *prizes:* Annual Prize, Boston Chap. Am. Lit. Asso., 1924, $10; The Golden Flower, Poetry Tournament, "Jeux Floreau," Second Church, Boston, 1925; *recreations:* travel, tennis, and mountain-hiking. *Home address:* 9 Willow Street, Boston, Mass.

MARSH, Charles Howard; *b.* in Iowa, Apr. 8, 1885; *s.* George Marsh, a Congregational minister; *educ.* in pub. schs. of Pittsburg, Pa.; afterward pvty. tutored; spec. in music and art; pupil of Widor & Libert, organ; of Boulanger, composition; Gorguet and Despujols, painting, all of Paris, France; *prof.* organist and accompanist; started composing at early age; since 1918 Prof. of Music, Univ. of Redlands, Redlands, Calif.; *m.* Lucile Crews, 1915, well-known composer (Pulitzer Prize winner, 1926); *trav.* extensively in U. S., giving recitals and as accompanist; summer of 1924 spent in France and England; will spend 1926–27 in Europe on Sabbatical leave; *m. i.* by Shelley, Byron, Keats; *f. p.* Shelley, Keats, Swinburne, Wordsworth, Dowson, Browning, Verlaine; *mem.* Artland Club (Los Angeles); Calif. Art Club; Calif. Water Color Soc.; Modern Art Workers (all professional painters club); Wa-Wan Music Club (Los Angeles); Poetry Club (Univ. of Redlands), founder; *pubs.:* numerous articles in leading music mags.; Five Japanese Color Prints for organ, 1923; Scherzo, "Fete des Fées," for organ, 1923; numerous part songs for mixed and women's voices, 1923; three songs for solo voice, 1924; poems in Am. Poetry Mag., Pegasus, Lyric West, Christian Science Monitor, etc.; *f. p. p.* Am. Poetry Mag.; *prizes:* Wa-Wan best poem suitable for music, $25; 1st, Calif. Expo. Riverside best group of landscape paintings in oil, 1922; same for water colors, 1923; pictures in many exhibitions, Oakland, Los Angeles, Phoenix, etc.; *recreations:* painting and golf. *Home address:* 108 W. Fern Avenue, Redlands, Calif.

MAY, Beulah; *b.* Hiawatha, Kan.; *d.* Aaron Rider and Flora (Killey) M.; *educ.* Chicago Art. Inst., 1902, 1903, 1904; Pennsylvania Acad. of Fine Arts, 1905, 1906; *prof.* sculptor; also at present running an orange ranch; unmarried; *voca.* poet; *trav.* east, south, middle-west and west of U. S.; *m. i.* by Spenser; *f. p.* Homer, Shakespeare, Paul Fort, A. E. Housman, de la Mare; *clubs:* Bookfellows, Calif. Art Club, Sculptor's Guild of So. Calif., West Coast Arts, Woman's Press Club of So. Calif.; *p.* Republican; *soc.:* Poetry Section of Woman's Press Club; *anthologies:* Strong, 1923, 1924; Davis, 1924; Coblentz, 1924; Bookfellow, 1925; *f. p. p.* Sunset Magazine; *prize:* So. Calif. Woman's Press Club's annual poetry contest, $25, 1926, *title*, The Workman; *recreations:* walking in the hills or by the sea, making Chinese masks. *Home address:* 1002 Mabury Street, Santa Ana, Calif.; Post Office, R.F.D. 1, Santa Ana, Calif.

MAYER, Elizabeth; *b.* Manitowac, Wis.; *d.* James and Sarah (Halloran) Carey, of Irish descent and Wis. birth; *educ.* pub. and pvt. schs. in Wis.; grad. Sch. of Modern Languages, Univ. of Wisconsin, B.A., 1911; *prof.* taught school two yrs. in pub. schs. of Seattle; publicity and other journalistic work; *m.* Alfred Mayer of Yakima, 1913; *p. voca.* taking care of home and two young sons; *trav.* lim. to Central and Pacific states and Can.; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p.* Keats, Robert Browning, Alice Meynell, Teasdale, Frost, de la Mare, Masefield and A. E. Housman; *mem.* Am. Asso. of Univ. Women, the Sigma Kappa Sor., the Writer's Club of Yakima, was 1st grand regent of Caruana Court, Catholic Daughters of Am.; Am. Lit. Asso.; *f. p. p.* Ave Maria; *recreation:* growing iris and roses at her home in Yakima. *Home address:* 213 N. Sixth Street, Yakima, Wash.

MEYER, Emma Vories; *b.* Sparta, Ky.; *d.* Peter H. and Sallie (DeWitt) Vories; *f.* Blue Grass farmer and stockbreeder; *educ.* Sparta High Sch.; Eastern Ky. State Norm. Sch., 1914; attended Univ. of Kentucky, and as student-teacher was grad. from Franklin Col. (Ind.), A.B. 1920; magna cum laude and High Honors in English; *prof.* a mem. of the Franklin Col. faculty until marriage; *m.* Prof. Leland W. Meyer, 1922; *trav.* with husband spent four months trav. and study in Switzerland and France, where they were students at Univ. of Toulouse; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Keats, Amy Lowell and Harriet Monroe; *mem.* Delta Zeta, Chi Delta Phi, Alpha Chi Alpha; active in club work; *p.* "Was born into the Democratic Party"; *con.* to magazines and newspapers; *f. p. p.* was probably one published in a newspaper during the war as a protest against the avalanche of lit. heaped upon those who had charge of different phases of war work; during winter, Prof. and Mrs. Meyer live in Georgetown, Ky., where Prof. Meyer is head of the Dept. of History and Political Science in Georgetown Col.; usually spend summers at their cottage "Meyer Manor" on the Choptank River, Md., an arm of the Chesapeake Bay; *recreations:* driving to some inviting spot where she can run races with Prof. Meyer and their collie dog, Chop. *Home address:* The Wellington, Georgetown, Ky.

MEZQUIDA, Anna Blake; *b.* San Francisco, Calif., of American parentage, descendants of English stock; *educ.* pub. schs.; spec. English and Journalism courses at Univ. of Calif.; *prof.* fiction writer and poet; also scenarist; *m.* Mateo Mezquida y Mezquida, a native of Madrid, Spain, but now an American citizen; *p. voca.* fiction writing, short stories largely; also poetry and scenarios; *trav.* California, Arizona; once across Continent; visited Hawaiian Islands as del. to the Press Congress of the World, 1921; *m. i.* by Keats, Milton, Kipling, James Russell Lowell, Whittier; *f. p.* Lowell, Whittier, Kipling, Alfred Noyes, Joyce Kilmer, Richard Le Gallienne, George Sterling, Angela Morgan; *mem.* The Authors' League of America; League of Am. Penwomen; Calif. Writers' Club; Press Congress of the World; Allied Arts; Woman Pays Club; Daughters of Am. Rev.; *p.* Republican; *poetry socs.* Poetry

Section of Calif. Writers' Club (Berkeley, Calif.); Poetry Section Allied Arts (San Francisco); *pubs.:* A-Gypsying (poems), 1922; poems pub. in both Am. and Eng. mags.; more than one hundred short stories pub. in leading mags. of Am. and Eng.; motion picture rights to several pub. stories sold to leading producers; two original scenarios took prize awards in contests; *anthologies:* Musgrove (London), 1923; Davis (Newspaper Verse), 1923, 1924, 1925; Wagner, (Calif. Anth. West Winds), 1925; also short story, What Lies Ahead, included in volume on modern authorship, Strickland, 1924, (Representative Short Stories); *f. p. p.* Munsey's; *prizes:* 1st for poetry, Panama-Pacif. Inter. Expo., (San Francisco), 1915; "honor" award, and all expenses paid at Expo.; 2d, Newark Anniv. Poem Con., 1916, *title,* The City of Heritage, $150; (Poem later published in book form); *recreations:* the theatre, music, outdoor sports, swimming. *Home address:* 969 Pine Street, San Francisco, Calif.

MILLER, J. Corson; *b.* Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1883; *s.* Joseph Engels and Mary (Schmid) M.; *educ.* pvt. sch.; Canisius Col. (non-grad.); unmarried; *p. voca.* with Municipal Civil Serv. Com., City of Buffalo; *trav.* north, south, east and west, establishing personal contacts with workers in the arts, editors and lit. friends; *m. i.* by Keats, Francis Thompson, Poe; *f. p.* Keats, Morris, Tennyson, Robinson, Yeats, Masefield; *mem.* Catholic Club of Buffalo; Canisius Alumni Club; Knights of Columbus; *p.* Republican; *poetry socs.:* Poetry Soc. of America; Order of Bookfellows; *pubs.:* Veils of Samite (verse), 1921; The Frosted Globe, 1927; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1923, 1925; Frothingham (Songs of Men), 1918; Stork, 1923; Stevenson, 1925; Neihardt (Poet's Pack), 1921; Humphries (Little Anth.), 1921; Garesche (Marim Poems), 1917; Maynard (Anth. of Catholic Poets) 1926; Griffith (The Silent Hour), 1925; *f. p. p.* Buffalo Evening Times; *recreations:* the reading of contemporaneous verse, the theatre, walking under cold, starry skies in autumn. *Home address:* 310 Ideal Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

MILLER, Jewell; *b.* Bellefonte, Pa.; *d.* Rev. George W. (D.D.) and Amelia Evelyn (dec.) Miller; *educ.* pvt. schs. and conservatories of N. Y. C.; grad. 1900 with honors in dept. of musical theory and composition; *m.* F. H. Pfaltz; *trav.* extensively in U. S.; spent yr. 1923 in Italy and France making spec. study of Ligurian Riviera; *pubs.:* spec. articles on music and a number of social satires; not until 1922 that she found expression in poetry, when her first brochure of poems was printed; she brought home from Italy and France a coll. of legends, impressions and historical narrative poems, which were pub. during 1925, 1926, in The Catholic World; poems have appeared in Contemporary Verse, Unity, and other publications; the ancestral home (Harman House) of her mother was a landmark on battlefield of Gettysburg: is now at work on an historical retrospect of her parents' experiences during the Civil War. *Home address:* 222 Madison Avenue, Flushing, N. Y.

MILLER, Nellie Burget; *b.* Fayette, Iowa; *d.* of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Burget, descendant of Aaron Burget, pioneer hunter of Ind., and William Ashby, English; *educ.* grad. pub. schs. Fayette, Iowa; Upper Iowa Univ., B.S., 1894, (highest honors in class); *hon. deg.* M. of L., for distinction in lit. work, Univ. of Colorado, June, 1925; *m.* Dr. Lucas A. Miller, 1894; three children; *trav.* mainly in Middle West; later, Rocky Mountain region; *m. i.* by Lanier; later Whitman divided that attention; *f. p.* Blake, Emily Dickinson; prefers poetry of a mystical quality; confesses that she reads 3d book Dante's Divine Comedy, Ibsen's Brand, Hauptmann's Sunken Bell with more pleasure than latest novel; *mem.:* was pres. Colorado Fed. of Women's Clubs, 1920–1922; Chairman of Lit. Gen. Fed. of Women's Clubs, 1922–1926; Poetry Soc. of N. Y.; Poetry Soc. of America and Great Britain; League of Am. Penwomen; *asso. ed.* The Harp; title of Poet Laureate, 1923, bestowed by Governor of Colorado; *pubs.:* In Earthen Bowls, (verse), 1924; The Flame of God (devotional essays), 1924; The Living Drama, 1924; *plays:* The Land Where Good Dreams Grow, 1925; The Blue Moon, 1926, (juvenile); well known as a club lecturer; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1923; Davis, 1924; Prince (Am. Lit. Asso.), 1926; Bartlett (Sea Anthology), 1925; *prizes:* Community Players of Pasadena, poetic play, $50; F. W. W. (pres. by Lilian White Spencer) for best lit. work of yr., by vote of Denver Press Club, 1922; several national prizes; *f. p. p.* Suburban Life and New Age; *recreation:* digging about the garden and making two violets bloom where last year there were three dandelions. *Home address:* 1528 North Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Col.

MISH, Charlotte Roberta; *b.* Lebanon, Pa.; *d.* Robert Coleman and Charlotte (Gleim) M.; grad. Los Angeles Col. of Fine Arts, U. S. C., term Art Student League of N. Y., 1924; study with Du Mond, Judson, Tadama, Bell and various other masters of painting; *prof.* writer; artist; *trav.* throughout U. S., Panama, Cuba, Canada, *f. p.* Shakespeare, Poe, Lindsay, Edwin Markham; *mem.* Oregon Writers League; Northwest Poetry Soc. (Portland, Ore.); Poetry Soc. (Seattle, Wash.); pub. many short stories and poems in leading magazines; *f. p. p.* Parisienne Magazine; 1st printed work, epigrams and humor, accepted at age of ten and appeared under title Witicisms of a Woman in Los Angeles Times; chief interests, writing, painting, sculpture, humane work for children and animals. *Home address:* 962 Mt. Adams Drive, Portland, Ore.

MONTGOMERY, Roselle Mercier; *b.* Crawfordville, Ga.; *d.* William N. and Emma (Smith) Mercier; *educ.* Mary Baldwin Col., Staunton, Va.; Harvard Sum. Sch.; Columbia Univ. (spec. English courses); *m.* John Seymour Montgomery; *trav.* through Southern, Middle West, and New England States in U. S.; through England, France, Italy; *m. i.* by Horace; *f. p.* Horace, Virgil, Homer, Ovid, Shakespeare, Browning, Tennyson, Whitman, Keats, Shelley and many moderns; *mem.* Pen and Brush; League of Am. Penwomen; Lyceum C. (London); Dixie Club of N. Y.; English Speaking Union; Book and Craft; N. Y. Classical Club; Town Hall Club; D. A. R.; U. D. C.; Author's League of America; Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); Poetry Soc. of England, Women Poets Auxiliary (N. Y. C.); *p.* Democrat; *pubs.:* Ulysses Returns and Other Poems, 1925; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924, 1925; Davis, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925; Bartlett (Sea Poems); Bartlett (City Sonnets); Murray's, (Poetry of Flight, England), 1925; L. A. P. W. (N. Y.), 1925; Stevenson, 1925; *f. p. p.* New York Times; *prizes:* 1st, Poetry Soc. of America, 1923, for Ulysses Returns; 2d, Poetry Soc. of America, 1925, for To Helen, Middle-Aged; *recreations:* sailing, swimming, gardening, bridge and housekeeping. *Home address:* Riverside, Conn.

MONTGOMERY, Whitney; *b.* Eureka, Navarro Co., Tex., Sept. 14, 1877; *s.* P. K. and M. P. (Cook) M.; *educ.* pub. schs.; *occu.* farmer and stockman; unmarried; *p. voca.* farming and stock raising; *trav.* no travel to speak of; *m. i.* by Byron; *f. p.* Byron, Burns, Bryant, Poe, James Whitcomb Riley, Lew Sarett, E. A. Robinson; *p.* Democrat; *mem.* The Poetry Soc. of Texas, charter mem.; more than two hundred poems pub. in mags. and newspapers; poems of nature and country life most popular; most popular poem, The Last Bob White; *anthologies:* Jennings, 1912; Eagleton, 1913; Greer, 1923; A Book of the Year, 1923; A Book of the Year, 1924, (*ed.* by Greer and others; pub. by The Poetry Soc. of Texas); *f. p. p.* Holland's Mag.; *prize:* Music Dept. of Fed. of Women's Clubs, for a Texas Song Poem, *title,* Glorious Texas Land, 1914; *recreations:* hunting, fishing, baseball. *Home address:* Eureka, Navarro County, Tex.

MOORE, Elizabeth Evelyn; *b.* Poughkeepsie, N. Y., of Irish and French parentage; *educ.* pub. and pvt. schs.; journalist by profession; *m.* Richard de Sylva (violinist); *trav.* Arkansas, Missouri and New England; *m. i.* Poe; *f. p.* Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sara Teasdale, Edwin A. Robinson, Margaret T. Ritter; *mem.* Authors and Composers; *f. p. p.* in New York Sun; won prize ($50) for best sonnet, American Poetry Salon, 1925; written words to concert songs, more than one hundred published, including eleven Oriental cycles; *recreations:* hiking, swimming, cooking, gardening, horses. *Home address:* 120 Cannon Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MOORE, Marianne; *b.* St. Louis, Mo., 1887; *d.* John Milton and Mary (Warner) M.; *educ.* Bryn Mawr, A.B., 1909; *ed.,* The Dial, 152 West 13th Street, N. Y. C.; *trav.* England and France, 1911, Canada, California, Florida; *m. i.* the poets of the Old Testament; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, Donne, Blake, Thomas Hardy, W. B. Yeats; *pubs.:* Poems (The Egoist Press), 1921; observations (Dial Press), 1924; *anthologies:* Monroe and Henderson, (2d ed.), 1923; Kreymborg (Others), 1916, 1917, 1919; Stevenson, 1925; Strong, 1925; received Dial Award ($2,000), 1925; *f. p. p.* in The Egoist; *recreations:* tennis, sailing. *Home address:* 14 St. Luke's Place, New York, N. Y.

MOORE, Virginia; *b.* St. Louis, Mo., July 11, 1903; *d.* John Allen and Ethel (Daniel) M.; *educ.* Hollins Col. (Hollins, Va.), A.B., 1923; Columbia Univ., M.A., 1924; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* Not Poppy, 1926; *f. p. p.* in Poetry, A Magazine of Verse. *Home address:* 71 Irving Place, New York, N. Y.

MORELAND, John Richard; *b.* Norfolk, Va., of American parentage; *educ.* pub. sch.; writer and critic; *f. p.* Edwin A. Robinson, Robert Frost, Emily Dickinson, Vachel Lindsay, Masefield, Lizette W. Reese, W. A. Percy, Clement Wood; *p.* Democrat; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America, Poetry Soc. of London; Norfolk Poets Club; founder of The Lyric and editor for three years, one of the first writers in the South to start the poetry movement; *pubs.:* Red Poppies in the Wheat, 1921; Blowing Sand, 1927; *anthologies:* Jennings' Man — The Wonderful, 1912; Woman — The Mysterious, 1912; Smith, Provincetown Blue Book, 1922; Blackburn Prize Lyrics, 1922; Virginia Anthology, 1923; Print o' Life (Norfolk Poets Club), 1923; Bartlett, Sea Anthology, 1924; Coblentz, 1924; Poetry of the Southern States (Wood), 1924; Cheyney, 1925, 1926; Arbour Day in Poetry (Carnegie Library Sch. Asso.), 1925, Easter in Poetry (same), 1925; Religious Anthology, 1923; Reader for New York High Sch.; Drums of the Morning; Wright, Oversea Anthology, 1925; Moult, 1925; Davis, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; won Contemporary Verse Prize ($40) for best work, 1925; *f. p. p.* in McCalls Mag. *Home address:* 812 Manteo Street, Norfolk, Va.

MORTON, David; *b.* Elkton, Ky., Feb. 21, 1886; *s.* Thomas B. and Mattie P.; *educ.* pub. and pvt. schs.; B.S., Vanderbilt Univ., 1909; is teacher of English, Amherst Col.; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America, The Poets Club (N. Y.), Poetry Soc. of Amherst Col.; *pubs.:* Ships in Harbour, 1921; Harvest, 1924; The Sonnet Today — and Yesterday, 1926; *ed.* The Amherst Book of Undergraduate Verse (Amherst Books), 1925, same, 1926; included most of the standard anthologies since 1912; won annual prize of Poetry Soc. of America for best single poem of year; one of three prizes ($500 each), offered by the Lyric Society, for best books of poem in manuscript, 1919; annual prize of Book and Play Club (N. Y.), for best single poem, 1922; of Poetry Soc. of America's prize for best sonnet of year, 1921; *f. p. p.* in Louisville (Ky.), Herald; *recreations:* hiking, golf, coaching football. *Home address:* 45 Amity Street, Amherst, Mass.

MURPHY, Charles R.; *b.* London, Eng., 1884; *s.* Eugene K. L. and Marie (Besson) M.; *educ.* Haverford Col. Grammar Sch. (Haverford, Pa.); A.B. Harvard, 1917; *m.* Mildred Johnston Knight, 1914; *trav.* England and the Continent, in U. S., Maine to Florida and California; *f. p.* Plato, Isaiah, Dante, Emerson, Whitman, Vachel Lindsay, Robert Frost; *pubs.:* To the Lost Friend (from the French of Auguste Angellier), 1913; The Sun-Lit Hours (from the French of Emile Verhaeren), 1916; Afternoon (from the French of Emile Verhaeren), 1917; The Evening Hours (from the French of Emile Verhaeren); *anthologies:* Stork, 1920, 1923; Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* in The Forum. *Address:* 34 South Street, Rockport, Mass. (Winters, Philadelphia, Pa.)

MURTLAND, Blanche Nevins; *b.* Philadelphia, Pa., of American parentage; *educ.* Gilbert's Acad. (Chester, Pa.), Chester (Pa.) High Sch.; *m.* James Murtland, of N. Y. C., June 29, 1904; verse-writing; *trav.* confined to U. S., mainly eastern, southern and mid-western states; *m. i.* Thomas Hood, Tennyson, Longfellow, Eugene Field, Kipling; *f. p.* Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Theodosia Garrison, Fannie Stearns Davis, Margaret Widdemer, Jessie B. Rittenhouse — and Arthur C. Inman; *mem.* Women's Press Club, Authors Club of Tenn., Order of Bookfellows (Chicago), Life Mem., American Literary Asso.; *p.* Republican; *con.* of verse to Tenn. newspapers, and various mags.; included in Who's Who in Journalism, 1925; *anthologies:* Bookfellows Anthology, 1926; *f. p. p.* Leaf Chronicle, Clarksville, Tenn.; *recreations:* travel, reading poetry, theatres. *Home address:* 4114 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MUSSER, Benjamin Francis (Benjamin Musser 5th); *b.* Lancaster, Pa., during the "Mauve Decade"; *s.* Willis Benjamin and Katharine (Kaufman) M.; *educ.* Yeats (boarding) Sch. (near Lancaster), Brooklyn Latin Sch., The Episcopal Academy (Phila.), School of Industrial Art (Phila.), Nashotah Seminary (Nashotah, Wis.), spec. studies Harvard; free lance writer (and dabbles in paint and ink, lecture platform and "thinks he can sing"); *m.* Helen Cobb Laning, of Wilkes-Barre (Pa.), Oct. 12, 1921; *trav.* has "never crossed the ocean, but has pretty well seen U. S. of A."; *m. i.* by Petrarch, Lionel Johnson, Baudelaire, Edwin A. Robinson; *f. p.* Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Cowper Powys, Joseph Auslander, George Sterling, Leonora Speyer; *mem.* Atlantic Book Club, Mercantile Library Co., Poetry Soc., Inc. (of England, main body), Poetry Soc. of America; *p.* having any politics, opposed to civilization; *pubs.:* Chiaroscuro, 1924; Pierrot (privately printed in signed, numbered edition), 1924; *prose:* Angels of the Sanctuary, 1912; Outside the Walls, 1914; *con.* of numerous articles dealing with poetic subjects, and verse to various mags.; *anthologies:* Cheyney, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* in New York Freeman's Journal; *recreations:* genealogical pursuits, studies of the Orient, opera and theatre, house planning, satire. *Home address:* 107 South Mansfield Avenue, Margate, Atlantic City, N. J.

NANCE, Berta Hart; *b.* Shackelford Co., near Albany, Tex.; *d.* D. A. and Eugenia (Davis) N.; *educ.* pub. schs. and Reynolds Academy (Albany, Tex.); teaching at one time, now engaged in real estate business; *m. i.* by Larry Chittenden's Ranch Verses; *f. p.* Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser; *p.* being "native West Texan is naturally a Democrat and prohibitionist"; *mem.* Order of Bookfellows (Chicago), charter mem. Texas Poetry Soc.; *con.* of poems, stories and articles to various mags. and newspapers; *f. p. p.* in Albany (Tex.) News, when fourteen, an "account in the Chittenden style of a cowboys' reunion at Haskell, Tex.; won many juvenile prizes, including medal offered by St. Nicholas, and honors in the Texas Poetry Soc. contests; *anthologies:* Yearbook Texas Poetry Soc.; Davis, 1925; *recreations:* walking, reading, playing violin. *Home address:* Albany, Tex.

NEIHARDT, John G.; *b.* near Sharpsburg, Ill., Jan. 8, 1881; *s.* Nicholas and Alice (Culler) N.; *educ.* pub. schs. (Kansas City, Mo.), Nebraska Normal Col. (Wayne, Neb.) B.S., Univ. of Nebraska, Litt.D.; began writing verse at age of twelve, life devoted to writing; *m.* Mona Martinsen *d.* Rudolph V. Martinsen, Nov., 1908; *trav.* from coast to coast (U. S.), several times, lecturing at educational institutions; *m. i.* early youth, Virgil and Greek poets, especially Homer and Aeschylus; among English poets, Tennyson, Browning, Shelley, Keats and George Meredith; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; belongs to no political party; *pubs.:* The Divine Enchantment, 1900; A Bundle of Myrrh, 1908; Man-Song, 1909; The Stranger at the Gate, 1912; Death of Agrippina, 1913; The Song of Hugh Glass, 1916 (annotated ed. for schs., 1919); The Quest, collected lyrics, 1916; The Song of Three Friends (which won Poetry Soc. of America prize ($500) for best volume of year), 1919; Two Mothers, 1921; The Song of the Indian Wars, 1925; other books: Laureate Address, 1921; Poetic Values (two vols. on subject of poetry); short stories: The Lonesome Trail, 1907; The River and I, 1910; The Dawn-Builder, 1911; Life's Lure, 1914; The Splendid Wayfaring, 1920; Indian Tales and Others, 1926; Collected Poems, 1927; appeared in Anthology of Bookfellow Verse and many other English and American collections; for thirteen years has been engaged in writing an epic cycle of the West, covering the period of Western development from 1822 to 1890, The Song of Three Friends, The Song of Hugh Glass, The Song of the Indian Wars, are parts of the cycle already published: first two of these published with annotations for use in schs. and col. in The Modern Readers Series (Macmillan), and widely studied as American classics; was *lit. ed.* Minn. Journ. 1912–23, *lit. crit.* Kan. City Journ.-Post, 1926—; made Poet Laureate of Nebraska by Legislative enactment, 1921; appointed Hon. Prof. Poet, Univ. of Nebraska, 1923; *recreations:* swimming. *Home address:* Branson, Mo.

NETHERCOT, Arthur Hobart; *b.* Chicago, Ill., April 20, 1895, of American parentage; *educ.* New Trier High Sch. (Winnetka, Ill.); B.A., Northwestern Univ., 1915; M.A., 1916; graduate work at Oxford (England); Ph.D., Univ. of Chicago, 1922; Asst. Prof. English, Northwestern Univ.; *m.* Mary J. Macdougall, 1922; *trav.* in England, Scotland, France, Luxemburg, and Germany during and after the war, also Canada and chief sections of U. S.; *mem.* chiefly academic clubs and associations, and Northwestern Univ. Poetry Soc. (Evanston, Ill.), Univ. of Chicago Poetry Club; no volume of poetry as yet, but *con.* of verse to leading poetry and general mags.; also scholarly articles on Metaphysical Poets and allied subjects in Modern Philology, Pubs. of the Modern Language Asso., Modern Language Notes, Philological Quarterly, Journal of English and Germanic Philology, Studies in Philology, etc.; *anthologies:* Chicago Poetry Club Anthology, 1923; Briathwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* in St. Nicholas League of St. Nicholas Mag.; *recreations:* golf, tennis (coach university tennis team), bridge. *Home address:* Apt. D-I, 2020 Sherman Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

NEWCOMB, Zella Wright; (pseud. Muriel Wright Nuki); *b.* Colorado, 1888; *d.* S. I. and Mary (M.) W.; *educ.* B.A., Univ. of Colorado, 1913; *m.* Curtis Wright, 1917; *m. i.* by Whitman; *f. p.* Sandburg, Ernest Dowson, Dudley Poore,

Paul Tanaquil, Mina Loy; *mem.* (and secretary) Tacoma Writers Club; *anthologies:* Kling's Pagan Anthology, 1917; *pubs.:* Verse: Free and Red, 1927; *con.* of verse to various mags.; *f. p. p.* in Colorado Univ. Lit. Mag., 1909; *essay,* The Neurosis of Poets, 1926. *Home address:* 4708 North Baltimore Street, Tacoma, Wash.

NOE, J. T. Cotton; *b.* near Springfield, Ky., 1864, of English and Scotch-Irish parentage; *educ.* pvt. schs. of Kentucky, Franklin Col. (Ind.), Cornell and Univ. of Chicago, A.B., 1887, A.M., 1891; Litt.D., 1920, Franklin Col.; *m.* Sidney Stanfill; professor in the Univ. of Kentucky; *trav.* most European countries and U. S.; *m. i.* by Tennyson, Keats, Lanier; *f. p.* Keats, Tennyson, Browning, E. A. Robinson; *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* Loom of Life, 1912; Blood of Rachel, 1917; Lincoln, and Other Poems, 1922; *anthologies:* Neihardt's Poet's Pack, 1921; Bookfellows Anthology, 1925, 1926; made Poet Laureate of Kentucky, 1926. *Home address:* Lexington, Ky.

NOVÁK, Sonia Ruthèle (Sofia Karlovna Ruthèle Novák); *b.* on board ship, Atlantic Ocean, July 15, 1900, of Russian mother and Scotch-Irish-Louisianian father; *educ.* convents: Sacred Heart, Immaculata Conception, Martha Washington Col. and Martha Washington Seminary, A.B., 1916; *voca.* poetry; *m.* Edouard Wilhelm Novák; *trav.* England, Mexico, Canada, largely over U. S.; *m. i.* by Poe; *f. p.* Poe, Burns, Shelley, Markham; no clubs or poetry soc.; *p.* Independent; *pubs.:* Andante, and Other Poems, 1926; *anthologies:* Stork, 1920, 1923; Cheyney, 1925, 1926; Anthology of Overseas Verse, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1926; won honorable mention Poetry Soc. of America, 1925; first place in popular Vote Contest for best poem in Independent Poetry Anthology, 1925; and awarded 1925 Anonymous Appreciation Award of $100 from Boston Fund for same; *f. p. p.* group in Contemporary Verse, 1919, including A Day in May, The Man at the Plow and Heroism; *recreations:* dancing, walking. *Home address:* 36 Perry Street, New York, N. Y.

O'HARA, John Myers; *b.* in Iowa; *s.* of the late John O'Hara and Alice Myers O'Hara; his parents were born in America; his father was one of the pioneer railroad builders of the West; he is a graduate of the Northwestern Univ. Law School; he practiced law in Chicago for twelve years and then came to New York and became a stock broker; bachelor; *pubs.:* The Poems of Sappho, 1907; Songs of the Open, 1909; Pagan Sonnets, 1910; The Ebon Muse, 1912; Manhattan, 1915; Threnodies, 1918; Embers, 1921; Men and Gods, 1925; Roses of Persephone, 1926. Lives in New York, N. Y.

OHE, Madge; *b.* New York, N. Y., April 4, 1900, of American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs., began college course, but changed to secretarial sch., completed two years' course; entered business as secretary to credit manager of one of largest corporations in America; *m.* Herbert Charles Sampter; *trav.* over twenty-one states of the Union, and Canada; influenced by no particular poet, find much in all poets, the unknown as well as the great; *p.* dislike all politics, but interested in political science — a different thing; *mem.* Book and Craft, Order of Bookfellows (Chicago), Writers Club of Columbia, Country Bard Asso., American Lit. Asso.; *con.* to various poetry and general mags.; *anthologies:* Cheyney, 1926; Bookfellow Anthology, 1926; American Lit. Asso. Year Book, 1925; won two first prizes in poetry classes; *f. p. p.* in The Prisoner Mag., 1924. *Home address:* Butler Hall, 400 West 119th Street, New York, N. Y.

OLIVER, Wade; *b.* Cincinnati, Ohio; Aug. 30, 1890; *s.* Dr. John C. and Carrie F. (Wright) O.; *educ.* Windsor Pub. Sch. (1896–1904), Walnut Hills High Sch. (1904–1908), A.B., Univ. of Michigan, 1912; Univ. of Cincinnati, M.D., 1915; Professor of Bacteriology, Long Island Col. Hospital (Brooklyn); *m.* Helen Gordon, June 1, 1923; *trav.* British Isles, France, Barbadoes, Brazil, every state in the Union, and two-thirds of Canada; *m. i.* by Keats; *f. p.* Chaucer, Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, Burns; *p.* Mugwump — voting for the man considered best, irrespective of party); *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America, Ohio Valley Poetry Soc. (Cincinnati); *pubs.:* poetry in various American and English poetry Journals, and scientific articles in various medical journals; *anthologies:* Stork, 1923; Ohio Valley Verse, 1922; Cheyney, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1923, 1926; *f. p. p.* in The Gleam (Walnut Hills H. Sch. Mag.); *recreations:* trout-fishing and camping. *Home address:* 19 Grace Court, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OLSON, Ted; *b.* Laramie, Wyo.; *educ.* B.A., Univ. of Wyoming, 1920; newspaper man, now *city ed.,* Casper (Wyo.) Herald; *mem.* American College Quill Club (High Counsellor, 1925-27), and *asso. ed.* The Parchment; *anthologies:* Rorty-Sterling-Taggard's Continent's End 1925; Davis, 1923; Braithwaite's, 1925; 1926; *Address:* Care, Casper Herald, Casper, Wyo.

OPPENHEIM, Bertha; *b.* New York, N. Y.; *d.* Albert Elsberg (Hanover, Ger.) and Rebecca Moses (Cologne on the Rhine), E.; *educ.* pvt. schs., America and abroad; *m.* Dr. Nathan Oppenheim, June 15, 1897 (physician scientist, writer); interested in farming; *trav.* Germany, France, England, Holland, Belgium; *m. i.* by Heinrich Heine; *f. p.* The Bible, Shakespeare, Goethe, Shelley, Richard Wagner, Minnesingers; *pubs.:* Legends of Life, 1921; Winged Seeds, 1923; *f. p. p.* in Garden Mag.; *recreations:* silence of the woods and hills, watching the growth of buds, calves, colts, puppies and all young things. *Home address:* Big Oak Farm, Ferrisburgh, Vt.

ORMSBY, John S.; *b.* Dublin, Ireland; *educ.* parochial and model schs., and Belvedere (Jesuit) Col. (Dublin); came to U. S. 1889, and entered newspaper work; left editorial desk to enlist as private Spanish-American War; served with volunteers, and with Thirteenth regulars and Twenty-Third regular infantry in Philippines, being with Gens. Pershing and Bullard in campaign against the Moros of Mindanao; *m.* Johanna R. Ahern at Niagara Falls (N. Y.), Sept., 1905; favorite club, Home Circle; no particular poet influenced him as inherited what little gift he possesses through heredity and Celtic origin; *pubs.:* Autumn Leaves (poems of peace); Songs of the Post (poems of war); has three songs set to music, Broken Vows, Where the Fairies Meet, and Brighter Days; is *city ed.,* The Niagara Falls Gazette. *Home address:* 1818 18th Street, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

OWENS, Vilda Sauvage; *b.* Aberystwyth, Wales; *d.* James (eminent singer of London and New York), and Eleanor (*d.* of the Welsh poet and journalist, Lewis William Lewis (Llew Llwyfo), S. *educ.* pvt. schs. in London, A.B., Vassar, 1900; *m.* Robert Elliot Owens, (banker of Cortland, N. Y.), 1907; "such poetic gifts as I may have remained latent until the War awakened them"; *f. p. p.* in the N. Y. Times. *Home address:* Cortland, N. Y.

PAGE, Florence S.; *b.* Decatur, Ill.; *educ.* Millikin Univ. (Decatur, Ill.), Columbia Univ.; *trav.* in France, Italy, England, through West, South, East, in U. S.; *f. p.* Browning, Keats, Robert Frost; *f. p. p.* in The Midland, a magazine of the West. *Home address:* 570 West Prairie Avenue, Decatur, Ill.

PALMER, Mrs. E. Dorcas; *b.* Bridgewater, Vt., of American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs. of Mass. and Vt., special work in English Lit., Univ. of Vermont; teacher by profession; *m.* Lawrence Hoadley Palmer, Dec. 23, 1907; at present teaching in Edmunds Junior-Senior H. Sch., (Burlington, Vt.); *trav.* much in U. S. — all the large cities, South and Pacific Coast, and Canada; no poet has especially influenced her; *f. p.* Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson; *mem.* Burlington (Vt.) Teachers, Vermont Teachers, N. E. Asso. of Teachers of English, American Lit. Asso., Verse Writers' Guild (Md.), Nat'l Rural Bard Asso. (Madison, N. J.), Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *pubs.:* Beautiful — My Vermont; One-Act Plays (for secondary schs.); *anthologies:* Griffith, 1925; The Silent Hour (Anthology of Prayer); Bellemin, 1926; Contemporary Poets, 1926; *f. p. p.* in Interstate Journal (Vermont and New Hampshire mag.); *recreations:* poetry, painting, music. *Home address:* 33 South Willard Street, Burlington, Vt.

PARKER, Helen Adams; *b.* Fitzwilliam, N. H., of American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs., pvt. tutor, and Wellesley Col.; vocation, writing; *trav.* not widely except in New England; *m. i.* by Longfellow and Tennyson; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edwin A. Robinson, Josephine Preston Peabody; *p.* Republican; won prizes for best love poem and best daily poem in Boston Post and Boston Record; *f. p. p.* in Boston American. *Home address:* Fitzwilliam, N. H.

PEACH, Arthur Wallace; *b.* Pawlet, Vt.; *s.* Wallace and Jennie Duford (Tucker) P.; *educ.* Middlebury Col.; college teacher by profession; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* The Hill Trails, 1917. *Home address:* 6 Prospect Street, Northfield, Vt.

PEARSON, James Larkin; *b.* near Boomer, N. C., Sept. 13, 1879; *s.* William T. and Louise (McNeill) P.; *educ.* country schs. a month or two during winter in boyhood, no further schooling, but developed great love of books and through incessant reading, self-educated; began writing verse at early age; entered local newspaper office in 1900, learned printing trade, 1903-04, Washington correspondent; on Charlotte, N. C., Chronicle, 1907; *m.* Cora Wallace, of Moravian Falls, N. C., May 1, 1907; after editorial work on several papers living on farm; *m. i.* Longfellow, James W. Riley; *f. p.* Riley, P. L. Dunbar, Bryant, Lanier, Poe,

Whitman, Burns, Keats, Swinburne; among present-day poets, Housman, Clement Wood, Markham David Morton, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sara Teasdale, Olive Tilford Dargan; *mem.* Clan MacNeil Asso. of America, and chosen bard of same in 1925; no political party, but socialist sympathies; *pubs.:* Castle Gates, 1908; Pearson's Poems, 1924; *anthologies:* Lynam, Living Poets of North Carolina, 1923; Poetry of the Southern States, (Wood), 1924; Poets of America (Wood), 1925; Hodges, Poets of the South, 1927; *f. p. p.* in Blue Ridge Times. *Home address:* Boomer, N. C.

PECK, Kathryn; *b.* Minneapolis, Minn., of American parentage, June, 1895; *educ.* early, at home, and pub. schs. of Calif., 1912-13 attended sch. in Italy, and thereafter in N. Y. C.; not associated with any clubs, poetry groups and favors no particular kind of politics; with help of small hand press, has printed, bound and distributed three little volumes of verse and one of prose: Out of the Silence, 1920; The Message, 1921; The Death of Alvin, 1923; Wasted, 1924. *Home:* 1975 Hillcrest Road, Hollywood, Calif.

PENDRAY, G. Edward; *b.* Omaha, Neb., May 19, 1901; *s.* John H. and Louisa P. (of Van Tassell, Wyo.); *educ.* common schs. of Nebraska and Wyoming, H. Sch. at Jireh Col. (Jireh, Wyo.), A.B. Wyoming Univ., 1924, M.A., Columbia Univ., 1925; newspaper reporter, *mem.* staff N. Y. Herald-Tribune; *trav.* throughout Middle West and Western U. S., France and England, summer 1926; *anthologies:* Schnittkind, 1924; *f. p. p.* in The Lariat, (Portland, Ore.). *Address:* 102 Greenwich Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PERRY, Lilla Cabot; *b.* Boston, Mass.; *d.* Samuel and Hannah Lowell (Jackson) C.; *educ.* pvt. sch.; engaged in painting and poetry; *m.* Thomas Sargent Perry, 1874; *trav.* Germany, Belgium, Holland, England, France, Italy, Spain, Russia, Finland, Japan, Bohemia, Austria; *m. i.* Shakespeare, Keats, Browning, Landor; *f. p.* Keats, Shakespeare, Landor; *p.* Republican; *mem.* N. E. Poetry Soc., Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* Heart of the Weed, 1886; Impressions, 1898; from the Garden of Hellas, 1904; The Jar of Dreams, 1923; translated Poems in Prose, by Turgenieff, 1883; *anthologies:* Sharp's, American Sonnets, 1887; Sonnets on the Sonnet (Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.), 1898; Schauffler, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1922; N. E. Poetry Soc. Anthology; *f. p. p.* in The Century Mag. *Home address:* 312 Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass.

PFEIFFER, Edward Heyman; *b.* New York, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1889; *s.* Oscar and Rachel (Heyman) **P.,** *educ.* pub. sch. 69, Manhattan, Horace Mann H. Sch. (N. Y. C.), B.A., Columbia Univ., 1910, Phi Beta Kappa; journalist, civic secretary, writer; *m.* Helena Kopacz, 1918; *trav.* in France, Germany, Austria, Czecko-Slovakia, Switzerland, Italy, Canada, Bermuda, and every State in the Union except West Virginia, Florida, Kentucky, North Dakota and Montana; *m. i.* Browning, Dante, Swinburne, Francis Thompson, Verhaeren, Heine; Independent in politics; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* The Little Leaf (privately printed), 1915; The Winged Wheel (privately printed), 1923; *anthologies:* Braithwaite, 1922; Coblentz, 1924; Stevenson, 1925; *f. p. p.* in The Columbia Monthly; won Spingarn Prize for poetry, 1910; *recreations:* walking, tennis. *Home address:* Terracina Park, Redlands, Calif.

PHELAN, Adeline (pseud. Romanie van de Poele); *b.* Detroit, Mich., June 15, 1879; *d.* Charles J. and Mina (van Hoogstraten) Van de Poele (father was inventor of trolley system, foremost electrical scientist); *educ.* Notre Dame Academy (Roxbury, Mass.), Boston Art Sch., studied art and languages two years in Brussels (Belgium), and at Boston Univ., under Dallas Lore Sharp and Prof. MacBeath; *m.* Joseph C. Phelan, June 29, 1904; *trav.* in Belgium, Holland, France, Canada, Bahamas, Bermuda, and over large part of U. S.; *m. i.* by Keats, Shelley, Brownings, Tennyson; *f. p.* Amy Lowell, Sandburg, Harold Vinal, Laura Spencer Porter, Frederic McCreary, David Morton, Witter Bynner, Babette Deutsch; *mem.* Hub Club, Writers Club (Lynn, Mass.); *p.* Independent; *con.* to various mags.; Country Bard Anthology, 1921; *recreations:* usual seasonal sports. *Home address:* 16 Pierce Road, Lynn, Mass. (summers, Marston's Mills, Mass).

PHILLIPS, Marie Tello; *b.* Louisville, Ky.; *d.* Manly Tello, captain in the Confederate Army, lawyer and editor; through father descended from Admiral Bartholmeu De Perestrello, discoverer of the Isle of Porto Santo, Madeira (1425), and through her mother from Henry Adams (1636) of Braintree (Mass.); *educ.* B.A., Ursuline Col., Vitta Angela (Nottingham, Ohio), 1891; took Western Reserve Extension Courses, Cleveland, Ohio; taught in Cleveland pub. schs., assist. principal, North Doan Sch. to 1912; *m.* Watson P. Phillips, (vice-pres. Phillips Mine and Mill Supply Co., Pittsburg, Pa.); *m. i.* by Byron, Hood, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Longfellow; *mem.* League of American Penwomen (founder and president, Penn. branch); American Lit. Asso., (pres. Pittsburgh branch), Order of Bookfellows (Chicago), Mid-West Chapter, Alden Kindred of America, Poetry Soc. of Great Britain (vice-pres.), Nat'l League of Press Poets (vice-pres.); in 1925, The Sigma Tau Delta, English Professional Fraternity, conferred upon her 10th or highest degree, entitling her to Diamond Torch, bestowed for literary distinction; *con.* of verse and articles to various mags.; *anthologies:* Whispering Leaves, 1924; Blumenauer's Architectural Verse, 1925; Griffith, The Silent Hour, 1925; Prince, Poetry Day Book, 1926; Bookfellow's Wreath to Edwin Markham, 1922; Bookfellow's Anthology, 1925, 1926; Cheyney, 1925; *pubs.:* Marie Tello Phillips' Book of Verse, 1922; Stella Marvin; edited two books of verse by her father, A Voice from the Stars, Verses for Young Folks, and Four Minute Short Stories for Little Folks; six of her lyrics set to music by different composers; *recreations:* she writes: "Mrs. Phillips joins her husband in golf, motoring, swimming, and driving. She is perfectly at home in the water, floats standing without movement, hands above head, and can propel herself in the water with either feet or hands alone; she is very fond of music and dancing, paints in water and oils." *Home address:* 6427 Darlington Road, Squirrel Hill Station, Pittsburgh, Penn.

PINCKNEY, Josephine; *b.* Charleston, S. C., of American parentage; *educ.* pvt. schs.; writing; *trav.* Algiers, Europe generally, Canada, East and West Coasts of U. S.; *m. i.* by Hervey Allen; *f. p.* Paul Verlaine, Poe, Walter de la Mare, Masefield; *mem.* Civic Club (Charleston, S. C.), Poetry Soc. of South Carolina, Poetry Soc. of America; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1921, 1923, 1924, 1925; won Poetry Soc. of South Carolina Prize ($25), for In the Barn, 1921; *f. p. p.* in Contemporary Verse; *recreations:* hunting, fishing, traveling, painting. *Home address:* 21 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

PINDER, Frances Dickenson; *b.* Fort Reed, Orange Co., Fla.; *d.* Rosa McFarland; *m.* George Baskerville Dickenson, of Va.; *educ.* pub. schs., (Orlanda, Fla.), Rollins Col. (Winter Park, Fla.); *prof.* author; *m.* Norwood Pinder (novelist), Jan. 7, 1917; *trav.* Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Northeastern and Southern U. S.; *m. i.* Tennyson *f. p.* Keats, Amy Lowell, Henry Bellamann, Joseph Auslander; *mem.* Woman's Club, Friday Musicale (Jacksonville, Fla.) Poetry Soc. of South Carolina, Poetry Soc. of Winter Park (Fla.); no politics in particular; *con.* to various poetry and general mags.; *anthologies:* Stork, 1920; Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924; won *hon. men.* Southern Prize Contest (Poetry Soc. of South Carolina), for poem Banners, 1925; *f. p. p.* in Contemporary Verse; *recreations:* tennis, bridge. *Home address:* P. O. Box, 867, Jacksonville, Fla.

POGUE, Barton Rees; *b.* Monon, Ind., Feb. 13, 1891; *s.* James Milton and Mary Elizabeth (Rees) P.; *educ.* pub. schs., A.B., Taylor Univ., 1918, Boston Univ., 1921, S.T.B., Rice Summer Sch., 1922; col. prof. since 1921 (Head of Speech Dept., Taylor Univ.); *m.* Maude Jackson, April 6, 1919; *trav.* New England and Southern States; *m. i.* James W. Riley; *f. p.* Riley, Longfellow, Browning; no clubs; *p.* Republican; *mem.* Indiana Poetry Soc.; *pubs.:* Songs of the Soil, 1925; Fortunes in Friendship, 1926; *f. p. p.* in Indiana Farmers' Guide; *recreations:* gardening and fishing. *Home address:* care, Taylor University, Upland, Ind.

PORCHER, Mary F. Wickham (pron. por-sháy); *b.* Philadelphia, Penn., June 8, 1898; *d.* Samuel and Maria (Landis) P., *educ.* diplomas at two pvt. schs., 1915, at Wissahickon Hgts. Sch., Philadelphia, Penn., and 1916, at Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.; no profession and unmarried; *p. voca.* writing; *trav.* in France, Italy, Spain, England; in western U. S.; *m. i.* by Shelley, Tennyson, Browning; *f. p.* Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Sandburg, Masefield, DuBose Heyward, Teasdale; *mem.* Democratic Women's Luncheon Club of Philadelphia; Philadelphia Cricket Club; Poetry Soc. of America, (N. Y. C.); the Bookfellows; Poetry Soc. of South Carolina; *p.* Democrat; interested in internat'l and nat'l politics such as League of Nations, Internat'l Court, and questions of taxation, agriculture, etc.; *pubs.:* The Tilted Cup (poems), 1926; stories pub. in St. Nicholas and other juv. papers; *f. p. p.* Contemporary Verse, *title* Song of Youth; won Philadelphia Browning Soc. prize, bronze medal, May, 1923; *recreations:* tennis, field hockey, swimming, camp life, ranch life, walking at all times. *Home address:* Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Penn.

POSTGATE, Mabel; *b.* Cincinnati, Ohio; both parents American born; *educ.* Cincinnati pub. schs.; Walnut Hills High Sch., Univ. of Cincinnati; *m.* Charles Sargent Postgate; *trav.* east and south in U. S.; no farther west than Chicago; not been abroad; *m. i.* "always like Edgar Allan Poe"; *f. p.* Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, Tennyson, Alfred Noyes, Poe; many of the Irish poets; E. A. Robinson, Amy Lowell, Masters, Millay, Lindsay; *mem.* Choéphorie Club of Univ. of Cin.; The Woman's Press Club; Eastern Hills Lit. Club; to organize a poetry circle within the Choéphorie Club of the Univ. of Cin.; *f. p. p.* Cincinnati Times-Star. *Home address:* 3637 Ault Park Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

POULSEN, Ezra J.; *b.* Paris, Idaho, Dec. 26, 1889; *s.* James S. and Grace (Price) P.; *educ.* pub. schs.; Field Acad., at Paris, Idaho; Young Univ. at Provo, Utah, B.A., 1917; *trav.* Southern States doing ministerial work for L. D. S. Church, 1910-12; *m.* Elsie Sullivan of Richmond, Va., 1913; *p. voca.* teaching; Head of English Dept. Granite High Sch., Salt Lake City, Utah; *m. i.* by Longfellow; *f. p.* Browning, Whitman, Shelley; fond of all the great poets, English and American; *pubs.:* Songs for the Toilers, 1922; *con.* to Improvement Era, Utah Educational Review, Juvenile Instructor and other general magazines both short stories and verse; *f. p. p.* Improvement Era of Salt Lake City; *p.* Democrat; *recreations:* hiking, boating, fishing, horseback riding, swimming, motoring. *Home address:* 253 Wilson Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah; summer: Sager's Hills, Ovid, Idaho, R. F. D.

POWELL, Dawson; *b.* Topeka, Kansas, Aug. 1, 1900; *s.* Rev. Frank A. and Edwinna (Avery) P.; *educ.* high sch. grad., 1918; undergrad. of Southern Methodist Univ.; ex-student, Mass. Inst. of Tech. ex-Harvard S.A.T.C.; *prof.* journalist; psychologist; music editor-critic, Syracuse Herald, N. Y., 1921-22; unmarried; *p. voca.* ed. and pub. The Buccaneer; *trav.* foreign, Mexico; domestic, auto-touring and by railway through all the United States except Michigan and Florida; *m. i.* "still in the formative period"; *f. p.* Keats, Shelley, Hafiz, Sandburg, Thompson, Lanier, Millay, E. A. Robinson; *mem.* The Makers, undergrad. soc. of S. M. U.; Poetry Soc. of Texas; *anthologies:* Hubbell, Hemke, Bond, 1924; Prairie Pegasus; Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; Schnittkind, 1925; *f. p. p.* Semi-Weekly Campus (mag. page, newspaper), May 12, 1923; *prizes:* So. Methodist Univ. contest, 1925; 1st, Local, $25; 2d, Texas Undergrad., 1925; *title,* Within Seven Walls; 1st. Nat'l, $100, open to all undergrads. in American Cols. and Univs., 1926, So. Methodist Univ. contest, *title,* Song of the Airway; *recreations:* tennis, boxing, water sports, aviation and auto-camping. *Home address:* 2519 Maple Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

PRICE, James William; *b.* in village of Oakington, Hartford Co., Md., Mar. 8, 1875; *s.* James William (blacksmith) and Alice Anna (Thompson — teacher) P.; *educ.* pub. schs., Baltimore, Md.; grad. McDonogh Sch., McDonogh, Md., 1892; *occu.* leaving McDonogh, entered office as clerk, finally becoming bookkeeper for large engineering firm in N. Y. C.; returning to Baltimore, 1903, entered life ins. business; *m.* Mary Isabel Paynter of Centreville, Md., Jan. 14, 1924; *c.* one son and one daughter; *p. voca.* selling advertising specialties, but devoting more and more time to his work as ed., critic and revisionist; *trav.* various parts of eastern section of U. S.; *m. i.* by Burns and Byron; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Keats, Byron, Burns, Browning, Tennyson, Lowell, Longfellow, Robinson, Markham, Kipling, Masefield, Noyes; *mem.* Bookfellows (Chicago); The Poetry Soc. of Maryland (Baltimore); The Poetry Soc. of Great Britain (London); founder, 1922, The Verse Writers' Guild of America (orig. The Verse Writers' Guild of Maryland), and is now pres.; *p.* Independent; *ed.* of Interludes, A Mag. of Verse, which he founded Jan., 1923; *con.* to poetry and general mags.; *anthologies:* Davis, 1923, 1924; Bartlett (The Sea Anthology), 1924; Cheyney, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1926; has entered very few prize contests, but has won small prizes from Baltimore newspapers, four, 1923; The Shot Tower Poetry Contest, held by The Baltimore Poetry Circle, for sonnet, *title* The Shot Tower Speaks, $5, 1924; Success Mag., $10, 1926, for rondeau, *title* I Questioned Fate; *f. p. p.* The Methodist Protestant; *recreations:* few, but is fond of fishing and walking. *Home address:* 2917 Erdman Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

PURNELL, Idella; *b.* Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, April 1, 1901, of American parentage; *educ.* in American Sch., Guadalajara; pub. schs. Baltimore, Md.; Los Angeles High Sch., 1918; Univ. of Calif., A.B., 1922; began work as sec. in the Consular Service in Guadalajara; began pub. Palms, A Mag. of Poetry, April, 1923, supporting it with consular earnings; in 1924 was obliged by ill health to resign from Consulate; 1925, spent four summer months in charge of Foreign Book Dept. of Los Angeles Pub. Lib.; continues the pub. of Palms, and is writer of short stories and articles on Mexico to support it; *trav.* chiefly from Guadalajara to points in U. S.: New York, Baltimore, Texas, California; *m. i.* by Witter Bynner; a class at the Univ. of Calif. under this poet, and a continued friendship, the source of much development; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Keats, poets of the Bible, selections from poets in the Oxford Book of English Verse, Browning, Whitman, Bynner, Seiffert, Hinton, Gilbert, Glines, Dillon and Cullen; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); in politics, inclined to be liberal; *pub.:* Eagles and Snakes, (poems), i. p.; *anthologies:* Coblentz, 1924; Braithwaite's, 1924, 1925, 1926; Moult, 1924; Calif. Book Club, 1925; *f. p. p.* Baltimore Sun, about 1914; *recreations:* reading, conversation, walking, dancing, trying to understand Mexican politics, writing, riding horseback, muleback and burroback; enjoys the country, especially if there is a little element of danger in being there. *Home address:* Guadalajara, Mexico.

QUIRK, Charles J., S. J.; *b.* New Orleans, La., Feb. 1, 1889, of American, Irish and German parentage; *educ.* pvt. sch.; two yrs. studied under tutors; two yrs. pub. sch.; five yrs. normal sch.; four yrs. philosophy; three yrs. theology; four yrs. special studies in asceticism; one yr. degrees: A.B., M.A.; *p. voca.* prof. of English Lit. and Journalism, Spring Hill Col., Mobile, Ala.; *trav.* four yrs. abroad: England, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Germany; in U. S. north, south and as far west as Nebraska; *f. p.* Tabb, Alice Meynell, Swinburne; *p.* Democrat; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; *pub.:* Sails on the Horizon, 1926; *f. p. p.* Messenger of the Sacred Heart; *recreations:* reading, writing and walking. *Home address:* Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala.

RAMSAY, Janet; *b.* in Ohio; after musical studies abroad opened a studio in New York; latterly given much time to poetry and fiction; *pubs.:* High Road (a first novel), 1924. *Home address:* 137 East 60th Street, New York, N. Y.

RAY, Louise Crenshaw; *b.* near Greenville, Ala.; *d.* Thaddeus Henry and Anne (Calvin) C.; *educ.* pvt. tutors, Woman's Col., Alabama, B.S., 1908, studied at Univ. of Alabama, 1916; *m.* Benjamin Franklin Ray, Jan. 23, 1918; writer by profession; *trav.* extensively in West and Southwest; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p.* Tennyson, Browning, Keats, Shelley, Shakespeare, Longfellow, Eugene Field; *mem.* Birmingham Writers' Club, Birmingham Music Study Club (Ala.), Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *p.* Democrat; *con.* of verse to The Commonweal, America, etc., and articles and short stories, to Living Church, Judge, Love Story Mag., etc.; won Birmingham News Prize ($25), for paraphrase on Hamlet's Soliloquy, 1925, Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs, for eight line Christmas greeting poem, 1926; *anthologies:* Pfeiffer's Anthology of Catholic Magazine Verse, 1926; *f. p. p.* Garden Fancies, in The Nomad; *recreations:* swimming, hiking, horseback riding, motoring. *Home address:* 920 South 31st Street, Birmingham, Ala.

REDEGAR, Herbert Hough; *b.* April 9, 1885, Cleveland, Ohio; *s.* George and Barbara (Hough) R.; *educ.* pub. schs. (Cleveland, Ohio), finishing education in father's print shop; *m.* Elizabeth Dickinson, of Cleveland, June 17, 1907; employed as chief proofreader with Penton Pub. Co., earlier being in publishing and newspaper field in various capacities; *trav.* during vacations in eastern section of U. S.; *m. i.* by Shakespeare; *f. p.* Burns, Wordsworth, Whittier, Shelley; *mem.* Cleveland unit, The Barders, American Poetry Circle (N. Y. C.); *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* Milestones that Gleam, 1927; *anthologies:* Bookfellows Anthology, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* father set type for first poem, printed privately, on Russo-Japanese War; *recreations:* fishing, rowing, swimming. *Home address:* 1456 Elbur Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio.

REDMAN, Ben Ray; *b.* Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1896; *s.* Walter H. and Violet (Platt) R.; *educ.* Pawling Sch., Columbia Univ.; *m.* Frieda Inescort, Jan. 30, 1926; critic, editorial head and advertising manager of G. P. Putnam's Sons; *lit. ed.* The Spur; *trav.* in England, Scotland, and on Continent; *f. p.* Ovid, Edwin A. Robinson; *mem.* The Authors Club (N. Y.), The Poets; *pubs.:* Masquerade, 1923; translations from the French: Suzanne and the Pacific, by Jean Giraudoux, 1923; Barnabe and His Whalem by Rene Thevenin, 1924; The Golden Flower, by Count Gobineau, 1924; Anette and Sylvie by Romain Rolland, 1925; The Modern English Novel, by Abel Chevalley, 1925; Saint Paul, by Emil Baumann, 1927; Words to the Deaf, by Guglielmo Ferrero, 1927; Edwin Arlington Robinson, A Critical Study, 1926; Flaubert, A

Critical Biography, 1926; *anthologies:* Moult, 1923; *f. p. p.* in Harper's Mag.; *recreations:* golf, tennis, swimming. *Home address:* 40 West 52d Street, New York, N. Y.

REED, Mary Davis; *b.* Mount Carmel, Penn., Feb. 29, 1884, of American parentage; *educ.* pub. and pvt. schs.; *m.* Thomas Boden Reed, Feb. 29, 1904; *trav.* throughout U. S. and Canada; *f. p.* Elizabeth Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Riley, Sir Walter Scott; *p.* Independent; *mem.* Bookfellows (Chicago), American Li. Asso. (Milwaukee), The Circle (Baltimore, Md.), Verse Writers Guild (Baltimore); *anthologies:* Rector Griffith's Anthology of Prayer Poems, 1925; Davis, 1924, 1925; won 2d prize ($25) Baltimore Evening Sun Contest for answer to question "What would you do if you had but one year to live "; *f. p. p.* There Let Them Rest (taken from statement made by Roosevelt regarding removal of soldiers' bodies from France), in Phila. Press, July, 1918; *recreations:* motoring, hiking. *Home address:* P. O. Box 205, Firestone Station, Akron, Ohio.

REICH, Jr., Henry; *b.* Pittsburgh, Penn., 1892; taken in boyhood to live in Tryon, N. C.; *m.* Molka Tenenholtz, Nov. 27, 1920; *educ.* Pittsburgh H. S., Carnegie Institute of Technology; engaged in newspaper work in Pittsburgh; overseas with 41st Aero Squadron, 5th Pursuit Group, serving in France and Germany; at present ed. of daily trade paper, N. Y. C.; *trav.* in England, France, Germany, and in U. S. west to the Allegheny Mts., south to North Carolina; *m. i.* by Keats; *f. p.* Carl Sandburg, Maxwell Bodenheim, Edna St. Vincent Millay; *con.* of verse to The Measure, Live Stories, etc.; *f. p. p.* in The Masses. *Home address:* 2100 Cropsey Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

REID, Dorothy E.; *b.* Bucyrus, Ohio, Jan. 12, 1900; *d.* Charles and Virginia (Loughbaum) R.; *educ.* pub. schs., Ohio State Univ., B.A., 1925; engaged in publicity work; *trav.* very little; *m. i.* by Keats; *f. p.* Edna St. Vincent Millay, A. E. Housman, Keats, W. E. Henley, John Donne, Browning; as to clubs and poetry societies, "no entangling alliances"; *pubs.:* Coach into Pumpkin, 1925; won Vanderwater Poetry Prize ($25), awarded by Ohio State Univ. for best poem submitted by undergraduate, 1925, The Measure Prize ($10), for best group submitted for month, April, 1926; *f. p. p.* in Ashland Pines Gazette, at age of nine. *Home address:* 33½ South 4th Street, Columbus, Ohio.

REID, Peggy; *b.* Muskegon, Mich., 1906; *d.* of Canadian parentage, Harry Gray and Minnie (Tipton) R.; *educ.* St. Mary's Academy (Monroe, Mich.), 1924; grad. Sch. of Expression, 1925; by *prof.*, writer and dramatic reader; *trav.* in Canada, Western and Eastern U. S.; *m. i.* by Wordsworth; *f. p.* Keats, Tennyson, Bliss Carman, Louise Ayres Garnett, Joseph Galahad; *mem.* Michigan Authors (Detroit), Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *pubs.:* Buds of Promise, 1921; *anthologies:* Overseas Anthology, 1926; Cheyney, 1925, 1926; won two prizes awarded by Alice Calhoun Journal, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* in Detroit News; *recreations:* walking, traveling, contemplating the beautiful in nature. *Home address:* 520 East Front Street, Monroe, Mich.

REYNOLDS, Beatrice; *b.* Leslie, Mich., Nov. 28, 1906, of American-English parentage; *educ.* pub. schs., Univ., 1925; *p. voca.* teacher of English; *trav.* familiar with N. E., Middlewest and Northwest; *f. p.* Shelley, Swinburne, Masefield, Keats, Alfred Noyes, Rupert Brooke; *mem.* The Order of Bookfellows (Chicago, Ill.); *pub.:* Pot-pourri (prep.); *f. p. p.* The Buccaneer, Dallas, Texas; U. of C. Poetry prize, 1924-1925, *title,* Two Sonnets, $10; *recreations:* reading and night ramblings. *Home address:* 317 McKinley Street, Sterling, Col.

RICE, Ruth Mason: *b.* Brockport, N. Y., 1884; *d.* Dr. John H. and Caroline (Atwater), M.; *educ.* Adelphi Academy (Brooklyn), Miss Baldwin's of Bryn Mawr, A.B., Vassar; *m.* Willis Ballance Rice, Aug. 27, 1910; is author and organizer; *trav.* three times to Europe; has lived in Italy; *m. i.* by Shakespeare, and the Prophets; *f. p.* Shelley, Lanier, Wordsworth, Carducci, D'Annunzio, Keats; *mem.* Authors League, The Soroptimist Club (first vice-pres.), founder and first pres., N. Y. League of American Penwomen, Poetry Soc. of America, Poetry Soc. of England Women Poets; *p.* Republican; Italian problems and lit. interest her immensely, her first novel pub. at twenty-three, The Trailers, dealing with Italian Americans; author of a number of serials for juveniles; *con.* of verse to large number of mags. and newspapers; *ed.,* Book and Craft; wrote lyrics for Children's Game and Other Songs, with music by Rose Villar; Archways, 1925; *anthologies:* Strung Beads, Carved Beads; Bookfellows Anthology, 1926; Vinal, (Eleven Poets), 1924; Cheyney, 1925; Anthology of Cities, 1925; Anthology of League of American Penwomen; Davis, 1924; Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* A Japanese Print, in The Forum; *recreations:* reading and dancing. *Home address:* 49 St. Nicholas Terrace, New York, N. Y.

RICH, H. Thompson; *b.* Bayonne, N. J., July 27, 1893, of American, Scotch-English parentage; *educ.* Williston Academy, 1912; Dartmouth Co.., B.S., 1915; *prof.* writer, short stories, and articles for mags.; *trav.* entire U. S., Mexico, Central America, Canal Zone, Cuba; *m. i.* "I express no influence by any poet or group or movement but leave that to the critics"; *f. p.* Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Witter Bynner, Harry Kemp, Wordsworth, Wilde, Browning, Keats, Swinburne; *clubs and poetry socs.:* none; *pubs.:* I Come Singing (poems), 1926; *f. p. p.* Poetry: A Mag. of Verse; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, etc.; *recreations:* "all of them." *Home address:* 735 East Acacia Avenue, Glendale, Calif.

RICHARDS, Elizabeth Davis; *b.* Morgantown, W. Va., des. on maternal side from Barbes from St. Barbe, France; paternal, from Jacob Ridgway of Philadelphia, Penn., Jacob Ridgway having given Ridgway Lib. to Philadelphia; also served as Ambassador to The Netherlands; *educ.* lit. and musical studies at Univ. of W. Va., and Univ. of Wis.; *prof.* teacher of music, having had for many yrs. a pvt. studio for piano pupils in Morgantown; *m.* Del Roy Richards of Morgantown, in 1906; *p. voca.* ed. staff of The New Dominion, *con.* Poetry Review col.; also *con. ed.* of L'Alouette, A Mag. of Verse; *mem.* Woman's Club; The Woman's Music Club (Morgantown); *hon. mem.* McDowell Music Club (Derry, N. H.); *hon. mem.* English Club of W.Va. Univ.; Matrix (journalistic sorority of W. Va. Univ.) Kappa Chap. Alpha Chi Omega of Univ. of Wis.; D. A. R.; eligible to Colonial Dames; Poetry Soc. of Va.; American Lit. Asso.; Verse Writers' Guild; Poetry Soc. of Eng. and League of American Penwomen; *p.* Democrat; *pubs.:* Leaves of Laurel (poems), Jan., 1925; songs: Springtime and You (comp. words and music); By the Blue Monongahela (set to music by mem. Sch. of Music of W. Va. Univ.); accepted by W. Va. Univ. as one of official songs; accepted 1926 for Song Book; Alpha Chi Omega (comp. words and music); Love is a Robber (set to music by Russell Chase); *anthologies:* Bookfellow, 1925, 1926; American Lit. Asso., 1925; Cheyney, 1926; Griffith, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* W. Va. Sch. Journal (having won prize for creative writing in which five hundred sch. children under fourteen competed); now compiling History of Ridgway Family in America. *Home address:* 581 Spruce Street, Morgantown, W. Va.

RICKARD, Hazel Craytor; *b.* Kingsville, Ohio; *d.* Herbert C. and Emma L. Craytor; *educ.* high sch. grad.; specialized in poetics and short-story writing under Dr. Esenwein; a reader, pvtly. tutored; *m.* Burt Hiram Rickard; *trav.* through middle and mid-western States; *m. i.* by Milton; *f. p.* Longfellow, Shelley, classic poets; *mem.* Child Conservation League; Musical Art Soc.; Parent-Teacher Asso. (other local socs., Elyria, Ohio); American Lit. Asso. (Milwaukee, Wis.), Ohio Newspaper Women's Asso., Nat'l Country Barder (Madison, N. J.), The British Poetry Soc., Order of Bookfellows (Chicago); *anthologies:* Richter and Bellemin, Our Contemporary Poets, 1926; *f. p. p.* Father Time's Advice, the Machinist's Journal; *recreations:* out-of-door activities, music, cultural assos. *Home address:* 338 Oxford Avenue, Elyria, Ohio.

RIPLEY, George Sherman (pen name, Sherman Ripley); *b.* Hartford, Conn., of direct descent from Governor Bradford, of The Mayflower; *educ.* pub. schs.; ten years Boy Scout Executive of Hartford, later engaged in manufacture of automobile bearings; *m. i.* by Byron, Keats, Shelley, Emily Dickinson, Masefield, Edwin A. Robinson, Francis Thompson, W. H. Davies, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Mabel Simpson, Harold Vinal; *p.* Republican; founder and now pres. of Poetry Club of Hartford (Conn.); *ed.* The Poet's Corner, of Hartford Times; *pubs.:* Moon Shadows, 1926; *prose:* Games for Boys; Raggedy Animals Stories, 1926; *con.* of verse to various mags.; *f. p. p.* in Life; *recreations:* as writing is an avocation, considers it also as greatest recreation; camping and all outdoor life. *Home address:* 270 Palm Street, Hartford, Conn.

RITTENHOUSE, Jessie B.; *b.* Mt. Morris, N. Y.; *d.* John E. and Mary (MacArthur) R.; *educ.* grad. Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, (Lima, N. Y.) Latin Scientific Course, 1890; is writer and lecturer; *m.* Clinton Scollard (the poet), Mar. 20, 1924; *p. voca.* writing, criticism and poetry, editing anthologies and lecturing in clubs and univs.; *trav.* several times over British Isles and most of European countries and in all States of America; *m. i.* no special poet influence, her own art, but she knew best and loved best in early life the great Romanticists, Coleridge,

Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats; belongs to no general clubs; was one of the founders and for ten yrs. sec. of the Poetry Soc. of America, founder and pres. of the Poetry Soc. of Florida (Winter Park, Fla.); *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* The Door of Dreams, 1918; The Lifted Cup, 1921; *criticism:* The Younger American Poets, 1904; *compilations:* The Little Book of Modern Verse, 1913; The Little Book of American Poets, 1915; The Second Book of Modern Verse, 1919; The Little Book of Modern British Verse, 1924; *anthologies:* Richards, 1916, 1918, 1924; Wilkinson, 1921; Cooper, 1924; Stevenson, 1925; California Writers' Club, 1925; Le Gallienne, 1925; won Poetry Soc. of America prize ($125) for poem Debt, 1918; *f. p. p.* in Home Journal (N. Y. C.) ; *recreations:* traveling. *Home address:* Watersmeet, Kent, Conn.

ROADS, Helen Pursell; *b.* Logan, Ohio, of Scotch-English parentage (on maternal side from stock which produced the Scottish poet Robert Tannahill; paternal ancestors, English colonists who fought in the Revolution, descendants members of Congress in the early Republic; *m.* Conrad Roads, of Hillsboro, Ohio (cradle of prohibition movement); prior to marriage engaged on several papers pub. by her father, the late F. S. Pursell, and was regular contributor to Ohio State Journal under editorship of S. M. McClure; was sec. to late President Harding during his term as Lieut.-Gov. of Ohio, and, since 1921, has served as Engrosser of Laws in Ohio Senate; *m. i.* by heredity and study of Scottish poets; most of writings have been of political character. *Home address:* 304 North High Street, Hillsboro, Ohio.

ROBERTS, Lillian Mayfield; *b.* Conway, W. Va., Oct. 29, 1894, of American parentage; *educ.* Tyler Co. High Sch., (Middlebourne, W. Va.), 1912, West Virginia Wesleyan Col., A.B., 1916, New York Univ., 1917, Univ. of Pittsburgh, 1925; *m.* George Paul Roberts, Sept. 16, 1916; *trav.* U. S. and Canada; *m. i.* Browning; *mem.* Daughters of American Revolution, Women's Press Club (Pittsburgh), League of American Penwomen; *pubs.:* poetry in various mags., Zinnias, Scribner's Mag., Nov., 1926; *anthologies:* Coblentz, 1924; won The West Virginia Review Prize ($1,000) for best short story by a West Virginian, 1924; *f. p. p.* in Pictorial Review. *Home address:* 5859 Northumberland Street, Pittsburgh, Penn.

ROBERTS, Mary Eleanor; *b.* Philadelphia, Penn.; *d.* S. W. and Jane Ellwood (Shannon) R.; *educ.* pvt. schs.; *m.* John Bingham Roberts, 1897; *trav.* Europe, Canada, West and South in U. S.; *mem.* Acorn, Art Alliance, New Century (Philadelphia), Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* Cloth of Frieze, 1912; *prose:* The Art of Versification, 1913; *anthologies:* The Lyric Year, 1912; won Browning Society prize twice (Philadelphia). *Home address:* 1916 Pine Street Philadelphia, Penn.

ROBERTSON, Margaret Clyde; *b.* Franklin, Ind.; *d.* John Adams and Elizabeth (Herriott) Applegate (descendant of Sir George Herriott, of Edinburgh, Scotland); *educ.* pub. schs. (Lyons, Kan.); *m.* William Earle Robertson, 1892, church and opera singer; a member of the Columbia Opera Co., seasons, 1905-1907, and American Opera Co., 1907-1908; *trav.* over British Isles and France, and extensively in East and South of U. S.; *poetry ed.* of The Echo (Denver, Col.); *f. p.* Whitman, Oscar Wilde, Burns, Masefield, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay; *mem.* League of American Penwomen (pres. of Colorado Branch, 1924-27), Colorado Poetry Club, Denver Community Players; *con.* to many popular fiction mags.; *anthologies:* Cheyney, 1924; Eletha Mae Taylor's, Indiana Poets, 1925; Prince, Poetry Day Book, 1926, Wright's Overseas Anthology, 1926; *prizes* won: Colorado Pen Workers, 1st prize (story), 1920, Denver Woman's Press Club, 1st prize (story), 1921, 2d (play), 1922, 1st (play), 1923, 1st (story), 1923, 1st (poem), 1923, 1st (F. W. W. prize, best poem of year), 1923, Denver Merchants' Asso. Song Prize, 1923, Colorado State Poetry Contest, 1923, Judge W. B. Morgan Iambic Verse Prize, 1924, Colorado L. A. P. P., 2d (story), 1925, *hon. men.* (poetry), 1925, Foster Ballad Contest (shared 1st prize), 1925, L. A. P. W. *hon. men.* (poetry), 1926, Henry P. Woodhouse Science Poem (Int. cont.), 3d prize, 1926; *f. p. p.* in Overland Monthly. *Home address:* 321 East 12th Avenue, Denver, Col.

ROBINSON, Donald Fay; *b.* Jamaica Plain, Mass., Feb. 6, 1905; *s.* Thomas Pendleton and Ethel (Fay) R.; *educ.* Browne and Nichols Sch., (Cambridge, Mass.), 1918-22, Harvard Univ., B.A., 1926; *trav.* restricted to New England, and immediate adjoining territory; *m. i.* the Bible; *f. p.* Burns, Whitman, Browning, Horace; *p.* Independent; *f. p. p.* in Harvard Advocate. *Home address:* South Pleasant Street, Hingham, Mass.

ROBINSON, Edwin Arlington; *b.* Head Tide, Me., Dec. 22, 1869; *s.* Edward and Mary E. (Palmer) R.; *educ.* pub. schs. Gardiner (Me.), Harvard Univ., 1891-93; Hon. Litt.D., Yale, 1922; *mem.* Nat'l Inst. of Arts and Letters; *pubs.:* the Torrent and the Night Before, 1896; the Children of the Night, 1897; Captain Craig, 1902 (new ed. with additions, 1916); the Town Down the River, 1910; the Man Against the Sky, 1916; Merlin, 1917; Lancelot, 1920; the Three Taverns, 1920; Avon's Harvest, 1921; Collected Poems, 1921; Roman Bartholow, 1923; the Man Who Died Twice, 1924; Dionysius in Doubt, 1925; awarded the Pulitzer prize, ($1,000), 1921 (Collected Poems) and 1925 (the Man Who Died Twice). *Address:* care Ledoux & Co., 99 John Street, New York, N. Y.

ROMIG, Edna Davis; *b.* Barden, Ohio, Jan. 16, 1889, American parentage of Scotch-Irish and English extraction; *educ.* pub. schs. of Barden (Ohio), and Hope (Ind.), B.A., DePauw Univ., 1911, M.A., Univ. of Wisconsin, 1923; has taught English at DePauw and Univ. of Wisconsin; at present teaching English at Univ. of Colorado, as assist. prof.; *m.* Albert Stanley Romig, Feb. 9, 1913 (deceased Oct., 1919); *m. i.* Tennyson, Milton, Shakespeare; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Shelley, M. Arnold, Goethe, Whitman, Edna St. Vincent Millay; *mem.* Phi Beta Kappa, Modern Language Asso., Shakespeare Asso. of America, Poetry Soc. of England, Col., Chapter of Poetry Soc. of America; pub. articles on Thoughts of a Teacher of German, Atlantic Mon., 1918, Walt Whitman, A Centenary View, Outlook, May 7, 1919, Men as Mothers, Yale Review, Jan., 1925, Shakespeare's Prose, Univ. of Colorado, Studies, Sept., 1925, Paradox of Walt Whitman, Univ. of Colorado Studies, June, 1926; *con.* of verse to various poetry and general mags.; *recreations:* mountain trails, Wisconsin Lakes, early morning tennis courts. *Home address:* 966 Fifteenth Street, Boulder, Col.

ROOT, E. Merrill; *b.* Baltimore, Md., Jan. 4, 1895, of American parentage; *educ.* Providence, R. I., High Sch., A.B., Amherst Col., 1917; *m.* Alsa V. Landon, June, 1922; *trav.* in France, and in East and Middle West, U. S.; lecturer on modern lit. and teacher in Earlham Col. (Richmond, Ind.); *m. i.* James Thompson (author of The City of Dreadful Night); *f. p.* Shelley, Whitman, James Thompson, G. K. Chesterton, Ralph Hodgson; *p.* Independent; no poetry socs.; *anthologies:* Stork, 1920; Cheyney, 1924; Braithwaite's, 1924, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* Night on the River, in Poetry, a Mag. of Verse; *recreations:* books and nature. *Home address:* 101 Southwest 5th Street, Richmond, Ind.

ROSENBAUM, Nathan; *b.* in Russia, of Jewish parentage; *educ.* pub. schs. (Philadelphia, Penn.), Temple Univ., 1918; *m.* Elizabeth Scher, May 27, 1923; real estate business; *m. i.* by Shelley; *f. p.* Shelley, Keats, Baudelaire, Whitman, Poe; *mem.* Pen and Pencil (Philadelphia); *p.* Independent; *pubs.:* Songs and Symphonies, 1916; Each in His Time, 1925; Mere Love (a novel), 1927; *f. p. p.* in The Liberator; *recreations:* tennis, reading. *Home address:* 5348 Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Penn.

RUSSELL, Sydney King; *b.* New York, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1897, of American parentage; *educ.* prepared at Choate Sch. (Wallingford, Conn.) for Yale, instead went West with parents, entered Univ. of California, left to return to New York and study music, becoming a composer of songs by profession; *m.* Carlotta Rydman, 1920; *trav.* in America, making two coast to coast motor trips; *m. i.* by Sara Teasdale; *f. p.* Keats, Shelley, Shakespeare, Countée Cullen, Don Marquis, Eleanor Chaffee, Ann Hamilton, Arthur D. Ficke, John H. Wheelock; *mem.* the Writers (Hollywood); no politics; *publications:* The Changing Flame, 1923; Pilgrimages, 1925; *anthologies:* Strong, 1923; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* Los Angeles Times; *recreations:* tennis, swimming. *Home address:* 9 Laughlin Park, Hollywood, Calif.

SAMPSON, Harriet; *b.* Woodstock, Conn., 1898, of American, English, Scotch-Irish descent; *educ.* Dana Hall Wellesley Col., B.A., 1920; *prof.* teacher of English in pvt. schs.; *trav.* a summer in England and Scotland with a dab of France, some journeying about the U. S., a trip to California by way of Canadian Rockies; *m. i.* impossible to say; *f. p.* Alice Meynell, Joseph Auslander, Walter de la Mare; *mem.* Pen and Brush; Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); Women Poets (N. Y. C.) sec.; N. Y. Craftsman's Group of American Lit. Asso.; *f. p. p.* The Sat. Rev. of Lit., Feb. 7, 1925; 2d prize at Dec., 1925, meeting of Poetry Soc. of America; *mem.* chosen by Women Poets on com. to award $100 prize for best book of verse, 1925, by mem. of Poetry Soc. of America; *recreation:* talk. *Home address:* Woodstock, Conn.

SARETT, Lew; *b.* Chicago, Ill., May 16, 1888; *s.* Rudolph and Jeannette (Block) S.; *educ.* Univ. of Michigan; Beloit Col.; Harvard Univ.; Univ. of Illinois; *degs.:* A.B.; LL.B.; Litt.D.; A.B., Beloit Col., 1911; LL.B., Univ. of Illinois, 1916; Litt.D., Baylor Univ., 1926; *prof.* four vocations and avocations and carries them on through the yr.: (1) three months of yr. professorship at Northwestern Univ.; (2) two months of yr. coast-to-coast tour lecturing on wild life, animals, Indians, French-Canadians, the American wilderness, and reading from his books of poetry in these fields; (3) four months of yr. works for the Govt. as a rancher, or as woodsman or guide; (4) all yr. writes poetry, his chief vocation; *m.* Margaret Elizabeth Husted, June 17, 1914; *p. voca.* writing and lecturing; *trav.* over forty thousand miles in North America by canoe and pack train, mostly in northwest and wilderness sections of country; *m. i.* "I cannot recall any poet who influenced me particularly, but no doubt the poets I admire most and read often exert some influence; *f. p.* Blake, Browning, Keats, Swinburne, Masefield, Lanier, Carl Sandburg and Robert Frost; *mem.* Authors' Club (London); Soc. of Midland Authors; Michigan Authors' Club; Poetry Soc. of America; *p.* Independent; *pubs.:* (books of poetry) Many, Many Moons, 1920; The Box of God, 1922; Slow Smoke, 1925; numerous articles, etc., in mags.; mss. in preparation: two vols., both poetry; one probably pub. three yrs. hence; the other will not be ready for publication in less than five yrs. although it is pretty well along now; it is the type of book that needs years of ripening; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Le Gallienne's, 1925; Monroe & Henderson's, 1923; Thomas Moult's, 1925; Stevenson's, 1925; Louis Untermeyer's, 1923, 1925; and about twenty other anthologies; *f. p. p.* Outing Mag.; *prizes:* Levinson, offered by Poetry: A Mag. of Verse, awarded The Box of God, as best poem pub. in 1921, $200; Ben Field, for best narrative poem pub. in The Lyric West, 1924, $50, *poem* Angelique; Voices, for best poem of yr., $50, 1924-25, *poem*, Let Me Go Down to Dust; Contemporary Verse, 1922 (or 1923) awarded group of poems; Poetry Soc. of America for best book of poems pub. each yr., $100, 1925, *book* Slow Smoke; a half dozen other prizes of less significance; *recreations:* trout fishing, hunting, canoeing; collecting Indian curios, flint work, geological specimens; making herbariums of American wild flowers. *Home address:* Laona, Forest County, Wis.

SAUL, George Brandon; *b.* Shoemakersville, Penn., Oct. 31, 1901; *s.* Daniel Brandon (adopted son of D. I. Saul) and Mary E. (Stamm) S.; Irish-German stock; *educ.* Perry Township High Sch. (Shoemakersville), 1914-15; Ontelaunee Vocational High Sch. (Leesport, Pa.); 1915-18; Univ. of Pennsylvania, 1919-23, A.B.; studied piano and harmony; *prof.* college teacher of English; also taught music; *m.* Dorothy Mae Ayers of Newport, N. H., June 28, 1925; *p. voca.* inst. in English, Connecticut Agricultural Col.; *trav.* no travels of consequence; *m. i.* by possibly Tennyson; *f. p.* Yeats, Masefield, de la Mare, Hodgson, A. E. Housman; *mem.* Delta Sigma Phi Frat., Iota Chap.; Poetry Soc. of America; no political affiliation; *pubs.:* The Cup of Sand, 1923; many scattered poems and critical reviews in periodicals; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1921 (and several other yrs.); Stevenson, 1925; Stork, 1923; several other collections of which no record has been made; *f. p. p.* Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, Oct. 2, 1919; *prizes:* Contemporary Verse, $40, 1923; Contemporary Verse: $50 prize contributed pvtly. in 1923 by reader who favored a poem of two yrs. before above all others in mag.; $50 for sonnet in The Lyric, 1924; *recreation:* music. *Home address:* Shoemakersville, Pa. (and English Dept., Conn. Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.).

SAUNDERS, Whitelaw; *b.* Wamego, Kan., 1879; *s.* James M. (New Englander) and Anna D. (Whitelaw-Scotch) S.; *educ.* pub. schs.; music, pvtly. in St. Louis, Mo.; *prof.* teacher of piano, musical history, harmony; unmarried; *p. voca.* teacher of piano; *trav.* Eastern and Southern U. S.; England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain; *m. i.* by Keats, Wordsworth and several modern poets; *f. p.* Keats, Verlaine, A. E. Housman, Teasdale; *mem.* Kansas Authors C.; Bookfellows; Kansas State Music Teachers; *p.* Republican; *anthologies:* Davis, 1919, 1920, 1921; Finger (Choice of the Crowd), 1922; Bookfellows, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* Kansas City Star; 2d prize. won $40, Kansas Authors' Club, 1925; *recreation:* walking. *Home address:* 611 Pine Street, Wamego, Kan.

SCOLLARD, Clinton; *b.* Clinton, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1860; *s.* James I. and Elizabeth (Stephens) S.; *educ.* Hamilton Col., 1881, A.B., A.M., 1884; L.H.D. 1912; post-grad. Harvard and Cambridge, Eng.; *prof.* teacher and writer; *m.* Georgia Brown, June 3, 1890; Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Mar. 20, 1924; *p. voca.* writer; *trav.* most of the European countries, Egypt, Syria, Greece, etc.; visited nearly all the States in U. S. and lived in Florida and California; *m. i.* by Keats and Shelley; *f. p.* Lovelace, Keats, Coleridge, Rossetti, Lanier; *mem.* N. Y. Author's Club; The Century Club (N. Y. C.); Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); Poetry Soc. of Florida (Winter Park, Fla.); *pubs.:* (poetry) Pictures in Song, 1884; With Reed and Lyre, 1886; Old and New World Lyrics, 1888; Giovio and Giulia, 1891; Songs of Sunrise Land, 1892; The Hills of Song, 1895; Skenandoa, 1896; A Boy's Book of Rhyme, 1896; 2d edition enlarged, 1906; A Christmas Garland, 1897; Lawton: An Ode, 1900; The Lutes of Morn, 1901; Lyrics of the Dawn, 1902; Ballads of Valor and Victory, 1903; (with Wallace Rice); The Lyric Bough, 1904; Lyrics and Legends of Christmastide, 1904; 2d edition enlarged, 1905; Odes and Elegies, 1905; A Southern Flight, 1905; Easter Song, 1906; Blank Verse Pastels, 1907; Voices and Visions, 1908; Pro Patria, 1909; From the Heart of the Hills, 1910; (with Thomas S. Jones, Jr.); Sapphics, 1910; An Easter Garland, 1911; Chords of the Zither, 1910; From the Lips of the Sea, 1911; Songs of a Syrian Lover, 1912; Lyrics from a Library, 1913; 2d edition enlarged and revised, 1917; Poems Selected, 1914; The Vale of Shadows, 1915; Italy in Arms, 1915; Ballads Patriotic and Romantic, 1916; Let the Flag Wave, 1917; Elegy in Autumn: In Memory of Frank Dempster Sherman, 1918; War Voices, 1920; The Epic of Golf, 1923; (fiction): A Man at Arms, 1898; The Son of a Tory, 1901; The Cloistering of Ursula, 1902; Count Falcon of the Eyrie, 1903; A Knight of the Highway, 1908; The Vicar of the Marshes, 1910; (nature and travel sketches): On Sunny Shores, 1892; Under Summer Skies, 1893; Footfarings, 1903; (editor of): The Broken Heart by John Ford, 1894; The Poems of Frank Dempster Sherman, 1918; *anthologies:* Ballads of Books, Matthews, 1886; Through the Year with the Poets, Adams, 1886; (twelve vols. appeared in each); Garde Joyeuse, White, dedicated to C. S., 1887; Ballades and Rondeaus, White, (London), 1887; in America, 1892; In My Ladies' Name, Moulton; American Sonnets, Higginson & Bigelow; Representative Sonnets, Crandall; American Sonnets, Scott (London); American Humorous Verse, Barr (London), 1891; American Soc. Verse, Pierson; Ver de Societe, Wells; Love Songs of Three Centuries, O'Donnell, 189–; Poems of American Patriotism, 1899; Ballads of American Bravery, Scollard, 1899; American Anthology, Stedman, 1900; Lyric Year, Earle, 1912; Little Book of Modern Verse, Rittenhouse, 1913; Little Book of American Poets, Rittenhouse, 1915; Richards: High Tide, 1915; Melody of Earth, 1917; Star Points, 1919; Magic Carpet, 1924; Anthology of Magazine Verse, Braithwaite's, 1912–1926; Stevenson, 1916, 1918, 1925; Christ in the Poetry of Today, Crow, 1917; Fifes and Drums, Vigilantes, 1917; Roycroft Anthology, Hoyle, 1917; Book of New York Verse, Armstrong, 1917; Bellman Book of Verse, 1919; New Voices, Wilkinson, 1921; Yule Fires, Wilkinson, 1925; Treasury of War Poetry, Clarke, 1917; Book of Verse of the Great War, Wheeler, 1917; The Enchanted Years, Metcalf & Wilson, 1921; Lyric Forms from France, Cohen, 1922; Poems, from Life, Herford, 1923; Poems, from St. Nicholas, 192–; Golf Anthology, 192–; Poems of New Jersey, Musgrave, 1923; Gems of Poetry, Elliot, 192–; Songs of Challenge, Frothingham, 192–; Roosevelt Anthology, Towne; Modern American Poetry, S. Coblenz, ed., 1925; Poems of Today, Cooper, 1925; Poems for Youth, Benét, 1925; Le Gallienne's American Anthology, 1925; Anthology of Mystical Verse, 1925; West Winds, California Writers' Club, 1925; California Anthology, Sterling, Rorty & Taggart, 1925; *f. p. p.* N. Y. Home Journal; *recreation:* golf. *Home address:* Kent, Conn.

SHAW, Frances; *b.* Chicago, Ill., 1872; father from Massachusetts; mother from New York State; *educ.* Dearborn Sem. (Chicago) and Farmington, Conn.; *m.* Howard Van Doren Shaw of Chicago, Architect, 1892 (died. 1926); *trav.* widely in U. S.; Europe, Bermuda, and the Bahamas; *m. i.* by Romanian folk songs in The Bard of the Dimbo, Vitza; by 23d Psalm; The Open Road; Whitman and Wordsworth; Le Gallienne's early poems; "believe few poets have ever written more than a dozen satisfying poems; all influence comes from *single* poems of great poets and not collected works; *mem.* Midland Authors; Poetry Soc. of America; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1917; Wilkinson; Stevenson, 1925; Monroe & Henderson; Greever & Bachelor; Le Gallienne's; *pubs.:* collection ready, Who Loves

the Rain; pub. in different mags., chiefly in Poetry: A Mag. of Verse. *Home address:* 2450 Lakeview Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SHEAD, Flossie Faith Moon; *b.* Aurorahville, Wis., Aug. 29, 1892, of Scotch, Irish, English and French parentage; *educ.* pub. schs. (Aurorahville); later made study of poetry; *prof.* poetry critic; *m.* Ira Lewis Shead, 1910; *trav.* never been outside boundaries of native state; *m. i.* by Longfellow; *f. p.* Sara Teasdale, Keats, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Burns, Kipling; *mem.* League of Women Voters, *hon. mem.* for talent; Asso. Artists (N. Y. C.); American Lit. Asso., (Wauwatosa); Internat'l Ord. of Bookfellows (Chicago); Nat'l Country Bard Asso. (Madison, N. J.); *anthologies:* Bellemin, 1926; Prince, 1926; Seymour, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Home Friend Mag.; *prize:* American Lit. Asso. best child poem, 1924, $10; *recreations:* traveling, studying nature, reading and writing poetry. *Home address:* 370 Broad Street, Oshkosh, Wis.

SHEFFIELD, Rena Cary; *b.* Uniontown, Penn.; *d.* Curtis and Victorine (Cary) Hunt; *educ.* grad. Brooks Hill Sem. (Media, Penn.); Hunnell Sch. of Philosophy (St. Louis, Mo.); *voca.* writer; *m.* J. Sheffield, Oct. 5, 1898; *trav.* practically all over U. S.; Can.; *m. i.* by Macauley in his Lays of Ancient Rome; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Kipling, Fitz-Gerald's trans. Omar Khayyám, Henley, Rostand; *p.* only stand in politics is against Child Labor Amend. which gives the right of controlling American youth to govt. up to age eighteen; *mem.* Woman's Club of Winter Park, Fla.; Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); Allied Arts of Winter Park, one of founders, and sec.; sec. Poetry Soc. of Florida (Winter Park); *pubs.:* On the Romany Road (poems), 1915; Osceola Chief of the Seminoles, pageant, 1926, given as Founder's Day celebration by city of Winter Park and Rollins Col.; *prize:* words of song, Journey's End, won Florida State Musical Prize, 1926; *recreations:* adventures in original musical composition, composing music for pageants. *Home address:* Winter Park, Fla.

SHERMAN, Ellen Burns; *b.* Montgomery Centre, Vt.; *d.* E. W. and Harriet Ann (Chase) S.; *prof.* free lance writer; *pubs.:* (essays) Taper Lights; Words to the Wise and Others; On the Manuscripts of God; *m. i.* "I don't know"; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Biblical poets, Emerson, Tennyson, Keats, and the Rossettis; *mem.* League of Women Voters; *p.* Democrat; *recreations:* raising flowers and hunting mushrooms. *Home address:* Ashburnham, Mass.

SHIELDS, Pauline Rice; *b.* Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 31, 1867, of American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs. (Cincinnati); pvt. sch. and sp. work in Univ. of Cincinnati; *prof.* Woman's Page *ed.* for four yrs. on Cincinnati Enquirer and Cincinnati Post; writer of feature articles and poetry; *trav.* visited principal cities of U. S. and Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland; *m. i.* by Robert Browning; *f. p.* Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, Joyce Kilmer; *mem.* Cincinnati Woman's Club; League of Penwomen; Press Club (Los Angeles, Calif.); Ebell C. (Los Angeles); Pasadena Browning Soc. (California); Los Angeles Browning Soc.; Eastern Star (Cincinnati); *pubs.:* Life's Windows, 1925 (poems); *con.* to general and poetry mags.; *f. p. p.* Cincinnati Enquirer; *recreations:* writing poetry and teaching grandchildren poetry. *Home address:* Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif.

SHIMP, Ellis H.; *b.* Buffalo, Ohio, Sept. 7, 1898; *educ.* pub. schs. (Guernsey Co., Ohio); Brown High Sch. (Cambridge, Ohio); Muskingum Col.; *bus.* accountant; unmarried; *trav.* eleven of mid-west States of U. S.; *f. p.* Kipling, Longfellow, Poe, Scott; *mem.* various Masonic bodies; Mystic Shrine; *p.* generally Democratic; *pubs.:* Remorse and Other Poems, 1921; in Bookfellow Anthology, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Signal of Brown High Sch.; *recreations:* strolling, fishing and attending any game of the major sports. *Home address:* 421 Clark Street, Cambridge, Ohio.

SHIPLEY, Joseph T.; *b.* Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1893, of American parents; *educ.* B.A., C. C. N. Y., 1912; M.A., Columbia Univ., 1914; *prof.* teacher in N. Y. C. schs.; lecturer on Poetry, Board of Education, N. Y.; *trav.* through eastern and mid-western U. S.; *m. i.* grew, like so many other poets, through Swinburne, but was early attracted to Baudelaire and the French symbolists; *mem.* Civic Club (N. Y.); The Teachers Union; Bookfellows (Chicago); The Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); *pubs.:* (fiction), A Naked King (Ades), 1924; King John, 1925; (trans. poetry) Baudelaire (Modern Lib.), 1921; You and Me, Geraldy, 1923; Modern French Poetry (an anthology) 1926; in prep. Portraits in Pity and other Poems; Two for Sunday, eight poems; *anthologies:* Poetica Erotica, 1923; L'Arc (Strassbourg), 1926; Poetes Americains (Paris), 1926; City College Verse, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1926; *prizes:* After Aeschylus, Gypsy Sonnet Prize, 1925; *f. p. p.* The Double Dealer, *title,* Kit Marlowe to Cabell. *Home address:* 277 West Fourth Street, New York, N. Y.

SIGMUND, Jay G.; *b.* Waubeek, Linn Co., Iowa, Dec. 11, 1885, of American parentage; *educ.* country schs.; Central City (Iowa) High Sch.; *bus.* vice-pres. Cedar Rapids Life Ins. Co.; *m.* Louise B. Heins, 1910; *p. voca.* vice-pres. Life Ins. Co.; *trav.* very little, only in U. S.; *m. i.* by Sandburg, Frost, Housman; *f. p.* Edmund Blunden, A. E. Housman, Sandburg, Frost; no clubs; little interest in politics; for most part Democratic; *mem.* California Writers' Club; Midland Authors' Soc.; Iowa Press and Authors' Asso.; *pubs.:* (Verse) Frescoes, 1922; Pinions, 1923; Land o' Maize Folk, 1924; Drowsy Ones, 1925; verse has appeared in many general and poetry magazines and newspapers; short stories in Midland, etc.; nine short stories starred by O'Brien in 1925; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1926; Cheyney, 1925; Bookfellow, 1925, 1926; Davis (newspaper verse), 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925; Keith Preston's Column Poets, 1923; West Winds (California Writers Club), 1925; Prince, 1925; Overseas Anthology (Eng.), 1926; Wreath for Edwin Markham, 1922; *f. p. p.* American Poetry Mag.; won no prizes; *recreation:* nature study. *Home address:* 2429 Fourth Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

SIMMONDS, Mattie Frances; *b.* Camp Point, Ill., Sept. 1, 1895; *d.* Samuel and Lizzie Emily (Warren) S.; *educ.* Maplewood High Sch., 1912; Illinois Wesleyan Univ. (Bloomington), A.B., June, 1919; Univ. of Illinois, M.A., 1920; *prof.* asst. prof. of English, Illinois Wesleyan Univ.; unmarried, *trav.* all through Middle West; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p.* Tennyson, Browning, Kipling, Stevenson, Sir Philip Sidney, Lew Sarett, Sara Teasdale, Vachel Lindsay; *mem.* Eng. Coffee Club; Bookfellows; I. W. U., Phi Kappa Phi and Theta Alpha Phi; I. W. U., Kappa Delta Pi, U. of I.; Modern Language Asso.; *pubs.:* Silver Wings, I. W. U., 1925; *con.* stories, sketches, poems, to general and poetry mags. and newspapers; *f. p. p.* Woman's Home Companion; *prize,* W. H. C., 1912; *recreations:* writing, lecturing, hiking, reading, social affairs. *Home address:* 9 Ryan Place, Lake Forest, Ill.

SIMONS, Katherine Drayton Mayrant (pen name of Kadra Maysi); *b.* Charleston, S. C., 1902; *d.* Sedgwick Lewis and Kate Drayton (Mayrant) S.; *educ.* pvt. sch., Brownfield Acad., Converse Col., B.L.; unmarried; *voca.* teaching French; volunteer Home Service Work in A. R. C.; farming a ten-acre peach orchard, besides newspaper corresponding and writing verse; *trav.* eastern coast from Connecticut to Florida; west as far as Kentucky, but longs to gypsy from Zamboanga to Caroasonne; *f. p.* Keats, Shelley, Dante, Rossetti, Browning, Kipling, Ernest Dowson, Ethna Carberry, Villon, de Musset, Malherbe, Ronard, Goethe, Du Bose Heyward, Poe, Hervey Allen, Lanier, Amy Lowell, E. A. Robinson (these especially and all the others too); *mem.* South Carolina Soc. of Col. Dames of Am.; *hon.* Order Hereditary Descendants of Colonial and Royal Governors; Huguenot Soc. of South Carolina; U.D. of the Confederacy; I. Walton League of America; Nat'l Humane Soc.; Poetry Soc. of South Carolina; *p.* Democrat; *pubs.:* Shadow Songs (sch. and col. verse), 1911; The Patteran (poems), 1925; *anthologies:* Contemporary Verse; Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; Frothingham, 1926; *f. p. p.* Uncle Remus Mag., Atlanta, Ga., *title,* Jack, 1912; won Abney Medal offered by So. Carolina Div., U. D. C., for poetry, 1922, 1925; *hon. men.* Poetry Soc. of South Carolina for poem Cypresses, 1923; in Sinkler Book contest for The Patteran, 1926; *recreations:* "riding horseback with my gray Arab, Seagull, and my white setter, Sancho, exploring all of South Carolina's woods and swamps that lie within reach of a day's ride; also enjoy swimming, dancing, playing bridge, sewing, a good deal of reading." *Home address:* Green Gables, Summerville, S. C.

SIMPSON, William Haskell; *b.* Lawrence, Kansas, Jan. 19, 1858; American; Univ. of Kansas, 1875-1880; *bus.* Asst. Gen. Passenger Agt., A. T. & S. F. Ry.; *m.* Mariquita Whittlesey Simpson, Dec. 17, 1885; *p. voca.* railroad advertising; *trav.* all over U. S. and Mexico; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p.* Sandburg, Browning, Whitman, Tennyson; *mem.* Associated Advg. Clubs of World; Poetry Lovers of America (Chicago); *p.* Republican; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1922; Mcuroe & Henderson, 1923; *f. p. p.* Poetry: A Mag. of Verse; no prizes; *recreations:* golf and country life. *Home address:* 4432 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

SISSON, Herbert Gay; *b.* McArthur, Ohio, Sept. 1, 1894; *s.* Gay and Eleanor (Moore) S.; grad. McArthur High Sch., 1910; *prof.* publicity writer, poet and speaker; *m.* Marilla Blanche Williams, May 18, 1916; *p. voca.* pub. writer,

The Nat'l Cash Reg. Co., Dayton, Ohio; *trav.* coast to coast U. S.; Canada and Bermuda; *m. i.* by Shakespeare; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Tennyson, Shelley, Burns, Poe, Kipling, Robinson, Lindsay; *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* Poems of Progress, 1924; *con.* various mags. and newspapers; *f. p. p.* newspaper, 1911; *recreation:* swimming. *Home address:* 616 Neal Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

SLATER, Eleanor Chapin; *b.* Oak Park, Ill., 1903; *d.* John Rothwell and Katharine (Chapin) Slater; *educ.* pub. and pvt. schs.; A.B., Univ. of Rochester, 1925; now occupied with grad. study; *trav.* in Europe one sum., through West and Southwest U. S.; *mem.* Phi Beta Kappa, Rochester, N. Y. branch Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* Quest, 1926; *anthologies:* Schnittkind, 1924, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Bookman, 1st adult poem; St. Nicholas 1st juv. contbs. *Home address:* 21 Thayer Street, Rochester, N. Y.

SMITH, Bess Foster; *b.* June 26, 1887, of early Nebraska pioneer parentage; mother still lives on old homestead; father, a farmer and dist. sch. teacher in early days for fifteen yrs. in old log sch. house; *educ.* country sch.; Lincoln, Neb. High Sch.; grad. Nebraska State Nor., 1908; Univ. of Nebraska, B.A., 1914; M.A., 1917; *prof.* teacher of English lit.; *m.* Oliver J. Smith, Aug., 1918; *m. i.* Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley; *f. p.* same, but later learned to love Browning, Shakespeare, Shelley, Whitman, Markham, and other more modern poets; *pubs.: con.* to general and poetry mags. and newspapers; in Bellimen Anthology, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Western Farmer, Spokane, Wash., *title,* A Picture of Idaho; *recreations:* poetry and painting. *Home address:* R. F. D. 1, Weiser, Idaho.

SMITH, Chard Powers; *b.* Watertown, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1894; *s.* Edward North and Alice Lamon (Powers) S.; *educ.* Fawling Sch., 1912; Yale, A.B., 1916; Harvard, LL.B., 1921; *mem.* Bar Asso., N. Y.; practiced law, Rochester, N. Y., 1921–1922; *m.* Olive Cary Macdonal, Sept. 10, 1921; *p. voca.* solely engaged in writing; *trav.* two yrs. in England, France, Switzerland, and Italy; also Bermuda and paleontological work in Nebraska; *m. i.* by Wordsworth and Shelley; *f. p.* Wordsworth, Shelley, Chaucer, Sidney, Drummond, Burns, Keats, Barnes, Rossetti, Housman and Robinson; *mem.* The Univ. Club (N. Y. C.); Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); *p.* Independent; *pubs.:* Along the Wind, 1925; O. C. M., 1926; vol. of poetry and a poetic play now ready for publication; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1924, 1925, 1926; Stork, 1925; *f. p. p.* Contemporary Verse, 1923; *recreations:* squash and paleontology. *Home address:* The Mill, Sacket Harbor, N. Y.

SMITH, Marion Couthouy; *b.* Philadelphia, Penn., Oct. 22, 1853, of American, French and English parentage; *educ.* pvt. sch., grad. 1871; *prof.* writer; unmarried; *trav.* Middle West in U. S.; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p.* Shelley, Shakespeare, Kipling, Santayana; *mem.* Women's Club of Orange, N. J.; formerly Authors' League; resigned; Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* (poetry) The Electric Spirit, 1906; The Road to Life, 1909; The Final Star, 1918; The Sphinx of Flight, 1925; *anthologies:* too many to count; nearly all the war anthologies; none of the very modern ones; *f. p. p.* Philadelphia Evening Bulletin; *prizes:* Laura Blackburn, 1925, *title,* The Trees that Lean Over Water; Bookfellows, 1921; other previous prizes. *Home address:* 415 West 118th Street, New York, N. Y.

SMITH, Sarah Bixby; *b.* San Juan Bantista, Calif., of American parentage; *educ.* Wellesley Col., B.S., 1894; *p. voca.* home-maker; *m.* Paul Jordan Smith; *trav.* England, France, Honolulu, New England, Chicago, Ill.; *pubs.:* My Sage Brush Garden, 1924; Adobe Days, California Memories, 1925; *f. p. p.* Wellesley Alumnæ Quarterly; *recreations:* reading, walking, painting, photography. *Home address:* Box 276, Claremont, Calif.

SPARROW, Louise Kidder; *b.* Maplewood, Malden, Mass., Jan., 1884; *d.* Wellington Parker and Emma Louise (Hinckley) Kidder; (f. inventor); *educ.* grad. Bowditch gram. sch., 1898; Quincy Mansion Sch., 1903; Thompson-Bladasseroni Sch. of Travel, 1907; mother of one son; widow of Capt. Sparrow, U. S. N.; *m.* Lt. Herbert George Sparrow, U. S. N., Nov. 16, 1909; *p. voca.* writing, sculpture; *trav.* Italy, France, Belgium, England, Germany, Austria, Holland, Algiers, Brazil (two yrs. res. in Rio de Janeiro, where husband was Naval Attaché), Panama, Haiti, Cuba, Bermudas; only in Eastern U. S.; *m. i.* cannot say what poet most influenced her; "loved many; taste in poets changes with age and mood"; *f. p.* Nico D. Horigoutchi, first of all; also Browning, Alan Seeger, Rossetti, de Musset, Byron and others; *mem.* Boston Authors' Club; sec. Causerie Française (Washington, D. C.); *p.* Republican by birth and tradition; *pubs.:* Lyrics and Translations, 1904; Tankas, Translations of Japanese Poems by Nico D. Horigoutchi, 1925; Air Temples, 1927; Translations of Japanese Poems by Nico D. Horigoutchi, 1927; The Last Cruise (in memory of Capt. Sparrow), 1926; Translations of D'Annunzio's Ditirambo, 1903; *f. p. p.* Boston Transcript, 1906; *recreations:* include all that is comprised in social life in Washington; is not athletic. *Home address:* 1901 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C.

SPINGARN, J. E.; *b.* New York, N. Y., May 17, 1875; *educ.* Columbia and Harvard (Columbia A.B., 1895; Ph.D. 1899); *prof.* taught at Columbia from 1899 to 1911; ran for Congress; major of Infantry in A. E. F. during War, being promoted lieut.-col., O. R. C., after his return; formerly chairman of Nat'l Asso. for Advancement of Colored People, and donor of Spingarn Medal, founded 1912; *mem.* City Club (N. Y.); Sharon County Club, Gypsy Camp and Trail Club; Authors' (London); Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y.); *pubs.:* (poetry) The New Hesperides and other Poems, 1911; Poems, 1924; (prose) The New Criticism, 1911; Creative Criticism, 1917, new ed. 1925; Literary Criticism in the Renaissance, 1899; (edited) Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century, three vols., 1908, 1909; Goethe's Literary Essays, 1922; Criticism in America, its Status and Function, 1924; (other vols. containing essays) Civilization in the United States, Lewisohn's Modern Book of Criticism, Cambridge History of English Literature, etc.; *anthologies:* Columbia Verse, 1897; Stedman's American, 1900; Stevenson's Home Book of Verse, 1912; Stevenson's Home Book of Modern Verse, 1925; Taggard's May Day; Braithwaite's, 1926. *Home address:* Troutbeck, Amenia, N. Y.

STEESE, Edward; *b.* Scarsdale, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1902; *s.* Edwin Sturtevant and Maud (Heaton) S.; *educ.* prep'd for col. at home; grad. Princeton, A.B., 1924, in Dept. of Art and Archæology, specializing in Architecture; at col. chairman of The Nassau Lit. Mag.; chairman of Arts Club; *mem.* Tuesday Evening Club; Polity Club; Phi Beta Kappa; also class poet and salutatorian; inst. at Princeton in Dept. of Arts and Archæology, 1924–25; *p. voca.* studying for Master's deg. in Architecture; *trav.* some extent in U. S. and European countries; *m. i.* by Yeats, de la Mare, John Clare, E. A. Robinson; *f. p.* Milton, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, A. E. Housman, Hardy, Yeats, de la Mare; *p.* Conservative; *mem.* Poetry Soc. (England); *pubs.:* Storm in Harvest and Other Poems, 1923; compiler and *ed.* a Princeton Anthology, 1921-1925; *con.* Book of the Tuesday Evening Club (Princeton), 1923; *anthology:* Strong, 1925; *f. p. p.* The London Mercury; *recreations:* somewhat conventional, including poetry. *Home address:* 161 East 79th Street, New York, N. Y.

STERLING, George; *b.* Sag Harbor, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1869; *s.* Dr. George A. and Mary Parker (Havens) S.; *educ.* pvt. and pub. schs., St. Charles Col., (Ellicott City, Md.); *voca.* pvt. sec.; writer; *trav.* Hawaiian Islands, Eastern U. S.; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p. p.* Keats, Shelley, Masefield, Kipling, Robinson Jeffers; *mem.* Bohemian and Family Clubs (San Francisco), Athenian (Oakland, Calif.); Poetry Soc. of America; *p.* Radical; *pubs.:* The Testimony of the Suns, 1903; A Wine of Wizardry, 1908; The House of Orchids, 1911; Beyond the Breakers, 1914; Ode on the Opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915; Yosemite, an Ode, 1915; The Caged Eagle, 1916; The Binding of the Beast, 1917; To a Dancing Girl, 1920; Sails and Mirage, 1920; Selected Poems, 1923; Rosamund (dramatic poem), 1920; Truth (dramatic poem), 1923; Lilith (dramatic poem), 1926; included in all important anthologies, Lyric Year (winning the 2d award of $250 in the Lyric Year Contest, for his poem Ode to Browning), Stork, Stevenson, Braithwaite's, etc.; *recreations:* swimming, hunting, hiking. *Address:* The Bohemian Club, San Francisco.

STEVENS, Ada Borden; *educ.* early in pub. and pvt. schs., later special courses in composition and lit. at Brown Univ. and Boston Univ.; *m.* William Stevens, of Newport, R. I., Oct. 10, 1894; *trav.* Haiti, Canal Zone, Panama, and Eastern U. S.; *m. i.* by the background of poets for Chaucer to the present; *mem.* Art Asso., (Newport, R. I.), Manuscript (Boston), American Poetry Asso. (Boston); *anthologies:* Bookfellows Anthology, 1926; Cheyney, 1926; Year Book of American Poetry Asso.; won 2d prize awarded by Manuscript Club (Boston), for Wild Geese, 1926; *hon. men.* same, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* in Unity, 1920; *recreations:* gardening. *Home address:* 30 Mt. Vernon Street, Newport, R. I.

STEWART, Irene; *b.* in Oregon, of English descent; *educ.* pub. schs. (Eugene, Ore.), and Univ. of Oregon; *voca.* writing; *avocation,* play producing; *m. i.* by Amy Lowell; Shakespeare; *f. p.* Keats, Poe, Edwin A. Robinson, Walter

de la Mare; *mem.* Delta Gamma, Three Arts Club, Pot and Quill (Univ. of Oregon writers' club); *f. p. p.* Blood Oranges, in American Poetry Mag., June, 1925; *recreations:* reading, music, tennis. *Home address:* 639 Ninth Avenue East, Eugene, Ore.

STILES, Roberta; *b.* Austin, Texas, Mar. 11, 1891; *d.* William A. and Elisabeth (Dimock) Brown; childhood spent in Brookline, Mass., girlhood in Springfield, Mass.; *educ.* Springfield H. Sch., and MacDuffie Sch. for Girls (Springfield); *m.* Frank Harper Stiles, descendant of John Stiles, one of original settlers of Connecticut, 1630; housewife; began writing poetry two yrs. ago and has been printed in over forty pubs; *m. i.* Shakespeare, Milton, Sir Walter Scott; *anthologies:* Cheyney, 1925, 1926; Bellemin, 1926; Wrights (English), 1926; Braithwaite's, 1926; *pubs.:* The Coral Slippers, 1925; is active in community work among young girls; home on land granted to 3d John Stiles, 1699. *Address:* Broad Brook, Conn.

STOREY, Violet Alleyn; *b.* Brooklyn, N. Y.; *d.* J. Vaughn and Ella Gertrude S.; *educ.* Adelphi Academy (Brooklyn), 1916, B.A., Smith Col., 1920; *trav.* Virgin Islands, West Indies, South America, Canada, and Eastern U. S.; difficult to say which poet influenced most in formative period, early reading covered wide range including French and Italian poetry, with special study of Anglo-Saxon poetry; *mem.* Women's Univ. Club (N. Y.), Smith Col. Alumnæ Asso., and number of local societies interested in social work; *con.* to poetry, and various general mags.; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; Hunter's Anthology of American Mystical Verse, 1924; won Clara French prize ($250), awarded by English Dept. of Smith Col., 1920; *f. p. p.* in Harper's Mag.; *recreations:* working in the garden of "Storeyland" (Mystic, Conn.), long hikes, swimming, concerts, art exhibits, theatre. *Address:* (Nov. to May) 266 Hancock Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.; (May to Nov.) "Storeyland," Library Street, Mystic, Conn.

STORK, Charles Wharton; *b.* Philadelphia, Feb. 12, 1881; *s.* Theodore B. and Hannah (Wharton) S.; *educ.* Germantown Friends' Sch., 1898, A.B., Haverford Col., 1902, A.M., Harvard, 1903, Ph.D., Univ. of Pennsylvania, 1904, studied at Univ. of Munich, 1907-08, and at Oxford and Cambridge; teacher 1903-15, editor and writer since 1915; *m.* Elisabeth von Pausinger, of Austria, Aug. 5, 1908; critic, playwright, translator; *trav.* in Europe, especially England, Italy, Greece, Germany and Sweden; *m. i.* by Wordsworth and Browning; *f. p.* Æschylus, Jami, Dante, Froding, Hofmannsthal, Goethe, Holstein; *mem.* Franklin Inn, Athenæum (Philadelphia); Harvard Club (N. Y.); Poetry Soc. of America (pres. 1924-25); *f. p. p.* in The Haverfordian; awarded Browning Prize Medal twice; the $100 Prize of Plays and Players (Philadelphia), for three-act play, The Flower Seller, 1925; *recreations:* tennis, rowing, travel, climbing and tramping. *Home address:* Logan P. O., Philadelphia, Penn.

STUART, John Rollins; *b.* Boston, Mass., 1897, of American parentage of Scotch-English descent; *educ.* The Country Day Sch. for Boys (Boston), B.A., Harvard Col., 1918, Univ. of Oxford, Eng.; started journalistic career with Christian Science Monitor, now occupied with varied newspaper work including book-reviewing for Boston Transcript; *trav.* European countries, living abroad for several yrs., the Sahara Desert from Touggourt, Algeria; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p.* Alice Meynell, W. B. Yeats, A. E. Housman, Bliss Carman; *mem.* Harvard Club (Boston), American Lit. Asso. (Milwaukee), American Poetry Asso. (Boston); *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* Shrines and Shadows, One Hundred Short Poems, 1921; Moons of Circumstance (in England), 1923; *prose:* Considerable Things, 1927; Lee Hours (essays in diary form), 1927; *f. p. p.* in The Granite Monthly, Concord, N. H.; *recreations:* golf, motoring. *Home address:* 561 Ward Street, Newton Centre, Mass.

SWIFT, Ivan; *b.* Wayne Co., Mich., June 24, 1873, of American parentage (Scotch-English ancestry), since 1630; *s.* John and Jennie (Birge) S.; *educ.* Harbor Springs H. Sch., Chicago Art Inst., 1899; *voca.* landscape painting "and suitoring Ann Broad, 'The Muse' nineteen yrs."; *trav.* in England, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Ireland, and all over U. S.; in 1st Illinois Cavalry, Spanish-American War, R. O. T. C., World War; *m. i.* by Shelley; *f. p.* Kipling, Masefield, David Morton, Sterling, Frost; *mem.* Nat'l Arts (N. Y. C.), Soc. of Midland Authors, Michigan Authors (on council), Poetry Soc. of America; *p.* Democrat; *pubs.:* Fagots of Cedar, 1909; Blue Crane, 1918; Wood and Sand, 1926; Outer's Book; *anthologies:* Rice, 1910; Davis, 1919, 1925; Frothingham's Songs of Horses, 1920; The Younger Quoir, 1912; Poet's Pack, 1921; Bookfellow's Anthology, 1926; four Rand MacNally School Readers; he was Special Commissioner from Michigan to St. Louis Exposition, 1904, Guard in Arts Bldg., Panama Pacific Exposition, 1915; *f. p. p.* in The Independent, N. Y.; *recreations:* walking and surveying; founder and pres. of The Lofts. *Home address:* The Lofts, Chippewa Cove Woods, Harbor Springs, Mich.

TAYLOR, Marcis A.; *b.* Caribou, Me., July 27, 1881; *d.* William H. and Adelle M. (Page) T.; ancestors, 1st settlers of Burlington, Me.; *educ.* Bangor pub. schs.; Beal Sch.; pvt. inst. water color, pastel, charcoal; *lit. ed.* Bangor High Sch., The Oracle; *p. bus.* ins. writing with W. H. Taylor & Sons, Bangor, Me.; *f. p.* Burns, Whitman, Sandburg, E. B. Browning, Amy Lowell; *mem.* Bus. Women's Club (Bangor, Me.); Nat'l Country Bard Asso. (Madison, N. J.); Boston Unit of Bards; sec.-treas. N. C. B. A.; *anthologies:* Bellemin, 1926; Cheyney, 1926; *f. p. p.* Bangor High Sch., The Oracle, 1901; *con.* to poetry and gen. mags. and newspapers; *recreations:* poetry, motoring, roaming the woods and shores of Maine. *Home address:* 263 Pine Street, Bangor, Me. (winter, 10 Dana Street, Cambridge, Mass.), (summer, Hancock Point, Me.).

TAYLOR, Mary Atwater; *d.* John H. and Caroline (Atwater) Mason of Boston; *educ.* Mrs. Cady's Sch., (New Haven, Conn.); Vassar Col., 1902; 1903 studying in Europe; *m.* Henry W. Taylor, a consulting engr. of N. Y. C., April 24, 1907; *trav.* extensively in Europe in 1900, 1903, 1911, 1914; *f. p.* Shelley, Browning; *p.* Republican; *mem.* Univ. Club; Nat'l Penwomen's League; Poets' Guild; Poetry Soc. of America; Asso. Alum. of Vassar Col., etc.; *pubs.:* Ropes and Threads (poetry); poems appear frequently in leading mags. and newspapers; *anthologies:* Bookfellows; Braithwaite's; British Rev.; Cheyney; L'Alouette; Penwomen's League; Vinal; *prizes:* Penwomen's L. best ballad, 1925; best sonnet, 1924; Book & Craft, 1926; *recreations:* motoring, swimming. *Home address:* 119 East 84th Street, New York, N. Y.

TEASDALE, Sara; *b.* St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 8, 1884; *d.* John Warren and Mary Elizabeth (Willard) T.; *educ.* in pvt. schs.; *m.* Dec. 19, 1914, to Ernst B. Filsinger; *trav.* extensively in England, Egypt and the Holy Land; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; *author* (verse): Sonnets to Duse, 1907; Helen of Troy, and other poems, 1911; Rivers to the Sea, 1915; Love Songs, 1917; Flame and Shadow, 1920; The Dark of the Moon, 1926 (Macmillan Co.); *ed.* The Answering Voice; One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women, 1917 (Houghton Mifflin); Rainbow Gold, Poems Old and New, Selected for Boys and Girls, 1922 (Macmillan Co.); represented in all the chief anthologies; awarded the Poetry Soc. of America Prize of $500 for the best book of poems, 1917; *f. p. p.* in Reedy's Mirror; *recreations:* reading and travel. *Address:* care, The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TILDEN, Ethel Arnold; *b.* Greencastle, Ind.; *d.* Francis Ames and Elizabeth Nash (Boley) Arnold; *educ.* pub. schs.; DePauw Univ., A.B.; *m.* Francis Calvin Tilden, prof. Comparative Lit., DePauw Univ.; *trav.* extensively through America and Europe; *m. i.* by Shelley; *f. p.* Shelley, Whitman, Arnold, Housman; *mem.* G. F. W. C.; L. O. W. V.; Kappa Alpha Theta; League American Penwomen; Theba Sigma Phi (*hon.* journ. frat.); Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* Quest and Acceptance, 1926; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1926; Taylor, 1925; *con.* poetry and gen. mags.; *recreations:* gardening, books, travel, motoring and solitaire. *Home address:* Gray Gables, Greencastle, Ind.

TOWNE, Mary E.; *b.* Cobden, Ill.; *d.* Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spencer Towne; *educ.* grad. Teachers' Col. (Greeley, Col.), 1907; *prof.* teacher; unmarried; *p. voca.* writing; *m. i.* by Mrs. Browning, Longfellow, Lowell; *f. p.* Bryant, R. Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, Riley; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of Col.; *f. p. p.* American Poetry Mag., *title*, Colorado Calls; won Chattanooga Writers' Club nature poem prize, 1926. *Home address:* Cobden, Ill.

TRENT, Lucia; *b.* Richmond, Va., Dec. 19, 1897; *d.* William Peterfield and Alice (Lyman) T.; *educ.* Veltin Sch., (N. Y. C.), Smith Col. 1919; *trav.* extensively in Europe on several occasions, visited Turkey, Egypt and Northern Africa, very little in U. S.; *f. p.* Shelley, Goethe, De Musset, Poe, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Keats, Wordsworth; *mem.* MacDowell Club (N. Y. C.), Women's Univ. Club, and Smith Col. Club (N. Y. C.), N. Y. Craftsman Group for Poetry, Poetry Soc. of America; *p.* Independent; *pubs.:* Dawn Stars, 1926; *anthologies:* Cheyney, 1925, 1926; Prince's, Glimpses of Beauty, 1923, Prince's, Poetry Day Book, 1926; N. Y. Craftsman's Year Book, 1924, Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; *f. p. p.* in American Poetry Mag.; *recreations:* music. *Home address:* Norwalk, Conn.

TROMBLY, Albert Edmund; *b.* Chazy, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1888, of French-Canadian stock; *s.* Peter B. and Marie

Camille (Roberge) T.; *educ.* Worcester (Mass.) pub. schs., Worcester State Normal, 1910, *cum laude*, Harvard, 1913, M.A., Univ. of Pennsylvania, 1915; prof. of Romance Languages, Univ. of Missouri; *m.* Mary Elizabeth O'Connor, Oct. 4, 1913; *f. p.* "finds a favorite poet in every excellent poet"; *pubs.:* Springtime of Love, 1914; Love's Creed, 1915; Songs of Daddyhood, 1916; Masque of American Drama, musical setting by Reginald DeKoven, 1917; *ed.* The Rhymers, A Book of Pennsylvania Verse, 1917; trans. Giacosa's Tristi Amori, 1916; Rossetti, The Poet, 1920, Vachel Lindsay, Adventurer, 1927; *anthologies:* Poet's Pack, 1921; Wreath to Edwin Markham, 1921; Voices of the Southwest, 1922; Braithwaite's, 1921, 1922, 1923; won 3d prize ($100), Newark Anniversary Celebration, 1915; *recreations:* study of birds and wild flowers. *Home address:* 116 Westwood Avenue, Columbia, Mo.

TUNNELL, Sophie; *b.* Edwardsville, Ill., Feb. 14, 1885; *d.* Ferdinand and Otilia T.; *educ.* Edwardsville pub. schs., and a year at Ohio Wesleyan Univ.; formerly teacher in grade schs. of Edwardsville; *trav.* south to North Carolina, east to Ohio, west to Colorado; *m. i.* by Sara Teasdale; *f. p.* Sara Teasdale, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Robert Frost and John Richard Moreland; *con.* to various poetry and general mags.; *f. p. p.* in Outus Recreation Mag.; *recreations:* fishing and gardening. *Home address:* 918 St. Louis Street, Edwardsville, Ill.

TUNSTALL, Virginia Lyne; *b.* Henderson, Ky.; *d.* James Henry and Ellen (McDonald) L.; *educ.* pvt. schs.; *m.* Robert Baylor Tunstall, of Norfolk, Va., June 28, 1916; *trav.* Europe, Canada, Alaska, Cuba, and most of U. S.; writer of verse; *f. p.* Keats, Herrick, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Wordsworth; *mem.* Norfolk Country Club, Soc. of Arts (Norfolk), Poets Club of Norfolk, Poetry Soc. of Virginia, Poetry Soc. of America, League of American Penwomen (Washington); *p.* Democrat; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Moult, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925; Wood's, Poetry of the Southern States; Stevenson, 1925; won Irene Leache Memorial Lyric Prize, 1922 and also 1923, for one-act play in blank verse, 1923, sonnet and free verse, 1925, sonnet and two lyrics, 1926; *asso. ed.* The Lyric (Norfolk, Va.). *Home address:* Camelot Court, Norfolk, Va.

TWITCHELL, Anna Spencer; *b.* Louisville, Ky.; *d.* Herbert E. and Carrie A. (Spencer) T., of old Colonial stock, settling in America in 1630, and helping to found Dorchester, Mass.; *educ.* pub. schs. of Hamilton, Ohio; *m.* Dwight S. Person, of Lansing, Mich., 1908; *m. i.* by James Whitcomb Riley (personally in her youth); *f. p.* Riley, Longfellow, Whitman, Elizabeth Browning, Sara Teasdale, Edwin Markham; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* With Stars and Grass, 1921; *anthologies:* The Lyric Year, 1912; Braithwaite's, 1918; Cheyney, 1926; *f. p. p.* in The Land of Sunshine (edited by Charles F. Lummis). *Home address:* 1002 Viata Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

TYSON, Anne Arrington; *b.* Montgomery, Ala.; *d.* Archibald Pitt and Ellen Nicholson (Arrington) T.; *educ.* pvt. instruction; *voca.* writing; *trav.* extensively abroad and in U. S.; *f. p.* Byron, Keats, Shelley, Longfellow; *anthologies:* J. D. Anthony's Fifty Poems by American Authors, 1925; Braithwaite's, 1926; *recreations:* travel. *Home address:* 441 South McDonough Street, Montgomery, Ala.

UNTERMEYER, Jean Starr; *b.* Zanesville, Ohio; *d.* Abram E. and Johanna (Shonfield) Starr; *educ.* Zanesville pub. schs.; Putnam Sem. (Zanesville); Kohut Sch. for Girls (N. Y. C.); Columbia Extension Course; *prof.* writer, singer; *m.* Louis Untermeyer, Jan. 23, 1907; one son, Richard Starr; *p. voca.* writer, singer; *trav.* England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria; *f. p.* Browning, Emily Dickinson, Francis Thompson, C. Rossetti, Robert Frost, Louis Untermeyer; *mem.* Authors' League of America; Woman's City Club; *pubs.:* Growing Pains, 1918; Dreams Out of Darkness, 1922; Miscellany of American Poets, 1920, 1922, 1925; *con.* verse to mags.; *anthologies:* Untermeyer, Braithwaite's, Forbes, 1923; Monroe & Henderson, 1924; Wilkinson, 1924; and several others; *f. p. p.* The Masses. *Home address:* 574 West End Avenue, New York, N. Y.

UNTERMEYER, Louis; *b.* New York, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1885; *s.* Emanuel and Julia (Michael) U.; *educ.* De Witt Clinton High Sch. (N. Y. C.); *prof.* "Once a jeweler, now nothing in particular"; *m.* Jean Starr of Zanesville, Ohio, Jan. 23, 1907; *p. voca.* "Avoiding earnest souls who *will* write verse"; *trav.* "See Rand McNally's Europe and chart of the U. S. A."; *m. i.* by H. Heine; *f. p.* Frost, Shakespeare, Julia Moore, John Donne, E. A. Robinson and the author of "Frankie & Johnny"; *p.* none; *pubs.:* The Younger Quire (poems), 1910; First Love, 1911; Challenge, 1914 (5th edit., 1920); "——— and Other Poets" (parodies), 1916; These Times, 1917; The New Adam, 1920; Heavens, A Book of Burlesques, 1922; Roast Leviathan, 1923; This Singing World (modern poems for children), 1923; American Poetry Since 1900 (essays), 1923; *compiler or translator:* Poems of Heinrich Heine, 1917; Including Horace (trans. and par.), 1919; Modern American Verse (anth.), 1919; Mass-Man (trans. Toller's Masse-Mensch), 1924; The Fat of the Cat, 1925; *ed.* Modern British Poetry, 1920 (rev. and enlar. 1925); Poems of Anna Wickham, 1921; A Miscellany of American Poetry (a biennial); The Forms of Poetry, 1926; Yesterday and Today: A Comparative Anthology, 1926; Collected Parodies: 1912-1926; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, Stork, Stevenson, Monroe & Henderson, Untermeyer, Rittenhouse, etc.; won Internat'l prize for a sonnet called *Mockery*, 1910. *Address:* care New York Trust Co., 1 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

USCHOLD, Maud Elfrid; *b.* on a farm in Marshall County, Ill.; *educ.* pub. schs.; grad. Lacon High Sch.; short course in art at Academy of Fine Arts, Chicago; *trav.* Niagara Falls and Starved Rock; *p. voca.* newspaper work; *m. i.* by Millay and Spoon River Anthology; *for. mem.* Poetry Soc. of Maryland (Baltimore); American Lit. Asso. (Milwaukee); *f. p. p.* The Nomad, 1923; *con.* to The Measure, Poetry: A Mag. of Verse, Contemporary Verse, The Double Dealer and other mags.; *recreations:* "change with moods and range from bridge to airplaning." *Home address:* Lacon, Ill.

VENN, Theodore J.; *b.* Pittsburgh, Penn., Oct. 11, 1860; *s.* Dr. Ferdinand and Margaretha (Oerke) V.; *educ.* pub. schs., the Episcopal Classical Academy (Pittsburgh), and St. Michael's Seminary (near Pittsburgh); after seven yrs. as commercial traveler (during which he covered large part of U. S., was engaged in newspaper work, and at present is proof reader on Chicago Tribune; *m.* Anna Weirich, of Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 14, 1904; *con.* of verse to various newspapers and mags., and of articles to trade and financial journals; *pubs.:* Our Arcady, and Other Poems, 1924; and on technical subjects: Life Insurance Catechism, Why and How Business Insurance Benefits Its Readers, Large U. S. Cents and Half Cents, U. S. Three-Dollar Gold Pieces, Manual of Proof Reading; *p.* Independent; *recreations:* whenever time permits to write an occasional bit of verse. *Home address:* 1951 Cuyler Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

VINAL, Harold; *b.* Vinal Haven, Me., Oct. 17, 1891, of American parentage; poet and publisher. *Address:* 13 West 54th Street, New York, N. Y.

VOSS, Elizabeth; *b.* Cincinnati, Ohio; *d.* J. B. and Mary (Nienaber); *educ.* pub. and boarding schs.; writer; *m.* H.W. Voss; *trav.* abroad, and most important places in U. S.; *m. i.* Shakespeare, Tennyson; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Shelley, Spenser, Milton, James Russell Lowell, Clinton Scollard, Alfred Noyes, Edwin Markham; *mem.* Cincinnati Woman's Club, Ohio Valley Poetry Soc. (Cincinnati); *pubs.:* The Soul's Voice, 1921; Love Brings a Gift of Melodies, 1923; Poems, 1926; *anthologies:* Cheyney, 1926; Bellemin, 1926; *recreations:* friendly visits, brisk walks, seashore and country vacations. *Home address:* 3040 Woodburn Avenue, East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WADDELL, Elizabeth; *b.* Southern Missouri Ozarks; *d.* Young D. and Jane (Floyd) W.; *educ.* grad. Marionville Inst. (now Ozark Wesleyan Col. of Carthage, Mo.); *prof.* teacher ten yrs.; *con.* to newspapers and mags.; *trav.* not outside of U. S., most familiar with West and Middle West; *m. i.* Elizabeth Barrett Browning; *f. p.* Tennyson, Poe, James Russell Lowell, Kipling, Shelley, Whitman, Francis Thompson, Yeats, Masefield, Milton, Shakespeare, Sandburg, Ezra Pound, Amy Lowell, Harriet Monroe, Millay, Lindsay — "there seems to be nowhere to stop"; *p.* Independent, voted for LaFollette; included in Sinclair, The Cry for Justice, 1915; *f. p. p.* Reedy's Mirror; *recreations:* "are like poets — so many! Chiefly reading and writing verse; in certain moods enjoys working in her garden; perhaps the greatest fun of all is mingling with and studying the 'human Various', as hilariously various in the Ozarks as elsewhere." *Home address:* Ash Grove, Mo.

WAGSTAFF, Blanche Shoemaker; *b.* New York, N. Y., 1888, of Quaker and Huguenot ancestry; *educ.* Brearley and Spence Schs., (N. Y.), in latter specializing in languages and lit.; *m.* Alfred Wagstaff, 1907; Donald Carr, 1921; author by prof.; *trav.* Algeria, Tunisia, England, Spain, Italy, France, Germany, Greece, Egypt, Scotland, Canada, Ireland, Switzerland, and crossed U. S. twice; *m. i.* by Swinburne; *f. p.* Poe, Shelley, Cowper, Wordsworth, Milton; at eleven printed small newspaper La Premiere, poems, stories, fashion, political notes; at seventeen during tour of France and Italy was presented to Pope Pius, and later in England presented at Court of Edward VII,

and Queen Alexandria's ball and garden party; made special study Greek language and poets, translating pieces from Greek Anthology, and a modern version of Euripides Alcestis, produced by Coburn Players at Hudson Theatre, 1910, and before colleges throughout U. S.; pursued intensive studies in philosophy under Bergson at Columbia Univ.; *mem.* D. A. R., Huguenot Soc., Colony Club (N. Y.), Soc. Penwomen, Daughters Lafayette Post, Badminton, Authors' League (N. Y.), Nat'l Inst. Social Sciences; Lucy Stone, Newspaper Women's, League American Penwomen, Poetry Soc. of America, Poetry Soc. of Vermont, Poets' Club, Poets' Guild; *pubs.:* Song of Youth, 1906; Woven of Dreams, 1908; Atys, 1910; Eris, 1914; Book of Love, 1917; Narcissus, 1917; Quiet Waters, 1921; Strangers Sojourn, 1927; Story of a Spaniel, (prose), 1927; Garden of Contentment (essays), 1927; many songs set to music by Gustave White, Paul Tietjens; included in all important anthologies; won League of American Penwomen Prize for Petrarchan sonnet, 1925; *f. p. p.* N. Y. Town and Country; *recreations:* angling, shooting, golf. *Home address:* Meadow Edge Farm, Mount Kisco, N. Y.

WALKER, Robert Sparks; *b.* Chickamauga, Tenn., Feb. 4, 1878; *s.* William Thomas and Mary Elizabeth (Moore) W.; *educ.* Hamilton Co. (Tenn.) pub. schs., Maryville Col., Univ. of Chattanooga, LL.B., 1905; *ed.* and *pub.* The Southern Fruit Grower, 1900; *m.* Elberta Clark, Aug. 16, 1904 (died Feb. 26, 1924); at present engaged in writing; *trav.* throughout the U. S.; also Canada, Mexico, Cuba; *m. i.* by Whittier; *f. p.* Longfellow, Whittier, Wordsworth; *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* Anchor Poems, 1925; nature articles, essays, poetry, in over two hundred mags. and newspapers; Learning Wild Flowers Through Poetry, 1st serial rights sold Judge, Nature Mag., etc.; also Birds Through Poetry, Path Poems and My Father's Farm; *f. p. p.* Chattanooga Press, 1899; established Elberta Walker Fund, 1925, providing cash prizes for nature poems through Chattanooga Writers' Club, to be awarded annually, 1st, $20, 2d, $10; *recreations:* nature study, hiking, illustrated nature lectures, etc. *Home address:* Triple Tree Tangle, 808 Greenwood Avenue, Chattanooga, Tenn.

WALLIS, Jessa Eula Wallis; *b.* Paris, Ill., of American parentage; *educ.* pub. schs.; spec. work in Liberal Arts at Col.; *m.* Oliver Wallis, 1906; *p. voca.* homekeeper; *trav.* almost entire U. S., Canada to Gulf States; *m. i.* Thomas Moore; *f. p.* Emerson, Tennyson, Tagore, Omar Khayyám; *mem.* Woman's Fed. Club; *p.* Indifferent, and votes as thinks best for all concerned; *anthologies:* Seymour, 1926; Cheyney, 1926; Bellemin, 1926; *f. p. p.* Country Bard Mag.; *recreations:* travel and drawing. *Home address:* Ranch, Millbrook-via-Laramie, Wyo.

WALSH, Thomas; *b.* Long Island, N. Y., 1875; *s.* Michael Kavanaugh and Katherine (Farrell) W.; *educ.* Georgetown Col. and Columbia, Ph.B., A.M., Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D.; *prof.* poet, critic, translator; unmarried; *trav.* extensively in Spain, South America, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, in Baltic Republics; in U. S. as far as Chicago and Minneapolis, Florida and Cuba; *f. p.* Virgil, Horace and Ovid, Dante, Gongora, Shakespeare; influenced in English by James Clarence Mangan, Coventry Patmore and Sidney Lanier; *mem.* Univ. Club (N. Y. C.); no politics, but traditionally Democrat; *pubs.:* The Prison Ships and other Poems, 1909; The Pilgrim Kings and other Poems of Spain, 1915; Eleven Poems of Rubén Dário (with S. de la Selva), 1916; Gardens Overseas and other Poems, 1917; The Hispanic Anthology, 1919; Don Folquet and other Poems, 1920; has received the decoration of the Royal Academy of Letters of Seville; of the Academia Colombiana de la Lengua; of the Hispanic Soc. of America; of the Royal Order of Isabel la Catolica; *recreations:* reading and sleeping. *Home address:* 227 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WALTON, Eda Lou; *b.* Deming, New Mexico; *d.* William Bell and Leoline (Ashenfelter) W.; *educ.* New Mexico pub. schs.; Westlake Sch. for Girls (Los Angeles, Calif.); studied piano with mother first and later at Columbia Sch. of Music (Chicago), from which recd. teaching certificate; grad. Univ. of California, 1918; 1920, Ph.D. Univ. of California; soon after accepted position instr. in English, Fresno State Col. (Fresno, Calif.); in 1924 went to N. Y. Univ. (Washington Square Branch) where she is at present asst. prof. in English; *trav.* extensively over Southwest and California; spent summer 1926 in England, France and Italy; *m. i.* by Witter Bynner; did not begin to write verse until winter W. B. held his class at Univ. of California; *f. p.* has a new enthusiasm for a new modern poet each year; "liberal but vague as to politics"; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); *pubs.:* Dawn Boy (Blackfoot and Navajo Songs), 1926; Piano Burial (poems) ready; various critical articles on Indian verse technique in The American Anthropologist, The Texas Review, etc.; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Moults, 1923, 1924; Schnittkind, 1920-21; *f. p. p.* Youth, a verse mag.; won Emily Chamberlain Cook prize for 1918; the Contemporary Verse prize for 1924; *recreations:* music and the theatre. *Present address:* New York University, Washington Square Col., New York, N. Y.

WARD, May Williams; *b.* Holden, Mo., of English parents; *educ.* Kansas Univ., 1915; *m.* Merle C. Ward, a classmate, 1918; *mem.* Phi Beta Kappa, Kansas Univ.; V. P. Kansas Authors' Club; D. A. R.; colonist in residence at MacDowell Memorial Colony, 1925; will edit The Harp, A Mag. of Verse, hereafter; *f. p. p.* first poem written pub. by Life, 1921; *con.* to Bookman, Forum, Nation, Poetry, Contemporary Verse, etc. and other general and popular mags. *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1925, 1926; Strong, 1925; Schauffler, 1925. *Home address:* Belpre, Kan.

WATSON, Evelyn Mabel; *b.* Salamanca, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1886, of New England parentage; *educ* pub. schs., Allegheny and Mount Union cols.; *m. i.* Chaucer old English ballads, Shakspeare; *f. p.* Goethe, Francis Thompson, Blake, Lanier, Coleridge, Amy Lowell, Willa S. Cather; *mem.* League of American Penwomen, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Poetry Soc. of England, Empire Poetry League (London), American Lit. Asso.; *pubs.:* Divine Fire, and Other Poems, 1922; Kingdom Beautiful, 1925; Flames of Stars, 1924; Lighted Tapers, 1925; Lifted Torches, 1926; *anthologies:* Cheyney, 1925; American Poetry Anthology, 1925; Overseas Anthology, 1926; Niagara, 1924; won Boston Post Prize $200; *hon. men.* Poe Int'l Poem Contest, 1925; Star Poem Prize conducted by English Poetry Review, named in her honor; *recreations:* having only "2% of sight and hearing" is greatly handicapped but enjoys nature study, fishing, folk songs. *Home address:* 21 South Putnam Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

WEAVER, Bennett; *b.* on old homestead farm, Sussex, Wis., Aug. 11, 1892; *s.* John Franklin and Annie (Bennett) W.; paternal ancestors of Yorkshire and Sussex stock; maternal of Scotch and English; grad. country grade sch., Dist. No. 1, Lisbon Township, Waukesha Co.; Carroll Acad. of Waukesha, Wis.; from Carroll Col., B.A.; Univ. of Chicago, M.A.; taught one yr. at Col. of Emporia, Emporia, Kan.; has been for ten yrs. in Dept. of Eng. at Michigan State Col.; past four yrs. has been, in addition, Director of Religious Work and Religious Educ. at Michigan State Col. church; *m.* Clarice Colby Weaver, 1916; *trav.* in U. S. and Northwest Canada; plans for visiting Europe now maturing; *m. i.* by Poe? Whittier? Shelley? "Cannot tell; began writing prose and verse, of indifferent quality, at 13"; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Browning, Shelley, Masefield; loved many poets much; still does; leans to conservative poetry, disciplined carefully; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); *pubs.:* The Musician, 1914; The Garden of Seven Trees, 1921; *con.* to Midland; *recreations:* enjoys nothing so much as a chance to write; after that, a camp fire on the shore of a mountain lake. *Home address:* Lansing, Mich.

WEBB, Charles Nicholls; *b.* Lancaster, Wis., Oct. 26, 1888; *s.* William E. and Martha (Nicholls) W.; *educ.* Lancaster (Wis.) High Sch., 1907; Univ. of Wisconsin, B.A., 1915; *prof.* newspaper man; unmarried; *p. voca.* financial *ed.* Duluth (Minn.) News-Tribune; *trav.* overseas during World War, England, France; *m. i.* by Kipling probably; *f. p.* Shelley, Poe, Whitman, Kipling, Browning; *mem.* American Legion; *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* Rhymes of the Pines and the Mines, 1916; Season of the Ships, 1925; *f. p. p.* in old Chicago Record-Herald, 1910; *recreations:* walking, fishing. *Home address:* 1005 East Superior St., Duluth, Minn.

WELLES, Winifred; *b.* Norwich Town, Conn.; *d.* James Howard and Mary (Wait) W.; *educ.* pvt. schs.; *m.* Harold H. Shearer, Sept. 3, 1921; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); *pubs.:* The Hesitant Heart (poems), 1920. *Home address:* 38 West Ninth Street, New York, N. Y.

WELLMAN, Esther Turner; *b.* Lynn, Ind., of Quaker parentage; *d.* John S. and Luelle (Moon) Turner; *educ.* pub. sch.; Univ. of California, A.B., 1919; Drew Theol. Sem., B.D., 1921; Columbia Univ., Ph.D. as soon as dissertation is finished; director of Religious Education, Mexico Annual Conf., Methodist Episcopal Ch.; *m.* C. R. Wellman, June 10, 1919; *trav.* childhood days spent in Old Mexico; trav. in U. S., Pacific Coast, Southwest, Mid West, Middle Atlantic; Cuba; *m. i.* by Keats; *f. p.* Amado Nervo, Gutiérra nájera, Luis G. Urbina, Rubén Dário; *mem.* American Lit. Asso. (Wauwatosa, Wis.); Bookfellows (Chicago, Ill.); The Country Bard (Madison, N. J.); *pubs.:* A Rosary of Madrigals, 1925; Democracy and other

Verse, 1925; Amado Nervo — Mexico's Modern Mystic, 1926; *f. p. p.* The California Christian Advocate; *anthologies:* Prince, 1926; Seymour, 1926; *ed.* Mexico since 1924; *recreations:* prowling about quaint Aztec towns at the foot of Popocatepetl on horseback. *Home address:* Apartado 115 Bis., Mexico, D. F., Mexico.

WEST, Gertrude Perry; *b.* Rosindale, Bladen Co., North Carolina, in a log cabin due to reverses in Civil War; *d.* William James (dec.) and Drusilla (Pate) Meares, descendants of pioneers of North Carolina and New York; *educ.* taught by pvt. governess and teacher; Rosindale Sch. (Boggy Branch and Hemingway Sch. (Wilmington, N. C.); *m.* distant cousin, Andrew Jackson Jones Perry of Rosindale, N. C., 1901; 1912, Lewis West, an Englishman, of South Ashford, Kent, Eng.; founder The Bookmakers; *ed.* Poetic Thrills, The Poets' Folio, founded June, 1925; *trav.* extensively in U. S.; *p. voca. ed.*, writer, painter, playwright, composer; nominated poet laureate of North Carolina, and only North Carolinian, and one of two women, in Hall of Fame, Washington, D. C.; *f. p. p.* the Bladen Journal of Clarkton, N. C.; poetry prize won by poem, Progressive Blanden; Ware County Fair prize (Ga.) for best cartoon painted in oil, 1923; *pubs.:* North Carolina Epics (Hall of History, Raleigh, N. C.); *con.* to mags. and newspapers; song: Beautiful Isle of Delight; *mem.* The Circle, The Bookfellows, Asso. of Scribes and Lovers of Rhythmic Poetry; pres. the Bookmakers; *f. p.* Burns, Scott, Pope; *p.* non-partisan; *recreations:* cartoons, illustrations, painting in oil; fond of the country. *Addresses:* 216 South Mulberry Street, Chillicothe, Ohio. 308 South 16th Street, Wilmington, N. C.

WHEELOCK, John Hall; *b.* Far Rockaway, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1886; *s.* William Efner and Emily (Hall) W.; *educ.* at pvt. sch., A.B., Harvard, 1908, Univs. of Gottingen and Berlin, 1908-1910; occupation, publishing; *trav.* in England, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bohemia, Italy, Montenegro, Greece, spent a winter in California; *f. p.* Goethe, Shelley, Swinburne, W. E. Henley, W. B. Yeats, Whitman; *mem.* Phi Beta Kappa, Poetry Soc. of America, The Poets (N. Y. C.); *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* Verses by Two Undergraduates (with Van Wyck Brooks and pvt. printed, at Cambridge, Mass.), 1905; The Human Fantasy, 1911; The Beloved Adventure, 1912; Love and Liberation, 1913; Dust and Light, 1919; The Black Panther, 1922; Theodore Roosevelt: A Bibliography, 1920; Alan Seeger, Poet and Soldier, 1917; in all the standard and important anthologies, including Braithwaite's, 1913 to 1926; *f. p. p.* in The Morristonian, sch. paper, 1900; *recreations:* walking, swimming, reading. *Home address:* 147 East 63rd Street, New York, N. Y.

WHITCOMB, Edna Osborne; *b.* Belvidere, Ill.; *d.* William Greeley and Josephine (Silvius) O.; *educ.* Belvidere High Sch., A.B. Univ. of Illinois, A.M., Univ. of Kansas (class poet), also grad. work Univs. of Colorado, Oregon, and Washington; teacher; *m.* Dr. Selden Lincoln Whitcomb, Mar. 24, 1919; at present, housekeeping and writing; *trav.* extensively through East, Middle West, Far West, U.S.A., and Alaska; *m. i.* Byron; *f. p.* Byron, Milton, Dante, George Herbert; *mem.* D. A. R., American Col. Quill Club; *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* Oriental Diction and Theme in English Verse, 1740–1840, 1916; Five Little Jayhawkers on the Farm (vol. of children stories), 1927; *anthologies:* Crowe, 1923; Christ Came Today; won Kansas City Art Inst. Lit. Awards, Silver Medal, 1923; *f. p. p.* in The Oread Mag.; *recreations:* piano music and nature study. *Home address:* 1701 Mississippi Street, Lawrence, Kan.

WHITCOMB, Selden Lincoln; *b.* Grinnell, Iowa; *s.* Abram and Mary (Fisher) W.; *educ.* Grinnell High Sch., A.B., Grinnell Col., 1887, A.M., Columbia Univ., 1893, also grad. work at Cornell, Harvard, Univs. of Chicago, Colorado, Washington, *hon.* Litt.D., Grinnell, 1918; teacher; *m.* Edna Pearle Osborne, Mar. 24, 1919; *trav.* Canada (Cape Breton to Yukon Territory), Mexico, Ireland, Scotland, England, Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland, Alaska, and forty States of the Union; *m. i.* poets of the English Romantic Movement; *f. p.* Browning, Whitman; *mem.* Phi Beta Kappa, Nat'l Economic League, American Sociological Soc., American Soc. for the Advancement of Science, American Academy of Political and Social Science etc.; Poetry Soc. of America, State Authors Club of Iowa and Kansas; *pubs.:* Lyrical Verse, 1898; Poems, 1912; Random Rhymes, 1913; Via Crusis, 1915; *prose:* Chronological Outlines of American Literature, 1894; The Study of a Novel, 1906; Autumn Notes in Iowa, 1914; *anthologies:* Under the Scarlet and Black, 1893; Braithwaite's, 1926; won Kansas State Authors' Club prize ($50), 1924; *f. p. p.* in The Review of Reviews; *recreations:* fishing, agate hunting, amateur botany and ornithology. *Home address:* 1701 Mississippi Street, Lawrence, Kan.

WHITE, Lilian Spencer; *b.* Albany, N. Y., of English and American parents, who moved to Denver, Col., before end of sch. days; father distinguished western journalist, Frederick W. White — "F. W. W."; *educ.* convent in Canada; grad. before sixteen yrs.; at sixteen did first prof. writing: articles and reviews for The Denver Post; *trav.* extensively for some yrs., during which time lit. activities were theatrical; *m. i.* by French poets, in orig., perhaps the first formative technical influence; serious verse writing since 1920; *f. p.* of yesterday and today are Keats, Whitman, de Herédia, Paul Fort, Millay, Mark Van Doren, William Rose Benét, Lew Sarett; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); State Hist. Soc. of Colorado (Denver, Col.); Denver Art Asso.; The Allied Arts (*hon.*); Alliance Française; given readings of own work Univ. of Denver, Univ. of Colorado, etc.; *pubs.:* Astronomy Without a Telescope (Nutshell Science Series), 1925; *con.* of poems, essays, articles, to general and poetry mags. and newspapers; trans. from many French poets; one full length play prod.; several one-act plays in vaudeville and many moving picture scenarios prod.; an Indian Prologue, pres. in stadium of Denver Univ., 1926; a pageant, Epic of Colorado, (mus. by Charles Wakefield Cadman) pres. in Denver, 1926; hymn to Colorado pres. in pageant and song by six thousand sch. children at Denver Auditorium, April, 1926; *f. p. p.* Ainslee's, 1920, *title* Abelard; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926 (dist. poetry lists of same yrs); Stevenson, 1925; *prizes:* Contemporary Verse, 1923, *title*, Wildcat Ledge; C. G. Blandon for blank verse, in Lyric West, 1925, *title*, The Dryads; *recreations:* scenery, stars, Indians, poetry, French, home. *Addresses:* 1490 Stuart Street, Denver, Col. Monte del Sol, Indian Hills, Col.

WHITESIDE, Mary Brent; *b.* Shelbyville, Tenn.; *d.* James Robinson and Frances (Smith) W.; *educ.* at Lucy Cobb Inst. (Athens, Ga.); Columbia Univ.( N. Y. C.), 1924; Ogelthorpe Univ. (Georgia) conferred *deg.* of Doctor of Lit. in recog. not only of achievement as a poet, but work done in behalf of Southern poetry in general; in 1923 *ed.* Southern Literary Mag. (Atlanta, Ga.); since 1924, *mem.* of ed'l staff of Step Ladder (Chicago, Ill.); *trav.* extensively; Louisiana (among pines and cypress swamps); New England (coast and mountains); Near East, 1924, Palestine; Egypt, England; *m. i.* by Milton, Dante; *f. p.* psalmist David, Shelley, Keats, Blake; treasures of Greek Anthology; *mem.* Societas Rosicruciana in America (authorized exponent of teachings of this ancient fraternity); Writers' Club of Atlanta; (one of organizers); vice-pres. of Poetry Soc. of London; Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); *p.* Democrat by inheritance; beyond a love of equal rights and freedom in general, finds no special interest in politics; *pubs.:* The Eternal Quest, 1925; Roads to Palestine ready; *con.* for eight yrs. to large number periodicals in England and America; *anthologies:* Stork, 1923; Braithwaite's, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926; Crow, 1923; Bartlett (The Anthology of Cities), 1926, and various others; *f. p. p.* Atlanta Journal; Poetry Rev. internat'l ballad prize, $50, 1922, won: *title* Ballad of Tiberias; in addition to literary pursuits has for a number of yrs. been profoundly interested in occult science in its broader aspects; has made a serious study of this and related subjects. *Home address:* 221 Peachtree Circle, Atlanta, Ga.

WHITSETT, William Thornton; *b.* Whitsett, N. C., Aug. 5, 1866; *s.* Joseph Bason and Mary (Foust) W.; *educ.* grad. Oakdale Acad.; North Carolina Col.; Univ. of North Carolina; A.M. and Ph.D.; *prof.* educator and author; *m.* Carrie E. Brewer of Salem Col., Winston-Salem, N. C., June 30, 1906; founder, 1888, and pres. until 1918, Whitsett Inst., a boarding sch. for boys; *mem.* Guilford County Board of Educ., 1897-1918; chairman same, 1906-1918; trustee Univ. of North Carolina, 1897-1919; organizer North Carolina Asso. of Academies; sec. and treas. North Carolina Teachers' Assembly; pres. same, 1905-1906; Poetry Soc. of America (N. Y. C.); Poetry Soc. of London (London, Eng.); Phi Gamma Delta; *p.* Democrat; Lutheran; *pubs.:* Sabor and Song (Poems), 1917; Founders of Church and State; History of Brick Church; Landmarks and Pioneers; Life of Captain Peter Summers; History of the Whitsett-Foust-Bason-Summers Families in North Carolina; History of Frieden's Lutheran Church; Earliest Carolina Settlers; Days of the Regulators, 1771, etc.; sometime *ed.* Outlooks on Books, in Charlotte Sunday Observer; *con.* to periodicals, etc. *Home address:* Whitsett, Guilford Co., N. C.

WIERMAN, Frances; *b.* Hamilton, Ont., Canada; *d.* Samuel Bigger and Clara (Worden) McLane (U. S. citizens); *educ.*

pub. schs., high sch.; *m.* Everitt Wierman, 1904; *trav.* extensively in U. S., except Pacific Northwest; visited England; *p. voca.* housewife and care of children; *m. i.* by single poems — *The Chinese Nightingale*, Lindsay; *Ann Rutledge*, Sandburg; Milton's Sonnets on His Blindness; *Renascence*, Millay; *f. p.* The Sanskrit poets; Chaucer; Blake; Poe; Whitman; no definite political affiliations; *mem.* Southern California Verse Writers; *f. p. p.* Rays of Rose Cross (Oceanside, Calif.); represented in Braithwaite's Anthology, 1925; *recreations:* reading and observing other people. *Home address:* 2951 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

WILLIAMS, B. Y.; *b.* Hamersville, Brown Co., Ohio; *d.* Elsberry and Eleanor (Smith) Young; *m.* Karl H. Williams; *trav.* Southern and Eastern U. S., Canada, Cuba and Europe; *mem.* Woman's Press Club (pres.) of Cincinnati, Cincinnati Branch League of American Penwomen, Cincinnati Writers' Guild; *anthologies:* Prince, Poetry Day Book, 1926; Davis, 1926; Braithwaite's, 1926; *f. p. p.* Cincinnati Times-Star. *Home address:* 3540 Mooney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WILLIAMS, Hazel Wyeth; *b.* New York, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1894; descendant of Mayflower ancestry and of a signer (George Wythe) Declaration of Independence; *educ.* pub. schs. (Newark, N. J.), A.B., Smith Col., 1916; *m.* Arthur Franklin Williams, Nov. 17, 1917; housekeeping and writing; *trav.* only in U. S. from Maine to North Carolina; *m. i.* Rudyard Kipling; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Kipling, Christopher Morley, Clinton Scollard, Winifred M. Letts; *mem.* Smith Col. Club; *p.* black Republican; *con.* to various poetry and general mags., also prose sketches; *f. p. p.* in a newspaper; *recreations:* tennis, swimming, writing, drawing, reading, skating. *Home address:* 131 Eliot Avenue, West Newton, Mass.

WILLIAMS, J. H. A. B.; *b.* Red Lion, Penn., Jan. 23, 1882; *s.* Rev. Dr. E. Carver and Mary Ellen (Miller) W.; *educ.* pvtly.; teacher by prof.; holder both elementary and high sch. life certificates in Ohio; *m.* Illa Raymond Church, of Glenmont, Ohio, June 12, 1906; at present high sch. principal; *trav.* confined chiefly to U. S.; *m. i.* by Bryant; *f. p.* Poe, Whitman, Lanier; *mem.* Equity Club; *p.* Democrat; *pubs.:* Our Feathered Monitors, 1912; Soundings from Nature, 1915; The Rhythm in the Storm, 1918; The Heights and Depths, 1923; The Twilight Bells, 1925; *f. p. p.* in Ohio Arbor and Bird Day Annual, 1914; *recreations:* hunting and fishing. *Home address:* 277 East Perry Street, Tiffin, Ohio.

WILLIAMS, Wayland Wells; *b.* New Haven, Conn., Aug. 16, 1888; *s.* Frederick Wells and Fanny Hapgood (Wayland) W.; *educ.* at Hopkins Grammar Sch. (New Haven); Westminster Sch. (Sinsburg, Conn.); Yale, B.A., 1910; reported on the New York Evening Post, 1912-13; since then lived at present address, engaged in writing; *trav.* Europe several times, beginning in 1900, visiting England, Scotland, France, Holland, Germany, Italy, Switzerland; also visited Cuba, Panama, Costa Rica; in U. S. south to Charleston and west to Pacific Coast, from San Diego to Vancouver; *m. i.* no particular influence; *f. p.* Shakespeare, Herrick, Swinburne, Milton, Browning, Blake, Emerson, E. E. Cummings; *mem.* Graduates, Lambs Club, Elizabethan (New Haven), Yale Univ. (N. Y.); *pubs.:* (*poetry*) The Seafarers and Other Poems, 1924; (*fiction*) The Whirligig of Time, 1916; Goshen Street, 1920; Family, 1923; I, the King, 1924; *f. p. p.* The Century Mag., 1910; *p.* Republican; *recreations:* tennis, squash, mountain climbing (moderate), going over old furniture. *Home address:* 155 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

WILLIS, Mary Helene; *b.* New Lisbon, Wis., Nov. 27, 1863; *d.* Abram and Mary Jane Van Dyke; *educ.* pub. schs.; grad. high sch., 1880; *m.* Charles Fisher Willis of Hartford, Conn., Oct. 2 1881 (died 1905); *trav.* in the northern states of the U. S., New York, and to the coast in California; composer of songs, both words and music; words of lyric, At Close of Day, set to music by Kathryn Thomas Whitfield; latest song pub., Girls and Girls, 1926; *f. p.* Whittier, Longfellow, Shakespeare, Riley; *f. p. p.* The Journal-Courier; *mem.* Civic Music Asso., etc.; *recreations:* nature and art. *Home address:* 922 South Tenth Street, Lafayette, Ind.

WINSTED, Huldah Lucile; *b.* in Sweden, 1885, of Swedish-Dutch parentage; *educ.* Univ. of Minnesota, A.B., 1911; A.M., 1912; *prof.* Dean of Women and Head of the Dept. of Geography, State Teachers' Col. (Minot, N. Dak.); teacher; *trav.* extensively in Northern Europe; Western U. S., Canada and Mexico; *m. i.* by Tennyson; *f. p.* Tennyson, Longfellow, Kipling Service; *mem.* League American Penwomen; P. E. O.; Methodist; *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* In the Land of Dakota: A Little Book of North Dakota Verse, 1920; America Makes Men and other Poems: A Second Book of North Dakota Verse, 1924; *ed.* A North Dakota Anthology; misc. educational articles; *anthology:* Bookfellows, 1925; *f. p. p.* Epworth Herald; *recreations:* walking and golf. *Home address:* Minot, N. Dak.

WOOD, Clement; *b.* Tuscaloosa, Ala., Sept. 1, 1888; *s.* Sterling Alexander and Ida May (Richardson) W., both Alabamians; *educ.* Birmingham High Sch.; A.B., Univ. of Alabama; LL.B., Yale Univ.; *prof.* writer, lecturer, educator; *m.* Mildred Cummer, 1914; Gloria Goddard, 1926; *p. voca.* writer, lecturer; *trav.* Canada, and all of the U. S. except the Pacific Coast; *m. i.* by Walt Whitman; *f. p.* include (English) Shakespeare, Chesterton, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Housman; (American) Whitman, Poe, Lanier, Robinson, Frost, the early Vachel Lindsay, Elinor Wylie, Rose O'Neil, Gloria Goddard, John Hall Wheelock and, "of course, Clement Wood"; *mem.* Poetry Soc. of America; *pubs.:* (poetry) Glad of Earth, 1917; The Earth Turns South, 1919; Jehovah, 1920; The Tide Comes In, 1922; The Laugher, 1922; For Walt Whitman, 1923; The Eagle Flies, 1925; (criticism) Poets of America, 1925; Hints on Writing Poetry, 1924; Anthology of Southern Poetry, 1925; Anthology of Negro Song, 1925; Anthology of Mother Goose Rhymes, 1925; Anthology of Nonsense Poetry, 1926; Anthology of Dialect Poetry, 1926; Shelley and His Loves, 1925; Byron and His Loves, 1925; Amy Lowell, 1926; forty other miscellaneous Blue Books for Haldeman-Julius Co.; (novels) Mountain, 1920; Nigger, 1922; Folly, 1925; *anthologies:* Braithwaite's, some eight yrs.; Stork, both; Bookman; and many more; *f. p. p.* Mineral Belt Gazette, a weekly, pub. in Birmingham, Ala.; *prizes* won: 1st Newark 250th Anniversary prize, $250; Lyric Society prize, 1919, $500; Lyric prize, American Lit. Asso.; three Contemporary Verse first $40 prizes; New, Leader first prize; and several others; *recreations:* bridge, tennis, nature study, hiking. *Home address:* 14 Minetta Street, New York, N. Y.

WOOD, Elizabeth Lambert; *b.* Milwaukee, Ore.; *d.* Joseph Hamilton and Clementine (Miller) Lambert; *educ.* St. Helen's Hall (Portland, Ore.); *prof.* writer; *m.* Dr. William Lee Wood, June 7, 1894, at Portland, Ore.; *trav.* a year in Europe, 1907-08; Panama, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, Philippines, 1925; Mexico, 1926; extensively in U.S.; visited Canada from Pacific to Alberta; *m. i.* by Whittier; *f. p.* Blake, Whitman, Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, Cowper; *mem.* American Lit. Asso.; *con.* to general and poetry mags.; *f. p. p.* New Northwest, 1884; *recreations:* mountain trips by horseback, horseback riding and camp life. *Address:* (summer) Long Beach, Calif. (winter) Oracle, Ari.

WOOD, Franklin N.; *b.* Brooklyn, N. Y.; practiced law in Chicago from 1911 to 1921 when he went to Daytona Beach for health; has "newspaper title" Poet Laureate of Florida; *pubs.:* Florida and Other Poems, 1925; *con.* to poetry and general mags. and newspapers; estimated his Florida poems have reached ten million readers in last two yrs.; local activities besides writing: lawyer; pres. Southern Title and Trust Co.; director in bank and in Building and Loan Asso. *Address:* Peninsular Station, Daytona Beach, Fla.

YOFFIE, Leah Rachel Clara; *b.* Ekaterinodar, in the Russian Caucasus, *d.* Abram (lawyer practicing law in the Crimea and in Ekaterinodar) and Gittel (Berditchevsky) Y.; *educ.* came to U. S. when nine yrs. old, attnd. pub. schs. of St. Louis (Mo.); Washington Univ. (St. Louis, Mo.), A.B., 1911; several yrs. study in East; Univ. of Pennsylvania, M.A., 1914; *prof.* teacher of English and Civics in St. Louis; *mem.* Phi Beta Kappa hon. soc.; director, Missouri Folk-Lore Soc.; and various professional and charitable organizations; *trav.* spent many summers abroad, traveling in most of the countries of Europe, including Russia and Greece; *m. i.* by Bible, read to her by mother in the original Hebrew, and mother's singing of lyrics of Pushkin and Lermantov in Russian; *f. p.* Keats, Shakespeare, Shelley, Wordsworth, Browning; she is rich in the social inheritance of three distinct cultures; Jewish, Russian and American; *f. p. p. title* A Synagogue in Poland pub. in The Nation, 1917; *pubs.:* Dark Altar Stairs, 1926; results of researches of a number of yrs. in collecting folklore have been pub. in Journal of American Folklore; *p. voca.* teaching English in Soldan High Sch. at St. Louis. *Address:* Soldan High School, St. Louis, Mo.

YOTHERS, M. A.; *b.* Ashton, Lee Co., Ill., of Dutch-English parentage; *educ.* Univ. of Idaho, B.S., 1907; Washington State Col., M.S., 1914; *prof.* U. S. Government Entomologist; *m.* Beatrice Marie Washburn, April 5, 1908; *p. voca.* lit. interests; *trav.* Illinois to Missouri, 1884; Missouri to Iowa, 1885; Iowa to Washington, 1887; Washington to

Iowa, 1888; Iowa to Idaho, 1889; Idaho to Michigan, 1908; Michigan to Washington, 1910; Throughout Washington, Oregon, Idaho, California, 1910-1917; Washington State to Washington, D. C., 1918; Washington, D. C., to Medford, Ore., 1918; Medford, Ore., to Yakima, Washington, 1922; *m. i.* "no one poet had much more influence than another"; *f. p.* Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Poe, Whittier, Lanier, Swinburne, Byron, Shelley; some poems by Markham, Teasdale, Auslander, Mona Vale, Hazel Hall, Frost, etc.; *mem.* Fellow, American Asso. for the Advancement of Science; Am. Asso. of Economic Entomologists; Washington State Horticultural Asso.; Asso. Northwest Entomologists, Horticulturalists, Pathologist; American Lit. Asso.; chart. mem. Oregon Writers' League; Northwest Poetry Soc. (Portland, Ore.); Edwin Markham Home Landmark Asso.; pres. Yakima Writers' Club (Yakima, Wash.); *f. p. p.* Univ. of Idaho Argonaut; in Anthology Northwest Poetry Soc., 1925; *recreations:* hiking and touring. *Address:* 315 South Fourth Street, Yakima, Wash.

YOUNG, Jessica May (Brewer Jessica May); *b.* Danville, Vermillion Co., Ill., of Scotch-Irish and Holland-Dutch parentage; *educ.* high sch.; taught piano and guitar for yrs. *m.* David Morehead Young, 1909; *p. voca.* writing and home making; *trav.* from Chicago, all over South and Southwest; *m. i.* by vol. Red Letter Poems, containing poems by English, Scotch, Irish and American poets; *f. p.* Tennyson, Moore, Burns, the Brownings; *mem.* MacDowell Music Club; The Panhandle Speech Arts; Panhandle Penwomen; Internat'l Writers' League; Country Bard Asso.; *p.* Republican; *pubs.:* Western Verse, 1926; *anthologies:* Cheyney, 1926; Bellemin, 1926; *f. p. p.* The Country Bard, 1921; *prizes:* 1st, Amarillo Tribune, 1921; 2d, Penwomen, 1923; 1st, Tri-State Fair, 1924; 1st, Capper's Weekly, 1925; *recreations:* walking, swimming, fishing, motoring and gardening, — and on the Sabbath teaching a Sunday Sch. class and attending Church services. *Home address:* 508 Jackson Street, Amarillo, Texas.

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